

HARVARD



ARCHIVE

CARPENTER CENTER FOR THE VISUAL ARTS

24 QUINCY STREET
CAMBRIDGE MA 02138
TELEPHONE: (617) 495-4700
HCL.HARVARD.EDU/HFA



JUNE JULY AUGUST 2016

...ALL THE MARBLES (THE COMPLETE ROBERT ALDRICH)

JUNE 3 – AUGUST 18



ON THE SET OF *WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?*

2 ...ALL THE MARBLES (THE COMPLETE ROBERT ALDRICH) JUNE 3 – AUGUST 18

CALENDAR

12 JUNE

13 JULY

14 AUGUST

15 ETERNITY AND HISTORY – THE CINEMA
OF THEO ANGELOPOULOS
JULY 15 – AUGUST 22

18 ROUBEN MAMOULIAN, RECONSIDERED
AUGUST 12 – SEPTEMBER 2

24 NIGHT TRAIN
SEPTEMBER 3

All programs curated by Haden Guest and David Pendleton, and film text written by Brittany Gravely, Haden Guest and David Pendleton unless otherwise noted.

On the cover: Bette Davis and Joan Crawford are the sinister sisters united by that dark riddle behind the vexing question of *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* p. 10

When pondering the giants of American cinema, rough-and-ready journeyman Robert Aldrich may not spring intuitively to mind—if he does at all. But when glancing over his resume, which spanned just about all the movie genres that have been named (and some that haven't) and featured appearances by the lion's share of the 20th century's most gifted stars, the instinct of omission starts to feel like a grave error. A persevering nonconformist and a strident leftist who began work in the classical studio era, weathered the New Hollywood craze, and flourished artistically into the late seventies, Aldrich's weapon in the industry was his dexterity. He adapted to changing studio expectations, different storytelling contexts, and the wildly varying temperaments of collaborators without ever soiling his indomitable conscience—a virtue in any profession, but especially in one where survival typically requires flexibility at some level.

Born into wealth in Rhode Island with distinguished family ties including Nelson Rockefeller ("He went out the door the day of Attica," went Aldrich's terse dismissal of his politics), the future director nonetheless made an honest effort to resist the fruits of privilege, electing instead to drop out of private university and navigate Hollywood from the bottom rung. Several years as a production clerk at RKO Studios in the early forties segued into invaluable apprenticeships with legends like Charlie Chaplin, William Wellman, Jean Renoir and Lewis Milestone, as well as up-and-coming writers and directors of liberal persuasion such as Joseph Losey, Robert Rossen and Abraham Polonsky. It was in the company of the latter group that Aldrich found his scene, and when actor John Garfield formed the independent-minded Enterprise Studios in 1946, which offered refuge for the aforementioned talents and went on to produce some of the most socially conscious genre work of the decade (films such as Andre De Toth's *Ramrod*, Robert Rossen's *Body and Soul*, and Max Ophüls' *Caught*), Aldrich was happy to take up employment. "I think anybody with any brains in 1936 to '40 would have been a Communist," Aldrich would speculate in Eugene L. Miller Jr. and Edwin T. Arnold's volume of interviews, seemingly with his model Enterprise coworkers in mind.

When Enterprise went the way of the axe because of one too many commercial failures (a fate that Aldrich would surely brace for time and again as his career wore on), Aldrich decamped to New York to break into directing via the still-tenuous arena of television. It was there, on shows such as *China Smith* (1952) and *The Doctor* (1952-1953), that he proved his mettle, consequently giving former superiors the confidence to test his chops in the feature business. And though Aldrich's debut, the MLB training camp featurette *Big Leaguer*, hardly screams the Aldrich Formula as it would come to be understood—it is short, sweet, and showcases a system in genuine working order—it did flash enough directorial brio (a lengthy lateral dolly shot scanning a crowded dormitory of players, for instance) to merit further work.

Harvard Film Archive Staff

Director
Haden Guest

Publicist/Designer
Brittany Gravely

Film Conservator
Liz Coffey

Print Trafficker/
Loan Officer
Mark Johnson

Projectionists
David Kornfeld
Herb Nipson
Sean Sprecher

Founding Curator
Vlada Petric

Special Thanks
Alexandra Bandow
Lisa Brown
Olivier Creurer
Andrew Gerzon
Stefan Grabowski
Dan Kearney

Al Spruill
Isabella Tassinari

Programmer
David Pendleton

Film Specialist
Steffen Pierce

Associate Film
Conservator
Laurel Gildersleeve

Film Technician/
Head Projectionist
John Quackenbush

Theater Managers
Amanda Bristow
Steven Brown
Kevin Monahan

Assistant Curator
Jeremy Rossen

Programming Assistant
Karin Kolb

Printer: TCI Press

In many ways, Aldrich came out of the gate with a will to impress and a sensibility largely formed. In the first three years of his career alone, he directed *Apache*, one of the first Hollywood Westerns to center on a Native American protagonist (despite a bronzed Burt Lancaster playing him) and treat the subject of the white man's colonization of the West bluntly; *Vera Cruz*, a financially triumphant vehicle for Lancaster and Gary Cooper; *Kiss Me Deadly*, a *cause célèbre* for the tough-to-please *Cahiers du Cinéma* clique and a sly retooling of the film noir genre; and *The Big Knife*, a scalpel sunk deep into the charade of a movie industry founded on duplicity and authoritarianism. These were films that aimed to make a mark, upturning expectations for the genres in which they worked and casting a view of society as inherently broken, a wall against which principled men must relentlessly push. They laid down the archetype that would course through Aldrich's entire body of work. In his words, "It's the same character in a number of pictures that keeps reappearing...a heroic figure, who understands that the probabilities are that he'll lose."

Being an avid football buff, he cast his leading men like a coach curating a championship squad, seemingly always on the hunt for the brawniest physique and most indefatigable persona. Thus, his filmography is studded with cantankerous tough guys—gruff Lancaster, square-jawed Jack Palance, smugly attractive Burt Reynolds, coarse-throated Lee Marvin, and chiseled Kirk Douglas—with whom he often endured personal quibbles and eventual fallout. Others hung around long enough in auxiliary roles to become Aldrich staples, such as Eddie Albert, who could be relied on for slimy villainy whenever the script vaguely called for it, or Wesley Addy, usually a rare beacon of dignity hovering on the periphery of a corrupt world. Aldrich kept close his technical colleagues too, such as cinematographer Joseph Biroc, editor Michael Luciano and composer Frank De Vol ("you say five words and they know what you mean," he enthused). Carrying on the torch of the utopian Enterprise Studios, he held a belief in the idea of the director, as opposed to the studio heads, wrangling kindred spirits around a production, a conviction substantiated by his two terms serving as president of the Directors Guild of America.

In fact, *Kiss Me Deadly's* success even launched the founding of the independent venture the Associates and Aldrich, the first in a series of enterprising moves on Aldrich's part to wield autonomy within Hollywood. At least for a stint, the gamble paid off: the three films produced under the moniker—the emotionally raw Joan Crawford-Cliff Robertson melodrama *Autumn Leaves*, the enraged antiwar chamber piece *Attack!*, and *The Big Knife*—all secured honors in either Venice or Berlin. Alas, this period of fecundity channeled right into Aldrich's most bitter taste of bureaucratic meddling when Columbia Studios' head Harry Cohn fired the director in the final stages of production on *The Garment Jungle* and subsequently expunged his credit. The film, a sort of *On the Waterfront* for the New York sweatshop set, was Aldrich's last in the United States for half a decade; he was labeled a *persona non grata* in Hollywood until 1962, ironically for reasons unrelated to his political leanings.

Such hurdles miraculously never deterred Aldrich's working life. "You should be able to do three pictures every two years, and do them well," he argued. "It's not only economic, but it's philosophical." From the early sixties through the end of his career in 1981, he cultivated a trend of directing handfuls of box office flops and following them up with career-saving critical and commercial triumphs—films like the neo-Gothic *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*, the hyper-macho and ultraviolent *The Dirty Dozen* and the underdog football comedy *The Longest Yard*. These works have national name recognition, and the latter two in particular cemented the director's popular reputation as a down-and-dirty action director with a keen understanding of alpha-male swagger. But even a cursory scan of Aldrich's credits reveals these kinds of films as hardly the dominating majority. Filling out his oeuvre are detective yarns (*World for Ransom*), psychological Westerns (*The Last Sunset*, *Ulzana's Raid*), survivalist dramas (*The Flight of the Phoenix*), geopolitical procedurals (*Twilight's Last Gleaming*), inside-Hollywood horrorshows (*The Legend of Lylah Clare*), period dramas (*Emperor of the North*, *The Grissom Gang*), cop films (*The Choirboys*, *Hustle*), and even a matinee idol romp (*4 for Texas*) and a female boxing movie (*...All the Marbles*).

One would suspect that such variety would make it difficult to discern governing creative threads, but in fact Aldrich could never hide his hand—some would say to his detriment. No matter the project, the director would bring a brute *mise-en-scène* and a penchant for ushering his actors toward emotional extremes, even when tackling scripts that may have called for more directorial delicacy. Aldrich's visual style balanced cerebral detachment and assertive sensuality: deep-focus master shots with imprisoning prop arrangements and exacting lighting schemes spoke to his cognizance of the larger forces that govern individual lives, while screen-filling close-ups of heroes in states of dejection or agony (Aldrich arguably imported traces of Ingmar Bergman's facial severity to Hollywood cinema) offered a humanizing tension. "In Aldrich's films, it is not unusual to encounter a new idea with each shot," Francois Truffaut famously wrote in his characteristically histrionic appraisal of *Kiss Me Deadly*, a declaration that may have rung even truer for genuinely shape-shifting late-career peculiarities like *The Choirboys*, *Hustle* and *The Legend of Lylah Clare*, box office failures that hardly lack for what Manny Farber, in his seminal essay "Underground Films," referred to as Aldrich's "overflow of vitality."

Aldrich died in Los Angeles in 1983, leaving behind a trail of righteous indignation at societal wrongs and needless suppression. His final film, *...All the Marbles*, skewered the Reagan administration's regressive economic policies just as *The Longest Yard* not so subtly railed against Nixon's neglect of the dispossessed. In 1968, Aldrich took the MPAA to court for their absurd rationale in smacking the lesbian drama *The Killing of Sister George* with a prohibitive X rating, and he later denounced author Joseph Wambaugh's decision to remove his name from the credits of *The Choirboys*. As is repeatedly evident in his films, Aldrich reserved his greatest contempt for anyone who betrayed individual values in favor of complacently participating in a rigged system of power. And what made his work so powerful was its recognition of the fact that although defeat in such a system was likely, honest resistance remained paramount. "Struggle, Charlie, you may still win a blessing," says a character to the despondent protagonist of *The Big Knife*, to which Aldrich added, "I think it's the manner in which you struggle that entitles you to that blessing...if there is a blessing." — *Carson Lund*

Most of the Robert Aldrich retrospective will be travelling to the Metrograph in New York this autumn.

Special thanks: Todd Wiener, Steve Hill, Dan Einstein—UCLA Film and Television Archive; Jacob Perlin—The Metrograph; Gwen Deglise—American Cinematheque; Kristie Nakamura—Warner Bros.; Rod Rhule and Fleur Buckley—British Film Institute; Cassie Blake and May Haduong—Academy Film Archive; Emilie Cauquy, Jean François Rauger—Cinémathèque française; Lynanne Schweighofer—Library of Congress; Julie McLean—New Beverly Cinema; Mark McElhatten—Sikelia Productions; Giulia D'Agnolo Vallan; Jessica Rosner.

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



ON THE SET OF *AUTUMN LEAVES*



ROBERT ALDRICH *KISS ME DEADLY*

FRIDAY JUNE 3 AT 7PM
THURSDAY AUGUST 18 AT 7PM
KISS ME DEADLY

A beautiful woman materializes on a dark country road; a private investigator picks her up and conversation sparks; a freak ambush occurs; and the detective wakes to the woman's larynx-shredding screams of agony. The pithy, visually withholding opening moments of *Kiss Me Deadly* establish the fury upon which revenge narratives run, but, for a director acutely attuned to the networks of power obfuscating individual action, promises of catharsis are just a mirage on the horizon. Aldrich's unique perspective, the existential sophistication of screenwriter A.I. Bezzerides, and the ambivalent persona of star Ralph Meeker thus converge, turning *Kiss Me Deadly* into one of the most modern and complex entries in the fifties noir canon—a jaundiced film that undoes the usual moral dichotomies of the genre, uncovering a more cosmic current of disorder and paranoia. As Meeker hobbles from one enigmatic false lead to the next, his director pinpoints an American wasteland driven to the brink of obsolescence by a desperate search for certainty amidst Cold War murk.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Ralph Meeker, Cloris Leachman, Maxine Cooper
US 1955, 35mm, b/w, 105 min. (Second screening on DCP)

FRIDAY JUNE 3 AT 9:30PM
WORLD FOR RANSOM

Though shadowed by an unflattering reputation as a quickie spinoff of the TV series *China Smith* and further afflicted by Aldrich's non-credit, *World for Ransom* is nonetheless an early testament to its director's bud-

ding visual imagination and thematic preoccupations. In a fog-enshrouded backlot simulacrum of Singapore, Dan Duryea plays a weary private eye whose former girlfriend—now a saucy nightclub crooner in an opium district—employs him for a convoluted job involving kidnapping and hydrogen bombs. With its nuclear paranoia and unfurling layers of intrigue, the plot is *Kiss Me Deadly* tryout material, as is the formulation of the hero as a bumbling and exhausted interloper (though here it is the melancholy of lost love, not consuming apathy, that hangs thick in the air). Despite the limitations of his resources and material, Aldrich brings every ounce of his compositional savvy to emphasize the story's nervous emotional undercurrents—whether top-loading his 4:3 frames with imposing ceilings, scattering his sets with single-source lighting from odd angles, or cramping his characters within cluttered furniture.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Dan Duryea, Gene Lockhart, Patric Knowles
US 1954, 16mm, b/w, 81 min

SUNDAY JUNE 5 AT 5PM
TEN SECONDS TO HELL

National guilt and post-traumatic stress disorder take literal form as dormant bombs strewn across the wreckage of postwar Berlin in *Ten Seconds to Hell*, Aldrich's most cerebral war picture (albeit an unfairly studio-mutilated one). Jack Palance leads a team of Nazi dissenters recruited by the Allies to defuse and dispose of lingering nukes as part of Germany's push toward rehabilitation, a gig that practically guarantees existential dread as a vocational regularity. The task grows thornier when a scoundrel within the group (Jeff Chandler) talks his colleagues into a last-man-standing wager, an endeavor ostensibly designed to further stress the severity of the job but which actually just enables the kind of intricate group friction at which Aldrich excelled. Rationalist, collectivist ethics battle reckless ego and stubbornness in Aldrich and Teddi Sherman's innuendo-dense screenplay, which also maps the growing rift between head and heart in a romance subplot bearing shades of *Journey to Italy*. Most noteworthy, however, are the tensely protracted bomb deactivation sequences, which play out in nail-biting silence and splinter the treacherous process into suspense-building chains of discrete visual details.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance, Martine Carol
US 1959, 35mm, b/w, 93 min

SUNDAY JUNE 5 AT 7PM
THE LEGEND OF LYLAH CLARE

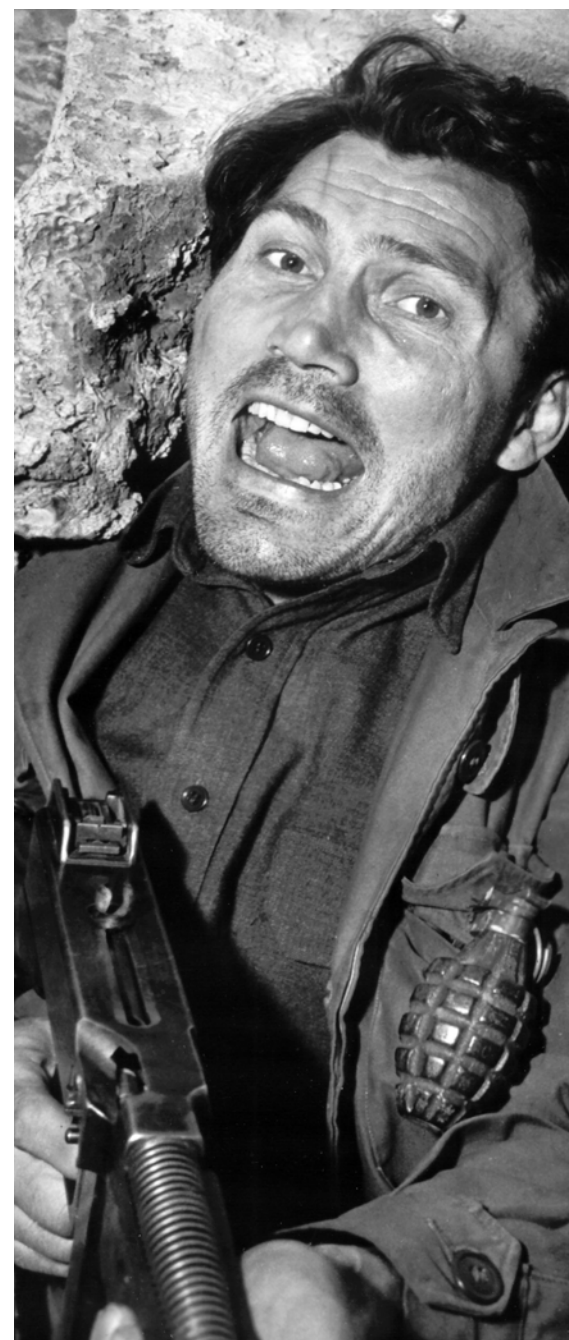
A "black mahogany gothic horror right on the edge of being too much," in the words of lead actor Peter Finch, *The Legend of Lylah Clare* was the eccentric and overheated follow-up to Aldrich's biggest financial success, *The Dirty Dozen*, and it tanked just about as magnificently as its predecessor flourished. Rearranging ingredients from *Vertigo* and *The Bad and the Beautiful*, this inside-Hollywood exposé kicks off when Finch's Erich von Stroheim-like megalomaniac, a once-illustrious director now calcifying in wealth, is urged to direct a new picture sensationalizing the life of recently deceased screen goddess Lylah Clare, who also happens to have been his wife. Reality and illusion merge when upstart actress Elsa Brinkmann (Kim Novak), a dead ringer for Clare, signs onto the production, whereby the film morphs into an erotically charged ghost story as well as a ragged dissection of the male ego and the myriad ways in which art can materialize from disturbing psychological warfare. A final surrealist punch line—too inspired to give away—is the ultimate one-finger salute by Aldrich to an industry

of parasitic narcissists and the spectators who passively consume their leavings.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Kim Novak, Peter Finch, Ernest Borgnine
US 1968, 35mm, color, 130 min

MONDAY JUNE 6 AT 7PM
ATTACK!

"I'll shove this grenade down your throat and pull the pin." Such are the pressurized stakes of *Attack!*, a WWII chamber drama that tracks the venomous hatred passed between an indignant lieutenant played with seething intensity by Jack Palance and his inept captain embodied by Eddie Albert, once again recruited by Aldrich as corruption incarnate. Originating from a stage play by Norman Brooks, the material is dense with verbal combat, its most hazardous battlegrounds in fact the sinister bunkers where ethical entanglements play out within a beleaguered American infantry company. Yet despite the often lengthy and jargon-filled speechifying and on-the-nose psychology of the script, *Attack!* accrues a certain elemental power as its narrative backstabbing and administrative oversights pile up, thanks largely to the almost Bergmanesque potency of Aldrich's close-ups. A veritable gallery of pained macho mugs, the film lo-



ROBERT ALDRICH *ATTACK!*

cates the ambivalence of the entire military project in the sweaty fury of Jack Palance's face.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Jack Palance, Eddie Albert, Lee Marvin
US 1956, 35mm, b/w, 107 min

FRIDAY JUNE 10 AT 7PM
MONDAY JUNE 13 AT 7PM

THE LONGEST YARD

In the fierce opening minutes of *The Longest Yard*, perhaps the mother of all underdog sports comedies, washed-up former pro quarterback Paul "Wrecking" Crewe walks out on his affluent girlfriend in a brutal rage, guides a series of cop cars on a skidding and screeching joy ride through Palm Beach and provokes a fistfight with a pair of policemen. It is hardly an ingratiating character introduction, and despite the redemptive power that prisons often assume over troubled souls in the cinema, Paul's hard edges never soften under Aldrich's pitiless gaze, even after he enters Georgia State Prison and rounds up a motley crew of inmates for a pigskin match against the wicked warden's well-groomed staff squad. Charged with Deep South racial tension, a post-Nixon aversion to authority, and a vision of football as compulsory outlet for masculine anger rather than embodiment of American ideals, *The Longest Yard* is a ribald tale of triumph in which the victors are rapists, murderers and roughnecks, and winning leads only to more losing.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Burt Reynolds, Eddie Albert, Ed Lauter
US 1974, 35mm, color, 121 min

FRIDAY JUNE 10 AT 9:30PM

BIG LEAGUER

Aldrich's enterprising years as a television director on the East Coast ultimately paved the way for an offer to direct MGM programmer *Big Leaguer* at the Florida training camp of the New York Giants, an MLB organization that decamped to San Francisco four years after the film's release. A humbly scaled paean to America's pastime, Aldrich's feature debut sketches a small community of professional prospects and the scouts who seek to groom them for \$150/week contracts. Edward G. Robinson expertly balances sunny nonchalance and drill sergeant rigor as the sage ex-pro running the operation, and Vera-Ellen costars as his niece, a fresh-faced beauty for the ripe athletes to swoon and spar over. Hardly the lean-and-mean dagger of Aldrich's more iconic sports film, *The Longest Yard*, *Big Leaguer* is instead an unchar-



ROBERT ALDRICH *THE LONGEST YARD*

acteristically generous entry in the director's filmography, marked less by any righteous indignation at systemic failings than by a contagious fondness for the game borne out in such telling details as a Carl Hubbell cameo.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Edward G. Robinson, Vera-Ellen, Jeff Richards
US 1953, 35mm, b/w, 70 min

SATURDAY JUNE 11 AT 7PM

ULZANA'S RAID

Robert Aldrich situates the senseless, relentless carnage of the Vietnam War onto the stark stage of the

American Western. Enlisted to hunt down a rampaging Apache leader and his gang, Burt Lancaster's wizened scout clashes with the young Christian cavalry lieutenant whose simplistic idealism is easily confused upon confronting extreme racism and violence on both sides. Well aware of the convoluted contradictions of war and an impassable cultural chasm, McIntosh lives between the white and Apache worlds—judging no one, yet suffering no fools. As the allegoric action coils into a taut, bloody ring, the greater complexities within the subsequent confrontation perish unceremoniously amid a barren atmosphere of death, disillusion and indifference.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Burt Lancaster, Bruce Davison, Jorge Luke
US 1972, 35mm, color, 103 min

SATURDAY JUNE 11 AT 9PM

APACHE

Aldrich's first Western as well as the inauguration of a fruitful collaboration with anxious macho man Burt Lancaster, *Apache* adapts the legend of Massai, the last remaining warrior of the eponymous Native American tribe that surrendered to colonizing whites in late 19th century New Mexico. Producing the film alongside Harold Hecht as only the second entry in their Hecht-Lancaster enterprise, the newly famous star cherry-picked Aldrich to direct, and the instinct proved discerning. Even at this early stage in his career, Aldrich displays a natural command of volatile emotional terrain and a jolting editorial cadence that suits *Apache's* tale of rebel desperation and perpetual getaway. The plot springs into motion when Massai leaps off a train escorting him to servitude in Florida, after which he migrates on foot back to his homeland, spurning all in his path, to resume a one-man war and rekindle an unstable relationship with a chief's daughter (Jean Peters), who memorably summarizes her battle-mad companion as a "dying wolf biting at its own wounds." Such is the harrowing climate of this revisionist genre effort.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters, John McIntire
US 1954, 35mm, color, 87 min

SUNDAY JUNE 12 AT 5PM

M

Unseen for too many years was Losey's fascinating remake of Fritz Lang's frightening vision of an insidious fascism tearing at the feverish heart of Weimar society. Substituting 1950s downtown Los Angeles for 1930s Berlin, Losey cast the often-eccentric supporting actor David Wayne in Peter Lorre's role to give a distinctly American polish and spin on Lang's dark cautionary tale. *M's* original producer Seymour Nebenzal was behind the American remake, inspired by the dark parallels he—and many others—saw between the rise of Nazism and the creeping paranoia of the HUAC and Rosenberg era. Together with MacKenzie's *The Exiles* and Siodmak's *Criss Cross*, Losey's *M* is among the great poignant documents of the soon-to-be extinguished Bunker Hill area, indelibly captured by the brilliant cinematography of maestro Ernest Laszlo. Assistant Director Aldrich clearly kept in mind the downtown locations that he would further explore, four years later, in his Los Angeles masterpiece *Kiss Me Deadly*.

Directed by Joseph Losey. With David Wayne, Howard Da Silva, Luther Adler
US 1951, 35mm, b/w, 88 min



ROBERT ALDRICH *THE LEGEND OF LYLAH CLARE*

SUNDAY JUNE 12 AT 7PM

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX

Appearing now as a less brutal test fight before *The Dirty Dozen*, Aldrich's screen adaptation of Elleston Trevor's 1964 novel features another motley, troubled all-male cast thrown together in a desperate situation. Jimmy Stewart, Richard Attenborough, Peter Finch, Hardy Krüger, Ernest Borgnine, Dan Duryea, George Kennedy, Ian Bannen, and even Aldrich's son and son-in-law are among the disgruntled passengers of a twin-engine plane which crashes in the middle of the Sahara desert. The survivors waste no time dovetailing into a morass of blame, breakdowns and power struggles while making various attempts to somehow survive. With a focus on the psyche rather than the action, Aldrich carefully paces the suspense and surprises, maintaining a constant, spellbinding tension—even within each frame's composition. While a complex spectrum of psychological and social structures are tested in this survivalist hell, the ego dynamics between Stewart's old-fashioned, American pilot and Krüger's cold, German technician in particular magnify the personal clashes to their place on the international stage.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With James Stewart, Richard Attenborough, Peter Finch
US 1965, DCP, color, 149 min

FRIDAY JUNE 17 AT 7PM

MONDAY JUNE 20 AT 7PM

THE LAST SUNSET

The lone project Aldrich undertook in Mexico during his four-year exile from the United States, this Technicolor Western is an oddball blend of Freudian fixations and Shakespearean tragedy, with Kirk Douglas sporting what must be the most Elizabethan cowboy getup in the genre's history. A black-clad catalyst for the Dalton Trumbo-scripted tempest of romantic entanglements, Douglas plays an expatriate cowboy fixing to steal back the heart of an old flame at her south-of-the-border homestead when Rock Hudson drifts in carrying a warrant for his hanging—as well as a gust of Sirkian melodrama. Passions and rivalries flare up over the course of a long cattle drive to Texas in the company of Dorothy Malone's world-weary matron and her blossoming teenage daughter, who brings her own inadvertently incestuous desires into the mix. Marked by a lyrical use of the arid Mexican landscape and an uncharacteristically expressive treatment of color—from the violet night skies to Malone's salmon lips—*The Last Sunset* builds to queasy emotional



ROBERT ALDRICH *THE DIRTY DOZEN*

complications before burning out in one of the most stirringly edited climaxes of Aldrich's career.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas, Dorothy Malone
US 1961, 35mm, color, 113 min

FRIDAY JUNE 17 AT 9:15PM

THE CHOIRBOYS

Widely considered an artistic failure, *The Choirboys* is admittedly not a film that withstands narrative scrutiny or moral policing. Indeed, it is one of the most repellent films ever produced by a major studio, wallowing unabashedly in the roundly objectionable antics of a motley crew of LAPD dirtbags for an exhausting and often seemingly shapeless two hours. It is, however, also a work of awe-inspiring commitment, its cockeyed view of a mini-universe stripped of a moral compass never once flagging in its brutality—a true testament to an evolving 1970s studio system that could on occasion let directorial brio fly by unscathed. Aldrich's camera here assumes a front-row seat on the hysterical action, rarely recoiling from or eliding the details of the ensemble's depravity, whether the clumsy cops are goading a suicidal woman into jumping off a building or drunkenly firing pistols at

homosexuals. The result is a film with a perspective as troubled as the world it diligently documents.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Charles Durning, Louis Gossett, Jr., Pery King
US 1977, 35mm, color, 119 min

SATURDAY JUNE 18 AT 7PM

THE DIRTY DOZEN

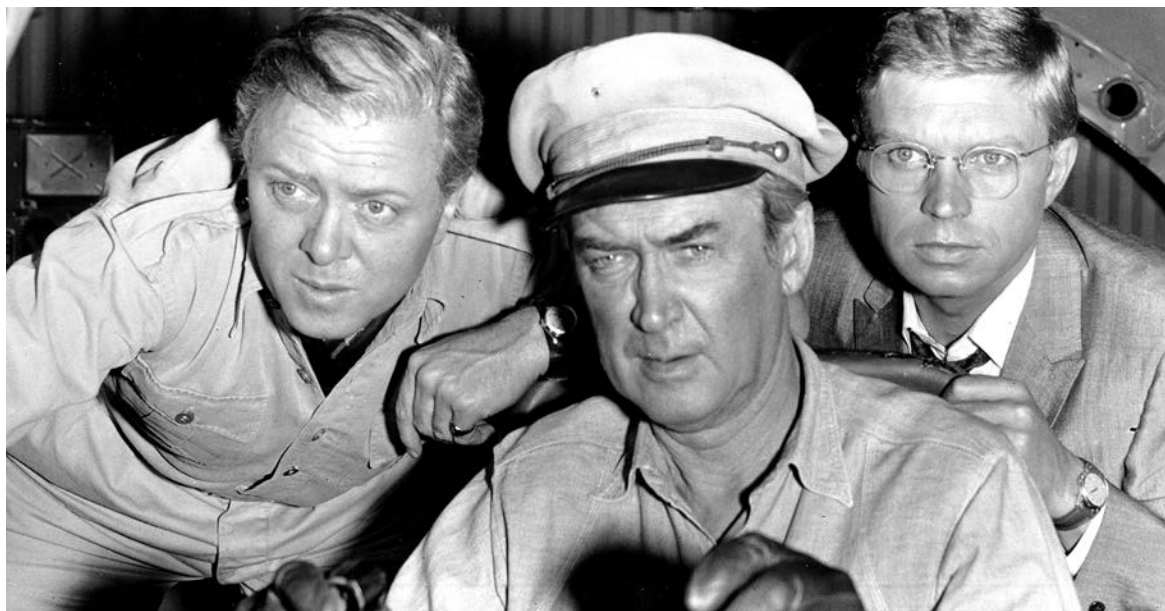
Alpha male screen legends (Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, Charles Bronson) and feisty newcomers (John Cassavetes, Ben Carruthers) join forces in the robust ensemble of *The Dirty Dozen*, a WWII actioner as much about testosterone-fueled psychosis as it is about the dysfunction of the military machine. The scenario, based on an E.M. Nathanson novel, fits Aldrich like a glove: Marvin's cranky Army major is forced to rally together a lineup of death row prisoners and other miscreants to execute a suicidal invasion of a Nazi gathering on the eve of D-Day, a mission requiring weeks of arduous training. The toxic brew of unchecked masculinity that results provides the director his purest platform for hard-edged satire, a mode that found favor with contemporary audiences as the film rocketed to 1967's fifth-best box office pull. But although the film did big business, it is hardly a conventional crowd-pleaser. Fully indulging the bad behavior of his self-centered soldiers, Aldrich steers the raucous affair right into the most horrifyingly bloody set piece he ever orchestrated, at which point good-old horseplay veers into moral revulsion.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine, Charles Bronson
US 1967, 35mm, color, 149 min

SATURDAY JUNE 18 AT 9:45PM

THE PROWLER

An unnerving concoction of film noir, romantic melodrama, the woman's picture and the Western, Joseph Losey's underappreciated postwar masterwork *The Prowler* might have been just the shape-shifter needed to stir an apprenticing Aldrich's developing talents. The future genre chameleon served as assistant director on the film, which details the perilous seduction of Evelyn Keyes' dissatisfied Los Angeles housewife at the hands of a sociopathic cop (Van Heflin, oozing virile menace). Adultery, institutional corruption and murder flank the scandalous tale, but Losey keeps everything to a disarming cool,



ROBERT ALDRICH *THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX*

downplaying psychological irregularities with elliptical cuts and treating exaggerated genre clichés—such as the couple’s desperate getaway to a desert ghost town—with a straight face. The result is a film that crystallizes the contradictory tug between materialism and humility, anxiety and hope, and faith and distrust that defined the national consciousness in the early postwar years.

Directed by Joseph Losey. With Van Heflin, Evelyn Keyes, John Maxwell
US 1951, 35mm, b/w, 91 min

SUNDAY JUNE 19 AT 4:30PM

STORY OF G.I. JOE

Aldrich clearly gleaned much from his experience as assistant director of one of the most heartfelt and powerful of WWII combat films, William Wellman’s sensitive tribute to legendary war correspondent Ernie Pyle, the Hoosier who selflessly dedicated himself to capturing the voices and experiences of the American “dog face” until his death by enemy fire in the battle of Okinawa. A gentler compliment to Aldrich’s anti-war masterpiece *Attack!*, Wellman’s film offers an intimate vision of the experiences and fragile souls of the American foot soldier, portrayed by a sterling cast lead by Robert Mitchum and the self-effacing Burgess Meredith as Pyle. Wellman’s bold use of portrait-like close-ups and a wandering voiceover transforms his film into a poignant *momento mori* urging the viewer to recall those faces and voices now lost to time and the tragedy of war. *Preserved by the Academy Film Archive.*

Directed by William A. Wellman. With Burgess Meredith, Robert Mitchum, Freddie Steele
US 1945, 35mm, b/w, 109 min

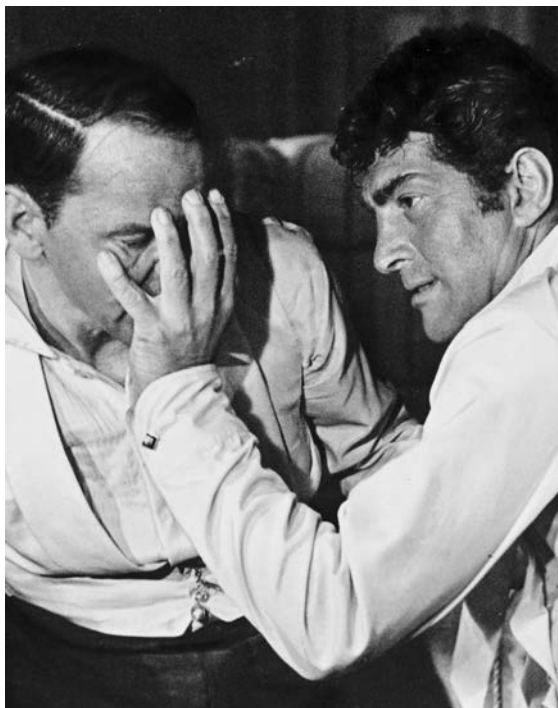
SUNDAY JUNE 19 AT 7PM

SODOM AND GOMORRAH

“Every director ought to get one Biblical film out of his system,” Aldrich once declared. Hence the existence of *Sodom and Gomorrah*, an enormously scaled dramatization of New Testament foundation myths. The story centers on Lot (Stewart Granger), ruler of the modest Hebrew people, as he initiates a journey to the Valley of Jordan with hopes of introducing his cultural virtues to the corrupted communities of Sodom and Gomorrah, a colonial imposition that only incites a series of violent skirmishes. The film’s period details are not always persuasive (Anouk Aimée, as the Sodomite Queen, sometimes looks like she belongs at Woodstock rather than in BC Canaan, for instance), yet frantic motion is sus-



ROBERT ALDRICH *AUTUMN LEAVES*



ROBERT ALDRICH *4 FOR TEXAS*

tained by the overflowing passion of the performances and the hyper-saturated opulence of the spectacle, which involves runaway floods, horse herds and lascivious dancing. Aldrich’s hand is not always pronounced (in fact, Sergio Leone took the reins on some scenes), but the film does fascinatingly suggest the director allowing himself a deluge of unrestrained creative energy before finally returning to his native country.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Stewart Granger, Pier Angeli, Stanley Baker
US 1963, 35mm, color, 154 min

FRIDAY JULY 8 AT 7PM

TOO LATE THE HERO

Aldrich’s third independently produced feature after *The Dirty Dozen*’s success was also its moody cousin, trading brash hysterics for verbose self-reckoning and toughly considered moral quagmires. *Too Late the Hero*’s action centers on a Pacific island during WWII, but the palm trees, administrative miscalculations and dubious suicidal missions situate the film most unmistakably in the post-Vietnam climate of righteous fury. Cliff Robertson and Michael Caine costar as a US lieutenant and a British soldier ordered, against their wishes, to conduct a raid on a Japanese communications base. In Aldrich’s hands, the deadly assignment occasions both prideful overcompensations and cowardly backpedalling, while the alleged enemy winds up being the most civilized of the bunch.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Michael Caine, Cliff Robertson, Henry Fonda
US 1970, 35mm, color, 133 min

FRIDAY JULY 8 AT 9:30PM

THE GARMENT JUNGLE

Aldrich’s leftist sympathies are everywhere apparent in this little-known Columbia picture that echoes *On the Waterfront* in its stinging critique of gangster racketing and its urgent plea for unionized labor. Lee J. Cobb stars as a hardheaded garment factory owner locked in a dangerously close “relationship” with the mob that turns perilous when his long-estranged son enters the family business and begins to ask one too many questions. Aldrich had almost completed filming when he was taken severely ill with flu. Shortly after Columbia hired Vincent Sherman as a substitute director, Harry Cohen abruptly gave full reins of the picture to Sherman, summarily

dismissing the ill Aldrich and cutting him entirely out of the final edit. Despite the film’s ultimately quite conventional narrative and ending, *The Garment Jungle* is, nevertheless, clearly branded by key Aldrich moments—the shocking death in the elevator shaft, for example, and the vivid glimpses into a seedy, festering underworld.

Directed by Vincent Sherman. With Lee J. Cobb, Kerwin Mathews, Gia Scala
US 1957, 35mm, b/w, 88 min

SATURDAY JULY 9 AT 7PM

AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn Leaves is the quintessential late Hollywood melodrama—lurid, strange and overheated by the torrid winds of incestuous passion. Joan Crawford stars, in what is arguably her finest late-career performance, as a lonely-heart stenographer who falls hard for the wrong man, a baby-faced war veteran, played by Cliff Robertson, harboring unsettling secrets. Aldrich releases Gothic shadows into his streamlined narrative, which boils over to an uncomfortable and unforgettable climax. *Autumn Leaves* was Aldrich’s first entry into the so-called “woman’s picture,” a genre he would later explode—almost gleefully—in *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* and, to a certain extent, in *The Killing of Sister George*.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Joan Crawford, Vera Miles, Lorne Greene
US 1956, 35mm, b/w, 107 min

SATURDAY JULY 9 AT 9:15PM

...ALL THE MARBLES

Aldrich’s final film completes a full auteurist circle by returning to the dingy back-alley world of third-tier competitive sports explored in his feature debut, the now-forgotten baseball B-picture *Big Leaguer*. The sport now is female wrestling, although often made by Aldrich to resemble both the tawdry vaudeville stage of *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* and the vicious battlefields of his many war films. With clear affection for its characters, *...All the Marbles* chronicles the comic misadventures of the California Dolls, two ambitious and beautiful female wrestlers determined to win a championship match in Reno, guided by the off-kilter advice of their corrupt-but-



ROBERT ALDRICH *...ALL THE MARBLES*



ROBERT ALDRICH *THE GRISSOM GANG*

lovable manager, the wisecracking, cigar-chomping Peter Falk. While vividly capturing the sweaty excitement of the Big Night and the stale coffee dreariness of endless road trips and cheap motels, ...*All the Marbles* also reveals a gentler side to Aldrich's ultimately humanist cinema.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Peter Falk, Vicki Frederick, Laurene Landon
US 1981, 35mm, color, 112 min

SUNDAY JULY 10 AT 5PM

FOUR STAR PLAYHOUSE: *THE GIFT* AND *THE BAD STREAK*

Like so many of Hollywood's postwar directors, Aldrich had his first directing jobs in television. He produced some of his best small-screen work for *Four Star Playhouse*, which featured a different, complete story every week, starring one of four actors: Charles Boyer, Ida Lupino, David Niven and Dick Powell. *The Gift* and *The Bad Streak* both feature Boyer as a father smarting from a damaged relationship with his adult son, allowing Aldrich to hone his skill at directing drama in preparation for the more tangled Oedipal thickets of his Gothic features.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. *The Gift* with Charles Boyer, Maureen O'Sullivan, Dan Tobin. *The Bad Streak* with Charles Boyer, Virginia Grey, Robert Arthur
US 1954, 16mm, b/w, 30 min each

THE GREATEST MOTHER OF 'EM ALL

Aldrich directed this thirty-minute short, in an unsuccessful search for feature-film financing, starring Peter Finch as a broken-down and ill-reputed director living scandalously with a much younger actress. The script was written by *Kiss Me Deadly's* screenwriter A.I. Bezzerides.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Peter Finch, Ann Sothorn, Alexandra Hay
US 1969, 35mm, color, 20 min

SUNDAY JULY 10 AT 7PM

THE GRISSOM GANG

Set during what must have been the muggiest Kansas City summer of the 1920s, *The Grissom Gang*, in unflinching detail, follows as a tribe of sweat-soaked, beret-wearing cretins carry out a string of kidnappings, rapes and murders. When the runt of the litter, Slim Grissom (Scott Wilson, in one of the great slimeball performances), falls

in love with one of the family's victims, the debutante Barbara Blandish (Kim Darby), tensions erupt and the entire criminal operation loses its composure. What follows is a deranged black comedy of psychosexual possession filmed at an uncomfortably intimate proximity, as well as a cultural study of a warped Prohibition-era heartland where new money holds dangerous sway over the law. Even in such a garish landscape, however, Aldrich's principles of moral relativism are intact and pulled to their breaking point as exploitation gradually gives way to pathos. The film's audaciously tender finale kept audiences away, and the financial failure ultimately caused the closure of Aldrich Studios.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Kim Darby, Scott Wilson, Tony Musante
US 1971, 35mm, color, 128 min

MONDAY JULY 11 AT 7PM

TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING

Burt Lancaster's final collaboration with Robert Aldrich is among the director's least known masterworks, a taut political thriller about nuclear missiles in the hands of a rogue general determined to make the White House pay for the disastrous folly of Vietnam. Lancaster channels

Aldrich's blistering anti-institutional ire into a portrait of an aging and steely eyed veteran who has carefully, and symbolically, chosen his last and most perilous mission. Misunderstood and abused by critics at its original release, *Twilight's Last Gleaming* was for many years a stubbornly unavailable holy grail of ardent cinephiles until the recent unearthing of the revelatory director's cut.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Charles Durning
US 1977, digital video, color, 144 min

FRIDAY JULY 15 AT 9PM

4 FOR TEXAS

Money and sex form the bedrock of the Old West in this nonchalant lark starring Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra at the peak of their Rat Pack popularity as rival cowboy entrepreneurs. While headed to Texas by stagecoach, a dustup with Charles Bronson's brutal outlaw serendipitously leaves them with a \$100,000 wad, which they proceed to fight over. Eventually the funds go toward an extravagant riverboat casino in the small town of Galveston, where scantily clad Anita Ekberg and Ursula Andress lie in wait. Less a sculpted narrative than a free-flowing vehicle for various matinee idol configurations, including a *Three Stooges* cameo that devolves quickly into a slapstick vignette, *4 for Texas* is more compelling as a testament to early 60s celebrity culture than as a tailored Aldrich effort, though the film does complicate its star indulgences with a bald critique of capitalism cut loose.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Anita Ekberg
US 1963, 16mm, color, 124 min

SATURDAY JULY 16 AT 7PM

HUSTLE

If *The Longest Yard* was a gritted-teeth uprising against bureaucratic corruption and abusive power, its follow-up, *Hustle*, is a long, aggrieved sigh of resignation to the very same forces. One of Aldrich's most leisurely paced films, it gradually shades in the gloomy existence of Burt Reynolds' taciturn Los Angeles cop who tends to the city's sleaze by day and bumbles through a tentative relationship with Catherine Deneuve's glamorous French escort by night. There's a procedural at the heart of the story—a teenage girl has washed up on shore, and a multifarious porn business appears to be the culprit—but Aldrich's chief interest lies in the texture of his protagonist's daily life, as well as in his ravaged emotional climate. Boasting a career-best Burt Reynolds performance of underplayed



ROBERT ALDRICH *HUSTLE*

discontent and pitilessly harsh lighting schemes from cinematographer Joseph Biroc, *Hustle* draws a shadowy portrait of a cruel, mercenary urban environment—one where love, however commoditized and fleeting, is the only respite.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Burt Reynolds, Catherine Deneuve, Ben Johnson
US 1975, 35mm, color, 120 min

SATURDAY JULY 16 AT 9:15PM

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE

The Killing of Sister George is a dark, quasi-absurdist play about a beloved soap opera actress and her combative relations with two other women: her lover and a network executive. Robert Aldrich produces a no-holds-barred screen adaptation, famously amplifying the lesbianism inherent in the original. The film's semi-explicit sex scene and racy tone earns it one of the first "X" ratings in American cinema and the label of cult and/or camp classic. *The Killing of Sister George* also marks a high point for the Grand Guignol cinema that Aldrich defined earlier in *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* and *The Legend of Lylah Clare* and a furthest expression of his continued fascination with cruelty, faded stardom and the spiked cocktail of impossible love.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Beryl Reid, Susannah York, Coral Browne
US 1968, 35mm, color, 138 min

SUNDAY JULY 17 AT 5PM

FOUR STAR PLAYHOUSE: THE SQUEEZE, THE WITNESS AND THE HARD WAY

Besides the two episodes starring Charles Boyer, Aldrich directed three episodes of *Four Star Playhouse* starring Dick Powell, who had by then thoroughly established his postwar persona as a wisecracking, tough-guy charmer, seen in all three shows here, especially the two written by Blake Edwards. Aldrich gives Powell a visual environment to match as he tries out film noir's low-key lighting and chiaroscuro. Most fascinatingly, these episodes



CHARLES CHAPLIN *LIMELIGHT*



ROBERT ALDRICH *VERA CRUZ*

find Aldrich experimenting with camera movement, long takes and deep focus.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. *The Squeeze* with Dick Powell, Richard Jaeckel, Regis Toomey. *The Witness* with Dick Powell, James Millican, Charles Bronson. *The Hard Way* with Dick Powell, Jack Elam, Robert Osterloh
US 1953, 16mm, b/w, 30 min. each

SUNDAY JULY 24 AT 4PM

LIMELIGHT

Aldrich's last stint as assistant director was working for a director known for his immovable opinions and total control. Apparently, Chaplin balked at Aldrich's suggestions of more inventive camera movements and careful maintenance of continuity. After his first box office flop, *Monseieur Verdoux* (1947), the director seemed focused on telling the story his own way, with a reflexive, melancholic and poetic theatricality. Though not Chaplin's actual autobiography, it seems his emotional one. He plays Calvero, a once-famous, alcoholic vaudevillian who rescues Terry, a young ballet dancer (which in reality gave Claire Bloom her cinematic start). This casts into tragicomic motion a tale of the darkness and light, the beauty and sacrifice of life in the limelight. Marking the only time Buster Keaton and Chaplin appear in a film together, *Limelight* culminates in their brilliant performance in which art and existence seem to collapse absurdly and heartbreakingly upon one another. As Calvero passes on the torch to Terry, perhaps Chaplin, with *Limelight*, hands the same over to apprentices like Aldrich. Accused of suspicious activity during the paranoid blacklist era, Chaplin was ushered back to London by the very country who considered him its iconic tramp, and *Limelight* was virtually unseen in the US until the 70s.

Directed by Charles Chaplin. With Charles Chaplin, Claire Bloom, Sydney Chaplin
US 1952, 35mm, b/w, 137 min

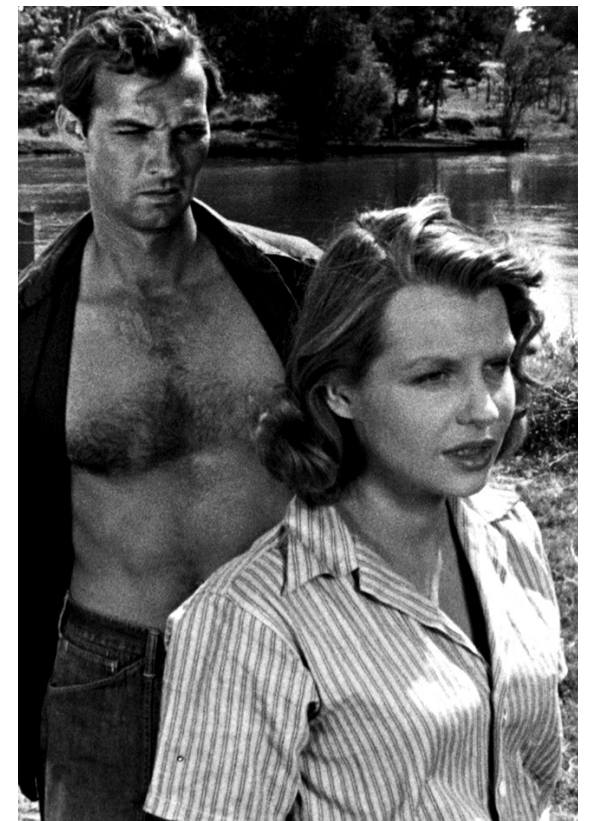
SUNDAY JULY 31 AT 4:30PM

THE SOUTHERNER

Almost universally hailed as the zenith of Jean Renoir's five films in Hollywood, *The Southerner* was one of Aldrich's first jobs as assistant director, and he gleaned from Renoir the profound power of physical location. The film is an impressionistic ode to the landscape of the American South, taking as its subject a poor family attempting, over the course of a year, to turn a scraggly crop of land into a bountiful farm. Driven less by con-

flict than by the changing seasons, the film's narrative is nonetheless filled with strife, from the problems caused by the family's territorial neighbors to those inevitably produced by the vagaries of the Texas climate. Successfully carrying over the mode of poetic realism that he honed in France, Renoir frames everything from a loose, casual distance, creating democratic juxtapositions of man and nature so as to stress the dependence of the former on the latter. But even when misery endures, it is resilience that prevails—a reality etched beautifully across the faces of Zachary Scott, Betty Field and Beulah Bondi, the last of whom memorably stands her ground as dark clouds tower over her in the frame, an image of humanity refusing to be conquered by circumstance. *35mm preservation print courtesy of the UCLA Film & Television Archive.*

Directed by Jean Renoir. With Zachary Scott, Betty Field, J. Carrol Naish
US 1945, 35mm, b/w, 92 min



JEAN RENOIR *THE SOUTHERNER*

FRIDAY AUGUST 5 AT 9:30PM

THE ANGRY HILLS

The lingering shadow of Nazi rule again weighs heavily on Aldrich's second European project after *Ten Seconds to Hell*, the Greek-set, cat-and-mouse chase *The Angry Hills*. Set in the early years of the German occupation of Athens, the film drops Robert Mitchum's strapping foreign correspondent with a leaflet of wanted names into a corroded landscape of resistance fighters, ruthless Gestapo and beautiful, conflicted women. A.I. Bezzerides' adaptation of a Leon Uris book is a fast-moving cyclone of narrow escapes, double-crosses, covert alliances and thwarted romances, but Aldrich, crucially, never allows the plot to lapse into cynical murkiness. Through exquisite deep-space staging in high-contrast widescreen and naturalistic portrayals of psychological turbulence (particularly from Elisabeth Müller as a distraught mother with ties to the Nazis), the film weighs the many human dimensions of its knotty political situation, ultimately arriving at a surprising tribute from Aldrich to the capacity for grace under pressure.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Robert Mitchum, Stanley Baker, Elisabeth Mueller
US 1959, 16mm, b/w, 105 min

SUNDAY AUGUST 7 AT 4PM

THE FRISCO KID

Recasting *Apache*'s cross-country trek in a more cartoonish context, Aldrich's penultimate work gives *Blazing Saddles* icon Gene Wilder the spotlight as a Polish rabbi en route to San Francisco by foot with hopes of establishing a synagogue. After a series of misfortunes on the road alone, Wilder's character enlists the help of an itinerant robber played by Harrison Ford, then newly popularized as Hans Solo. While the casting ploy provides the film much of its droll energy, and broad gags about cultural misunderstanding pepper the script, Aldrich gradually downplays the story's comic elements in favor of its underlying themes of empathy and human decency. Light as it may be on the director's trademark pessimism, though, *The Frisco Kid* does offer a vision of frontier life consistent with his other Westerns—which is to say, a world defined more by its divisions than its unities. That the film stages an effort to transcend these divisions makes it a sobering genre farewell.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Gene Wilder, Harrison Ford, Ramon Bieri
US 1979, 16mm, color, 122 min



ROBERT ALDRICH *THE BIG KNIFE*

SUNDAY AUGUST 7 AT 7PM

EMPEROR OF THE NORTH

Longstanding Aldrich fixtures Ernest Borgnine and Lee Marvin go head-to-head in the Depression-era *Emperor of the North* as sadistic freight train conductor and elite hobo rail hopper, their respective aged features well suited to the atmosphere of every-man-for-himself desperation. The former wants his locomotive purged of filthy parasites; the latter likes the thrill of danger and is unafraid to take on the feared captain in order to one up his fellow vagrants. Shooting on location in the verdant Oregon wilderness, Aldrich brings this obscure pocket of American history to grubby life through soulful characterizations and an unrelenting visual dynamism, with all the action occurring within shouting distance of the moving train. In simultaneously documenting Depression-era class tension and schematizing the enduring American mistreatment of the dispossessed by those in power, *Em-*

peror of the North wears its social consciousness on its sleeve. It also represents a spatial concentration of the Aldrich formula, with the train being just another arena for demonstrations of male pride and tenacity.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine, Keith Carradine
US 1973, DCP, color, 118 min

MONDAY AUGUST 8 AT 7PM

VERA CRUZ

Playfully alluding to the differences in the actors' outspoken politics and studio-branded personae, Robert Aldrich places Burt Lancaster's charming, coarse and unscrupulous rancher into an uneasy partnership with Gary Cooper's civil and upstanding Southern military gentleman. Through multiplying twists and double-crosses, the two mercenaries charge full speed ahead on a special mission to Mexico to protect a charming countess. Aldrich's second collaboration with Lancaster as actor and producer was endangered by its extravagant and unpredictable production, which was riddled with sickness, improvised scenes and live ammunition. Encapsulated in Lancaster's disarming smile, Aldrich's fusion of the beautiful, volatile spectacle of the old Western with the complex morality and menacing absurdity of the genre's modernist revisions blazed a deconstructive trail for the violent, cynical visions of Peckinpah and Leone.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Gary Cooper, Burt Lancaster, Denise Darcel
US 1954, 35mm, color, 94 min

SATURDAY AUGUST 13 AT 7PM

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

At the height of his directorial powers, Robert Aldrich risked his career by taking a strange, savage bite of the hand of Hollywood with his now-legendary Grand Guignol melodrama about two aging movie star sisters sequestered in an old Hancock Park mansion, haunted by sinister family secrets and delusions that their long-faded careers might one day be resuscitated. Bette Davis exorcised her darkest histrionic demons into Baby Jane



ROBERT ALDRICH *THE FRISCO KID*

Hudson, a demented, gin-soaked former child actress still gripped by rabid jealousy for her sister Blanche's past glory as a rising star; a stardom cut short, tragically, by the mysterious accident... Costars Davis and Joan Crawford famously despised one another, working hard to sabotage each other's performance and vowing bitterly to never work together again. The vitriol palpable in the sisters' every scene boils over into a frightening climax that silences the film's dark comedic undertones and one ups Nathaniel West and *Sunset Boulevard*. With his brilliant transformation of the then 54-year-old Davis and 58-year-old Crawford into Gothic waxworks trapped in the amber of regret and bitter recrimination, Aldrich held up *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* as a cracked mirror to Hollywood, a powerful, whispering nightmare of Tinseltown's darkest fear: obsolescence.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Victor Buono
US 1962, 35mm, b/w, 132 min



ROBERT ALDRICH *THE LAST SUNSET*

SATURDAY AUGUST 13 AT 9:30PM

THE BIG KNIFE

Within the legacy of the Hollywood exposé, a subgenre that flowered in the 1950s as much to satiate the egos of industry insiders as to gratify audience appetites for behind-the-scenes scandal, *The Big Knife* could be slotted alongside Nicholas Ray's *In a Lonely Place* as an example of a work that digs a little too close to the bone for comfort. Based on a 1949 Clifford Odets play, the film dramatizes the struggles of a big-name actor (Jack Palance) under threatening pressures from his producers to sign a long-term contract that will further jeopardize his failing marriage—a dilemma that sinks him into depression at a perilous rate as negotiations heat up. Enhancing the atmosphere of despair, Aldrich stages almost the entire affair in the star's antiseptic Bel Air living room, a designer-chic dungeon in which the perspiring, loungewear-clad Palance holes up to avoid the media's prying eyes and ears. Shot in lengthy takes at a clinical distance so as to chart how power dynamics play out through body language, *The Big Knife* penetrates jagged emotional depths in examining the toll of enforced compromise in a system where no subordinate participant can ever fully make a decision in his or her own interest.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Jack Palance, Ida Lupino, Rod Steiger
US 1955, 35mm, b/w, 111 min



ROBERT ALDRICH *EMPEROR OF THE NORTH*

SUNDAY AUGUST 14 AT 5PM

THE BIG NIGHT

The unsung gem, and also the very last film, of Joseph Losey's Hollywood period, *The Big Night* is a surprisingly frank and dark coming-of-age story starring a memorable John Barrymore, Jr. as a would-be Hamlet determined to avenge a vicious injury mysteriously delivered to his father by a sadistic sports writer. Wandering furiously through the mean streets of a Los Angeles loosely posed as Manhattan, Barrymore's awkward hero encounters a series of vivid underworld characters, including Assis-

tant Director Robert Aldrich, appearing in a memorable cameo as a generous spectator at a boxing match, eager to share his drink with the young man. *The Big Night* is an outspoken expression of Red Scare Hollywood, boasting an unattributed script by blacklisted writers Hugo Butler and Ring Lardner, Jr. that bristles with open disdain for authority. Losey casts a justifiably jaundiced eye on the postwar US, which *The Big Night* describes as a crooked world blinded by naked avarice, racism and cutthroat self-preservation.

Directed by Joseph Losey. With John Barrymore, Jr., Preston Foster, Joan Larring
US 1953, 35mm, b/w, 75 min

SUNDAY AUGUST 14 AT 7PM

HUSH...HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE

The surprise box office success of *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* dared Aldrich to draw from the same lurid well of Gothic nightmares another black fable of a spinster trapped in a decaying mansion together with the macabre Oedipal phantoms that are her only companions. Bette Davis returns as the unhinged heroine whose beauty and sanity are fading into the dank, fragrant air of Hollywood's fantasy Deep South, where the actress triumphed long ago as the indomitable *Jezebel* and the most arrogant of the *Little Foxes*. Yet times have changed, and Classical Hollywood's more polite innuendos of cruelty have crumbled to unleash the dark and sadistic forces that now ensnare Davis and perfume *Hush...Hush, Sweet Charlotte* with a feverish intensity and strangeness. The frenemy role of the long-lost cousin refused by Joan Crawford was gamely accepted by Olivia de Havilland, who glitters with feline charm and malice as she leads Davis and the film into a fascinating, gliding dance between reality and dream, between quaint Southern rituals and barbaric horrors.

Directed by Robert Aldrich. With Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Joseph Cotton
US 1964, DCP, b/w, 134 min



ROBERT ALDRICH *HUSH...HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			01	02	03 7PM KISS ME DEADLY P. 4 9:30PM WORLD FOR RANSOM P. 4	04
05 5PM TEN SECONDS TO HELL P. 4 7PM THE LEGEND OF LYLAH CLARE P. 4	06 7PM ATTACK! P. 4	07	08	09	10 7PM THE LONGEST YARD P. 5 9:30PM BIG LEAGUER P. 5	11 7PM ULZANA'S RAID P. 5 9PM APACHE P. 5
12 5PM M P. 5 7PM THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX P. 6	13 7PM THE LONGEST YARD P. 5	14	15	16	17 7PM THE LAST SUNSET P. 6 9:15PM THE CHOIRBOYS P. 6	18 7PM THE DIRTY DOZEN P. 6 9:45PM THE PROWLER P. 6
19 4:30PM STORY OF G.I. JOE P. 7 7PM SODOM AND GOMORRAH P. 7	20 7PM THE LAST SUNSET P. 6	21	22	23	24 MEMBERS' WEEKEND	25 MEMBERS' WEEKEND
26 MEMBERS' WEEKEND	27	28	29	30	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.	

Harvard Film Archive

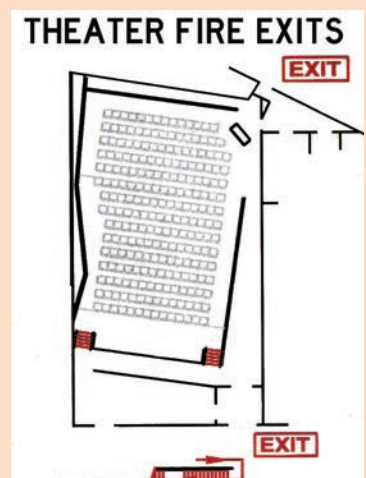
Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts
24 Quincy Street
Cambridge MA 02138
617.495.4700
hcl.harvard.edu/hfa

\$9 General Public
\$7 Students, Seniors, Harvard Faculty and Staff
Special Events priced as indicated
Harvard students free except for Special Events
CASH OR CHECK ONLY

Tickets are available 45 minutes before show time
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. Parking is also available at several public lots in Harvard Square.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					01	02
03	04	05	06	07	08 7PM TOO LATE THE HERO P. 7 9:30PM THE GARMENT JUNGLE P. 7	09 7PM AUTUMN LEAVES P. 7 9:15PM ...ALL THE MARBLES P. 7
10 5PM THE GIFT P. 8 THE BAD STREAK P. 8 THE GREATEST MOTHER OF 'EM ALL P. 8 7PM THE GRISSOM GANG P. 8	11 7PM TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING P. 8	12	13	14	15 7PM LANDSCAPE IN THE MIST P. 15 9PM 4 FOR TEXAS P. 8	16 7PM HUSTLE P. 8 9:15PM THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE P. 9
17 5PM THE SQUEEZE P. 9 THE WITNESS P. 9 THE HARD WAY P. 9 7PM THE TRAVELLING PLAYERS P. 15	18 7PM THE WEeping MEADOW P. 15	19	20	21	22 7PM RECONSTRUCTION P. 15 9:30PM THE BROADCAST P. 16 ATHENS, RETURN TO THE ACROPOLIS P. 16	23 7PM THE HUNTERS P. 16
24 4PM LIMELIGHT P. 9 7PM DAYS OF '36 P. 16	25 7PM THE BEEKEEPER P. 16	26	27	28	29 7PM THE DUST OF TIME P. 17 9PM RECONSTRUCTION P. 15	30 7PM ALEXANDER THE GREAT P. 17
31 4:30PM THE SOUTHERNER P. 9 7PM LANDSCAPE IN THE MIST P. 15						

ROBERT ALDRICH *THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE* P. 9

ROBERT ALDRICH *SODOM AND GOMORRAH* P. 7

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	01 7PM ULYSSES' GAZE P. 17	02	03	04	05 7PM VOYAGE TO CYTHERA P. 17 9:30PM THE ANGRY HILLS P. 10	06 7PM THE HUNTERS P. 16
07 4PM THE FRISCO KID P. 10 7PM EMPEROR OF THE NORTH P. 10	08 7PM VERA CRUZ P. 10	09	10	11	12 7PM APPLAUSE P. 18 9PM THE BEEKEEPER P. 16	13 7PM WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? P. 10 9:30PM THE BIG KNIFE P. 11
14 5PM THE BIG NIGHT P. 11 7PM HUSH...HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE P. 11	15 7PM THE SUSPENDED STEP OF THE STORK P. 17	16	17	18 7PM KISS ME DEADLY P. 4	19 7PM DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE P. 18 9PM SUMMER HOLIDAY P. 19	20 7PM LOVE ME TONIGHT P. 19 9PM THE GAY DESPERADO P. 19
21 5PM BECKY SHARP P. 20 7PM RINGS ON HER FINGERS P. 20	22 7PM ETERNITY AND A DAY P. 17	23	24	25	26 7PM GOLDEN BOY P. 20 9PM CITY STREETS P. 20	27 7PM QUEEN CHRISTINA P. 20 9PM WE LIVE AGAIN P. 21
28 4:30PM SILK STOCKINGS P. 21 7PM THE MARK OF ZORRO P. 22	29 7PM HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME P. 22	30	31	SEPT. 01	SEPT. 02 7PM BLOOD AND SAND P. 23 9:30PM SONG OF SONGS P. 23	SEPT. 03 7PM NIGHT TRAIN: ALL-NIGHT MOVIE MARATHON P. 24



JOSEPH SARGEANT *THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE* P. 24



HOWARD HAWKS *TWENTIETH CENTURY* P. 24

ETERNITY AND HISTORY – THE CINEMA OF THEO ANGELOPOULOS

JULY 15 – AUGUST 22

Greece's most prominent director of the post-1968 era, Theo Angelopoulos (1935-2012) was a master stylist. His investigations into Greek history and politics, fascism and resistance, and spiritual anomie and emotional devastation place him on equal footing with filmmakers like Tarkovsky, Bertolucci and Wenders. Yet Angelopoulos' commitment to his home country, his emergence in the 1970s instead of the 1960s, and the long running times and shot lengths of his films marginalized him after his first masterpiece, *The Travelling Players*, premiered in Europe. Angelopoulos' major films were not shown in their first run in the US. Only in the 1990s, in the last phase of his career, did Angelopoulos' work begin to make its way onto American screens. By then he seemed like a last auteur, a terminal point in world cinema at the end of the 20th century.

Raised in Athens, where his father was kidnapped by secret police and deported, Angelopoulos intended to become a lawyer, but quit law school and moved to Paris to study film at IDHEC. He worked for Jean Rouch, the ethnographic documentary filmmaker, and ushered at the Cinémathèque Française. Under the influence of films by Welles and Mizoguchi, along with silent cinema and Hollywood musicals of the 1950s, he returned home a committed leftist, a film critic and a would-be director. He began his career in Greece at "the time of the Colonels," the same period of crackdown and repression Costa-Gavras exposed in *Z* (1969), the film that put Greek cinema on the map for a new generation of politically engaged viewers.

Angelopoulos developed a style of historical reconstruction defined by a roving camera, employing crane shots, long dolly tracks and slow zooms. Initially compared to the work of Hungarian film director Miklós Jancsó for that reason, Angelopoulos' oblique approach to historical inquiry has affinities with the work of Straub and Huillet, who also rejected simple recreations of history in favor of demystified representations of history's meaning in the present.

With his third feature film, *The Travelling Players*, Angelopoulos' early style reached its zenith. This 222-minute film was something wholly new: a penetrating, ever-moving deconstruction of Greek history and myth akin, in some ways, to *Nashville* (released the same year), but more ambitious and strange than Altman's film. After his early history films, Angelopoulos embarked on two modern series: a "trilogy of silence" and a "trilogy of borders." Killed in a motorcycle accident while filming on location, he did not live to complete a final trilogy on Greek history.

Rather than a last auteur, Angelopoulos now seems ahead of his time. As Greece has declined into economic collapse and political reaction under the modern imperialism of the EU and the World Bank, and as the country's refugee crisis has steadily worsened, with displaced populations fleeing war in the Middle East and massing on its borders, the themes of Angelopoulos' cinema are pressing once again. As both "slow" cinema and a new generation of Greek filmmakers (Yorgos Lanthimos, Athina Rachel Tsangari) have reached international prominence, the time has come to see Angelopoulos' work in terms of present catastrophe, not historical injustice. – A. S. Hamrah, *film critic*, n+1 and Harper's Magazine

Special thanks: David Schwartz—Museum of the Moving Image; the Greek Film Centre; Katerina Angelopoulou; Argyro Nicolaou.



THEO ANGELOPOULOS *LANDSCAPE IN THE MIST*

FRIDAY JULY 15 AT 7PM

SUNDAY JULY 31 AT 7PM

LANDSCAPE IN THE MIST (TOPIO STIN OMICHLI)

The bleakness of life on the road continues in the last film in Angelopoulos' "trilogy of silence." An adolescent girl and her little brother flee their small town in search of their absent father, who they believe has emigrated to Germany. Between hopping trains and hitchhiking, they befriend a young man who helps them on their way. Despite moments of awkward tenderness, this harsh film refuses to sentimentalize the experiences of its characters and the conditions of their lives. The children are told again and again that "there is no father, there is no Germany," yet they grimly travel north toward the border

and their fate. As in *The Beekeeper*, the materiality of film itself intrudes on the children's journey, in the form of some 35mm frames that seem to guide them to the end.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Michalis Zeke, Tania Palaiologou, Stratos Tzortzoglou
Greece 1988, 35mm, color, 127 min. Greek with English subtitles

SUNDAY JULY 17 AT 7PM

THE TRAVELLING PLAYERS (O THIASOS)

Angelopoulos weaves through time, turning it inside out as the troupe of actors in *The Travelling Players* moves through the landscape of Greek history in the years between 1939 and 1952. Violence and politics infect the players' lives, as their story becomes a doomed *Oresteia* enacted as the Greek left is crushed during the Second

World War and its aftermath under British liberation and then the Marshall Plan. *The Travelling Players* has the scope of a David Lean epic with none of the heroics. The film is an anti-epic, bravura in its camera movements yet micro-concentrated on events in the collective life of the film's central troupe. Angelopoulos' feel for American musicals turns this film into a war movie unlike any other, defined by the tropes of the director's cinema: lurking, trench-coated policemen and thugs in Halloween masks, refugees, offscreen riots, firing squads, massacres and rigged elections.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Eva Kotamanidou, Aliko Georgioulis, Stratos Pachis
Greece 1975, 35mm, color, 222 min. Greek with English subtitles

MONDAY JULY 18 AT 7PM

THE WEEPING MEADOW (TO LIVADI POU DAKRYZEI)

A painstaking reconstruction of something impermanent, the post-World War I refugee village assembled in *The Weeping Meadow* was built by Angelopoulos to be lost in a flood. The first in his last, incomplete trilogy on Greek history, this film takes place in 1919, after the newly formed Soviet Union has exiled Greeks from Odessa. A stately formalism overtakes Angelopoulos' style in his penultimate anti-epic, with every other scene a major pictorial triumph of staging, camera movement and photography. *The Weeping Meadow* is his 1900 or *Once Upon a Time in America*—without heroics, without the hope of trade unionism or America, which exist here as ideals and dreams in the process of being crushed by world war.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Alexandra Aidini, Nikos Poursanidis, Giorgos Armenis
Greece 2004, 35mm, color, 163 min. Greek with English subtitles

FRIDAY JULY 22 AT 7PM

FRIDAY JULY 29 AT 9PM

RECONSTRUCTION (ANAPARASTASI)

Shot in stark black-and-white by Giorgos Arvanitis, the cinematographer Angelopoulos worked with through the late 1990s, this first feature, a crime story set in the



THEO ANGELOPOULOS *THE WEEPING MEADOW*

present, introduces Angelopoulos' visual strategy and his core theme. Under rain clouds and mountains, the disenfranchised inhabitants of a forsaken village reenact Greek tragedy as the economy and the police herd them to destruction. This true-crime tale, influenced by the interrogation scenes in Orson Welles' *Touch of Evil* and his version of Kafka's *The Trial*, combines film noir, neorealism and alienation. *Reconstruction* signaled a decisive break in Greek cinema from its Golden Age of the 1950s and '60s, the Melina Mercouri and *Zorba the Greek* period of high-grade international entertainment that brought Greece to the world stage and into pop-culture consciousness.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Toula Stathopoulou, Yannis Totsikas, Mihalis Fotopoulos
Greece 1970, 35mm, b/w, 97 min. Greek with English subtitles

FRIDAY JULY 22 AT 9:30PM

THE BROADCAST (ΕΚΡΟΜΒΙ)

Angelopoulos' first completed film, begun in 1966 and completed in the wake of the 1967 coup that established a military dictatorship in Greece, *The Broadcast* is a subtly absurdist and deadpan satire about a group of television journalists who conduct a poll to determine the attributes of "the ideal man" and then try to find someone to match those characteristics. At a time when many of the filmmakers of the Greek New Wave, who had made their first features in the early and mid-1960s, were fleeing government crackdown, Angelopoulos managed to sneak this slyly and gently subversive film past the censors. Angelopoulos would come to regard *The Broadcast* as an experimental homage to the "free cinema" of the period.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Theodoros Katsadramis, Lina Triantafyllou, Yannis Kostoglou
Greece 1968, 35mm, b/w, 22 min. Greek with English subtitles

ATHENS, RETURN TO THE ACROPOLIS (ATHINA, EPISTROFI STIN AKROPOLI)

As part of a television series devoted to Europe's major cities, Angelopoulos was commissioned to make this film about Athens. Although much of Angelopoulos' cin-

ema is set among the villages of the northern countryside, he was born and raised in the city, so this film finds the director musing on an Athenian past that is variously ancient, national and personal, as well as clips from the "history" films *The Travelling Players*, *The Hunters* and *Alexander the Great*.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos
Greece 1983, DCP, b/w, 43 min. Greek with English subtitles

SATURDAY JULY 23 AT 7PM

SATURDAY AUGUST 6 AT 7PM

THE HUNTERS (ΟΙ ΚΥΝΙΓΟΙ)

After the corpse of a partisan who fought for Greek independence is discovered in the snow, hidden guilt overwhelms the New Year's Eve celebration of a town's

bourgeoisie. The absurdity of a present day in which the guilty escape punishment and thrive becomes an absurd spectacle culminating in orgasmic dancing with imaginary rulers and death by firing squad. The great beauty and rigor of Angelopoulos' uncompromising mise-en-scène reaches an apotheosis in *The Hunters*, in which he pulls back the curtain of mid-20th-century Greek history to expose who is really running the show. Here, collective guilt mixes with congealed satire and fresh blood, revealing a town's leading citizens to be a troupe of puppets celebrating the way they concede to power in order to lead comfortable lives.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Mairi Hronopoulou, Eva Kotamanidou, Aliko Georgouli
Greece 1977, 35mm, color, 168 min. Greek with English subtitles

SUNDAY JULY 24 AT 7PM

DAYS OF '36 (ΜΕΡΕΣ ΤΟΥ '36)

Set in 1936 at the end of the Second Hellenic Republic, which had abolished the Greek monarchy, and right before the dictatorship of Ioannis Metaxas and his "4th of August" regime, *Days of '36*, the first film in Angelopoulos' history trilogy, follows a kidnapping and an absurd government crisis to a deadly conclusion. Angelopoulos shot much of the film in a former Turkish fort in Crete where communist political prisoners and freedom fighters had been tortured and killed in the civil war following the Greek liberation at the end of World War II, rather than in the mountainous regions of northeastern Greece he preferred. As a result, *Days of '36*, a film of assassinations and executions, glints with a harsh Mediterranean light that pins corrupt bureaucrats and ineffectual politicians against a de Chirico backdrop of public squares, trapping them under floodlights in courtyards at night.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Vangelis Kazan, Kostas Pavlou, Petros Zarkadis
Greece 1972, 35mm, color, 105 min. Greek with English subtitles

MONDAY JULY 25 AT 7PM

FRIDAY AUGUST 12 AT 9PM

THE BEEKEEPER (Ο ΜΕΛΙΣΣΟΚΟΜΟΣ)

The bleak industrial landscape of northern Greece, dotted with truck stops and lunch counters, dominates this road movie as much as Marcello Mastroianni does. The



THEO ANGELOPOULOS *THE BEEKEEPER*

great star of Italian cinema is deglamorized here, as a lonely beekeeper driving a truck across Greece. He becomes involved with a young hitchhiker whose name we never learn. *The Beekeeper* seems inspired by the truck-driver sequence in Chantal Akerman's *Je tu il elle*, an unsavory episode made into a covert incest tragedy by Angelopoulos. It ends in an abandoned cinema, a location that also links the film to Wim Wenders' *Kings of the Road*. Unlike road movies by Wenders, Jarmusch or Kaurismäki, *The Beekeeper* never resorts to hip or ironic gestures or references, even as it wanders into *Blue Angel* and *Lolita* territory.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Marcello Mastroianni, Nadia Mourouzi, Serge Reggiani
Greece 1986, 35mm, color, 117 min. Greek with English subtitles

FRIDAY JULY 29 AT 7PM

THE DUST OF TIME (*I SKONI TOU HRONOU*)

Angelopoulos' last film—a quintessential “late work”—sketches his themes, placing them in a 21st-century context where they don't exactly fit. The film is as purposefully senescent as most of its characters, revealing a filmmaker uncomfortable with today's Europe, exiled from Greece in order to make a film for the international marketplace rather than for art houses. Willem Dafoe plays a film director akin to the ones in *Voyage to Cythera* and *Ulysses' Gaze*, but without the detachment and authenticity of Giulio Brogi in the former or the intensity and emotionality of Harvey Keitel in the latter. An international-intrigue thriller touching on terrorism, body scanning and homelessness, *The Dust of Time* litters dozens of smashed television sets on the stairs of a luxury hotel. Post-cinema, it's also post-TV.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Willem Dafoe, Bruno Ganz, Michel Piccoli
Greece/Italy/Germany/Russia 2009, 35mm, color, 133 min. Greek, English, Russian & German with English subtitles

SATURDAY JULY 30 AT 7PM

ALEXANDER THE GREAT (*O MEGALEXANDROS*)

In *Alexander the Great*, Angelopoulos turns an incident from 19th-century Greek history into a fable of absolute power corrupting a village. The film contrasts imperialist notions of Greece as Byronically Romantic with the brutal reality of primitive conditions and massacres. Here, Alexander is a tribal warlord and former political prisoner who kidnaps British tourists, holding them for ransom until Britain and the Greek puppet government in Athens meet his demand for amnesty for his band of freedom fighters. Angelopoulos asks viewers to see the ruins of Greece not so much as the remnants of a noble past but as the evidence of ongoing pillage. More crazily leftist than the previous three history films, the film marks a break between his historical reconstructions and the “trilogy of silence” that followed.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Omero Antonutti, Eva Kotamanidou, Grigoris Evangelatos
Greece 1980, 35mm, color, 199 min. Greek with English subtitles

MONDAY AUGUST 1 AT 7PM

ULYSSES' GAZE (*TO VLEMA TOU ODYSSEA*)

Harvey Keitel, playing a controversial Greek-born American filmmaker, finds himself stranded in a country he has not visited for decades and goes on the hunt for reels of undeveloped film shot in 1905 by the Manaki Brothers, Macedonian photographers during the decline of the Ottoman Empire who made the first motion pictures in the Balkans. Angelopoulos created this epic tour of post-communist Eastern Europe as both a modern *Odyssey* and a study of collapse during wartime. *Ulysses' Gaze* presents the end of the 20th century (the century of cin-



THEO ANGELOPOULOS *THE SUSPENDED STEP OF THE STORK*

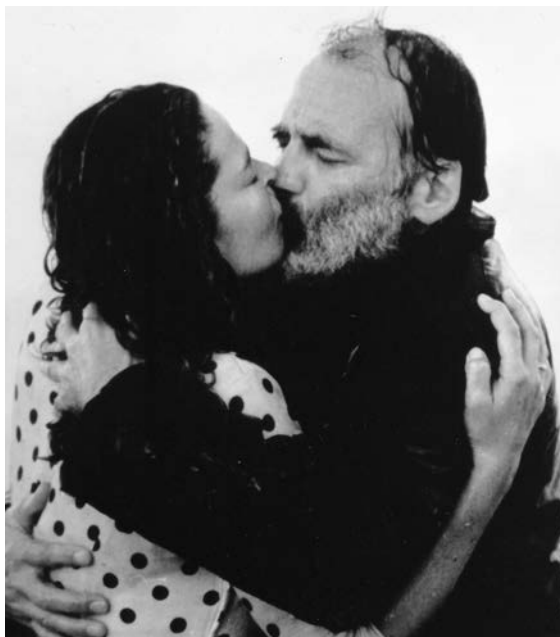
ema) as a dangerous failure redeemed only by expressions of mourning or grief; dialogue in the film contains a dedication “to the world that hasn't changed for all our dreaming.” For Angelopoulos, recording and preserving history on film serves as the only redemption in a world where monumental statues of great leaders end up toppled, beheaded and sold down the river.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Harvey Keitel, Erland Josephson, Maia Morgenstern
Greece 1995, 35mm, color & b/w, 176 min. English, Greek, Romanian, Albanian, Bulgarian, Serbian & Kurdish with English subtitles

FRIDAY AUGUST 5 AT 7PM

VOYAGE TO CYTHERA (*TAXIDI STA KYTHIRA*)

A successful middle-aged filmmaker looks on as his father returns from exile in the Soviet Union to find his village being expropriated not by communists but by capitalists who want to turn it into a ski resort for Western European tourists. Angelopoulos' first film set entirely in the present is startling and energizing, even as past conflicts haunt the story. Predating and predicting Antonioni's *Identification of a Woman* and Tarkovsky's *Sacrifice*, *Voyage to Cythera* confronts the future refugee status of all those unable or unwilling to participate in tourist economies. Looking more contemporary than even the director's last works, the film seems like a product of our time more than the 1980s. Angelopoulos' use of fog, mist, rain and the sea reaches a new level here, under-



THEO ANGELOPOULOS *ETERNITY AND A DAY*

scoring the indifference of a society turning away from injustice, distracted by personal problems and entertainment.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Giulio Brogi, Manos Katrakis, Mairi Hronopoulou
Greece 1984, 35mm, color, 133 min. Greek with English subtitles

MONDAY AUGUST 15 AT 7PM

THE SUSPENDED STEP OF THE STORK (*TO METEORO VIMA TOU PELARGOU*)

In the first film of his “trilogy of borders,” Angelopoulos gives in to the hopelessness and confusion of politics in a new video age, even as he hopes for more connection with the world outside Greece and Albania. A TV journalist (Patrikareas, billed as Gregory Karr) spots a lost soul (Mastroianni) in a refugee village and becomes convinced he is a politician and intellectual who has willfully disappeared himself from the Greek Parliament. The journalist seeks out the politician's wife (Moreau) to confirm his suspicions and becomes romantically entangled with the man's daughter, who is on the verge of marriage with a young man on the other side of the border. The arbitrariness of borders and the impossibility of finding truth in video images converge across class lines in this murky introduction to the post-communist geopolitical conflicts of Eastern Europe in the 1990s.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Gregory Patrikareas, Marcello Mastroianni, Jeanne Moreau
Greece 1991, 35mm, color, 136 min. Greek with English subtitles

MONDAY AUGUST 22 AT 7PM

ETERNITY AND A DAY (*MIA AIONIOTITA KAI MIA MERA*)

Angelopoulos' death-haunted border trilogy ends with this chilling look at the failure of poetry in the face of human trafficking. Ganz stars as a celebrated writer, a terminally ill widower whose daughter has married a feckless yuppie. His solace in memories of his wife and regrets about the failures in their marriage are interrupted by an odd version of *Death in Venice*: he becomes obsessed with saving a little boy from living on the street or being sold to wealthy Western Europeans who want to adopt children. They travel toward the Greek-Albanian border, despite the child's reluctance, making a final tour of the landscapes and weather patterns that obsess Angelopoulos, a filmmaker whose films mirror life in that they can be long, but the last moments go by too fast.

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. With Bruno Ganz, Achilleas Skevits, Isabelle Renaud
Greece 1998, 35mm, color, 137 min. Greek with English subtitles

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN, RECONSIDERED

AUGUST 12 – SEPTEMBER 2



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

Much of the history of studio-era Hollywood has remained locked into calcified and uncurious categories, chapters in a larger, technologically driven narrative that leaves little room to consider the subtle, often sublime, art and artistry uniquely possible within the studio system. Such is the case of Rouben Mamoulian (1897-1987), an immeasurably talented director who glided high, at a remarkable pinnacle of artistic and commercial success, throughout the Thirties and Forties yet has been granted only a minor footnote in dominant histories of the studio era, often reduced to an Icarus-inspired cautionary tale. For his courageous and pathbreaking embrace of new techniques and technologies, Mamoulian has been amply recognized, although most famously by Andrew Sarris who acidly named Mamoulian as “an innovator who ran out of innovations.” And yet an immediate challenge to any quick dismissal can be found by simply looking closer at Mamoulian’s key works—from the pioneering early sound films *Applause* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, to his Surrealist-inflected crime drama *City Streets*, or his inventive and wonderfully unclassifiable musicals *The Gay Desperado* and *High, Wide and Handsome*, or even *Silk Stockings*, his rarely considered yet politically cutting Cold War remake of *Ninotchka*. Easily equal to great studio directors such as King Vidor, Tay Garnett or early Mervyn LeRoy, Mamoulian at times reached that ineffable level of his greatest fellow émigré artists—Murnau, Lang, Hitchcock.

Born in Tbilisi, Georgia, Mamoulian made his way to Hollywood via Moscow and London, and his way to cinema via theater, with early fame staging plays at the Moscow Art Theater, in London’s West End and soon after on Broadway where he launched a new career with his celebrated direction of the all-black *Porgy: A Play in Four Acts* (1927). Paramount soon came calling, trusting Mamoulian with an important and, for the studio, very risky early talkie that resulted in the brilliant *Applause*, an astute meditation on the possible death knell of theater as popular culture. Throughout Mamoulian’s career theatricality and theatrical artifice anchored—or rather buoyed—his expansive vision, eventually leading him back to Broadway in the 1940s where he directed such classics as *Porgy and Bess* and *Oklahoma!*. Also central to Mamoulian’s success in Hollywood was his willful upturning and expanding of new technologies—embodied right away in *Applause* by his radical use of voice and music to liberate sound and image beyond what was considered possible. An important later example is his expressive yet sensitive use of color in the still-unsung classic *Blood and Sand*. Sadly consistent throughout Mamoulian’s career, on the other hand, was his reputation as a “difficult” and uncompromising director, which would eventually lead to his now-famous dismissal from both *Porgy and Bess* and *Cleopatra* (and, less famously, from *Laura*) and his effective blacklisting from the major studios.

By bringing together beautiful prints and recent preservations of his complete feature film oeuvre, this retrospective is offered as a rebuke and challenge to those who have sighed and glanced past Mamoulian’s films and career. Together, Mamoulian’s sixteen features, we argue, make clear his status as undoubtedly one of the most talented and versatile filmmakers working within the studio system, an artist not accidentally trusted with some of the greatest performers and stars of his era. Ultimately, Mamoulian offers an important challenge to Manicheistic ideas of auteurism as a battle of director against “the system” by suggesting another and subtler mode of auteur—a changeling voice and identity expressed across a wider range of genres and themes and stylistic tendencies than can fit into any easy categories. – HG

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

Film descriptions by Brittany Gravelly and Haden Guest.

FRIDAY AUGUST 12 AT 7PM

APPLAUSE

Despite a background in the theater, Mamoulian wasted no time making the most of the cinematic medium for his first film foray. Feeling stifled by the generally still camera of early cinema, Mamoulian was determined to free both image and sound—still in its infancy—from the usual constrictions and is not only credited for the first use of a moving camera in a sound picture, but also for one of the earliest uses of a multichannel soundtrack. These are just a few of the pleasantly unpolished delights that buttress this backstage peek into the lowbrow theater lifestyle. In the midst of a circus-like atmosphere with all of its sleaze and grotesquery as well as its charms and camaraderie, Helen Morgan strikes raw gold with her portrayal of Kitty Darling, a washed-up actress blind to the machinations of her shady boyfriend and devoted to a daughter whose Catholic boarding school upbringing makes their reunion more complicated. Together, they suffer through a variety of desperate improvisations on and offstage, until finally answering a tangled, bittersweet curtain call.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Helen Morgan, Joan Peers, Fuller Mellish Jr.
US 1930, 35mm, b/w, 80 min

FRIDAY AUGUST 19 AT 7PM

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

By the early 1930s, the popular Robert Louis Stevenson novella had already been adapted for the screen several times. Frequently cited as the best version, Mamoulian’s take dexterously integrates his signature technical flourishes into the tale’s symbolism and subtext. Opening with a strangely suspenseful point-of-view tracking shot of Dr. Jekyll—and introducing the tale’s examination of subjectivity—the film is sewn together by luxuriously long dissolves that allow one reality to overlap the next. London’s foggy, shadowy and more risqué substrata visually intrude upon the mannered rules and repressions of Jekyll’s world.



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *LOVE ME TONIGHT*

Of course, Mamoulian's most infamous effect—and his secret for decades—the Jekyll-to-Hyde transformation is miraculously achieved with no cuts and is completed by Fredric March's tour-de-force performance as the insidious, unbearable monster. Likewise, Miriam Hopkins' easy charmer is virtually unrecognizable after her believable metamorphosis into tormented victim. Mamoulian derives much of the film's terror from this focus on the mutability of self and draws the more fantastic elements down to earth by linking class difference with sexual freedom and repressed drives with psychotic action.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, Rose Hobart
US 1932, 35mm, b/w, 97 min



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *SUMMER HOLIDAY*

FRIDAY AUGUST 19 AT 9PM

SUMMER HOLIDAY

Based on the lightest play by Eugene O'Neill, *Ah, Wilderness!*, *Summer Holiday* was further lightened and made into a sunny musical. In his slice of small-town America at the turn of the 20th century, Mamoulian plays up the long-gone, nostalgic Danville, Connecticut of memory—even including restaged paintings of artists such as Grant Wood and Thomas Hart Benton—so that his coming-of-age tale feels more like an afternoon reverie. As in *Love Me Tonight*, the film verges into Jacques Demy territory: all of the songs—sung by the actors in their actual voices—are smoothly blended into the rhythmic fabric of the film. A town of colorful characters swirls around Mickey Rooney's young Richard, just graduating high school and contemplating love, marriage and changing the world. Unlike the politics in earlier Mamoulian films, Richard's leftist ideals are relegated to the quixotic dustbin of his other adolescent expressions of self-importance, and his hardest life lessons appear more awkward and confusing than profoundly painful.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Mickey Rooney, Gloria DeHaven, Walter Huston
US 1948, 35mm, color, 92 min

SATURDAY AUGUST 20 AT 7PM

LOVE ME TONIGHT

Only the second musical written by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, *Love Me Tonight* allowed Mamoulian the chance to, in his words, “combine all the elements of movement, dancing, acting, music, singing, décor, lighting” into one fluid, funny, rhythmic production. Taking two of Ernst Lubitsch's popular stars and embedding them in a coy confection that is singularly Mamoulian, the film reflectively and parodically takes note of itself while embarking upon a sincere love story between Maurice Chevalier's “lowly tailor” and Jeanette MacDonald's bored princess. One of the opening numbers, “Isn't It Romantic?” is an infectious marvel of syncopated movement, music, dialogue and editing that ultimately connects the two socially and spatially distant stars through song. From there, Mamoulian explores his recurring themes of class difference, mistaken identity and love's

transcendent powers via facetious, fanciful use of slow and fast motion, sing-song dialogue laced with double entendres, a pastiche of accents and affectations, and a menagerie of quirky characters on both ends of the economic spectrum—including the princess' three witch-like aunts who mark the drama with a fluttering, birdlike chorus.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Charlie Ruggles
US 1932, 35mm, b/w, 89 min

SATURDAY AUGUST 20 AT 9PM

THE GAY DESPERADO

Among Mamoulian's most unusual and infectious films is the overlooked *The Gay Desperado*, a musical-gangster-comedy set in Mexico and telling the story of Mexican banditos enamored by onscreen images of Chicago gangsterism. Ida Lupino is glorious in a frothy comic role as an heiress kidnapped by the ambitious banditos. Adding antic comedy, and romance, is a dashing young tenor selected to be the personal singer for the bandit chief brilliantly played by Leo Carrillo. Although *The Gay Desperado* displays ethnic stereotypes common in the 1930s, the film nevertheless also pokes pointed fun at derogatory images and ideas of Mexicans, especially Carrillo's larger-than-life and absolutely hilarious bandit chief. The second and last film produced by Mary Pickford together with her former boss Jesse Lasky, *The Gay Desperado* was largely forgotten until a 2006 preservation by the UCLA Film & Television Archive gave special attention to the luminous exterior shooting by cinematographer Lucien Andriot. 35mm preservation print courtesy of the UCLA Film & Television Archive.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Nino Martini, Ida Lupino, Leo Carrillo
US 1936, 35mm, b/w, 85 min



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *APPLAUSE*



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *QUEEN CHRISTINA*

SUNDAY AUGUST 21 AT 5PM

BECKY SHARP

With his condensed version of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, Mamoulian found his most provocative and insubordinate female lead. Hardly taking a breath, Miriam Hopkins' Machiavellian Becky Sharp lives her life as one great performance after another while steadily climbing the social ladders of 19th century Britain. Suiting Becky's painted, ever-changing persona, *Becky Sharp* is the first feature to use the three-color Technicolor process, with its particularly rich, saturated hues. As Hopkins vanquishes every scene, Mamoulian fills in the drama and metaphor with stylized color choices—transforming



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *GOLDEN BOY*

whirling rainbows of gowns into a near black-and-white palette with a shift in mood. Making fun of both high and low culture with equal zeal, Becky leaves few unscathed. Thus, it is all the more moving when her actual emotions break through and she—under Mamoulian's sensitive, chromatic brush—momentarily exposes unfeigned vulnerability. 35mm restored print courtesy of the UCLA Film & Television Archive. Restoration funding provided by The Film Foundation.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Miriam Hopkins, Frances Dee, Cedric Hardwicke
US 1935, 35mm, color, 83 min

SUNDAY AUGUST 21 AT 7PM

RINGS ON HER FINGERS

Mamoulian's sole screwball comedy is a delightful confection starring a radiantly young Gene Tierney as a girle salesgirl lured into the world of two con artists intent on fleecing a hapless accountant, played by Henry Fonda, who they mistakenly take for a millionaire. Fueled by lighting quick and sexually sparked comic dialogue, *Rings on Her Fingers* is a charming and little-known late entry into the screwball cycle. Mamoulian's flair for theatrical fantasy is wonderfully embodied in the figures of the con artists vividly rendered by the unforgettable pairing of bold character actors Laird Cregar and Spring Byington.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Henry Fonda, Gene Tierney, Laird Cregar
US 1942, 35mm, b/w, 86 min

FRIDAY AUGUST 26 AT 7PM

GOLDEN BOY

William Holden's first starring role throws him head-first into a contentious boxing ring, up against a series of formidable challenges—including a father who wants him to save his hands for the violin; a mob boss who promises fame and fortune at an ethical price; and the fluctuating heartstrings of Barbara Stanwyck's enigmatic, world-weary pragmatist. In the most noir corners of Mamoulian's adaptation of Clifford Odets' play, the dialogue comes as sharp and fast as the punches, while "golden" Joe Bonaparte encounters ever-deepening moral, artistic and existential dilemmas. Despite the full-bodied melodrama faltering in its clichéd characterizations of Lee J. Cobb's handwringing Italian patriarch and Joseph Cal-



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *CITY STREETS*

lea's ominous gangster, *Golden Boy* maintains a tense, tormented excitement and delivers—in romantic, Mamoulian fashion—at least two cynical souls who cannot escape the heart's innocence.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, William Holden
US 1939, 35mm, b/w, 99 min

FRIDAY AUGUST 26 AT 9PM

CITY STREETS

City Streets is a relatively early example from the gangster genre, but so imbued with poetry that it more closely resembles the rough beauty of Sternberg's early crime films than the more violent works that would follow in the wake of *Scarface*'s success the following year. Paramount star Gary Cooper is the Kid, a sweet, roguish naïf working at a shooting gallery when he falls in love with a mobster's daughter. Her ambivalence towards her father's life of crime and the Kid's resistance to becoming a gangster present obstacles to the consummation of their love in this touching romance with exquisite cinematography by the great Lee Garmes.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Gary Cooper, Sylvia Sidney, Paul Lukas
US 1931, 35mm, b/w, 83 min

SATURDAY AUGUST 27 AT 7PM

QUEEN CHRISTINA

With all the ingredients for Mamoulian magic in place—a strong, captivating woman at the center, an extended play on identity, and a controversial romance choked by society's expectations—*Queen Christina* only needed the addition of Greta Garbo to give mesmerizing, subtle definition to the eccentric Swedish queen. Only loosely based on reality, Christina remains a striking role for a woman who preserves an intellectual, emotional and sexual independence throughout the film, not to mention an ironic flair and malleable heart. Garbo not only asked for Mamoulian to direct her but for her alleged former lover and struggling silent screen star John Gilbert to play the love

interest, thus spreading another tender layer onto their famously sweet and intimate pre-Code bedroom scene. Christina—who at this point has removed only the first cloak of her disguise—spends an eternity in movie time tracing the contours of the place in which she has fallen in love. She explains, “In my memory, I shall live a great deal in this room.” And in film history memory, Garbo’s ineffable mystique lives a great deal in Mamoulian’s enchanting film.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Ian Keith
US 1934, 35mm, b/w, 101 min

SATURDAY AUGUST 27 AT 9PM

WE LIVE AGAIN

Based on the Tolstoy novel *Resurrection* and starring Ukranian discovery Anna Sten, *We Live Again* allows Mamoulian to step a bit into his own culture with an opening montage in the vein of Dovzhenko’s *Earth*; an extended, sensual Russian Orthodox Easter Mass; and an unusually bleak, un-American happy ending. Even here however, the director waxes poetic on some of his favorite subject matter: a forbidden romance, complete character transformation and the hard, but necessary, corruption of an innocent. Love and lust briefly blossom between Fredric March’s Prince Dmitri and the beautiful servant Katusha, yet it is not only their class differences that divide but Dmitri’s dissolution and rejection of his revolutionary socialist values. Used and abused, Katusha must learn life’s lessons the hard way while Dmitri has the opportunity to choose a path to redemption. Dmitri’s radical decision is one cold war away from the Technicolored dance with capitalism in *Silk Stockings* thirteen years later.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Anna Sten, Fredric March, Jane Baxter
US 1934, 35mm, b/w, 85 min



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *THE MARK OF ZORRO*

SUNDAY AUGUST 28 AT 4:30PM

SILK STOCKINGS

Mamoulian returned to the screen after a ten-year hiatus for what would be his last film—and Fred Astaire’s last dance movie—with Cole Porter’s musical take on Ernst Lubitsch’s *Ninotchka*. In the Porter version, a dutiful—and beautiful—Russian commissar comes to Paris on assignment and falls in love with a carefree American film director. Adding two additional, newly written Porter songs, Mamoulian produces an even more colorful and comic send-up of both Communism and Hollywoodism, featuring cartoonish Russian envoys—including a happi-

ly debauched Peter Lorre—and Janis Paige’s swimming movie star who is trying to recreate her image in a non-swimming picture, a dumbed-down, Americanized musical of a treasured Russian tale. At the film’s heart are the Astaire and Charisse dances, during which they reveal their emotions most expressively, and the ice queen nimbly dissolves into a romantic in “glorious Technicolor, breathtaking Cinemascope and Stereophonic sound.”

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Janis Paige
US 1957, 35mm, color, 117 min



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *SILK STOCKINGS*

SUNDAY AUGUST 28 AT 7PM

THE MARK OF ZORRO

The enduring, swashbuckling classic *The Mark of Zorro* marked a high point in Mamoulian's Hollywood career, a box office and critical success that embodied the expressionistic and emotionally charged fantasy from which Mamoulian crafted his finest films. 20th Century Fox superstar Tyrone Power excels as the titular hero, returned from Spain to Los Angeles with a cunning determination to free the people from the grip of a cruel and power-hungry overlord in the guise of a wily proto-superhero (Zorro, of course, being Bruce Wayne's inspiration). *The Mark of Zorro* was a personal project of Darryl Zanuck and a showcase for his often undersung talents as a screenwriter and inventor of action thrillers (such as the Rin Tin Tin series). It was Zanuck who invented the richly understated love triangle at the film's center among Power, the enigmatic Gale Sondergaard and Linda Darnell, only sixteen years old when she was lavishly reinvented as a Spanish *señorita*. Mamoulian's remake of the 1920s Douglas Fairbanks classic was openly offered as a response to the swashbuckling trend begun by Warner Brothers' *The Adventures of Robin Hood* two years earlier, even taking key actors from that film, with both Eugene Pallette offering *basso profundo* comic relief and



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *BLOOD AND SAND*



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *BECKY SHARP*

Basil Rathbone returning again as a dastardly villain with a tongue as sharp as his saber.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Basil Rathbone
US 1940, 35mm, b/w, 93 min

MONDAY AUGUST 29 AT 7PM

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME

Mamoulian's final film for Paramount is an unusual epic musical boasting an imaginative story and cast lead by Irene Dunne as a spirited carnival signer and Randolph Scott as a visionary entrepreneur who find love in the wild storm of the pre-Civil War Pennsylvania oil rush. Clearly meant as a follow-up to the box office smash *Showboat* from the year before, *High, Wide and Handsome's* eccentrically spirited Americana predicted Mamoulian's successful direction of *Oklahoma!* on Broadway. Gifted with lesser known yet gorgeous Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein ballads—beautifully sung by Dunne and a devastating Dorothy Lamour—*High, Wide and Handsome* floats delicately between dreamy soundstage fantasy and a sweeping vision of American history set against stunning frontier landscapes. The film's constant jumps between sawdust-and-tinsel artifice and a rousing narrative of brave Common Man pitted against the craven Capital

BECOME A MEMBER OF THE HFA

STUDENT/SENIOR (\$35)

\$5 tickets to regular programs, reserved tickets for special events, free subscription to the quarterly program calendar and free admission to three regular screenings.

INDIVIDUAL (\$55)

\$6 tickets to regular programs, reserved tickets for special events, free subscription to the quarterly program calendar and free admission to three regular screenings.

DUAL (\$100)

Same benefits as Individual, but for two.

INDIVIDUAL PLUS (\$125)

Same as Individual plus \$8 tickets for Special Events (applies to \$12 ticketed events only).

DUAL PLUS (\$200)

Same as Individual Plus, but for two.

SILVER SCREEN SOCIETY (\$300)

Free admission to all programs for one, including Special Events, free subscription to the quarterly program calendar and free one-year subscription to *Film Comment* magazine.

DIRECTOR'S CIRCLE MEMBERSHIP (\$500)

Free admission to all programs for two, including Special Events, free subscription to the quarterly program calendar and free one-year subscription to *Film Comment*.

FRIENDS OF THE ARCHIVE (\$750)

Free admission to all programs for two, including Special Events, plus invitation for two to press screenings and private receptions, free subscription to the quarterly program calendar and free one-year subscription to *Film Comment* magazine.

Memberships last for one year from date of purchase. For more information please call 617.496.3211.

Barons climaxes in an extraordinary melding of the two that makes clear Mamoulian's vision of the cinema as a vehicle for both enlightenment and entertainment, or, as Richard Roud once called the film, a "fusion of Brecht and Broadway."

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, Dorothy Lamour
US 1937, 35mm, b/w, 105 min

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 2 AT 7PM

BLOOD AND SAND

One of the absolute highpoints of Technicolor cinema, *Blood and Sand* is another visually stunning and emotionally resonant masterpiece of the vernacular fantastic conjured on the big screen by Mamoulian. Openly evoking Goya, Velázquez and El Greco, *Blood and Sand* brims over with rich symbols of Old Spain in the service of an intense and overripe tale of passions dangerously aflame. Mamoulian's masterful mise-en-scène takes on painterly dimensions through his dynamic and expressive use of noir shadows and vibrant colors, such as the sanguinary crimson of the torero's cape echoed throughout the film in the red hair and dresses that enchant the

bullfighter hero played by Tyrone Power, reunited with Linda Darnell and joined by Rita Hayworth and Alla Nazimova. American matador and future auteur Budd Boetticher was hired by Columbia as a technical advisor to give authenticity to the struggle of *Man versus Beast*.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Rita Hayworth
US 1941, DCP, color, 125 min

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 2 AT 9:30PM

SONG OF SONGS

After her star-making five-film rendezvous with Von Sternberg, Paramount wanted Dietrich to try something new; thus her Mamoulian turn as a naïve, orphaned peasant girl who has been consigned to an austere, tethered existence with her cantankerous aunt. Mamoulian wittingly withholds the iconic Dietrich—allowing cruel reality to gradually wear away the innocence—so that his audience may enjoy both versions and revel in the startling transformation. The somewhat star-crossed love story does not attempt to bridge the usual Mamoulian class gap but traverses a more eccentric, economic chasm. The director sweeps the melodrama along in sublime



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME*



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN *SONG OF SONGS*

strokes, underlined by a comic touch and highlighted by Lily's beautifully rapt soliloquy of love—reminiscent of Queen Christina's ode to the bedroom—about her lover, yet directed to the earth.

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. With Marlene Dietrich, Brian Aherne, Lionel Atwill
US 1933, 35mm, b/w, 90 min

Yes! I would like to become a Member of the Harvard Film Archive

- Student/Senior \$35
- Individual Membership \$55
- Dual Membership \$100
- Individual Plus \$125
- Dual Plus \$200

- Silver Screen \$300
- Directors Circle \$500
- Friend of the Archive \$750

- Name
- Address
- City/State/Zip
- Telephone
- Email

Make checks payable to *Harvard Film Archive* and mail to: Brittany Gravely, Harvard Film Archive, 24 Quincy St, Cambridge MA 02138



Harvard Film Archive
Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts
24 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138

FIRST CLASS MAIL
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
BOSTON, MA
PERMIT No. 1636

NIGHT TRAIN

SEPTEMBER 3

All aboard for the Harvard Film Archive's annual all-night movie marathon, this year dedicated to that inexhaustible genre, the train film. Beginning with the Lumière brothers, the train has remained an object of fascination for the cinema, with filmmakers creatively transforming the primal thrill and allure of rail travel into narrative devices, using the steam whistle and rhythmic chug of the engines to drive the story ever forward and loading each compartment with new twists, suspects, surprises. Among the films gathered in *Night Train* are three splendid examples inspired by the train as a vehicle for coincidence, or destiny: Howard Hawks' screwball classic *Twentieth Century*, Carol Reed's mystery thriller *Night Train to Munich*, and Richard Fleischer's taut noir *The Narrow Margin*. Satyajit Ray's underappreciated *Nayak* offers a novel turn on the train film, with a kind of chamber room drama of a matinee idol gently lured by an intrepid woman reporter into an unexpectedly revealing and surprising interview on a train to Delhi. *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*, meanwhile, returns us to a more classical mode, using the train as a means of accelerating suspense, action and mystery while Bong Joon-ho's sci-fi epic *Snowpiercer* dramatically raises the ante by transforming the eponymous train into a metaphor for class inequity and possible apocalypse.

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 3 AT 7PM

TWENTIETH CENTURY

Directed by Howard Hawks. With John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly
US 1934, 35mm, b/w, 93 min

NIGHT TRAIN TO MUNICH

Directed by Carol Reed. With Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison, Paul Henreid
UK 1940, 35mm, b/w, 95 min

THE NARROW MARGIN

Directed by Richard Fleischer. With Charles McGraw, Marie Windsor, Jacqueline White
US 1952, 35mm, b/w, 72 min

NAYAK (THE HERO)

Directed by Satyajit Ray. With Uttam Kumar, Sharmila Tagore, Bireswar Sen
India 1966, 35mm, b/w, 120 min. Bengali with English subtitles

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE

Directed by Joseph Sargent. With Walter Matthau, Robert Shaw, Martin Balsam
US 1974, 35mm, color, 124 min

SNOWPIERCER

Directed by Bong Joon-ho. With Chris Evans, Jamie Bell, Tilda Swinton
South Korea 2013, 35mm, color, 126 min

COMING SOON

THE FILMS OF JEAN-MARIE STRAUB
AND DANIELÈ HUILLET

HOMELAND (IRAQ YEAR ZERO)

OLIVER STONE IN PERSON

ANDRÉS DI TELLA IN PERSON

MARLEN KHUTSIEV IN PERSON

MED HONDO IN PERSON

RYUSUKE HAMAGUCHI IN PERSON



RICHARD FLEISCHER *THE NARROW MARGIN*