

St. Mary
Mayjaks



Spring 2016

Screening Schedule

OPENING NIGHT

John Cassevetes / 1977 / 144 mins.

“In replacing narrative, you need an idea.”

This backstage drama from one of the earliest American independent filmmakers follows a Broadway actress (Gena Rowlands, Cassavetes wife) as she reaches mid-life and explores the fears and anxieties associated both on and off-stage. -CG



Tuesday, April 19th 7:30pm

THREE RESURRECTED and HEAD DRUNKARDS

Bob Rafelson / 1968 / 85 mins.

Nagisa Oshima / 1968 / 80 mins.

These two share so many specific ideas, images, and attitudes that you'd think one had to be a rip-off of the other if the timeline of both productions didn't render that an impossibility. The reality is, they're East/West mirrors reflecting an antiwar, countercultural attitude through the vessels of goofy pop music trios, both even repeatedly puncturing that goofiness by obsessively fixating on the infamous newsreel image of an accused saboteur being executed by a South Vietnamese general. Neither has any use for traditional narrative storytelling, The Monkees movie consists more of sketches around a theme, while Nagisa Oshima's deploys some surrealist tricks that completely upend its structure. DRUNKARDS was Oshima's 13th feature and continued to develop themes he'd been exploring through several films, sharply critical of his nation's xenophobic tendencies and state-sponsored violence, and enamored of the relatively less hung-up youth culture. It stars the members of the shortlived Japanese band, The Folk Crusaders, as three buddies who spend a day goofing off on the beach and wind up mistaken for illegal Korean immigrants. As a result, they find themselves hounded by representatives of the paranoid Japanese establishment, forced to serve in Vietnam, and eventually, forced to relive the entire plot, but with a newfound acceptance of their mistaken Korean identities.

To span the wild success they found with The Monkees TV show and the indelible run of movies they would turn out to help catalyze the New Hollywood of the late 60s and 70s, Bob Rafelson and co. couldn't have built a more suitable bridge than the freaked-out drug-addled self-conscious romp that is HEAD. It acts as both a depository of every idea that was too edgy for their years on '60s American broadcast television and a checklist of everything they wanted to see in a movie, throwing in the kitchen sink in case the suits told them to fuck off away from Hollywood once they got a look at the thing. Though it never loses its innate silliness, the movie acts as a long, dark night of the soul for The Monkees. They find themselves grappling with the endless commodification and phoniness fundamental to their very existence. They worry about what their fans want from them, what their bosses want from them, what they want from themselves, what exactly the point of The Monkees and American culture is in a year when close to 250,000 people died in the meat-grinder of Vietnam. But, y'know, funny. In fact, the most important commonality between the two films isn't any of the surface comparisons. It's in the attitude, the way they both manage to say, "Fuck you," between gritted teeth without ever harshing their own good time. They're punk rockers among flower children. -J

Friday, April 22nd 8:00pm / 10:00pm

THE DEVIL PROBABLY

Robert Bresson / 1977 / 96 mins.

Bresson interview with Paul Schrader 1972

RB: "the young man in my film is looking for something on top of life, but he doesn't find it. He goes to Church to seek and and he doesn't find it. At night he goes to Notre Dame, to find God, alone. He says lines like this, "When you come in a Church, or in a cathedral, God is there, but if a priest happens to come, God is not there anymore." This is why, although I am very religious—was very religious, more or less—I can't go to church in the last four or five years when these people are making their new mass. It is not possible. I go inside the cathedral and sit down. There I feel God, the presence of something divine which doesn't exist anymore in mass. The young man cannot feel God's presence in the daytime with people moving about and the priests there. He goes to find something which he could rely on but something happens...."

PS: What will happen to you when you die?

RB: "you know, I can't take my mind off the fact that I believe you still feel things. You feel the loneliness, you feel the darkness of your coffin, you feel the cold. Resurrections is almost difficult thing to believe. The resurrection of the body: what is it? I don't know. But you know, I feel that I feel it. I have this certitude that there is something different than earth where we live which you can't imagine but you can imagine that you could imagine. Sometimes I have had in my life, not now, something like a presence. Of what, I don't know, but I was very much impressed by it. It is something that I cannot explain. I go very often to the country on weekend when I feel the trees, the plants. I can't understand people who say there is no God. What does it mean? That everything is natural for them? -CG



Sunday, April 24th 7:30pm

PONT DU NORD

Jacques Rivette / 1981 / 129 mins.

"One time, that's an accident. Two times, that's chance. Three times, that's destiny."
— Baptiste (played by Pascale Ogier)

Two women, one recently released from prison, the other newly arrived from "elsewhere" meet by chance and stumble into a dark and menacing mystery involving a strange package and recurring group of dangerous men all named Max. Jacques Rivette's critique of 1980's capitalism in the wake of the dissolution of 60's idealism unfolds on the streets of a working class Paris on the brink of demolition to make way for housing projects and a new technocratic order. St. Mary Mayjaks continues its exploration of the singular work of the seminal French filmmaker Jacques Rivette (CELINE AND JULIE GO BOATING, PARIS BELONGS TO US, LA BELLE NOISEUSE). -HB



Tuesday, April 26th 7:30pm

EVAPORATING BORDERS

Va Radivojevic / 2014 / 73 mins.

An essay in five parts, *Evaporating Borders* offers a series of vignettes dissecting the experience of asylum seekers in Cyprus : A PLO activist and exile from Iraq is denied asylum within 15 minutes; neo-nazi fundamentalists roam the streets in an attack on Muslim migrants; activists and academics organize an antifascist rally and clash with the neo-nazis; 195 migrants drown in the Mediterranean. Originally from Yugoslavia and an immigrant to Cyprus, Iva Radivojevic investigates the effects of large-scale immigration on the sense of national identity in one of the easiest ports of entry into Fortress Europe. Poetically photographed and rendered, the film passionately weaves the themes of migration, tolerance, identity and belonging. -HB

Thursday, April 28th 7:30pm

24 CITY

Jia Zhangke / 2008 / 107 mins.

"Surrealism is a crucial part of China's reality. In the past 10 or so years, China has experienced the kinds of changes that might happen across a span of 50 or even 100 years in any normal country, and the speed of these changes has had an unsettling, surreal effect.... Part of the reason I started making films was to respond to cinema's blind spots, its silences, on the kind of life I knew." - Jia Zhangke



A multimedia, docu-fiction hybrid, *24 City* is Chinese auteur Jia Zhangke's experimental study of sweeping change and those left profoundly dislocated in its midst. Co-written with poet Zhai Yongming, *24 City* takes a prismatic approach to film form utilizing both actors and non-actors, documentary, fiction, and experimental film techniques to investigate a place where the boundary between the surreal and quotidian is a fitful haze. -HB

Friday, April 29th 7:00pm

THE PASSION OF ANNA

Ingmar Bergman / 1969 / 101 mins.

"My philosophy (even today) is that there exists an evil – and humans are the only animals to possess it. An evil that is irrational and not bound by law. Cosmic. Causeless. Nothing frightens people more than incomprehensible, inexplicable evil." - Ingmar Bergman



What Bergman called his first true color film, *The Passion of Anna* finds the director at the height of his powers and a social order rocked by changes of the late '60s. Taking equal cues from the taut European chamber drama and the cinematic breakthroughs of the Nouvelle Vague, Bergman circles around themes of loss, love, and supernatural spiritual possession in virtuosic form. -HB

Sunday, May 1st 8:00pm

OPEN SCREEN Wanderers' Edition

SHORT FILMS ABOUT WANDERERS

Short films from Werner Herzog, Louis Malle, Kidlat Tahimik, and others.



OPEN SCREEN: WANDERER'S EDITION

"Where do we go from here?"

Answer the question with a movie (10-minutes or less).

First come, first screened.

STRANGER THAN PARADISE

Jim Jarmusch / 1984 / 90mins.

"While shooting the film someone outside the production asked me what kind of film we were making. I wanted to tell them that it was a semi-neorealist black-comedy in the style of an imaginary Eastern-European film director obsessed with Ozu and familiar with the 1950's American television show 'The Honeymooners'. Instead I mumbled something about it being a minimal story about Hungarian immigrants and their view of America." - Jim Jarmusch



Independent film icon Jim Jarmusch's second feature, and the one that immediately put him in an international spotlight, is a vision in threes. The film follows three outsiders who manage to make the worst of any given situation over three parts: *THE NEW WORLD*, shot in a gritty downtown Manhattan, *ONE YEAR LATER* that finds the three in purgatorial Cleveland, and *PARADISE* shot in a nameless Florida coastal town. With keen black and white photography and bone-dry humor, *STRANGER THAN PARADISE* is the announcement of an utterly original film artist. -HB

Tuesday, May 3rd 6:00pm / 7:00pm / 9:00pm

L'AMOUR FOU

Jacques Rivette / 1969 / 252 mins.

Rivette in 1968: "If you take a subject which deals with the theatre to any extent at all, you're dealing with the truth of the cinema: you're carried along. It isn't by chance that so many of the films we love are first of all about the subject, and you realize afterwards that all the others—Bergman, Renoir, the good Cukors, Garrel Rouch, Cocteau, Godard, Mizoguchi—are also about that. Because that is the subject of truth and lies, and there is no other in the cinema: it is necessarily a questioning about truth, with means that are necessarily untruthful. Performance as the subject. Taking it as the subject of a film is being frank, so it must be done."

With his third film, L'amour Fou, Rivette returns to a milieu closer to his first in Paris Belongs to us. The film follows a theater director as he rehearses Racine's tragic play Andromaque with a large cast, paying close attention to the women to the growing suspicions of his wife. It moves back and forth between scenes of rehearsal and scenes of living, then slowly the two merge. The roles they take on fusing with the roles that take them on—the ones that sweep them up. Rivette is moving towards another technique in his filmmaking, a style that will match the subject matter. Staging scenes and letting them play themselves out mostly without his interference:

"...it is something that takes place in an atmosphere which is relatively tense because no one knows where we are, every one is lost; we are all in a fog—actors, technicians, the filmmaker. We really do not know what is happening. The only possible stand one can take—I tried to do this as much as possible—is to adopt a viewpoint beyond good or bad. At that moment one must almost refuse to judge what is being shot. There are times when one has the feeling of letting everything go while moving on to what follows, and at other times when suddenly I stick to a detail: at that moment, that guy has to say this. -CG

Friday, May 6th 7:00pm

NOUVELLE VAGUE

Jean-Luc Godard / 1990 / 90mins.

"I have lived two dreams in my life. I lived my childhood in an extremely rich family, like the one we filmed here, at the same place, in these chalets, on the other side of the lake. They educated me and they left me alone. There was so much money that we didn't notice it. That was during the war.

I knew nothing of the war at that time, which has brought me lots of remorse. The result is that today as even Sarde knows well. I don't feel the need for a film to make money. And then, there was the New Wave: a team . . . It disappeared, it couldn't last long. So after having known that, one begins to know the real and to move forward."

-JLG



Sunday, May 8th 7:30pm

THE MOTHER AND THE WHORE

Jean Eustache / 1973 / 219mins.

"What happens, the places where the action unfolds, have no importance...My subject is the way in which important actions situate themselves in a continuum of innocuous ones. It's the description of the normal course of events without the schematic abbreviation of cinematographic dramatization."
- Jean Eustache



Fascinated by 'the private mythology of everyday people', The Mother and the Whore takes as its subject a wandering post-1968 group of a Paris bohemians and an unusual love triangle where a incisive theoretical and political discussions are offset by certain practical issues like earning a living and the need for human intimacy. Widely considered one of the greatest films of the New Wave but largely unseen, The Mother and the Whore is a critical look at an era and a moment in young adulthood. -HB

Monday, May 9th 7:00pm

KIDS RETURN

Takeshi Kitano / 1996 / 107mins.

Following his 1995 brush with death in the form of a motorcycle accident, actor/writer/director Takeshi Kitano spins this wistful -- if bleak -- tale about a pair of high school buddies and their inevitable slide into adulthood.



THE NAKED ISLAND

Kaneto Shindo / 1960 / 96mins.

A study in the constant struggle of agrarian life, this dialogue-free, black-and-white film depicts the difficult existence of one family- the sole inhabitants of an island in Japan's Seto inland sea.



Thursday, May 12th 9:00pm / 11:00pm

MERANTAU

Gareth Evans / 2009 / 112mins.

Before they knocked the world on its ass with THE RAID and its sequel, Gareth Evans and Iko Uwais had already made a world-class martial arts film with their first collaboration, MERANTAU. And while the action is every bit as well choreographed and coherently staged as their later films, this one slows the pace down, allowing us to get to know and enjoy the characters as people, not just engines of destruction, which makes the hits, when they come, feel that much harder. The title refers to a coming-of-age journey our main character, Yuda, goes on to seek experience and success, but as soon as he gets to the big city, nothing breaks his way. He finds the house he was set to live in torn down, can't get work teaching silat, his martial art, and gets robbed almost immediately. When he tries to help a woman who appears to be in peril, she chastises him because the man assaulting her was her boss, so Yuda has jeopardized her job. This last encounter kicks off a chain of events that puts Yuda into conflict with a white criminal businessman who treats Jakarta as his personal playground, resulting in a whole lot of trouble for Yuda. There's something kind of melancholy in the movie in that it's about a real open-hearted guy getting kicked in the teeth when forced to reckon with the unexpected depths to which real evil shit runs. Luckily, the open-hearted guy in this case is fully capable of kicking, and stabbing, back. -J



ALLIGATOR

Lewis Teague / 1980 / 90mins.

If every writer taking a paycheck to pen a genre movie did so with the thoughtfulness, humor, and intellect of John Sayles, the cultural landscape would be infinitely richer, hidden treasures lurking in every unassuming low-budget piece of schlock. At least we have Sayles himself, whose early work-for-hire scripts, including PIRANHA and THE HOWLING, are always cut above, just aware enough of the genre but without winking too hard at the camera, always exploring their premises in novel ways, and featuring characters with a touch more depth than you're likely to find in similar work elsewhere. In essence, imagine if your average hunk of shit Syfy Original Movie treated you, the viewer, with respect and actually tried to engage you rather than stroking your feelings of superiority. That's a Sayles genre movie, and ALLIGATOR is the best of the bunch. It takes a stock premise, a giant alligator in the sewers with a penchant for man-flesh, and does two incredibly smart things with it. The first scenes of the movie, which basically act as the alligator's superhero origin story, put us in the unexpected position of sympathizing with the gator, a victim of commerce and an accidental side effect of unregulated corporate experimentation in agriculture. Humans and money, appropriately, are the real monster at the bottom of the sewer. Then it introduces our hero, a hard-bitten Midwestern cop played by Robert Forster with no indication that he realizes he's in a movie about a giant alligator. He plays it with all the reality and gravity he might if he were in a Friedkin or Mann procedural. He's just looking for this maniac killer in the sewers who keeps piling up all these bodies and is put in the unenviable position of having to explain to his captain that it's all the work of a giant mutated alligator. It's the work that goes into these scenes, in establishing a plausible world, that sells the entirety, and makes it all the more satisfying when the gator finally decides to burst through the sidewalk and begin its rampage in earnest. -J



Friday, May 13th 8:00pm / 10:00pm

UMBERTO D

Vittorio De Sica / 1952 / 91mins.

When a man loses his dog, he begins to feel so alone. His days are melancholic, the structures around him seem to close in - Umberto clutches at what is left. If there is any solace to be had, it is in freedom, that which he believes he lacks, but what freedom there is to find can only be found in moments that linger, in disharmonious struggles of life. Once in awhile a film asserts itself without any grandeur, with little dramatics, yet still furnishes us with its emotional fortitude. Sometimes, only silence is enough to do this, only immobile flickers of the aging apartment and aging man and aging dog and the aging young world around them. -TA



Sunday, May 15th 8:00pm

RUMBLE FISH

Francis Ford Coppola / 1983 / 94mins.

and

STREETS OF FIRE

Walter Hill / 1984 / 93mins.



RUMBLE FISH and STREETS OF FIRE originated from a similar place- auteurs coming off of very successful, commercial films (THE OUTSIDERS and 48 HOURS) using their success as a lever to get something stranger and more personal made. Both films are abstractions of an idea of the '50s, each filtered through its director's hangups, obsessions, and notions of adolescent cool. And each features that quintessential cool-teen hero: the lone wolf with an all-important personal code of conduct who must reenter society to help a loved one in need. In Coppola's case, this takes the form of a ponderous, black and white, Camus-inflected parable about two brothers. The younger, Rusty (Matt Dillon) hero-worships the older (Mickey Rourke, back when he still looked and sounded like an angel unjustly imprisoned in the material world), who has just returned unannounced from a lengthy absence. He comes back with perspective, and attempts to steer his brother away from the violence and gangs that defined them both. The whole movie is like the cool, aloof older brother to THE OUTSIDERS, with similar settings and characters, both based off of S.E. Hinton works, even filmed in the same locations. But RUMBLE FISH is both more laidback and more determinedly artistic, pushing at deeper ideas in a flashier style. It takes visual cues from Welles and German expressionism, deploys color selectively, utilizes timelapse photography, features Dennis Hopper as the boys' perpetually soused father, Tom Waits as a philosophical soda jerk, and a soundtrack by Stewart Copleand for which he recorded natural street sounds in Tulsa and set them to a percussive beat. All of this in service of exploring the eternal human questions: are you capable of transcending your time? Your place? Your fuck-ups? Walter Hill went another way. Opening text informs us that STREETS OF FIRE is "A Rock & Roll Fable," and it's not bullshitting you. It takes the aesthetic of THE WARRIORS and heightens it to the level of STAR WARS. And Hill is clearly coming from the same place as Lucas was, taking everything he held to be rad as fuck as a teenager ("custom cars, kissing in the rain, neon, trains in the night, high-speed pursuit, rumbles, rock stars, motorcycles, jokes in tough situations, leather jackets and questions of honor") and tailoring it to a classic hero quest to jam it all into one delirious vision. The plot concerns a real tough guy named Tom Cody who returns home from a life of soldiering and wandering when he learns his rock star ex-girlfriend has been kidnapped by Willem Dafoe's motorcycle gang. Cody comes home on an empty night train and, in executing his rescue mission, reconnects with the friends and family he'd abandoned. It doesn't come up too often in the history of Hollywood, but I always get excited when the conditions are just right to allow the eternally cautious corporate entities in charge to justify throwing all of their resources behind the kind of movie that climaxes with a ritualized sledgehammer fight, something that couldn't possibly have been dictated by focus groups or board meetings, real art made on the largest canvas in the world, willed into being by that rare bird who is adept at playing the game without losing sight of the strange shit they really want to see. -J

Friday, May 20th 8:00pm / 10:00 pm

BRINGING OUT THE DEAD

Martin Scorsese / 1999 / 121mins.

This seems to be one of Scorsese's most underrated movies, judging by how much I hear people talking about it, which is not at all. I guess when it came out a lot of people thought it was too much of a retread, another guilt-ridden religiously fixated nut from Scorsese and Schrader, cruising on the unpredictable streets of New York, practically self-parodic in his self-flagellation. That's partially true, but for Frank, the paramedic at the center of the story, his inability to save people isn't just stirring his Catholic guilt, it's preventing him from getting his hit. The rush of saving people is a drug, and Frank has the DTs bad. He can't sleep, he's depressed, he's starting to hallucinate. Who better to play a man in such extreme straits than the incomparable Nicolas Cage? And this is a Cage still in the glow of his golden-boy status for having won the Academy Award, coming off of his first wave of paycheck roles in big action movies, and just dipping his toes back into auteur waters with Brian DePalma's disappointing SNAKE EYES the previous year. This is eye of the tiger Cage, hungry and ready to play. And Scorsese takes that Cage-clay and molds it into something real special, frayed at the start and increasingly burned out over the course of the movie, careening through NYC with his engine on fire, propelled by the bluesy agony of Van Morrison's "T.B. Sheets," bouncing off of a series of increasingly strange partners (John Goodman, Ving Rhames, Tom Sizemore), hoping to God something goes his way. Redemption with New York grit in its teeth, as only Scorsese can deliver it. -J



HARD EIGHT

Paul Thomas Anderson / 1996 / 102mins.

For the debut feature of a twenty-five year old, HARD EIGHT has a quiet self-assurance beyond its years. Knowing that the twenty-five year old in question was Paul Thomas Anderson explains a lot, but perhaps makes the confidence on display even more impressive, considering how uncharacteristically lowkey it is. He's fully aware that he's got first-rate actors playing well-drawn characters and simply invites the audience to dig the vibe. That vibe seems to be streaming directly out of Philip Baker Hall's unflappable Sydney, a matter-of-fact career gambler whose strangely elaborate acts of generosity belie a faraway moral compromise for which he'll never fully let himself off the hook. This is not a spoiler. This is the thing that, though hardly spoken, permeates the film from the first frames and is communicated all but verbally throughout. You know it's true before you know it to be true. In the hands of a younger actor, or a lesser actor, Hall's hauntedness would read as adolescent angst, but his all-business facade and his genuine interest in others vanquish self-pity. It's just a glimmer, well behind his eyes. So you take that guy and you surround him with John C. Reilly playing just dumb enough, Sam Jackson flexing some subtle malevolence, Gwyneth Paltrow in probably the best role of her career, and, as a one-scene special guest star, an absolutely electric Philip Seymour Hoffman As You've Never Seen Him Before, and you've got something real special on your hands, something both its own and lovingly influenced by the heartbreaking works of alienation that thrived in '70s American cinema. Basically what you're looking at is the birth of a master. -J



Saturday, May 21st 8:00pm / 10:00pm

WHITE NIGHTS

Luchino Visconti / 1957 / 107mins.

Dostoyevsky wrote his short story White Nights in 1848 when it was published among other writings of his in a literary magazine. This was a year before his 4 year exile began in a Siberian labor camp. Visconti in '57 reworks the narrative and brings out its neorealist qualities. Marcello Mastroianni plays the lead character, Mario, a man of lowly status who covets a woman named Natalia (Maria Schell) whose affections are with another. Bresson would later adapt the story into his Four Nights of a Dreamer (1971) and James Gray also explored it with Two Lovers (2008).

Sunday, May 22nd 8:00pm

BLUE COLLAR

Paul Schrader / 1978 / 114mins.

After the massive success he bathed in for writing Taxi Driver, notorious prickly weirdo Paul Schrader was given the opportunity to direct one of his own scripts, and after a difficult shoot with three leads who all hated him and each other, and a mental collapse that caused him to re-evaluate his life and career, Blue Collar was the result. There's this famous anecdote where he got Richard Pryor, Yaphet Kotto, and Harvey Keitel all to sign on by promising each of them that they were the true lead of the film, which would have been a masterful deception if he didn't then have to shoot the movie, a serious flaw in his plan as it turned out. I'm glad Schrader made it through production without quitting or getting strangled by a cocaine-frenzied Richard Pryor though, because this one's pretty good. The three definitely totally equally-weighted leads play friends who work at an auto plant in Michigan and are each feeling a real squeeze on their finances. They hatch a plot to rip off their union's safe on account of their union hasn't done dick for them in some time, a reasonable plan that results in some real unforeseen complications, as you might imagine. It's all about the way The Man (in his many guises the government, the union, the shitty economy) puts pressure on people who are natural friends and allies, tossing them into mortal competition with one another and stoking hatred along racial lines. So, clearly relevant to now in most ways except if you were making it today they wouldn't have a union to fuck them over or an auto plant to work at. OH, and the opening is a montage of cars being built, pausing on these kinetic, oversaturated freeze frames, set to Captain Beefheart doing a classic blues but with heavy industrial sounds, if nothing else has sold you on this one. -J

MASSACRE GUN

Yasuharu Hasebe / 1967 / 89mins.

This is a Japanese gangster picture so of course it gets violent (though this one goes about it in a cool, classy, black and white style, not very gory) and of course it deals with questions of honor and respect among rivals, and everyone is either larger than life or cool and understated and our heroes are excellent tacticians and boxers and jazz players, but there's a very relatable premise at its core. It's about having a boss who pushes you just a little too far, asks a little too much of you, so that even though you're working a job you've always liked with friends you came up with, you have to come to terms with the fact that this guy doesn't respect you and you're not gonna take his shit anymore so you respectfully resign. We've all been there. And everyone knows how once you quit, your boss will come back for retribution so now it's total war and you and your brothers aren't gonna stop until everything that once belonged to your boss now belongs to you. Nothing we haven't all experienced. The director, Yasuharu Hasebe, cites Sam Fuller and John Huston as early influences and apprenticed with Seijun Suzuki in his early days at Nikkatsu. The influence of those guys really rings out in the camaraderie, the offbeat humor, the coolly detached compositions, and the fundamental humanism at the core of it. These guys really would prefer to seek a less violent solution, but find themselves inexorably walking a path of violence, their punishment for having set so much as a foot on that path. -J



Friday, May 27th 8:00pm / 10:00pm

The reality of Bunuel's films is often cloudy; overcome by an ever present hilarity or obscured by the surreality of dream. His work has some sense of yearning, as if unaccomplished until viewed. Image after image dances with texture, brimming with absurd creations, and he has stunned you into the world of dreams as if you'd never awaken. As the world darkens, he builds atop it. The Milky Way, Viridiana, The Phantom Of Liberty - their associations are as meaningful as they are disparate, but what does hold them together is this sense of unbecoming, the deconstruction of religious historicism, narrative run through an impressionistic sieve.

THE MILKY WAY

Luis Bunuel / 1969 / 105mins.

Jean (Laurent Terzieff) and Pierre (Paul Frankeur) are drifters who travel from Paris to Spain on the Way of St. James pilgrimage route. On the journey, the two men encounter many strangers who debate aspects of Catholic faith as well as heresies that have been rejected by the religion. Their trek defies time as they meet historical figures such as Jesus and the Marquis de Sade. At the end of their trip, Jean and Pierre are left with more questions than answers.



INLAND EMPIRE

David Lynch / 2006 / 180mins.

Nikki (Laura Dern), an actress, takes on a role in a new film, and because her husband (Peter J. Lucas) is very jealous, her co-star Devon (Justin Theroux) gets a warning not to make any romantic overtures -- especially since the characters they play are having an affair. Both actors learn that the project is a remake of an unfinished film in which the stars were murdered.



In some ways a descendant of Bunuel, Inland Empire is, too, this purely surrealist imagining. Held together by the madness of a single character inhabiting a world wholly unknown, debilitation sets in both to any structure of narrative and to the characters that inhabit it. If Bunuel's impressions were of Christ, or some monastic experience of life, or in his antithesis to it, Lynch has created some vague totem, some Joan of Arc-esque martyr captured in the womb of unremitting time - a time that sways through these films without every really moving forward.

--T.A.

PHANTOM OF LIBERTY

Luis Bunuel / 1974 / 105mins.



This Surrealist Spanish film, with a title referencing the Communist Manifesto, strings together short incidents based on the life of director Luis Buñuel. Presented as chance encounters, these loosely related, intersecting situations, all without a consistent protagonist, reach from the 19th century to the 1970s. Touching briefly on subjects such as execution, pedophilia, incest, and sex, the film features an array of characters, including a sick father and incompetent police officers.

VIRIDIANA

Luis Bunuel / 1961 / 90mins.



Viridiana (Silvia Pinal) is preparing to start her life as a nun when she is sent, somewhat unwillingly, to visit to her aging uncle, Don Jaime (Fernando Rey). He supports her; but the two have met only once. Jaime thinks Viridiana resembles his dead wife. Viridiana has secretly despised this man all her life and finds her worst fears proven when Jaime grows determined to seduce his pure niece. Viridiana becomes undone as her uncle upends the plans she had made to join the convent.

Saturday, May 28th 8:00pm / 10:00pm

Sunday, May 29th 7:00pm / 9:00pm

MAYJAKS

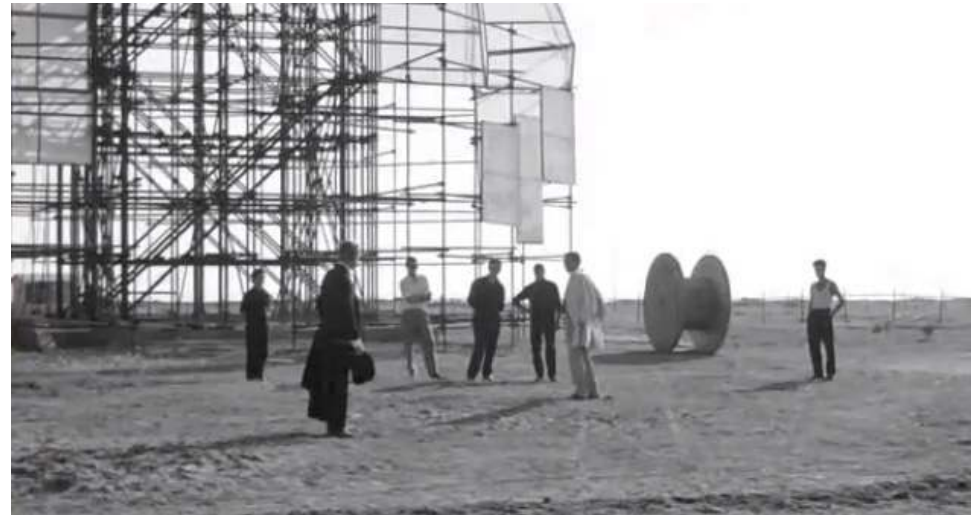
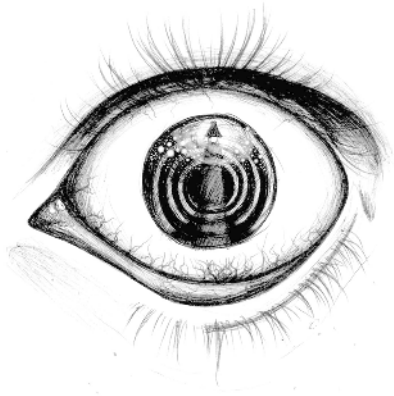
-is looking for contributors-

If you are interested in getting involved in our community, or wish to contribute to the upcoming second issue of the Maják literary and arts zine, or for any further information, please feel welcome to contact us at

- stmarymayjaks@gmail.com -

stmarymayjaks.tumblr.com
@mayjaks

insta: mayjaks
fb: mary majak



Printed in New Orleans, April 2016