

St. Mary
Mayjaks



Summer 2016

Screening Schedule

GODARD'S KING LEAR

Jean-Luc Godard/1968/90mins.

Thursday, June 2

7:00pm



"An image is the creation of the mind by drawing together two different realities; the further apart the realities, the stronger the image." JLG

New Wave legend J.L. Godard's adaption of the Shakespeare tragedy is set in a post-Chernobyl isolated Swiss resort, featuring the likes of Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Leos Carax and Julie Delpy, not to mention one of the iconic Shakespearean

tragicomic characters filled by Godard himself. Largely unseen, but a critical contemporary take on the drama that in the words of critic Harold Bloom "encompasses within it everything." -HB

OUT 1 (TWO-DAY SCREENING)

Jacques Rivette/1971/12h53mins.

Saturday, June 4

5:00pm

30 min. intermission/discussion both nights at 8:30

and Sunday, June 5

5:00pm

What is the film about, ultimately?

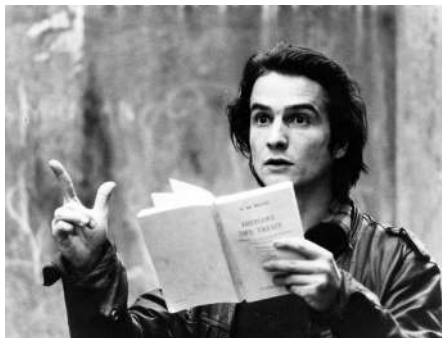
"In fact, it's about too much rather than too little. To begin with, play in all senses of the word was the only idea: the playing by the actors, the play between the characters, play in the sense that children play, and also play in the sense that there is play between the parties at an assembly. This was the basic principle, implying a relative interdependence between the elements, and a relative distance maintained by the actors between themselves and the characters they were playing...In the event, there really was 'play' between the actors and the characters they were playing, and at the same time they revealed a hundred times more things about themselves than if they had been identifying with these fictional characters or were supposed to be playing their own 'characters'."

-Jacques Rivette

The Holy Grail as it were for the resident Rivette heads of Mary Majaks. 13 hours of conspiracy, intrigue, investigation, madness, rehearsal, action, inaction based on Balzac's Comédie Humaine with a career defining performance by Jean Pierre Léaud.

Rivette's epic! Not for the faint of heart.

-HB



VESNA GOES TO WORK

Milena Martinovic/2015/5mins.

Friday, June 3

8:00pm

followed By discussion with the director

and

C L I P

Maja Miloš/2012/102mins.

Friday, June 3

8:30pm

A dark, emotional journey of a female Serbian immigrant as she goes to work at night.

followed By discussion with the director



*followed
by*



The director Maja Milos debut feature was inspired by real YouTube videos of Serbian post 90s civil war millenials drinking, dancing, fighting, and fornicating. The film follows a 16 year old girl who lives in a working class suburb of southern Belgrade who, disconnected from her family, parties and starts a sexual relationship with a boy who treats her horribly. It is essentially a coming of age story set in a very brutal and oppressed environment told from the teens' cell phone videos and a subjective, indie-like cinematography, blurring the line between hyper-reality and fiction. The dynamic soundtrack of Serbian turbo-folk music as a result of ultra nationalism leftover from the 90s dominates the aesthetic mood and setting of the film. Think 'Kids' meets 'Secretary' meets Emir Kusturica. -MM

UPSTREAM COLOR

Shane Carruth/2013/96mins.

Wednesday, June 8

8:00pm

“And I like telling stories that are universal, that aren’t about a certain culture or about a certain country or state or even a way of thinking. I want a story where the characters are motivated by things that everyone would find within themselves.” -SC

Shane Carruth wakes up in a hospital bed with a head injury, looks in the mirror and wonders who is that? Before the car accident he had lived a life as a mathematician and software engineer, now convalescing, he watches films about conspiracies and information, leaves his old job, writes a sci-fi film about two engineer friends who happen to create a time-machine in their garage, picks up a 16mm camera and shoots the film for \$7000. When it (Primer) won the Grand Jury Prize at Sundance that year people marveled at the complicated shifts through time and the damn near indecipherable techno-intellectual jargon that propelled the film and would be alienating if it didn’t feel so coherent (with the trust that you’re in good hands you just kind of go with it). Carruth wrote, directed, acted in, edited, produced, and scored the film. In the years following the surprise success at Sundance, he would develop an ambitious sci-fi epic called A Topiary whose 245 page screenplay would gain cult status among those lucky enough to read it. But after meeting with many potential investors and failing to gain financing, Carruth would abandon the film (projected to cost 14-20 million dollars) and make another film that he could do on his own terms.

Upstream is so dense with ideas, every image has a purposed role to play, it’s a puzzle that works on the viewer not just at the surface level of what’s unfolding on screen but underneath with what the implications could be beyond the plot. Carruth’s special skill is delivering these ideas with a totally unique and strange vehicle that involves orchid harvesters, a pig farmer, a thief, someone credited as the Sampler, and worms with parasitic bacteria, all of which are linked together in an ecosystem of sorts whose interrelations and meanings are what makes the film so fruitful. Operations at the microbial level build up, cycles begin, persist, and rupture, and Thoreau the solitary poet philosopher naturalist individualist author has been rediscovered in a 21st century city with renewed relevance within Carruth’s alchemy. Describing it inevitably makes it sound convoluted and overdone but the unfolding experience feels more like song, like the multi-textured sides of a rhapsody.

-C



V I O L A

Matias Pineiro/2015/5mins.

Thursday, June 9

8:00pm

compulsory shakespeare discussion led by Harry

and

PRINCESS OF FRANCE

Matias Pineiro/2012/102mins.

Thursday, June 9

9:30pm

“Theater, literature, and painting can help me to find new ways of thinking about what cinema can be. They nurture me, but they also provide basic needs to shoot a film: objects and locations for mise en scène, dialogue, etc. The expression comes from the confrontation between the script and the shooting. In order to make the film I want to make, it is a matter of knowing how to listen better and how to see better than what was written. The world knows better than the script.”

-Matias Pineiro



One of the most exciting young directors in international cinema, the Argentinian Matias Pineiro has a self-proclaimed fascination with the Bard, adapting “Twelfth Night” and “Love’s Labour Lost” for his last two features. Keenly observed and deceptively stylized portraits of a notably literate and mysterious group of young people in contemporary Buenos Aires, Pineiro’s brilliant VIOLA and PRINCESS of FRANCE unfold against the rich backdrop of Shakespeare’s comedies. -H



BARTON FINK

Joel Cohen, Ethan Coen/1991/117mins.

group comisseration roundtable after the film

and

WAKE IN FRIGHT

Ted Kotcheff/1971/120mins.

Friday, June 10

8:00pm

Friday, June 10

10:30pm



Y'ever been so hot you can't think straight? So hot your notions of self slip right out of you with the water and salt? You're a lizard on a rock. Who the fuck are you? You're hot. Just hot. Anything beyond that, you realize, is just a contrivance and ultimately besides the point. The truth of you, the most important thing, is that you're hot. Maybe you had an identity, a job - teacher, writer - something you took pride in. Could be you were even a little smug about it, wrapped it real tight around yourself, convinced yourself it set you apart, made you better than. But of course that's an illusion, a fantasy, a line of bullshit that melts away in triple-digit temperatures. After all, everyone's hot. Worse still, the rest of them, they can take the heat. They are of it. You don't belong here. You're an interloper, a fraud. And they can smell it seeping through your clothes. The identity you once held dear has betrayed you, led you to overvalue your ability to adapt, to make decisions you can't take back, trapped you in the hot-house, surrounded you with sneering, hostile faces. Everything you thought you knew about yourself and the world is useless and wrong and holy Jesus is it getting hotter? -J



EROS + MASSACRE

Yoshishige Yoshida/1969/202mins.

Saturday, June 11

9:00pm



An erotic art film biopic portraying the sexual exploits and last days of Sakae Osugi: A Japanese feminist, anarchist, radical and free thinker, brutally murdered in 1923 following the great Kanto Earthquake, in a government kill-sweep of convenience. Often considered amongst the finest films of the Japanese new wave for it's immense visual beauty in combination with rich social complexity. -DRM

WOMAN IN THE DUNES

Hiroshi Teshigahara/1964/102mins.

Sunday, June 12

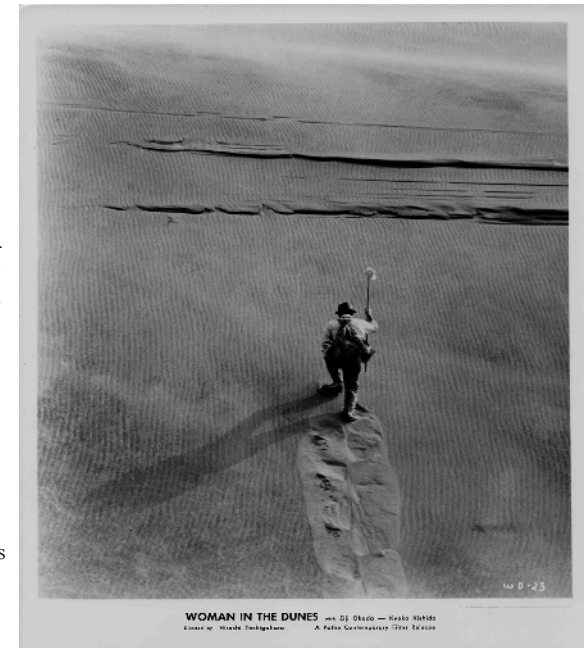
8:00pm

"I completely lost trust in things that are stable. For me that is a very fortunate thing."

-Abe Kobo, author of the novel Woman In The Dunes

A teacher with a passion for bugs goes on a three day collecting expedition into the sand dunes of a seaside village in Japan. He finds there at the bottom of a pit a woman, a widow, who offers him water and a place to sleep then begins her nightly routine of shoveling sand to keep her house from being buried under perpetually sliding dunes. When he wakes up the next day to continue traveling and return home to his life in the city he finds that the ladder he came down on has disappeared.

This is the simple setup for a beautiful and eerie film that creates a world of its own; the surreal setting heightens to nightmare the anxieties of mortality and falling in love every human lives. In the blank granular desert there are no distractions and no escape from what is most immediate, most demanding of action. A steady stream of falling sand finds its way into any crack and opening--we must imagine the man with the shovel as happy. -C



1 3 T Z A M E T I

Géla Babluani/2005/95mins.

intermissive reflection period following the film

and

VENGEANCE IS MINE

Shohei Imamura/1979/140mins.

Friday, June 17

8:00pm

Friday, June 17

10:30pm

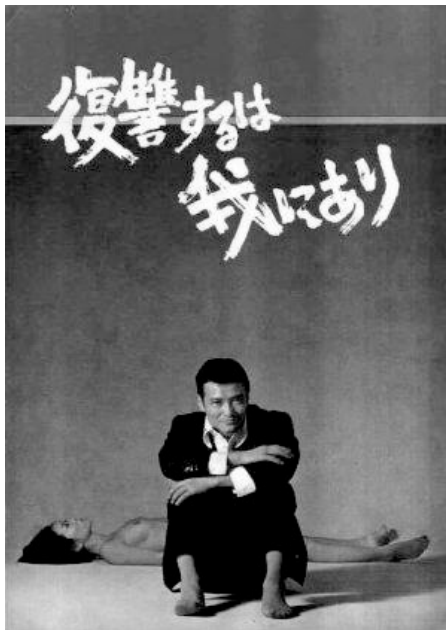


13 Tzameti encapsulates a notion of a place, which is a place out of time. It's subject - an underground russian roulette game, in which all the participants point the guns at their counterparts - is both dark and absurd. Sebastien, the protagonist, seems to be this existentialist figure who has entered

an arena he is unprepared for, yet is prepared to accept his role. He is aimless, and his entire scenario is the production of a moment of chance, a line which he follows without doubt.

This what creates the sense of unsettle, this grimy underworld from an undisclosed time, somehow the naturalistic essence of the film makes it all the more tense, that the characters seem to resigned to the fates of the world, to blind chance. There is a companionship in Shohei Imamura's Vengeance is Mine, which is based on the true story of Akira Nishiguchi who killed a number of people around Japan while conning his way and eluding the police. Following him through his experiences is akin to entering a void within his mind. If there is a world inside, what does it contain? It is equally aimless, pointless, some microcosmic reflection of a deeply mistaken world in an expression of futility, of directionless violence. The backstory surrounding this world is not ever explicitly fleshed out, there is never a sense of wholeness, of reason or cause to his brief flirtation with rampage, with destruction. It is only the expressiveness, as with our existentialist Sebastien, the film's realism is also its delving into the shadowy arena of human nature that we tend to avoid, to perceive as less real. -TA

"I am interested in the relationship between the lower part of the human body and the lower part of the social structure." - Shohei Imamura



NANOOK OF THE NORTH

Robert J. Flaherty/1922/79mins.

Saturday, June 18

10:00pm

Immediately followed by

"KUNUK UNCOVERED"

DOCUMENTARY NOW!

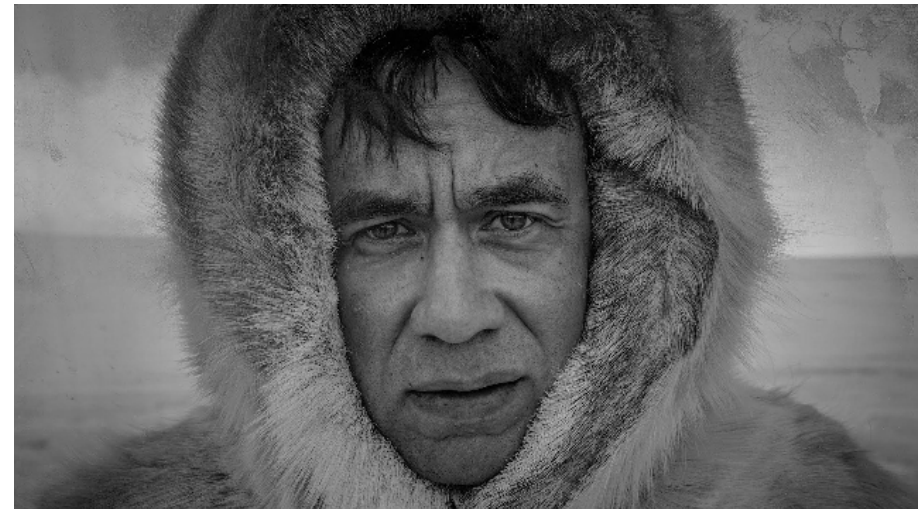
Alex Buono/2015/22mins.

Saturday, June 18

11:30pm



Contentiously considered to be the first feature-length documentary film, Nanook of the North represents the second attempt by Robert Flaherty to document the lives of the Inuit in Northern Quebec, 1910. Since it's release, it has come to be seen as an important piece of salvage ethnography, a dangerous whitewashing of a victimised culture, or a collaborative piece of historical fiction (depending on which film school dissertation you happen to be leafing through.) Come prepared to make your own decision, and then have that decision fracture through the lens of the complimentary episode of the 2015 series *Documentary Now!*, satyirizing the original. -DRM



LA COMMARE SECA

Bernardo Bertolucci/1962/100mins.

Sunday, June 19

9:00pm



Bertolucci was only twenty-one years old when he took on a Pier Paolo Pasolini story, helming a film in which most crew and actors were twice his age. The film is, on the surface, the story of an investigation into a robbery, in a similar style to 'Rashomon'. A myriad of characters and their relative mysteries appear, the police interviewing them, constructing an image, a story of the crime, of the death of a prostitute. In structuring the

film this way, with a sense of montage more than narrative, there is created a prosaic sense of life and death, almost a painterly sense of image, this Roman sense of wandering, characters on the fringe who seem to sink into the depths of the frame as much as they become a vital part of it. Interestingly, it also provides a glimpse into the fringe society of Rome at the time, of the youth, the fashion, the disassociation with the famous architecture and history though it lords over the whole city. Bertolucci hesitates to call this a Pasolini film, and he is right to, though it contains all the themes of one, it bristles with a youthful exuberance, one which provides the film with its signature style, the movement: a dance between performer and camera and music. -TA

ROSEMARY'S BABY

Roman Polanski/1968/136mins.

Thursday, June 23

8:00pm



with John Cassavetes, the untrustworthy husband, his smile might conceal something sinister, conceals what is behind the screen. With his young wife, the helpful neighbors, their painted apartment, or is it new? Have they recently wed, or have they loved forever? But the mystery is not in what is concealed, it is in the understanding of an active supernatural. Polanski, always a rambler, sometimes quizzical, with a furrowed brow, hides behind the film and its structure stands in the beating heart of the womb, the nightmare of life. -TA

BODY HEAT

Lawrence Kasdan/1981/113mins.

Friday, June 24

8:00pm

Refractory period after the film

and

THE HOT SPOT

Dennis Hopper/1990/130mins.

Friday, June 24

10:30pm

Something about the crime genre, and in particular that subgenre of noir, of doomed motherfuckers making poor decisions, really lends itself to the heat. Between the intense lust for a dangerous woman and the immense strain and pressure that the protagonist finds himself cooking in as a result of that woman leading him around by his dick, it's a naturally sweaty genre, and if you really crank the temperature up on top of that, oh baby, you're gonna need a change of clothes.



Both BODY HEAT and THE HOT SPOT arrived well after the heyday of noir, to the point that they'd have to be considered sort of retro pastiches. The main elements that differentiate these latter-day neo-noir films from the genuine article are a knowing awareness of the genre tropes, that thing where the filmmakers know how these things work and moreover know that we know, and will either play into or subvert our expectations accordingly, and of course a more explicit depiction of the sexuality that could only be hinted at and alluded to in the '40s and '50s. Plotwise, BODY HEAT is effectively riff on DOUBLE INDEMNITY, with William Hurt's sleazebag lawyer substituting for Fred MacMurray's scumbag insurance agent. Hurt, like MacMurray, winds up in over his head after falling into some hard lust with Kathleen Turner and offering to kill her husband. It goes about as well as you'd expect. A lot of these movies deal with schmucks making these kind of choices for these reasons, but man, this is one where they sell it appropriately. Hurt and Turner are burning so hard for each other that, even with the full knowledge that this won't end well, it's hard to fault him for going down that road. I get it, buddy. And it's mostly in their gazes, their body language, the way their sweat-stained clothes press against their bodies. And it's not just them, everyone's sweating their asses off in this movie (including an eccentric Ted Danson and an admonishing Mickey Rourke). It's an admirable method of visualizing the tension and committing to the Florida setting, which also serves the purpose of lending the whole thing a certain level of reality in spite of the heightened cinematic artifice of the whole thing. After all, if this kind of silly shit were gonna go down anywhere, it'd no doubt be in Florida.

THE HOT SPOT draws an even straighter line to the noir tradition. Apparently, a cast and crew was assembled and money was raised with the understanding that they'd be filming an entirely different script. A couple weeks out from shooting, Dennis Hopper calls a meeting and says well actually we're gonna shoot this other thing if there's no objections. He'd found a script from 1952 allegedly commissioned for Robert Mitchum, though never filmed, that he had updated for the present, but otherwise filmed as is. Now granted, Don Johnson is no Mitchum, but here in 1990 at the height of his post-MIAMI VICE powers, he fills Mitchum's amoral drifter shoes reasonably well. He rolls into a small Texas town, strolls into a car lot, bullshits his way into a job, starts planning a bank robbery, and immediately finds himself contending with the attention of two women: the innocent young girl who works at the dealership (Jennifer Connelly) and the boss's wife (Virginia Madsen), an exceedingly modern gal who knows what she wants and how to get it. That's another thing about the noir movies, even back in the day, the women were generally granted much more agency than was standard for the time. These women had their own agendas and their own appetites and pursued them doggedly. And, at least with modern eyes, it's usually easier to see where they're coming from than the dopey guys they inevitably roll into the schemes, even if the moral codes of the day required them to be painted as temptress villains in need of a comeuppance. What once might have read as unfaithful and morally bankrupt now reads closer to opting out of a raw deal (marriage, or even just the unmarried woman's traditional station). Anyway, these new ones get a lot more room to explore the idea of an empowered, actualized woman and exactly why that's so wholly terrifying to a certain kind of guy. -J

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD

Alain Robbe-Grillet/1961/94mins.

Readings from 'The Voyeur', 'Jealousy', 'In The Labyrinth', & 'Last Year at Marienbad' preceding the screening



"Turned towards the object" was the description given to Robbe-Grillet's work by the famed Roland Barthes. It is fitting, as most of Robbe-Grillet's work was discursive of environment, of the disconnect between our own subjectivity and the objective environment we all seem to live in, as a collective. We are entrapped, in a sense, by our own knowledge, what has created the structures for our perception as

we've grown, evolved, learned. We create and thrive from illusions which keep us in our own place, with our own sensibility. Grillet's writing is, however, less observational than that description would seem. It is of the realm of memory - memory, creating the basis for our selves. Memory, created of imaginings. Memory, unintelligible, unreliable, often superfluous to where we see the state of our selves.

To turn towards the object, the character finds his or her self turning inside, first, and then projecting the space around them. Robbe-Grillet's most stunning passages and ideas lay in the creation of space, and the mysterious illusion of space to a human being, how we conceive of shapes, distances, all in relative motion to each other, and how we cease this motion, make it still so as to place us, equally still, in our place. 'Last Year At Marienbad', a collaboration with Alain Resnais, is a magnificent project in the art of confused memory, of lost moments. As with his novels, sometimes what you are seeing, what you imagine by the manufacture of the language, is purely illusory, and by seeing it, we have enacted the function of an internal space, a space within which all is created, yet we believe it to be real. We intend to make our lives and realities significant, to construct meaning within everything, to funnel confusion into simplicity. - "there is a concept of reality that escapes significance", this is the realm in which we are to find Alain Robbe-Grillet. -TA

MIND GAME

Masaaki Yuasa/2004/104mins.



Produced by Studio 4°C, known in the west for producing *Tekkonkinkreet* and providing animation for the video game *Catherine*, *Mind Game* defies convention. The animation exists in an ever-rotating kaleidoscope of styles, with a loose hand and a free form, challenging the viewer to keep up with a swirling focus and an increasingly suspended disbelief. The subject matter, the story of the death of a local loser and

subsequent reincarnation into the belly of a whale, is absurd with an earnestness rarely seen in anime. And it is this unexpected earnestness which ultimately endears one to the film. *Mind Game* has a way of being firmly planted in the anime style, while completely refusing to adhere to the multitude of anime cliché. It follows a simple story of lust, victory and defeat, while completely bewildering the viewer with strangeness. On it's face, it even might be another 'weird japan' document, but it has a message to tell: A message of complete positivity and hope in the face of struggle, and an affirmation of the importance of strangeness in the face of cliché. -DRM

Saturday, June 25

7:00pm

VAGABOND

Agnes Varda/1985/105mins.

A film about the death of Mona, a female drifter wandering through French wine country one winter. In a series of episodes, various people from Mona's life appear to give insight into who she was. Agnes Varda came up with the Left Bank half of the French New Wave along with Resnais, Duras, Robbe-Grillet and others, and shot her first feature in 1955—well ahead of Cahiers of the New Wavers (Rohmer, Rivette, Truffaut, Godard etc)—leading to her status as the first female auteur as well as the mother of the New Wave. Her feature and documentary films explore the experiences of women with a commitment to a feminist philosophy that questions the powers and limits women encounter within society, their desires, interests and anxieties. Like many of her films *Vagabond* plays on the idea of contradiction, as one subject (Mona) is interpreted and described in multiple ways that don't always correspond but exist side by side. "It was a fiction but it was really a documentary. I mean, it has the texture of documentary. Even if I made up every line, it has the texture of being true." -C



Thursday, June 30

7:30pm

HEARTS OF DARKNESS/ BACKYARD BBQ

Eleanor Coppola/1991/96mins.

and

APOCALYPSE NOW

Francis Ford Coppola/1979/155mins.

Well, everyone knows about this one. Coppola, riding high on the crest of the Godfather films, nearly goes insane on location in the jungle making a movie about an insane man, a crazy war, an absurd civilization, runs way overbudget, overschedule, never really recovers, in some ways..the whole thing is just too much, a monument to excess. It's remarkable he managed to craft a movie as coherent as this one ultimately is out of whatever went down in Manila. This will be our last movie until the Fall, til it cools way the fuck down. This will be us at our hottest, burning bright as we can then burning the fuck out. This is the end of the road. We're gonna embrace the heat. Steer right into it. We're gonna barbecue. Maybe have some kiddie pools full of ice water. Wear as little clothing as it takes. Bring whatever you



need to achieve your own state of ecstatic mania.

-J

Saturday, July 2

6:00pm

Saturday, July 2

8:00pm

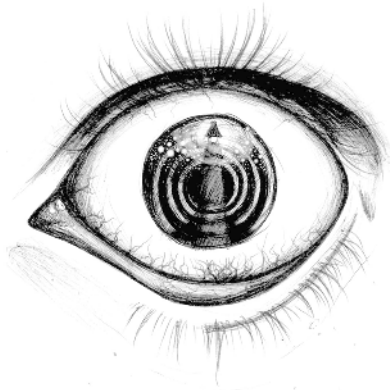
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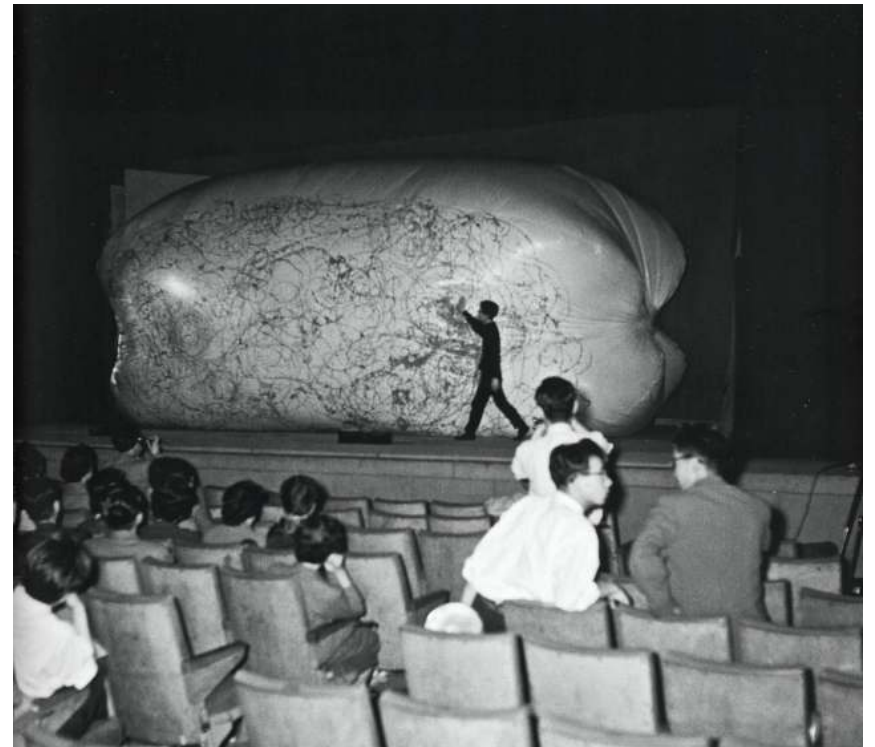
JULY 8-10
OUR NEXT PERFORMANCE

From the minds of
Tim Adams[poet]
Pilar Poeschl[dancer]
Daniel Miller[draughtsman]
and
Chris Givens[distant observer],
previous collaborators on

'Leaves',

a re-working of the 1957 Gutai-for-the-stage piece,
Kyoudai na Balloon, by Akira Kanayama
Keep up with us online and don't miss this
once-in-a-lifetime

EXTRAVAGANZA



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