

THE BUFFALO FILM SEMINARS

CONVERSATIONS ABOUT GREAT FILMS WITH BRUCE JACKSON & DIANE CHRISTIAN

PRESENTED BY THE UNIVERSITY AT BUFFALO AND THE MARKET ARCADE FILM AND ARTS CENTER

OCTOBER 23, 2001 (IV:7): NIGHT OF THE HUNTER

CHARLES LAUGHTON (1 July 1899, Victoria Hotel, Scarborough, Yorkshire, England—15 December 1962, Hollywood, California) had the most wonderful voice. I remember (this is Bruce typing this paragraph) listening to him read Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" on radio when I was a kid. Every year he'd read "A Christmas Carol," and every year my entire family would listen to him. We probably would have sat and listened had he been reading the Brooklyn telephone book. *Night of the Hunter* did not do well financially and Laughton never directed another film. Too bad for all of us. The film is now in every competent critic's list of film masterworks. Laughton is best known as an actor. He appeared in about 60 films and won a Best Actor Academy Award for *The Private Life of Henry VIII* 1933. He was nominated for the same award for *Witness for the Prosecution* 1957 and *Mutiny on the Bounty* 1935. His first screen role was in *Daydreams* 1928; his last in *Advise and Consent* 1962. Some of his other films were *Spartacus* 1960, *Abbott and Costello Meet Captain Kidd* 1952, *Arch of Triumph* 1948. *The Paradine Case* 1947, *The Canterville Ghost* 1944, *They Knew What They Wanted* 1940, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* 1939, *I, Claudius* 1937, *Les Misérables* 1935, *Ruggles of Red Gap* 1935, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* 1934, and *The Sign of the Cross* 1932.

ROBERT MITCHUM (6 August 1917, Bridgeport, Connecticut—1 July 1997, Santa Barbara, California, lung cancer) is probably a far better actor than you think. In his later years, when he was seen far more often on TV talk shows than in new acting roles, he adopted the persona of a guy who memorized his lines, came to the set, hit his marks and did what whoever was in charge told him to do. If that's true, then how come we remember his roles in so many of those movies far more than we remember the movies themselves? His first role was as a model in *The Magic of Make Up* 1942, which is a curiosity up there with Clint Eastwood's pre-"Rawhide" career as a swimsuit model. He wrote the story and song for, and starred in, one of the alltime great road movies, *Thunder Road* 1958. Some of his memorable roles are *Dead Man* 1995, *Cape Fear* 1991, "War and Remembrance" 1989 (TV miniseries), "The Winds of War" 1983 (TV miniseries), *That Championship Season* 1982, *The Big Sleep* 1978, *Farewell, My Lovely* 1975, *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* 1973, *Ryan's Daughter* 1970, *The Longest Day* 1962, *Cape Fear* 1962, *Fire Down Below* 1957, *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* 1957, *Track of the Cat* 1954, *River of No Return* 1954. *The Red Pony* 1949, *Rachel and the Stranger* 1948 and *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* 1944.

LILLIAN GISH (Lillian Diana de Guiche, 14 October 1893, Springfield, Ohio—27 February 1993, heart failure) is as much institution as actress. She was a major star in the silent era, then kept being rediscovered in the sound era. Her first film was *An Unseen Enemy* 1912 and her last *The Whales of August* 1987, which is to say, she was on camera for most of film's first century. In her later years she

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER
(United Artists 1955, 93 minutes)

Robert Mitchum....Rev. Harry Powell
Shelley Winters....Willa Harper
Lillian Gish.... Rachel Cooper
James GleasonBirdie Steptoe
Evelyn Varden....Icey Spoon
Peter Graves....Ben Harper
Don Beddoe....Walt Spoon
Billy Chapin....John Harper
Sally Jane Bruce....Pearl Harper
Paul Bryar....Bart the Hangman

Director...**Charles Laughton**
Director of children...**Robert Mitchum**
Writing credit...**James Agee** (but really written by **Charles Laughton**, uncredited)
Based on the novel by **Davis Grubb**
Producer... **Paul Gregory**
Original music by **Walter Schumann**
Cinematographer...**Stanley Cortez**
Film Editor...**Robert Golden**
Art Director... **Hilyard M. Brown**

did a good deal of dramatic work on television. Some of her ninety or so films are *The Unforgiven* 1960, *Portrait of Jennie* 1948, *Duel in the Sun* 1946, *Romola* 1924, *Orphans of the Storm* 1921, *Way Down East* 1920, *Broken Blossoms* 1919, *Intolerance* 1916, *Enoch Arden* 1915, and *The Birth of a Nation* 1915. In 1913 she appeared in 14 films, including *Madonna of the Storm*, *The Lady and the Mouse*, *The Left-Handed Man*, and *A Misunderstood Boy*. The next year she was in 20 films. Stars got out more in those days. She won an honorary Academy Award in 1971 and the American Film Institute's Life Achievement Award in 1984.

SHELLEY WINTERS (Shirley Schrift, 18 August 1922, East Saint Louis, Illinois) came, in the latter part of her career, to be the film master of playing brassy broads, but in her earlier years she was equally adept at portraying women who trusted guys we knew they shouldn't have trusted (as in tonight's film) or as inconvenient women who got mixed up with guys they naively thought would finally Do the Right Thing (as the doomed Alice Tripp in *A Place in the Sun* 1951 and Myrtle Wilson in *The Great Gatsby* 1949). Some of her other films are *La Bomba* 1999, *The Portrait of a Lady* 1996, *The Delta Force* 1986, *Fanny Hill* 1983, *S.O.B.* 1981, *King of the Gypsies* 1978, *Poor Pretty Eddy* 1973 (aka *Black Vengeance*, *Heartbreak Motel*, *Redneck County*, and *Redneck County Rape*), *Cleopatra Jones* 1973, *The Poseidon Adventure* 1972, *Arthur!* *Arthur!* 1969, *Alfie* 1966, *Harper* 1966, *A House Is Not a Home* 1964, *The Balcony* 1963, *Lolita* 1962, *The Diary of Anne Frank* 1959, *Executive Suite* 1954, *Winchester '73* 1950, *A Double Life* 1947, and *What a Woman!* 1943 (uncredited, a bit part, her first film role). She won Best Supporting Actress Oscars for *A Patch of Blue* 1965 and *The Diary of Anne Frank*, and was nominated for the same award for *The Poseidon Adventure* 1972 and *A Place in the Sun*.

JAMES AGEE (27 November 1909, Knoxville, Tennessee—16 May 1955, New York, New York, heart attack) wrote one of the few 20th century American prose masterpieces, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. He won a posthumous Pulitzer Prize for his autobiographical novel *A Death in the Family*, which was made into a tv film three times—1971 and 1981 with the title "All the Way Home" and 2001 with the title "A Death in the Family." His relation to tonight's film is problematic: he gave Laughton a script so detailed and huge it was unshootable, so Laughton, only a short time before photography began, wrote his own script. We've not been able to find a copy of Agee's script, so there's no knowing what, if anything, Laughton's shooting script takes from it. His logophilia notwithstanding, Agee seemed a perfect choice for the scriptwriting job: he knew that part of the country well, and he'd previously done nearly all of the Academy Award-nominated script for John Huston's *The African Queen* 1951. His informed and literate columns on film in *The Nation* and *Time* (collected in *Agee on Film*) are generally regarded as the genesis of modern film criticism.

STANLEY CORTEZ (Stanislaus Kranz, 4 November 1908, New York, New York—23 December 1997, Hollywood) won the American Society of Cinematographers' Lifetime Achievement Award in 1990 and was nominated for best cinematography Oscars for *Since You Went Away* 1944 and *The Magnificent Ambersons* 1942. Among his other 70 films are *Another Man, Another Woman* 1977, *The Bridge at Remagen* 1969, *The Ghost in the Invisible Bikini* 1966, *The Candidate* 1964, *Shock Corridor* 1963, *The Three Faces of Eve* 1957, *Abbott and Costello Meet Captain Kidd* 1952 and *Four Days' Wonder* 1936

ROGER EBERT ON NIGHT OF THE HUNTER:

Charles Laughton's "The Night of the Hunter" (1955) is one of the greatest of all American films, but has never received the attention it deserves because of its lack of the proper trappings. Many "great movies" are by great directors, but Laughton directed only this one film, which was a critical and commercial failure long overshadowed by his acting career. Many great movies use actors who come draped in respectability and prestige, but Robert Mitchum has always been a raffish outsider. And many great movies are realistic, but "Night of the Hunter" is an expressionistic oddity, telling its chilling story through visual fantasy. People don't know how to categorize it, so they leave it off their

lists.

Yet what a compelling, frightening and beautiful film it is! And how well it has survived its period. Many films from the mid-1950s, even the good ones, seem somewhat dated now, but by setting his story in an invented movie world outside conventional realism, Laughton gave it a timelessness. Yes, the movie takes place in a small town on the banks of a river. But the town looks as artificial as a Christmas card scene, the family's house with its strange angles inside and out looks too small to live in, and the river becomes a set so obviously artificial it could have been built for a completely stylized studio film like "Kwaidan" (1964).

Everybody knows the Mitchum character, the sinister "Reverend" Harry Powell. Even those who haven't seen the movie have heard about the knuckles of his two hands, and how one has the letters H-A-T-E tattooed on them, and the other the letters L-O-V-E. Bruce Springsteen drew on those images in his song "Cautious Man":

On his right hand Billy'd tattooed the word "love" and on his left
hand was the word "fear"
And in which hand he held his fate was never clear

Many movie lovers know by heart the Reverend's famous explanation to the wide-eyed boy ("Ah, little lad, you're staring at my fingers. Would you like me to tell you the little story of right-hand/left-hand?") And the scene where the Reverend stands at the top of the stairs and calls down to the boy and his sister has become the model for a hundred other horror scenes.

But does this familiarity give "The Night of the Hunter" the recognition it deserves? I don't think so because those famous trademarks distract from its real accomplishment. It is one of the most frightening of movies, with one of the most unforgettable of villains, and on both of those scores it holds up as well after four decades as I expect "The Silence of the Lambs" to do many years from now....

The screenplay, based on a novel by Davis Grubb, is credited to James Agee, one of the icons of American film writing and criticism, then in the final throes of alcoholism. Laughton's widow, Elsa Lanchester, is adamant in her autobiography: "Charles finally had very little respect for Agee. And he hated the script, but he was inspired by his hatred." She quotes the film's producer, Paul Gregory: "... the script that was produced on the screen is no more James Agee's . . . than I'm Marlene Dietrich."

Who wrote the final draft? Perhaps Laughton had a hand. Lanchester and Laughton both remembered that Mitchum was invaluable as a help in working with the two children, whom Laughton could not stand. But the final film is all Laughton's, especially the dreamy, Bible-evoking final sequence, with Lillian Gish presiding over events like an avenging elderly angel.

Robert Mitchum is one of the great icons of the second half-century of cinema. Despite his sometimes scandalous off-screen reputation, despite his genial willingness to sign on to half-baked projects, he made a group of films that led David Thomson, in his Biographical Dictionary of Film, to ask, "How can I offer this hunk as one of the best actors in the movies?" And answer: "Since the war, no American actor has made more first-class films, in so many different moods." "The Night of the Hunter," he observes, represents "the only time in his career that Mitchum acted outside himself," by which he means there is little of the Mitchum persona in the Preacher.

Mitchum is uncannily right for the role, with his long face, his gravel voice, and the silky tones of a snake-oil salesman. And Shelly Winters, all jitters and repressed sexual hysteria, is somehow convincing as she falls so prematurely into, and out of, his arms. The supporting actors are like a chattering gallery of Norman Rockwell archetypes, their lives centered on bake sales, soda fountains and gossip. The children, especially the little girl, look more odd than lovable, which helps the film move away from realism and into stylized nightmare. And Lillian Gish and Stanley Cortez quite deliberately, I think, composed that great shot of her which looks like nothing so much as Whistler's

mother holding a shotgun.

FROM CHARLES LAUGHTON A DIFFICULT ACTOR. SIMON CALLOW, GROVE PRESS, NY, 1987.

[epigraph] "I'm not a genius. There's no room for genius in the theatre, it's too much trouble. The only actor I ever knew who was a genius was Charles Laughton. That's maybe why he was so difficult."
Sir Laurence Olivier on his 80th birthday

[George Bernard Shaw, a trustee of the Royal Academy, after observing young Laughton do scenes from *Pygmalion*] "You were perfectly dreadful as Higgins but I predict a brilliant career for you within the year."

The Night of the Hunter, a novel by Davis Grubb, had been on the best-seller lists early in '54, and Gregory snapped it up, seeing the whole project, as usual, in one. They would make a film of it, Charles would direct, and the leading character, the murderous Preacher, would be played by Robert Mitchum. The book was, in fact, right up Laughton's street, rather self-consciously cadenced prose, evoking a Southern world of oppressive communities, simple emotions, hymns, picnics, decency and destruction. He later made a recording of excerpts from the book, in which, backed by the film's soundtrack, he makes a very persuasive case for its virtues, though it has not, according to those who know, 'worn well'. It certainly tells its tale powerfully and hauntingly; "American Gothic" as Carrie Rickey calls it, in which the deadpan, hypnotic voice of the story-teller is always present. So Laughton was definitely on; and the moment he offered it to Mitchum, so was he. The extraordinary combination of these two men was a success from the start: "This character I want you to play is a diabolical shit," said Laughton. "Present," replied Mitchum. He was their banker: United Artists put up the relatively meager sum involved (\$700,000) on the strength of his name. Laughton then cast Shelley Winters, his sometime pupil and recent Oscar nominee (for *A Place in the Sun*), to play opposite Mitchum, to Mitchum's considerable disgust; but his trust in Laughton seems to have been absolute.

Laughton had a strong hunch that the appropriate visual world for *Night of the Hunter* was D.W. Griffith's, and accordingly re-ran all his movies. Quite apart from the power of the films themselves, he was overwhelmed by the work of Lillian Gish, who in her unassailable virginity, delicate but indestructible, touched some deep place in him. Charles Higham perceptively describes her as Kabuki-like, and there's something of the onnegata about her; but Laughton's response was more than merely aesthetic—one of the indelible memories of his life was having seen her in *Broken Blossoms* in France, just after the Armistice had been declared. He said he had fallen in love with her then. Her grace, her girlishness, her lack of sexual threat may have combined to form an image of the eternal feminine, an anima, almost, some idealised version of his own feminine self, perhaps. Anyway, he cast her, and when, in her infinitely courteous way, she asked him why he wanted her in the film. His reply would have pleased Brecht: "When I first went to the movies they sat in their seats straight and leaned forward. Now they slump down, with their heads back or eat candy and popcorn. I want them to sit up straight again." Their meeting was only slightly marred by the presence of the film's screenwriter, James Agee, in a state of charmlless inebriation; but he soon left them. He remained with the film a little longer, just long enough, according to Paul Gregory, for Charles "to have a vision and some inspiration to write his own script. . .out of the terrible disagreements with Agee." On the face of it, the author of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* was the ideal man to adapt Grubb's novel. His skills as a screenwriter were not to be sniffed at, either, on the strength of *The African Queen*; but everyone in Hollywood except, apparently, Laughton and Paul Gregory knew that he was drinking himself, in short order, into the grave. The script he handed Laughton after a summer working by the pool at the house on Curson Avenue was 350-pages long, and, according to his biographer, not an adaptation at all: "he had re-created a cinematic version of it in extraordinary detail. He specified use of newsreel

footage to document the story's setting and added any number of elaborate, impractical montages." Shooting was only weeks away, so Laughton took on the screenwriting himself. Thus manoeuvred into a position of sole creative responsibility, he proved himself a master. The script is good enough to have been passed off for years (in *Five Film Scripts* by James Agee) as the work of a seasoned genius. As a first screenplay it's a triumph both of structure and sustained tone. To put it mildly, he knew what he was doing.

Stanley Cortez was his chosen cinematographer. Famous for his dandyish ways ('the Baron,' he was nicknamed) and his advanced technical experiments, he was happy to share his knowledge with Laughton. . . . Cortez was something of a poet; something of a wild man too: "To hell with all this caution! To hell with this academic approach!" he exclaims in *Sources of Light*. "There are times when nature is dull: change it." Like Laughton, he got his inspiration from outside his own discipline. "I often will revert to music as a key for photographic effect." They spurred each other on. "Apart from *The Ambersons*, the most exciting experience I have had in the cinema was with Charles Laughton on *Night of the Hunter*. . . every day I consider something new about light, that incredible thing that can't be described. Of the directors I've worked with, only two have understood it: Orson Welles and Charles Laughton."

Laughton was fortunate, too, in his choice of second-unit directors, Terry and Denis Sanders, whose documentary film *A Time out of War* eventually won an Oscar. "Brother Sanders!" he greeted the twenty-year-old Terry, fresh out of UCLA; "Brother Laughton!" the young man cried back. He sat them, down and drew precise, spindly, line drawings of every shot he wanted—the relation of everything to everything else in the frame, and that is what they shot, on location in Ohio: the ravishing overhead shots of the children as they drift down the river. All the rest, the haunting nature scenes on the riverbank, owls, frogs, rabbits and all, were shot in the Studio; the tank on Stage Fifteen in the case of the riverbank. "When I tell people that, they turn white," writes Cortez. His technical inventions on the film are numberless, and give rise to scenes the like of which barely exist in the American cinema. The results, however, are invariable simple and poetic in feeling; nowhere a trace of conscious virtuosity. The legendary sequence in which Shelley Winters drowns in her car was achieved with extreme ingenuity and much hardware; the effect is simple, lyrical, and haunting.

Laughton's collaborative instincts worked at every level.

As for Mitchum, he has frequently maintained that it's his best performance, and that Laughton was his best director. Laughton's belief in him, his conviction that "Bob is one of the best actors in the world" is unlikely to have made much difference to this man whose inability to accept praise is notorious; what probably did the trick was Laughton's discovery in him of a private self different from the public one. "All this tough talk is a blind, you know," he told *Esquire* magazine. "He's a literate, gracious, kind man, with wonderful manners, and he speaks beautifully—when he wants to. He's a very tender man and a very great gentleman. You know, he's really terribly shy." They had recognised in each other a man at war with himself. When Mitchum, incensed by Paul Gregory, had urinated in the radiator of Gregory's car. Laughton phoned him: "My boy, there are skeletons in all our closets. And most of us try to cover up these skeletons. . . my dear Bob. . . you drag forth the skeletons, you swing them in the air, in fact you brandish your skeletons. Now, Bob, you must stop brandishing your skeletons!" But Laughton brandished his own favorite skeleton to Mitchum. "I don't know if you know, and I don't know if you care, and I don't care if you know, but there is a strong streak of homosexuality in me," he told Mitchum as they bowled along the freeway. "No shit!" cried Mitchum. "Stop the car!" Who knows what Mitchum's skeletons are—that is to say, what the original skeletons are; there are plenty of acquired ones which have been all too well publicised. The interesting thing is that Laughton, normally ill at ease with uniformly masculine men was very comfortable with Mitchum, and that Mitchum's performance in *Night of the Hunter* is to a striking degree delicate, seductive, soft-eyed. Even in the

scenes of greatest menace, there remains a sinuousness most unlike the monolithically machistic performances which form the bulk of his work. The laconic, smiling, almost humorous quality he brings to Preacher in no wise distracts from the menace; it only enhances it.

Interestingly, Lillian Gish was anxious during filming that Laughton might have undercut Preacher's evil, and told him so. Laughton's reply, "For Mitchum to play this all evil might be bad for his future. . . I'm not going to ruin that young man's career," though humorously meant (and an echo of what he'd said on two previous stage shows), indicates a certain protective, fatherly feeling, confirmed by Elsa Lanchester's remark: "Charles was patient with him because Mitchum was going to be one of his children."

Miss Gish herself brings to her rôle everything Laughton wanted: her scrubbed, sturdy radiance and power of nurture are the perfect polarity to Mitchum's greasiness. She is the spirit of absolution and healing in the film, and discharges her function as no one else could have done, with a kind of secular sanctity which cannot be forged. As for the children, they too are perfect; which is something of a mystery, because Laughton kept as far away from them as possible. His special loathing was reserved for the little girl, Sally Bruce, but he didn't have much time either for Billy Chapin as John after Mitchum had given Billy a note: "Do you think John's frightened of the Preacher?" "Nope," said Billy Chapin. "Then you don't know the Preacher and you don't know John." "Oh really?" said Billy. "That's probably why I just won the New York Critics' Circle Prize." "Get that child away from me," roared Laughton. Thereafter Mitchum directed the boy—with the most remarkable results. Odd paradox, that Laughton should have failed to create any rapport with the children, when it was his vision that the entire film should be a child's nightmare.

These sections, the opening and closing shots, are perhaps the least successful; they are what the film never is elsewhere: sentimental. The stars are partly the cause of that, but the main culprit is the music, elevated and replete with angelic voices of children. It serves a valuable function, in taking the film out of the realistic groove from the very beginning, but the effect is syrupy, not sublime.

The visual aspect of the film is of course paramount, as it could hardly fail to be, the outcome of a collaboration between two supremely visually-oriented artists. Laughton contributed everything he knew by way of pictorial composition; Cortez ensured the intensification of every image. There isn't an undistinguished frame in the picture; as in Welles' work, every picture tells a story. The famous A-frame of the roof in Willa's death room, the image of Preacher hanging upside down in his bunk in the jailhouse, the strange light which plays on Preacher's face while he tries to ingratiate himself with John, the boat carrying the children gently downstream; this is visual poetry of the most sensuous kind. The abiding impression of the film is its physicality. Sex and nature loom through the film at all points; nature a kind of all-permeating presence, now in the background, now in the foreground, but always palpable, always *there*. Sex, from the first glimpse of Preacher in a strip-club, his eyes clouded with homicidal rage, as the flick-knife in his pocket tears phallically through the cloth, to the intimations of Willa Harper's nubile longings, the dry and brutal talk of Icey ("I've been married to my Walt for forty years and I swear in all that time I'd just lie there thinking about my canning") and the all-bursting, uncontrollable sexuality of Ruby, one of Lillian Gish's wards, face painted, lips pouting, irresistibly drawn to the Preacher. All this sex is somehow threatening, perverted or disgusting; except, that is, to Gish. Ruby can confess to her: "I've been bad." "You was looking for *love*, child, the only foolish way you knowed how" Gish tells Ruby, "we all need love."

Reviewing the film on its first appearance in France, François Truffaut wrote: "It makes us fall in love again with an experimental cinema that truly experiments, and a cinema of discovery that, in fact,

discovers." Another way of putting this is that the creative moment remains present in the finished result, what Brecht had called "the active creative element, the making of art." That is what had frequently distinguished Laughton's performances in the past; it is supremely true of this film. "Every day," wrote Cortez, "the marvelous team that made that picture would meet and discuss the next day's work. It was designed from day to day in fullest detail, so that the details seemed fresh, fresher than if we had done the whole thing in advance...."

Alas, it was a flop. Critically, it did moderately well—misunderstood, treated as a thriller which wasn't quite thrilling enough, or a parable of which the moral was none too clear—but commercially it was a disaster. As far as the box office is concerned. Paul Gregory was inclined to attribute its failure to United Artists' favouring of the next Mitchum, *Not as a Stranger* (which in fact he had started filming even before *Night of the Hunter* was completed), a much bigger production altogether, five million dollars against *Night of the Hunter's* seventy-five thousand [sic]. It is easy to see, however, that *Night of the Hunter* would never be a popular hit. Not only is the subject-matter complex, the movie itself has a poetic and imagistic density which makes it somewhat indigestible on first viewing.

Both Billy Wilder and Truffaut drew attention to the inadvisability of starting one's career as a director with such a film: "The film runs counter to the rules of commercialism; it will probably be Laughton's single experience as a director," wrote the Frenchman. Another man, however, might have risen above the disappointment; Laughton was neither of the age nor the temperament to do so. It broke his heart. He was, in the words of more than one witness, destroyed by it.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

If you want to check your memory on any lines in tonight's film, one version of the script is online at <http://www.un-official.com/noh.htm>

SING, SING, SING

And if you find yourself humming the song they keep singing, here are the words:

Leaning On the Everlasting Arms Text: Elisha A. Hoffman, Music: Anthony J. Showalter

What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the everlasting arms; What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the everlasting arms. Leaning, leaning, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning, leaning, Leaning on the everlasting arms.	Leaning, leaning, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning, leaning, Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the everlasting arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the everlasting arms.	What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the everlasting arms; I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlasting arms. Leaning, leaning, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning, leaning, Leaning on the everlasting arms.

COMING UP NEXT WEEK, TUESDAY OCT 30:

Alexander Mackendrick, *Sweet Smell of Success* 1957

Success doesn't get much grubbier than this. "Searing Clifford Odets-Ernest Lehman script about ruthless, all-powerful columnist J.J. Hunsecker (Burt Lancaster) and smarmy press agent (Tony Curtis),

who'll do anything to curry his favor. Vivid performances, fine jazz score by Elmer Bernstein, outstanding camerawork by James Wong Howe that perfectly captures NYC nightlife." "*Sweet Smell of Success* is one of those rare films," wrote Roger Ebert, "where you remember the names of characters because you remember them—as people, as types, as benchmarks." Selected for the National Film Registry.

AN ALTERNATIVE TO BURLY GUYS IN FLASHY COLORS....

You think you're going to be transported to emotional plateaus watching burly guys in flashy colors run around and bump into one another for two hours? There's better stuff going on at the Market Arcade Sunday afternoon. And you can watch the burly guys bump Monday night. Every Sunday at 3:00 p.m., the Market Arcade offers a different great film in its Sunday Classics series, curated by M. Faust. Next Sunday it's Marc Caro's and Jean-Pierre Junet's *City of Lost Children*. For a complete schedule with descriptions of each film visit the Sunday Classics web site:
<http://www.sundayclassics.com>.

ONLINE HANDOUTS

No, not six bits for a cup of pixillated joe. **These handouts**. Several people have asked us to make them available online. We can't do the entire files with all the graphics because they usually run over one meg each, but we are posting all the BFS handouts with just the text and the series logo and the appropriate poster (the stuff on the upper part of page one) in Adobe Acrobat format. These files run about 500K each, still hefty, but they won't tie up your modem forever. If you want any of them, click on the website and follow the links to both the Acrobat files and a free Acrobat download if you don't already have it. We've posted all this season's handouts, including this one, and, when time permits, we'll post the notes for the films in the first three series as well. From now on, we'll try to get the text part of each week's handout on the web site by Sunday evening in case you want to look it over before we meet at MAFAC on Tuesday.

**Email DIANE engdc@acsu.buffalo.edu email BRUCE bjackson@buffalo.edu. For the complete BFS FALL SCHEDULE, with notes and links for each film, visit our website:
<http://www.buffalofilmseminars.com>**