

**Monday, July 23, 7:30 pm**

We may not all live in a Yellow Submarine, but we can all be in a theater watching the movie this summer. In honor of the movie's 50th anniversary, The Beatles' landmark animated feature Yellow Submarine will return to theaters in July. Abramorama has partnered with Apple and Universal Music for the special screenings, which will be taking place all across North America. Here's what Richard Abramowitz, CEO of Abramorama, had to say about the upcoming re-release:

"We're thrilled to have the privilege of bringing Yellow Submarine back to the big screen so that 3 generations of happy Beatles fans can enjoy the ground-breaking animation and classic tunes and that have long been part of our collective cultural DNA."

Even if you've seen Yellow Submarine previously, catching it in a theater may well be worth your time. Not only because seeing something like this on a big screen with like-minded Beatles fans will be fun, but because Yellow Submarine has been restored in 4K digital resolution by Paul Rutan Jr. and a team of specialists at Triage Motion Picture Services and Eque Inc. The movie's songs and score were remixed in 5.1 stereo surround sound at UMG's Abbey Road Studios, a place synonymous with The Beatles, by music mix engineer Peter Cobbin.



Due to the delicate nature of the hand-drawn original artwork used in the movie, no automated software was used in the digital clean-up of the film's restored photochemical elements. This was all done by hand, frame by frame. A painstaking process, but one that will surely pay off visually. Abramorama previously partnered with Apple, Imagine Entertainment, White Horse Pictures, StudioCanal and UMG's Polygram Entertainment on Ron Howard's documentary titled The Beatles: Eight Days a Week - The Touring Years, which arrived on Hulu last year.

Directed by George Dunning, and written by Lee Minoff, Al Brodax, Jack Mendelsohn and Erich Segal, Yellow Submarine, inspired by the song of the same name, was released when The Beatles were at the height of their powers. However, John, Paul, George and Ringo famously didn't actually voice their respective characters in the movie. They participated by contributing the music and only participated in the final scene in the movie. Still, despite that, this is a beloved bit of iconography for hardcore Beatles fans. Outside of its importance to music fans, the animation world recognizes Yellow Submarine for its innovative animation techniques and style.



Yellow Submarine, as a song, was included on The Beatles' legendary album Revolver in 1966 and was the relatively rare song in their catalog to feature a lead vocal from drummer Ringo Starr. The song was written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney and, even though it was meant to be a song for children, it inspired various, deeper interpretations and was the starting point for this animated feature. The movie includes songs such as Eleanor Rigby, When I'm Sixty-Four, and Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds.

*The music-loving inhabitants of Pepperland are under siege by the Blue Meanies, a nasty group of music-hating creatures. The Lord Mayor of Pepperland dispatches sailor Old Fred to Liverpool, England, where he is to recruit the help of the Beatles. The sympathetic Beatles ride a yellow submarine to the occupied Pepperland, where the Blue Meanies have no chance against the Fab Four's groovy tunes.*



This program serves as a fundraiser for the After Hours Film Society's Anim8 Student Film Festival.

Special Ticket Pricing Applies: \$8 Members | \$12 Non-Members

# LET THE SUN SHINE IN

**Monday, August 13, 7:30 pm**

By Justin Chang | LA Times Not Rated 94 Mins.

Toward the end of "Let the Sunshine In," Claire Denis' wise and exquisite new movie, Isabelle, a romantically hopeless and hopelessly romantic Parisian artist, seeks wisdom from a sort of psychic love doctor. (Isabelle is played, superbly, by Juliette Binoche; the actor who plays the psychic, also superbly, is best left for you to discover.) He counsels her to "be open," to not settle down with a partner too soon or close herself off to any of the men who might enter her life.

This advice, in some ways a more succinct version of the movie's English title (an imperfect translation of the French one, "Un Beau Soleil Intérieur"), might strike the viewer as both useless and redundant. Few could accuse Isabelle of not being open. Over the past 90 minutes or so, we have watched her drift with weary optimism from one lover to the next. She has rejected as many men as she has embraced, but never without giving them the full measure of her sharp, curious and startlingly honest consideration.

"Open" is also a good word to describe the sensibility of the French writer-director Claire Denis, who, in brilliantly elliptical films like "Beau Travail" and "The Intruder," refuses to approach the world with a rigid narrative template in hand. The same is equally true of her tender, intimate relationship studies, like "Friday Night" and "35 Shots of Rum," which are particularly attuned to the uncertainties of human existence, culminating in moments of bittersweet realization that seem to have been arrived at honestly rather than determined in advance.

"Let the Sunshine In" belongs in their company, even if the moment of realization, in this case, is suspended indefinitely. Denis and her writing partner, the novelist and playwright Christine Angot, have woven a sublime comedy of sexual indecision. They mine Isabelle's affairs for humor as well as heartache, and do it with such delicacy that you may be hard-pressed to tell which is which. What do women want? More movies as emotionally intelligent and fine-grained as this one, I suspect, and I can attest that they are hardly alone.

But if there is such a thing as the Denis touch (with apologies to Ernst Lubitsch), then it is as difficult to nail down as it is to reproduce. Even if Hollywood were in the habit of taking middle-aged female desire seriously, rather than viewing it as something to be dismissed, sentimentalized or condescended to, "Let the Sunshine In" would feel like a remarkably singular achievement. No picture with a heroine like Isabelle could really be anything else.

Binoche turns Isabelle into a kaleidoscope of human emotion: She's sensitive, charming, prickly, impulsive, analytical and never uninteresting. The story finds her recently divorced and at a transitional point in her career, though those details are left pointedly unexamined. Over the course of a few days, weeks and possibly months (the length of time that elapses between scenes is slyly indeterminate), Isabelle grazes from a buffet of suitors spanning a wide range of ages, professions, temperaments and body types.

The unambiguous worst of the lot is Vincent (an excellent Xavier Beauvois), a happily married banker who treats Isabelle with the same boorish entitlement inside and outside the bedroom. (Early on the two have a drink at a bar, the gliding movement of the camera and the lengthy duration of the shot suggesting both restlessness and entrapment.) Isabelle's next beau, an unhappily married stage actor (Nicholas Duvauchelle), seems gallant by comparison, though his endless hesitation reveals him to be a similarly irritating study in self-absorption.

There are other men, too, and the movie sifts through them almost distractedly, as though expressing its heroine's own mounting impatience. There is her ex-husband, François (Laurent Grévill), with whom she has a 10-year-old daughter and a complicated emotional history that's distilled into two brief, potent encounters. Sylvain (Paul Blain), a working-class loner, sweeps her off her feet in a small-town club, but their passion is overshadowed by questions of long-term compatibility. Closer to home is an art-world friend, Marc (Alex Descas), whose quiet, reserved demeanor suggests all manner of tantalizing possibilities.

Language and its innumerable pitfalls are a rich and endless source of comic anxiety. Isabelle can be forcefully eloquent one minute and hopelessly tongue-tied the next, in a movie that is very much about people struggling to find the right words to express themselves. It's possible to imagine Denis and Angot enduring a similar collaborative process; they initially conceived the picture as an adaptation of "A Lover's Discourse: Fragments," a 1977 essay by the late French theorist Roland Barthes. They quickly scrapped that idea in favor of their own discourse, rooted in their personal histories, but the concept of fragmentation remains.

"Let the Sunshine In" might be the lightest, most charming *divertissement* of Denis' career, but beneath its seductive, glowing surface (gorgeously photographed by the director's regular collaborator Agnès Godard), the internal rhythms are as rigorous and elusive as in any of her work. Isabelle's affairs flow together with no interest in tidy beginnings or conclusive endings. We remember them, in retrospect, as a series of arguments and embraces and moody car rides home. There's also one blissfully impromptu dance sequence, set to Etta James' "At Last," that reaffirms Denis' genius for turning popular music into the perfect cinematic moment.

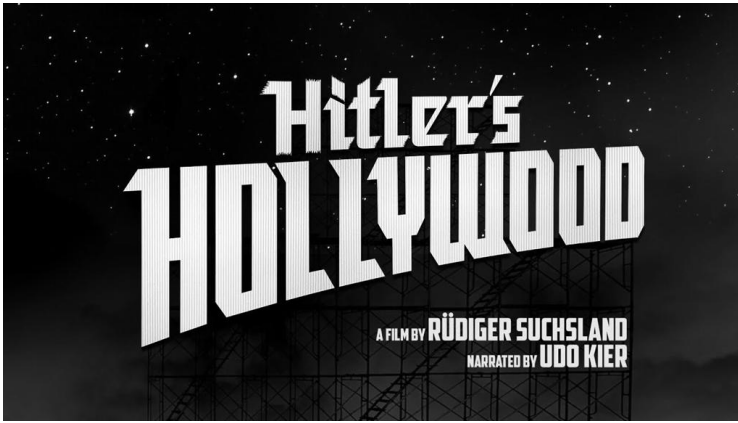
By the end, the question of whether she will find Monsieur Right feels both unanswerable and beside the point. "Let the Sunshine In" is structured around a rigorously simple, even radical idea: The time we spend with each of Isabelle's lovers is worthwhile only to the extent that it helps her discover something essential about who she is. At times the movie is about nothing more (or less) profound than the play of conflicting emotions on Binoche's face, the coherence with which she can pivot, in a single scene, from laughing serenity to piercing self-doubt.

The average (and even above-average) romantic comedy directs its energies toward securing a happy outcome for its characters. "Let the Sunshine In" is bound by no such obligation, or indeed any obligation to anyone except Isabelle and her own openness. Another word for which might be freedom — to choose, to enjoy, to find fault, to keep looking. In French with English subtitles.

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## Monday, August 27, 7:30 pm

By *Kenneth Turan | LA Times* Not Rated 100 Mins.

Germans, just like Americans, were big filmgoers during World War II, but what exactly did they watch, and what did it all mean?

"Hitler's Hollywood: German Cinema in the Age of Propaganda," a fascinating film that is as thorough as it is idiosyncratic, provides an answer.

As directed by Rüdiger Suchsland, this German-language documentary borrows a theme from film historian Siegfried Kracauer that, as Suchsland puts it, "films contain the collective unconscious of the period in which they were created."

In Germany at the time, film was a state-controlled industry very much under the authority of Joseph Goebbels, the Reich's minister of propaganda, so much so that Suchsland argues that Goebbels alone should be considered the auteur of Germany's output.

What the party wanted was to in effect create a second Hollywood, a mass entertainment complex that would, the film posits, be better than life, creating emotion and spectacle, appealing to the heart and the eyes.

Suchsland estimates that some 1,000 films were made during the Reich era, and he says that although barely known today they are better than their reputation and definitely worth a second look.

"What does cinema know that we don't?" he asks. "What does it reveal; what does it conceal?"

Although the voice-over of "Hitler's Hollywood" is thoughtful and provocative, quoting not only Kracauer but Hannah Arendt and Susan Sontag, what makes this film come alive is, not surprisingly, the clips from these ventures.

Expected titles such as Leni Riefenstahl's "Triumph of the Will" get their due — as does the celebrated flying cannonball scene from "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" — but many of the films that get a shout out are likely to be unfamiliar.

These include "Hitler Youth Quex," about a young man who spurns the tawdry free love of Communism for the rigor and order of the Nazi Party, and "Wunschkonzert," in which a young couple meet cute at the celebrated opening ceremony of the 1936 Olympics.

Considerably stranger, at least in the clip shown, is the veteran G.W. Pabst's "Paracelsus," with a bizarre St. Vitus sequence seeming to question Nazi obedience.

"Hitler's Hollywood" is especially strong in pointing out tendencies in Nazi cinema — the way it offered audiences escape from ordinary reality as well as indoctrination.

This was, Suchsland says, an artificially perfect world of forced cheerfulness, a place of "constant if rather strained joviality."

It also was a world that applauded self-sacrifice in the name of duty, that conveyed a mystical yearning for death, so much so that "every death was a happy death." Actress Kristina Söderbaum perished so often on screen that some called her "the Reich's floating corpse."

Anti-Semitism was, not surprisingly, also a major theme, in films like "The Eternal Jew" and "Jud Suss." The later was directed by the accomplished Veit Harlan. "No other director," Suchsland says, "made such perfidious films at such a high level."



"Hitler's Hollywood" also introduces us to some of the Reich's stars, most notably Ilse Werner, a woman with a notably modern acting style whose films included "Wunschkonzert." Her father, we are told, turned down an MGM contract for his daughter so she could star for Germany. A sad story all around.

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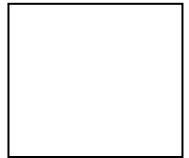
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LET THE  
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SHINE IN

"Exquisite! Juliette Binoche brings luminous intensity  
and wicked humor."

*Richard Brody, The New Yorker*

Monday, August 13 at 7:30 pm

"A frightening insight that could just as easily apply  
to the American political landscape today."

*Karen Cooper, Film Forum*

Monday, August 27 at 7:30 pm

