

# FOLLOW

## THE VICKERS THEATRE CINEMA



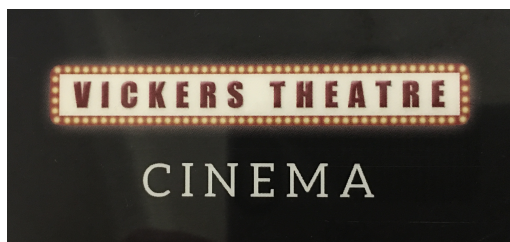
@The Vickers Theatre



@Vickerstheatre

VISIT US AT OUR WEBSITE:

[www.vickerstheatre.com](http://www.vickerstheatre.com)



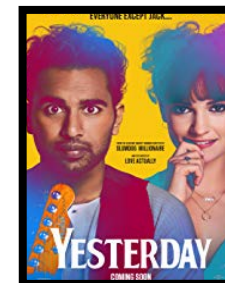
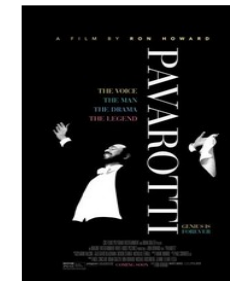
Give the gift of a  
**VICKERS GIFT CARD**  
to your favorite friend or  
family member.  
Any amount/never expires.

# VICKERS THEATRE

*A Century of Fine Cinema*

## AUGUST 2019

All Movies and Events are Eastern Time Zone



**Summer Hours:**

**Open 7 days a week all summer long**

6 North Elm Street, Three Oaks, MI 49128

[www.vickerstheatre.com](http://www.vickerstheatre.com) 269-756-3522

# PAVAROTTI

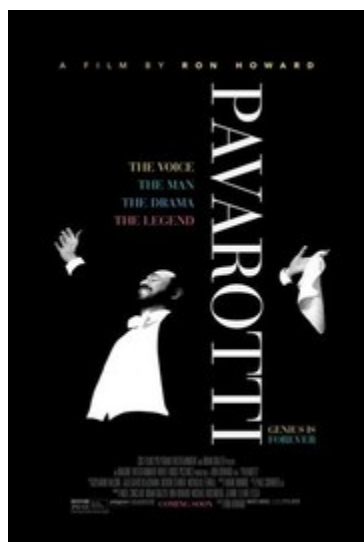
1hr 54min Rated PG-13

08/02	Friday	9:00 pm
08/03	Saturday	3:00 & 9:00 pm
08/04	Sunday	3:00 pm

*"It was a heck of a life and Howard traces it reverently".  
Brian Viner, Daily Mail (UK)*

Ron Howard may be the least Italian human being on planet Earth. But the director pays fitting, if also at times predictable and fulsome tribute to Luciano Pavarotti in his documentary "Pavarotti." The tenor was the most famous, popular and remarkable opera star of his time as well as a philanthropist, whose worldwide legacy still thrives after his death in 2007. Born in Modena, Italy, the son of a baker, young Luciano studied to become an elementary school teacher before marrying his youthful sweetheart and having three daughters in quick succession with her. During this time, Luciano also studied music and opera and soon won his first award for singing opera in Wales. He made his professional stage debut in 1961 in a production of "La Boheme." It was the start of a skyrocketing career that took him around the world, where he made important friends, Princess Diana for one, and enchanted enormous crowds. He made his London debut at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden. He was so popular, he was able with the help of his managers to fill stadiums and perform in enormous outdoor events. He was the rock star of 20th century opera singers, arguably more important even than pioneer Enrico Caruso. Born before World War II, Pavarotti saw the disasters of war, including, as a child, mass hangings in the streets. As an adult, he was a prankster, joyful, superstitious and childlike, and many of his charitable causes are aimed specifically at children. The film, which features frequent subtitles, comprises still photos, TV and other video footage and interviews with Pavarotti's friends, colleagues and family. The best of these are with his ex-wife Adua Veroni, who is

full of insights and whose appreciation for her ex-husband is commendable, and daughter Guiliana, who almost died in childhood and was her father's favorite. Nicoletta Montovani, who married Pavarotti despite a 34-year age difference, speaks of their daughter, who was born when the tenor was 60. Also on camera are Pavarotti's Three Tenors "band" members, Placido Domingo and Jose Carreras. Of course, the film is drenched in the sound of artist's greatest arias, as well as clips of the Three Tenors' most famous performances with maestro Zubin Mehta. Hearing the tenor hitting the nine high C's in Donizetti's "La Fille du Regiment" at the Met in 1973 is still thrilling. For fans, "Pavarotti" is operatic manna from heaven. *James Verniere, Boston Herald*



# CONVERSATIONS — WITH A — SUFFRAGIST

A Live Performance Featuring Megan Burnett



Wednesday, September 18th at 3:00 pm  
Vickers Theatre  
6 North Elm St, Three Oaks, MI

Thursday, September 19th at 7:30 pm  
Box Factory For The Arts  
1101 Broad St, St Joseph, MI



In this one-woman show, Burnett brings to life Kentucky suffragist, abolitionist, and author Mattie Griffith Browne! General Admission is \$10.00. To purchase tickets, please visit [vickerstheatre.com](http://vickerstheatre.com) or [boxfactoryforthearts.org](http://boxfactoryforthearts.org). Tickets may also be purchased at each venue's box office during regular box office hours. For more information, please call 773-677-2528.

This event is proudly sponsored by the League of Women Voters of Berrien and Cass Counties.



# THE FAREWELL

1hr 40min Rated PG

English & Mandarin languages

08/30	Friday	6:00 pm	09/05	Thursday	7:00 pm
08/31	Saturday	6:00 pm	09/06	Friday	TBA
09/01	Sunday	6:00 pm	09/07	Saturday	TBA
09/02	Monday	3:00 & 6 pm	09/08	Sunday	TBA

Sometimes, a movie just grabs hold of your heart and settles there. Such is the case with Lulu Wang’s beautiful “The Farewell,” a semi-autobiographical-drama/comedy (or comedy/drama; they’re so perfectly intertwined it’s hard to say which should come first) that begins with the onscreen words “Based on an Actual Lie.” Billi (Awkwafina), a struggling artist in Brooklyn, learns that her grandmother (Zhao Shuzhen), back in China, has been diagnosed with a fatal illness — and that the extended family has decided not to tell her. Hurrying overseas for what might be her last visit with Nai Nai, Billi reluctantly joins in the deception, trying to pretend that everything’s fine. “No matter how sad you feel, you cannot tell her,” warns an uncle. “The Farewell” immerses us in a family; sweeping us into their embrace, their quirks, their factions (Billi and her parents, who immigrated to America when Billi was a small child, are to an extent outsiders), their food, their stories. At the center of this whirl of aunts and uncles and cousins is bossy, beloved Nai Nai, who greets a trying-to-hold-it-together Billi with “You’re not that skinny” and enjoys stage-managing everyone’s business; she’s so busy holding court she doesn’t seem to notice that nearly everyone’s eyes are wet. You can look at this family and see, whoever you are, a warm shadow of your own. Wang has, through a portrait of a very specific clan (at one point, they slowly march toward the camera, like a sad army), crafted a universal story of family love. And the film’s silken threads — it’s shot in soft blues and grays and gentle light, with an ongoing theme of birds — are bound together by Awkwafina’s quiet, soulful performance, miles from her comedic turns in “Crazy Rich Asians” and

“Ocean’s Eight” Speaking in that unmistakable voice — it sounds like rust grew on it — but more often remaining silent, Billi gazes at Nai Nai like she’s guarding something precious. This young woman, for whom life so far hasn’t quite worked out as she’d like, sees her grandmother as an anchor, without whom she’ll be adrift. How can she say goodbye without saying goodbye? Awkwafina lets us see Billi’s pain through her posture, through her deadpan-tinged-with-mourning expression, through the sadness in her silent, needle-sharp gaze. All this sounds potentially depressing, but “The Farewell” is so unexpectedly and deliciously funny that watching it feels like a tonic — an immersion in love and art. By the time “The Farewell” hands us its final gift — well, I wished I had a grandma to call. It’s a film that pulls off a quiet miracle: it breaks your heart, and leaves you happy. *Maira Macdonald, Seattle Times*



# WILD ROSE

1hr 41min Rated R

08/02	Friday	6:00 pm	08/07	Wednesday	7:00 pm
08/03	Saturday	6:00 pm	08/08	Thursday	7:00 pm
08/04	Sunday	6:00 pm	08/09	Friday	9:15 pm
08/05	Monday	6:00 pm	08/10	Saturday	3:00 & 9:15 pm
			08/11	Sunday	3:00 pm

Talk about "A Star is Born." In "Wild Rose," Jessie Buckley is a supernova, a talent to latch onto and watch as she ascends into the stratosphere. The Irish actress and singer was astounding in last year's pitch black love story "Beast," which was seen by approximately 27 people, and she was seen by wider audiences as part of this year's HBO ensemble drama "Chernobyl." But in "Wild Rose," it's all Buckley, and this underdog tale of musical dreams and working class realities is the perfect vehicle for her to show off her stuff. Buckley stars as Rose-Lynn Harlan, a misfit from Glasgow who wants nothing more than to be a country music singer in Nashville. As if that path isn't complicated enough — have you heard a Glasgow accent lately? — Rose-Lynn is a mother of two and an ex-con in an ankle tether who spends her days working as a housekeeper. It's a sob story worthy of, well, a country song. Buckley makes it sing. Her Rose-Lynn, dressed in her tasseled leather jacket and white cowboy boots, is a firecracker whose short fuse is always lit. Her mother (Julie Walters) is fed up with her irresponsibility and the indifference she shows her children, and thinks its time she gives up her pipe dreams of country music stardom and grow up. But that dream is the only thing keeping Roe-Lynn alive. Singing around the spacious house where she takes a job tidying up for a well-to-do couple, Rose-Lynn impresses Susannah (Sophie Okonedo), who decides to back her career. She sets up a showcase for her in her garden for her 50th birthday, and invites along her wealthy friends to see Rose-Lynn in action and, in turn, crowdfund her dream. Though it has the underpinnings of a typical rags-to-riches music tale, "Wild Rose" —

directed by Tom Harper from a script by Nicole Taylor — avoids both cliches and the road typically traveled by these films. It's not just the Glasgow setting that gives it its teeth. It's Buckley's heartbreaking, heart-stopping performance, and her character's strict adherence to the old country music ethos of three chords and the truth. "Wild Rose" follows the same guidelines. When Rose-Lynn finds her way to the stage at Nashville's Ryman Auditorium, the film seems headed in one direction. But stay tuned. This isn't "A Star is Born," which took several shortcuts in turning Lady Gaga's Ally into an overnight sensation. "Wild Rose" is singing a different tune. Just don't be surprised when it winds up getting stuck in your head. *Adam Graham, Detroit News*



Harbor Country Progress & the Vickers Theatre  
presents the Community Movie:

## DO YOU TRUST THIS COMPUTER (2018)

1hr 18min Not Rated

**Tuesday, August 6 7:00 pm**

**Free Admission**  
**Group discussion following the movie**

**One Night Only**

We've opened Pandora's box: We've unleashed forces that we can't control, and we can't stop. We're in the midst of essentially creating a new life form on Earth." Had that quote come at the start of "Do You Trust Your Computer", you might think it hyperbole. Yet it's said at the end. By then the remark seems an understatement. This part-scary, part-spellbinding documentary, directed by Chris Paine ("Who Killed the Electric Car"), talks to a gaggle of experts about current artificial intelligence and about what the future appears destined to bring. Their warnings are so dire that you may start peering sideways at your cellphone, wondering what it's thinking. Elon Musk, Ray Kurzweil and others outline the power of big data and existing computer systems, and describe how such technologies have already manipulated world events, particularly recent elections. Worse yet are predictions that robots will displace millions of workers, and that autonomous weapons could wage unsupervised war. Though the film is heavier on summaries than specifics, its messages are troubling nonetheless. To avoid a nonstop scarefest, Mr. Paine throws in a few old movie clips and allows for a bit of optimism.

But the interviewees aren't budging, and the soundtrack sets a consistently menacing tone. Slick cuts and glossy images make "Do You Trust This Computer?" a sleek and engaging watch. Sections on the possibility of artificial consciousness would flabbergast even Philip K. Dick. Still, anxiety runs underneath most of its mind-blowing ideas. We're told that we may be just a few years away from technologies that are beyond human control. Worry about that if you like, though in the words of one researcher here: "I'm not sure it's going to help."

*Ken Jaworowski, New York Times*



## YESTERDAY

1hr 56min Rated PG-13

08/23	Friday	6:00 pm
08/24	Saturday	6:00 pm
08/25	Sunday	6:00 pm
08/26	Monday	6:00 pm
08/27	Tuesday	7:00 pm

08/28	Wednesday	7:00 pm
08/29	Thursday	7:00 pm
08/30	Friday	9:00 pm
08/31	Saturday	2:45 & 9 pm
09/01	Sunday	2:45 pm

Music fans who aren't necessarily Beatles aficionados may not be touched by "Yesterday" as much as I. In my life, I love it more. I barely can stand the thought of a world without music by The Beatles, so this joyful film moved me profoundly, especially after seeing Paul McCartney in concert a couple of weeks ago. Oscar-winning director Danny Boyle ("Slumdog Millionaire") teamed up with screenwriter Richard Curtis ("Love, Actually" and "Notting Hill") for this whimsical romantic-comedy/fantasy about British musician Jack Malik (Himesh Patel.) With the help of his loyal manager Ellie (Lily James, "Baby Driver" and "Cinderella") singer-songwriter Jack, who stocks shelves during the day, sings in coffee houses to audiences who mostly talk over his music. Jack and Ellie slog along until a mysterious global blackout occurs simultaneously with Jack is involved in a bus crash. When he wakes up in a hospital, he seems to be the only one who remembers The Beatles. It's as if The Fab Four never existed. When he plays "Yesterday" for a group of friends, they tell him how great the song is – they're astonished at how great "Jack's" songwriting has become. Jack thinks they're stringing him along until he does a website search reveals only "beetles." Can it be that Jack is living in an alternate universe in which The Beatles never existed? Suddenly, after a few more people hear "his" music, Jack is more than twice the man he used to be – he's being catapulted to stardom. Ed Sheeran (who plays himself) appears in Jack's kitchen to ask him to go on tour. When Jack gets his big chance, Ellie, who works as a teacher, stays behind. Meanwhile, in Moscow, Jack performs "his new" song, "Back in the U.S.S.R.," and pandemonium ensues. Jack's snarky manager (a

marvelously intense Kate McKinnon) begins to give him a makeover. As he becomes the biggest star in the world, he becomes filled with guilt. This isn't really his music, after all. What if someone exposes him as a fraud? I can't think of anyone better – other than The Beatles, of course – than Patel to deliver these tunes. He's a good singer, plays the piano and guitar, and truly loves the music – his passion and respect for these compositions comes through in every note. The whole cast is great, including a noteworthy and hilarious Joel Fry ("Paddington 2") as Jack's daffy assistant. The witty script is funny and unashamedly sentimental. One moment in particular is so compelling I sobbed (Beatles fans, remember to pack a few tissues). If you're willing to suspend your disbelief, it will take you away from the cares of everyday life as only great music can. For a happy getaway, love and The Beatles, are all you need. *Linda Cook@qctimes.com*



# THE LAST BLACK MAN IN SAN FRANCISCO

2hr 01min    Rated R

08/17	Saturday	6:00 pm	08/23	Friday	9:00 pm
08/18	Monday	6:00 pm	08/24	Saturday	2:45 pm
08/21	Wednesday	7:00 pm			

Joe Talbot's powerful directorial debut highlights the people that urban gentrification left behind: the oddballs, the obsessives, a street preacher, a nudist and a Greek chorus of gang members. But the film's most resonant line goes to a homeless man who looks at a demolition site where people used to own homes and announces, "You never own shit." What we can and can't own, and what it means to us to own things, are questions at the heart of *The Last Black Man in San Francisco*. It's a classic underdog story that is also a tender, raging elegy for a whole way of life. The underdog in question is Jimmie Fails, played by the real Jimmie Fails, a childhood friend of Talbot's. Together they developed a story loosely based on events in Fails' life (in *Rolling Stone*, he called it "more than 20 percent autobiographical") — namely, his efforts to reclaim the stunning Fillmore Street Victorian that his family owned in his childhood. The family lost the house decades ago, and Jimmie now rooms with his best friend and coconspirator, the playwright Monty (Jonathan Majors), and Monty's blind, movie-loving dad (Danny Glover). But Jimmie still rides his skateboard downtown regularly to perform upkeep on his beloved Victorian, to the consternation of its current inhabitants. When the house becomes temporarily vacant, Jimmie seizes his chance and moves in, with Monty in tow. They furnish the place with Jimmie's family heirlooms and set to work bringing it back to life. Viewers who know anything about today's San Francisco, the land of Google commuter buses, açai bowls and multimillion-dollar listings on every corner, know Jimmie's dream is doomed. He's been priced out of his past. That doesn't make it any less wrenching to watch him try to persuade a loan officer that he'll never miss a payment because no other buyer shares his commitment to this property. Playing two different shades of moody introspection, but always open to the camera, Fails and Majors create the kind of characters we want to see succeed. Majors makes Monty particularly affecting in his unpretentious struggle to filter the world through art, finding beauty in the trash-talking gangbangers on his corner. Talbot's style is poetic and stylized, reminiscent of Barry Jenkins; key encounters are shot in

close-up, and the music has the presence of a character. While some scenes suggest boldly lit theatrical tableaux, there's gorgeous fluidity in a shot that follows Jimmie down one of the city's famous hills on his board. Viewers might sometimes be reminded of *Be Kind Rewind*, which also featured a misfit duo with a quixotic commitment to the past. While Michel Gondry's movie was too whimsical to make its audience uncomfortable, though, this one gets darker. Dispossession is its theme, yet who can own San Francisco? Fails and Talbot take well-aimed shots at the white techies who have appropriated a formerly vibrant African American neighborhood, but they don't stop there. The same area, Jimmie tells us, was home to Japanese Americans until they were sent to internment camps. The further back you look at a place, especially a place as heartbreakingly beautiful as San Francisco, the more layers of hope and dispossession you find. That doesn't mean Jimmie's personal dispossession doesn't matter — it does. His yearning to own his history becomes more resonant with every shot of this gorgeous film, until we understand exactly what he means when he says of the city, "You can't say you hate it unless you love it." *Margo Harruson, Seven Dats*



# ROCKETMAN

2hr 01min    Rated R

08/09	Friday	6:00 pm	08/15	Thursday	7:00 pm
08/10	Saturday	6:00 pm	08/16	Friday	9:00 pm
08/11	Sunday	6:00 pm	08/17	Saturday	2:45 & 9:15 pm
08/12	Monday	6:00 pm	08/18	Sunday	2:45 pm
08/13	Tuesday	7:00 pm			

Director Dexter Fletcher makes it clear early on in *Rocketman* that those expecting a typical biopic about Elton John's life best look elsewhere. His film is a musical first and foremost, one that happens to have biopic elements woven in. The result is a magical experience that is as vivacious and fearless as Elton John himself. Picking up just as Elton John (Taron Egerton) enters an addiction rehabilitation centre, the film examines how childhood musical prodigy Reginald Dwight (Matthew Illesley) grew up to be the iconic rock star. Raised in a household where his mother Shelia (Bryce Dallas Howard) and Royal Air Force serving father Stanley (Steven Mackintosh) did not display love for each other, or him for that matter in Stanley's case, Reginald found solace in music at an early age. While the Royal Academy of Music refined his natural ability on the piano, it was his time playing in a backup band for touring American soul groups that planted the seeds for Reginald's career aspirations. Taking the moniker Elton John, his dreams starting trending towards reality when he met and befriended songwriter Bernie Taupin (Jamie Bell). Proving to be a dynamic duo, Taupin's words and John's combination of vocals and melodies, their combined talents led them to the famed Troubadour night club in Los Angeles where Elton John's legend was born after a series of memorable performance. Despite ascending to the top of the charts, Elton John was not immune to the steep price that often comes with fame. Manipulated by his manager John Reid (Richard Madden), who took advantage of John financially and emotionally, John spiraled into a whirlpool of addiction. One that threatened to derail his career at its height. Feeling more akin to *Moulin Rouge!* than *Walk the Line*, *Rocketman* is a refreshingly confident retelling of the key moment's in Elton John's life. While not as frantic

as Baz Luhrmann's *Moulin Rouge!*, Fletcher's film boldly rearranges John's songs to fit the scenes as needed. At no point does *Rocketman* feel like a series of set ups designed to get you to the next hit song. The focus is always on delivering an entertaining story, rather than being a walking advertisement for a greatest hits album. Though the film inadvertently drops Taupin for large chunks of the narrative, the various story arcs work thanks to performances by the ensemble cast. Taron Egerton is sensational as the rock legend. He embodies the bravado and vulnerability that makes both Elton John and his music so iconic. As energetically sings and dances on screen, Fletcher gleeful plays with the film's colour palette and finds inventive ways to incorporate moments of surrealism into several musical sequences. Ultimately creating musical numbers that are dazzling to behold.A wonderfully imaginative crowd-pleaser, *Rocketman* is a fitting tribute to a musical icon who is still standing after all this time. *Courtney Small, Cinema Axis*



**Green Screens:  
An Environmental Film Festival  
Presented by Chikaming Open Lands  
and Fernwood Botanical Garden &  
Nature Preserve**



**LANDSCAPE FILM:ROBERTO BURLE MAX**  
**1hr 12 min Not Rated**

**Wednesday, August 14, 7:00 pm**

A journey through the art and life of the Brazilian landscape architect and painter best known for the iconic black-and-white mosaic promenades that line Rio de Janeiro's Copacabana Beach. This documentary shows the full contribution of the landscape artist to the national flora. Directed and written by João Vargas Penna, the film is a walk through the art and personality of Roberto Burle Marx, who was also a painter, cook and singer, facets little known to the general public. Born in São Paulo, the son of a German Jew and Catholic from Pernambuco, Burle Marx was a forerunner of ecology and defense of the environment. The landscaper valued native plants and discovered many new species on collecting and research trips.

Based on Burle Marx's writings and images of his landscape works. Highlights include the Burle Marx Site, Flamengo Park and Moreira Salles Institute in Rio de Janeiro, Tacaruna Farm and Vargem Grande, in addition to Euclides da Cunha Square in Recife, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Brasilia, and projects in France and Venezuela.

**Cost**

\$10 (Fernwood and COL Members \$8)

**For tickets:**

Call 269-695-6491 or Contact by email  
[info@fernwoodbotanical.org](mailto:info@fernwoodbotanical.org)

# MAIDEN

**1 hr 37min Rated PG**

08/16	Friday	6:00 pm	08/22	Thursday	7:00 pm
08/18	Sunday	6:00 pm	08/24	Saturday	9:00pm
08/20	Tuesday	7:00 pm	08/25	Sunday	3:00 pm

A taut, gripping documentary about one young woman's dream, "Maiden" takes us on a journey we won't soon forget: around the world on a 58-foot yacht, in the company of its historic all-female crew. It was 1989, and no all-woman crew had ever competed in the storied Whitbread Round the World Race, a nine-month and 32,000-mile journey through potentially treacherous seas. But Tracy Edwards, then a troubled but determined 26-year-old who saw sailing as "freedom, leaving everything behind," nonetheless spent every penny she had to buy the battered monohull she christened Maiden. Assembling a crew of free spirits, she refurbished the boat, raised money and set sail from Southampton on Sept. 2, to the amusement of male commentators who referred to the Maiden as "a tinful of tarts." Made up of amateur footage captured during the voyage, interspersed with present-day interviews with Edwards and crew members, "Maiden" is wonderfully suspenseful — especially if you, like me, have no idea how the race turned out. The film lets us ponder the endless horizon of mesmerizing, malevolent-looking waves; feel the blast of snow on the decks during frigid days of ice; and see the miracle of blue skies and land after dark weeks at sea. (Asked what she would do during her time in port, one crew member announced her plans to "get drunk and eat a bacon sandwich.") And it reminds us of the baggage that comes with being the first, particularly the patronizing media coverage (as the boat set sail, an announcer identified them as "the girls of

Maiden, trying their best"). We see young Edwards, pre-voyage, saying "I hate the word 'feminist' "; she learned, in those long days at sea, to embrace the term. Now retired from sailing but still promoting female empowerment through the Maiden Factor Foundation which raises funds for girls' education. Edwards gets emotional when looking back at the journey. Maiden's crew were, she said, doing something they were told they couldn't do; that one dream became an inspiration, for girls everywhere. *Moir Macdonald, The Seattle Times,*

*"Maiden concludes so movingly, with such perfect symbolism, that it rivals any scripted sports drama". Rafer Guzman, Newsweek*

