

Harbor Country Progress & the Vickers Theatre
presents the Community Movie

BISBEE 17

1hr 52 min Rated PG

Tuesday, May 5 7:00 pm

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

During the summer of 1917, a group of striking laborers working in the copper mines of Bisbee, Ariz., were rousted from their beds by the local sheriff and his deputized cohorts, who wound up marching 1,300 strikers and sympathizers to a local ballfield and forcing them into boxcars pointed toward New Mexico. There, they were deposited in the middle of the desert with no food or water, and told never to return. It was a brutal act, driven by corporate greed, racism and World War I-era xenophobia (most of the workers were German and Mexican). And it's been largely erased from the collective memory of Bisbee, a town just miles from the Mexico border that now serves as a bohemian alternative to the more gun-totin', tourist-friendly Tombstone nearby. Over years of visiting relatives in Bisbee, Robert Greene developed a fascination with what has become known — if it is known at all — as the Bisbee Deportation. In 2016, he began to collaborate with local historians, civic leaders and Bisbee citizens to create a performance piece, a sort of western-cum-musical-cum-truth-and-reconciliation committee that would be performed and filmed during the centennial of the event. The result, "Bisbee '17," is a fascinating exercise in nonfiction filmmaking as a performative, interdisciplinary, collective act, as well as a provocative inquiry into how selective memory, ideology, shame and unspeakable trauma shape what we come to accept as official history.

All of those forces come into florid tension in "Bisbee '17," in which Greene locates descendants of some of the original participants in the deportation, including a family in which one brother rounded up and exiled the other. The mines are closed now, but the debate over capitalism, human rights, patriotic duty and simple morality still rages, whether in the form of family arguments or contradictions within individuals who profess one idea while embodying its exact opposite. *Ann Hornaday, The Washington Post*



VICKERS THEATRE

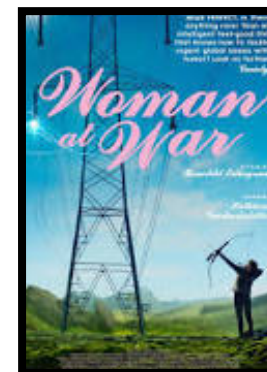
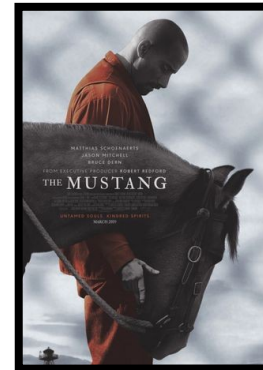


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6 North Elm Street, Three Oaks, MI 49128
www.vickerstheatre.com 269-756-3522

COLD WAR (ZIMNA WOJNA)

1hr 29min Rated R

Polish, French, German, Russian, Italian & Croatian languages

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|-------|----------|---------|-------|----------|-------------|
| 03/29 | Friday | 6:15 pm | 03/30 | Saturday | 3:15 & 9 pm |
| 03/30 | Saturday | 6:15 pm | 03/31 | Sunday | 3:15 pm |
| 03/31 | Sunday | 6:15 pm | | | |
| 04/01 | Monday | 6:15 pm | | | |

When the two first meet in 1949, Wiktor, a pianist and conductor, is part of a talent-scouting team travelling Poland on a quest for “peasant-style music” to celebrate the egalitarian ethos of the new Communist government. Wiktor is a smooth cipher, puffing on a cigarette as he and a female associate coldly assess hopeful singers and dancers, who rightly view performing for the state as a chance to escape poverty — and perhaps to defect to the West. You can’t read Wiktor’s mind, although he’s clearly captivated by singer/dancer Zula’s bold performance of several songs, as she refuses to be ignored in the assembly-line audition. “She’s original,” Wiktor says. That she is and also very talented: Zula’s expressive songs, beautifully rendered throughout the film as she progresses from folk ensemble trouper to jazz-bar torch singer, often seem to mirror the drama, which is as splintered as the movie’s politics. “A heart would have to be made of stone not to love that boy,” she sings at one point. Her sincerity is evident, even if her actions are often puzzling. There are moments of caustic humour. A worker attempting to put up a banner reading “We Welcome Tomorrow” stumbles and tears it down instead. A Communist apparatchik tells Wiktor and his colleagues that their peasant singers are great, but could they work in a tune about the merits of socialist land reform? *Cold War* is shot in sumptuous B&W, just like *Ida*, the family secrets quest that won Pawlikowski the 2015 Oscar for Best Foreign-Language Film. It’s the

visual equivalent of a perfectly brewed espresso macchiato. Pawlikowski, who won the directing prize at Cannes 2018, shrewdly maintains suspense until the end, with a movie superbly executed in form, story and performance. Pawlikowski remains a director to watch and *Cold War* is a film to watch again and again. *Peter Howell, Toront*

What struck home the most forcefully for me in "Cold War" is its depiction, insidious and unrelenting, of how artists under communism suffered for their art. At its best, the film is like a bulletin from a benighted world.. Peter Rainer, Christian Science Monitor



WOMAN AT WAR (KONA FER I STRID)

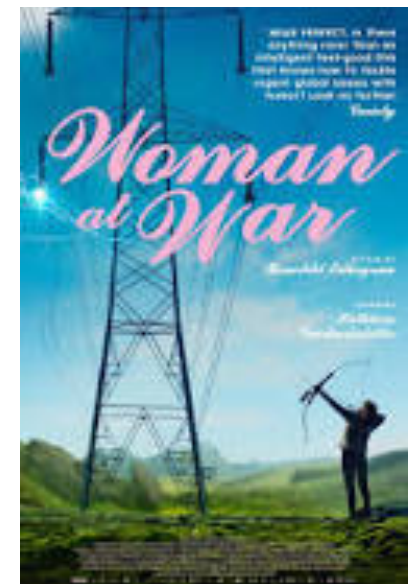
1hr 41min Not Rated

Icelandic, Spanish, English & Ukraine languages

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|-------|----------|---------|-------|----------|------------|
| 05/03 | Friday | 6:15 pm | 05/11 | Saturday | TBA & 9 pm |
| 05/04 | Saturday | 6:15 pm | 05/12 | Sunday | TBA |
| 05/05 | Sunday | 6:15 pm | | | |
| 05/06 | Monday | 6:15 pm | | | |

Meet Halla (Halldora Geirhardsdottir). She’s a 49-year-old would-be adoptive mother, choir conductor, tai chi enthusiast, hiker and lone-wolf saboteur, who has cut the power to a giant aluminum plant in the Icelandic wilderness by firing a cable over high-tension wires and shorting out the electricity. Is she a terrorist, as the Icelandic and Chinese investors in such “heavy industry” plants and their friendly news outlets would have Icelanders believe? Or is she a New Age goddess of war complete with bow, arrow and coat of Icelandic sheep’s skin, head and horns still attached, whose battle to save Iceland from rapacious corporations run by greedy psychopaths is righteous? Arguably a descendant of such offbeat Icelandic efforts as Fridrik Fridriksson’s sublime 1995 road movie “Cold Fever,” “Woman at War,” which was directed and co-written by Benedikt Erlingsson (“Of Horses and Men”), is noteworthy, not only for the regally underplayed performance of Icelandic TV regular Geirhardsdottir as the divine Halla and her yoga-teacher twin sister Asa, but also for the magnificent Icelandic vistas, across which Halla runs after slaying the electric dragon with her bow. In the distance around the fleeing Halla, Iceland’s mountains stand witness as vast billowing storm clouds march across the sky like the armies of the gods. It’s not hard to believe that the country is alive with mythical creatures under every rock. But instead of “huldufolk” (hidden people), “Woman at War” boasts a saboteur dubbed “mountain woman” in the news, helicopters, drones and a big Icelandic farmer named Sveinbjorn (Johann Sigurdarson), who owns a yapping sheepdog named Woman, which might explain the farmer’s single status. Also in the picture is a swearing Spanish-speaking tourist (Juan Camillo) on a bicycle, who keeps getting arrested by heavily armed Icelandic commandos. Halla has an accomplice (Jorundur Ragnarsson), and they

leave their cellphones in the freezer when they meet. But he is having a nervous breakdown, especially after Halla climbs the roof of Reykjavik City Hall to toss fliers to selfie-taking, of course, pedestrians. One of the most memorable things about “Woman at War” is the film’s use of music. Instead of a conventional soundtrack, Erlingsson makes a band part of the film’s visual imprint. When we first hear music in the film, it is the sound of a tuba, an organ and drummer and Halla passes by the players and their instruments as she makes her escape on the moors. The male band members will later be joined by traditionally garbed women Ukrainian singers on the screen. Will Halla, who huddles inside a melting glacier in one scene and pulls down a drone while wearing a Mandela mask in another, evade capture before she flies to Ukraine to pick up 4-year-old Nika (Margaryta Hilska), who lost her parents to war? I have the feeling Halla would kick Captain Marvel’s corporate keister. Hail, Halla. *James Verniere, Boston Herald*



THE MUSTANG

1hr 36min Rated R

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| 04/26 | Friday | 6:15 pm |
| 04/27 | Saturday | 6:15 pm |
| 04/28 | Sunday | 6:15 pm |
| 04/29 | Monday | 6:15 pm |

A tightly coiled ball of rage by the name of Roman Coleman (Matthias Schoenaerts) meets his match training a wild horse in this indie drama from French filmmaker Laure de Clermont-Tonnerre. Schoenaerts' Roman, a prison inmate who brusquely tells Connie Britton's social worker he's "not good with people," is assigned to manure-shoveling duty in the stalls where horses are kept, but can't stay away from a boarded-up barn with a mustang furiously kicking its walls. Based on the real-life Wild Horse Inmate Program, select prisoners in his facility work with captured horses, whose population in the wild has been deemed perilously high, to help ready them for public auction. You can spot the parallels with Roman from the start, but "The Mustang" never delves into easy melodrama or cliché. There's sparse dialogue; much of the film simply bears witness to Roman's halting progress, with the help of fellow trainer Henry (Jason Mitchell of "Mudbound") and the program's no-BS director (a perfectly cast Bruce Dern). This is Clermont-Tonnerre's feature directorial debut, but her 2014 short "Rabbit" explored similar terrain with a story about a female inmate. She captures exquisite, visceral moments of connection — as well as terrifying disconnection — between Roman and his horse, Marquis. Gideon Adlon ("Blockers") is also a quiet standout as Roman's daughter, who visits with great reluctance. But it's Schoenaerts, one of this generation's finest actors, who makes "The Mustang" a moving

look at human potential for redemption and rehabilitation. *Sarah Stewart, New York Post*

A testament to the worthy stories yet to be told about the healing, unbreakable bonds between tormented people and the misunderstood animals that come to their rescue. Thomas Laffly, Rogerebert.com

Within no more than a minute of screen time, we know that director Laure de Clermont-Tonnerre has authority and vision, and that we are watching a good movie. Mick LaSalle, San Francisco Chronicle



THEY SHALL NOT GROW OLD

1hr 39min Rated R

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| 04/05 | Friday | 6:00 pm |
| 04/06 | Saturday | 6:00 pm |
| 04/07 | Sunday | 6:00 pm |
| 04/08 | Monday | 6:00 pm |

Peter Jackson's documentary about the thrills and horrors of World War I, "They Shall Not Grow Old," uses state-of-the-art technology to bring history to life so vividly that it feels almost supernatural. Using digital restoration techniques, Jackson turns black-and-white, century-old footage of long-dead soldiers into richly colored images that brim with expressive energy. The overall effect is both wonderful and spooky, like an unexpectedly successful seance. Why is Jackson, best known for his fantastical "Lord of the Rings" films, making a historical documentary? The New Zealand-born director was commissioned by Britain's Imperial War Museum and the U.K. arts program 14-18 NOW (formed to celebrate the Great War's centenary) to create this film. His only brief was to use the museum's archives, a treasure trove of 23,000 hours of moving images and 33,000 sound recordings. Jackson took an unorthodox approach when putting his material together: no reenactments, no talking-head interviews, no historians or experts — just real war-time footage accompanied by first-person audio accounts. The narrators are never seen or even identified. As a result, the movie has a kind of storybook feel, as though the voices we're hearing are producing the images in our heads. And what images they are. We see throngs of young men, some barely into their teens, so giddy to enlist that they lie about their age to recruiters. Boot camp turns out to be a rude awakening: ill-fitting uniforms, poor food, endless marching and bayoneting. These black-and-white sequences give way to startling color (and, in some theaters, a deep 3-D) once the boys arrive at the front. Young faces blink in amazement at the chaos and death. Evil yellow gas hovers in the air. Soldiers scramble over trench walls and then simply vanish in an explosion. Land mines heave giant

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| 04/13 | Saturday | 3:00 & 9:15 pm |
| 04/14 | Sunday | 3:00 pm only |

bubbles of earth into the sky. In all of this, Jackson's master stroke is something quite simple: He slows down the old footage to a smoother, more natural-looking speed. This took much guesswork and frame-rate math, but it means everything, more than the color or the added depth. For the first time, those jittery, frenetic figures in ancient newsreels look and move like people you know. "They Shall Not Grow Old" borrows its title from a line in Laurence Binyon's poem "For the Fallen," published in 1914, the first year of the war. It's a seven-stanza handkerchief, waved to an entire generation marching off to die. Yet here they are, right in front of us, alive once more. *Rafer Guzman, Newsday*

This monumental cinematic achievement re-creates the experience of war like no documentary I've ever seen... Don't miss it. Kyle Smith, National Review



BIRDS OF PASSAGE

(PAJAROS DE VERANO)

2hr 05min Not Rated

Wayuu, Spanish & English languages

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|-------|----------|---------|-------|----------|--------------|
| 04/12 | Friday | 6:00 pm | 04/20 | Saturday | 2:45 & 9 pm |
| 04/13 | Saturday | 6:00 pm | 04/21 | Sunday | 2:45 pm only |
| 04/14 | Sunday | 6:00 pm | | | |
| 04/15 | Monday | 6:00 pm | | | |

A soulful, spiritual "Scarface" tale, "Birds of Passage" is a stirring Colombian crime epic that shows how the values and traditions of family and community are wiped away when they're entangled in drugs and money. "Birds of Passage" is based on a true story, and unfolds from roughly 1968-1980. José Acosta is Repayet, a scrappy, underclass bachelor who announces his intentions to marry Zaida (Natalia Reyes), who comes from a family wealthier than his own. In order to earn her hand in marriage, he must provide a dowry, which he secures by turning to the marijuana trade. Business is good, so Repayet's venture grows into an empire. Over the years, those closest to Repayet — including loose cannon Moisés (Jhon Narváez) and spoiled brat Leonidas (a terrifying, empty-eyed Greider Meza) — challenge his business from the inside. Separating "Birds of Passage" from any number of South American drug tales, from "Narcos" to 2017's "American Made," is its point of view, which is told from the perspective of the Wayuu people. The group's elders warn of trouble on the horizon, while family matriarch Úrsula (Carmiña Martínez) mixes the long-standing beliefs of her people with an imposing business savvy. She leaves a lasting impression. Directors Cristina Gallego and Ciro Guerra divide the film into five

chapters, each introduced with a title card, lending to the film's large-scale sense of storytelling. The film's glorious cinematography (hat tip to David Gallego) compliments the directors' vision, making "Birds of Passage" a film that flies as high as its ambition. *Adam Graham, The Detroit News*

The corrosive effects of the drug trade have been brought to tragic life on screens both big and small so often that there doesn't seem much new could be said on the topic. That's where the film "Birds of Passage" vividly proves otherwise. Cary Darling,



APOLLO 11

1hr 33min Rated G

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|-------|----------|---------|-------|----------|--------------|
| 04/19 | Friday | 6:15 pm | 04/27 | Saturday | 3:15 & 9 pm |
| 04/20 | Saturday | 6:15 pm | 04/28 | Sunday | 3:15 pm only |
| 04/21 | Sunday | 6:15 pm | | | |
| 04/22 | Monday | 6:15 pm | | | |

Whenever I see footage of a rocket launch with a close-up of that sudden, thunderous inferno blasting from its base, I'm filled with wonder. I wonder what somebody could have said to talk a cameraman into getting that shot. Did they draw straws? Was it always the new guy? And this was pre-sunscreen, remember. The takeoff sequence in Todd Douglas Miller's amazingly immersive *Apollo 11* easily ranks as movie history's *most* wondrous. It's preceded, believe it or not, by an equally mind-boggling sight: never-before-viewed video of that Saturn V spacecraft rumbling toward the pad atop a crawler-transport, a quarter-acre platform on tank treads that dwarfs the NASA workers escorting it. It's the closest thing to a giant, monster or god treading the Earth you'll ever see. The things we once imagined and made. Our first sight of Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin and Michael Collins suiting up while clearly thinking pretty deep thoughts backstage at the Kennedy Space Center is indisputably cool, too. To be honest, though, nothing holds a candle to that instant of ignition. If you've never had a front-row seat to the spectacle of five F-1 engines burning 5,700 pounds of kerosene and liquid oxygen per second to push 6,000 tons of steel, wire and human cargo slowly heavenward, you need to see this. And you've never had such a seat. Nobody has. That's because just about all the footage of awesome stuff that took place in the course of the first mission to the moon comes from a trove of miraculously preserved 70mm Panavision film unearthed by accident in the U.S. National Archives. Someone at NASA failed to file it properly way back when, and its existence wasn't discovered until 2017. Talk about found footage. How 100-plus reels of Todd-AO celluloid (the format used in wide-screen Hollywood spectacles like *Cleopatra* and *The Sound of Music*) and more than 11,000 hours of un-catalogued mission control recordings happened to land in the filmmaker's lap is a story nearly as remarkable as that of the voyage itself. And nearly as complicated. So I will leave you with a [link](#) to it. Unlike that visited by those three astronauts, my space isn't infinite. When Miller began work on the project in 2016,

he had none of that priceless material. All he had was a green light from CNN Films to come up with something to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the moon landing this summer. Now that I've seen *Apollo 11*, it's not easy to imagine how else he could have done it. The digitized video and crisply restored audio of communications among members of the massive Houston flight team are the blood and bones of this riveting experiment. You know the story, of course, but you've never *experienced* it in the way Miller has now made possible. His masterstroke was scrapping the customary documentary trappings — talking heads, re-creations, narration and the rest. Instead, he oversaw a process through which those startlingly vivid images and all that mission control chatter were synced to the precise second. What wound up on screen is history unfolding unfiltered before our eyes in what feels like real time. If, back in 1969, one of the networks had made a reality show about the men on this milestone odyssey, it might have looked a lot like this. They didn't. Luckily, Miller did, and it's one giant leap for movies. *Rick Kisonak, Seven Days*

