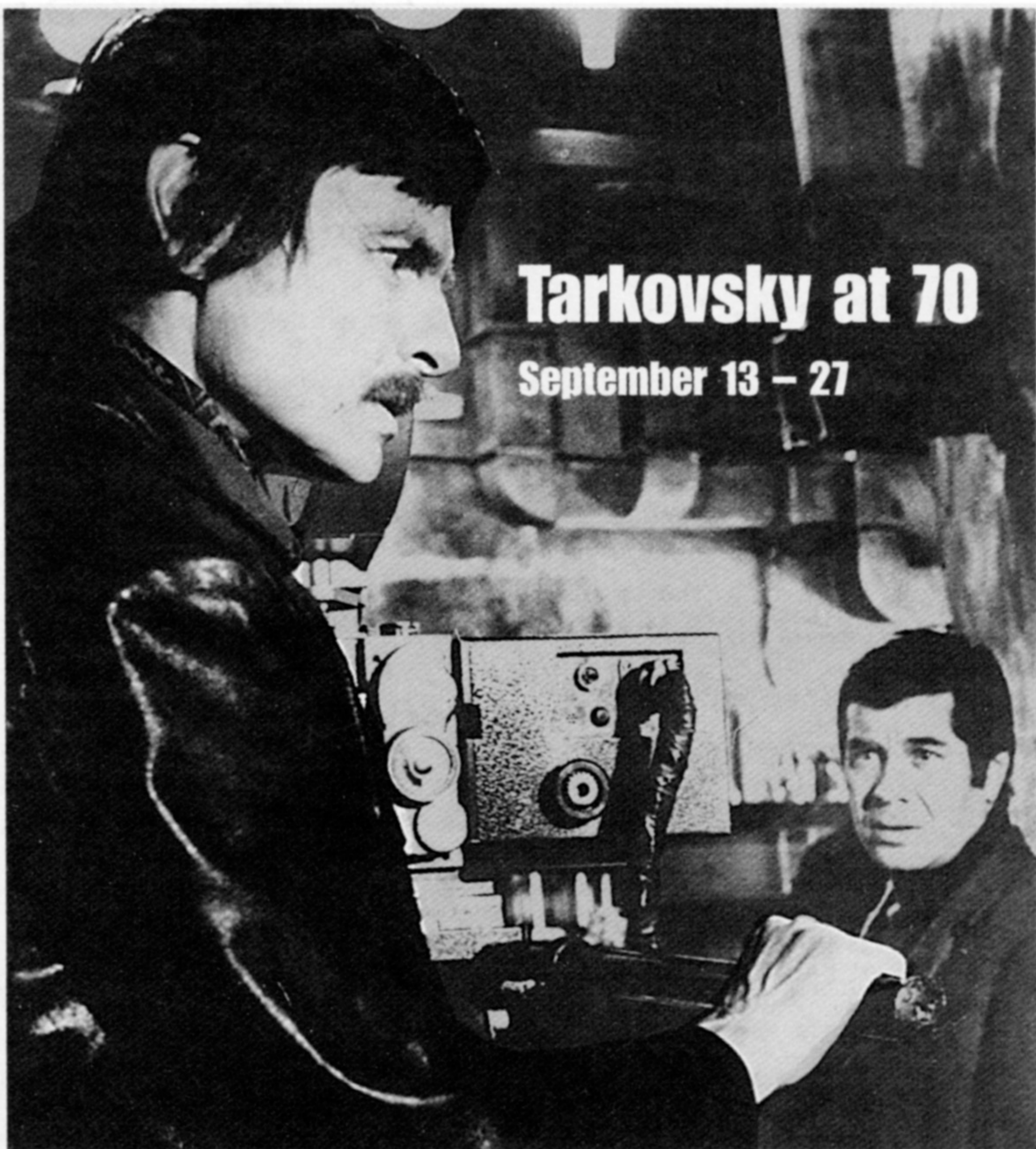


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Cinéma de notre temps: une journée d'Andrei Arsenevitch (One day in the life of Andrei Arsenevich), Marker, Chris, 2000



Andrei Tarkovsky may have been the son of a poet, but he was also a poet himself, a poet of images, movements, sounds, looks, gestures, and, yes, words. A poet of cinema. The seven features that he completed before his tragically early death from cancer in 1986 are monuments in the history of movies, each one an overwhelming experience, both emotionally and philosophically (in Tarkovsky they're virtually the same thing). There are many moments from these films that once seen are never forgotten — the birch forest in *My Name Is Ivan*, the balloon flight in *Andrei Rublev*, the final rain-soaked images of *Solaris*, the slow-motion vision of the mother washing her hair in *Mirror*, the mute girl telekinetically moving the glass of milk across the table in *Stalker*, the Russian house inside the Italian cathedral in *Nostalgia*, the burning house in *The Sacrifice*. And no matter how many times you've seen them, they're so rich in mysteries and revelations, both human and cinematic, that to see them again is to see them anew. Thanks to Kino International, we'll be getting five new prints for this series, including the complete, uncut version of *Andrei Rublev*. Help us celebrate the 70th birthday of a true master, Andrei Tarkovsky.

Ivan’s Childhood aka My Name Is Ivan / Ivanovo Detstvo

U.S.S.R., 1962;; 96m

Tarkovsky's feature debut, awarded the Golden Lion for Best Film at the 1962 Venice Film Festival, already has all the hallmarks of his later works. From iconic visual signatures like apples and runaway horses to the overarching sense of hushed anguish, Tarkovsky stakes his claim to his still-unique territory in world cinema with this tale of a soldier boy whose only recollections of peacetime are sun-blinded dreams of his mother. *Ivan’s Childhood* is a manifestly spiritual drama, outraged less by the specifics of its wartime setting than with the violent nature of humanity. The Soviet censors let it slip through without changes or objections, seeing it as another "glory of the Red Army" picture; their embarrassment when especially Western critics hailed the film as something completely different led perhaps to their later vigorous scrutiny and suppression of his later works.

Fri Sept 13: 1 & 9:45; Sat Sept 14: 4

Mon Sept 16: 4; Tue Sept 17: 8:45

Thurs Sept 19: 3:15

Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky

Michal Leszczylowski, Sweden, 1988; 100m

During the filming of what would be his last film, *The Sacrifice*, Tarkovsky allowed Michal

Leszczylowski, a Polish filmmaker living in Sweden, to make a film about the actual production. Using extensive interviews, as well as remarkable footage of the planning and execution of one of the most complex sequence shots ever attempted, Leszczylowski offers an amazingly intimate portrait of Tarkovsky the man as well as the artist, revealing not only his ideas about art and life but also capturing his struggles with the cancer that would eventually lead to his death. A wonderful introduction, as well as a lasting tribute, to one of the cinema's greatest artists.

preceded by

The Steamroller and the Violin / Kapok I Skripka

U.S.S.R., 1960; 45m

Tarkovsky's diploma film from the VGIK, the Soviet film academy, was an extraordinarily auspicious debut. Cowritten with Andrei Konchalovsky, it details the unlikely friendship between a young violin player and the gruff operator of a steamroller. Tarkovsky avoids sentimentality to create a fascinating study of the intersection of two parallel worlds, discovering these worlds share more in common than suspected.

Fri Sept 13: 3; Sat Sept 14: 1

Sun Sept 15: 4:30; Mon Sept 16: 1



My Name Is Ivan

Andrei Rublev / Andrei Rublyov

U.S.S.R., 1969; 205m

A vast, free-form fresco about the life of the Russia's greatest icon painter in the 15th century. From the spectacularly gruesome scenes of the Invasion of the Tartars and the naked pagan rites to the main theme of the artist in conflict with society, the film sweeps along in true epic tradition. Deemed unfit for Soviet audiences, the film was drastically cut by the state censors and not released for five years; in the West it was hailed by critics as a masterpiece and won the International Critics Prize at the 1970 Cannes Film Festival. We will be showing the 205-minute director's cut.

Fri Sept 13: 6; Sat Sept 14: 6:30

Solaris / Solyaris

U.S.S.R., 1972; 165m

Scientist Chris Kelvin (Donatas Banionis) is sent to a space station whose inhabitants have been performing a series of experiments in an attempt to make contact with the strange planet known as Solaris. When he arrives, he believes that most of the crew has gone mad, until he's visited by an apparition: his former lover Hari (Natalia Bondarchuk), who had committed suicide long ago. Thus he learns the secret of Solaris and its ocean, which creates "copies" of real people, "simulacra made not of ordinary matter but of neutrinos which are modelled by the thinking ocean out of the human subconscious. They are a physical embodiment of all the temptations, desires and suppressed guilt that torment the human mind" (Maya Turovskaya). Based on a novel by Polish writer Stanislaw Lem (it is currently being remade by Steven Soderbergh with George

Clooney as Kelvin), Tarkovsky judged this film harshly. But then he judged every film he ever made harshly. This may be the most emotionally devastating science-fiction film ever made. "My decision to film [*Solaris*] does not denote affection for the science-fiction genre. For me, the important thing is that *Solaris* poses a problem that means a lot to me: the problem of striving and achieving through your convictions; in moral transformation in the struggle of one man's life." – Andrei Tarkovsky

Sun Sept 15: 1; Mon Sept 16: 6:30

The Mirror aka The Looking-Glass / Zerkalo

U.S.S.R., 1975; 108m

Perhaps Tarkovsky's greatest work, this is his reflection on his own life: as an adult and as a child, and the house where he lived with his mother (Margarita Terekhova) and sister during the war, waiting for his father to come home. The action is interspersed – powerfully – with newsreel footage and poems written and read by Tarkovsky's father Arseny. "As I began work on *Mirror* I found myself reflecting more and more that if you are serious about your work, then a film is not merely the next item in your career, it is an action which will affect the whole of your life. For I had made up my mind that in this film, for the first time, I would use the means of cinema to talk of all that was most precious to me, and do so directly, without playing any kind of tricks." – Andrei Tarkovsky

Sun Sept 15: 7:30

Tue Sept 17: 1 & 6:30

Wed Sept 18: 4:15; Thurs Sept 19: 1

Fri Sept 20: 3:30 & 8:30



Andrei Rublev



The Mirror

One Day in the Life of Andrei Arsenevich / Une journée d'Andrei Arsenevitch

Chris Marker, France, 2000, 55m; video

Chris Marker's moving tribute and farewell to his friend Andrei Tarkovsky includes clips from the director's work (including a brief moment from his student adaptation of Hemingway's "The Killers") and footage on the set of *The Sacrifice* and at what would be Tarkovsky's deathbed in Paris. Marker's analysis of Tarkovsky's art is remarkable: astute, touchingly reverential, and remarkably insightful about the way that his films relate to his life. This is more than just a worthy document — it's a testament of love and respect from one great artist to another.

Mon Sept 16: 9:30; Wed Sept 18: 9:30

Stalker

U.S.S.R., 1979; 161m

A science-fiction tale that unwinds in the environs of the soul, *Stalker* takes the form of a nightmarish quest for nothing less than Truth: a writer and a scientist follow a shaven-headed "stalker" into verboten territory, a dangerous wilderness called the Zone. Tarkovsky makes "reality" yield up abstract images of startling originality, especially in his mystical vision of landscape-places found only in humankind's spiritual Baedeker. A director who truly grasped the aesthetic power of color, Tarkovsky bathes this unforgettable pilgrimage in eerie sepia hues.

**Tue Sept 17: 3:15; Wed Sept 18: 1 & 6:30
Sun Sept 22: 7**



Nostalgia

Nostalgia / Nostalghia

Italy/U.S.S.R., 1983; 126m

Tarkovsky's next to last film, *Nostalgia*, was his first film produced outside the Soviet Union. Barely anecdotal, and more than half reflexive, the film broods over the plight of a Russian in Italy, a melancholy, ironic landscape of mysterious vapors and voluptuously muted hues. Although the word "nostalghia" is similar to our nostalgia, it carries in Russian a much stronger meaning: the pain of separation from one's native land. As otherworldly as *Solaris*, more hypnotic than *Stalker*, *Nostalgia* is a work of sumptuous physical beauty that inexorably builds to the emotional climax.

**Fri Sept 20: 1 & 6; Mon Sept 23: 6:30 & 9
Wed Sept 25: 6:30 & 9**

The Sacrifice / Offret

Sweden, 1986; 145m

Dedicated "with hope and confidence" to his son, who accepted the Cannes Film Festival Jury Prize for the dying Tarkovsky, *The Sacrifice* celebrates a man who, at the start of a nuclear war, sells his soul and then all that nourishes the heart and soul to God, in return for a world made safe for his children. Audaciously conceived long takes begin and end this dream of redemption. The first is a revelation of faith, the second a revelation of the apocalypse that would leave us all homeless and abandoned. The last cinematic legacy of a director to whom one critic attributed "a nobility of spirit rare in contemporary art and almost without parallel in contemporary cinema."

Thurs Sept 26: 7; Fri Sept 27: 4 & 7



The Sacrifice