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Mike Leigh: NAKED (1993, 131 min)

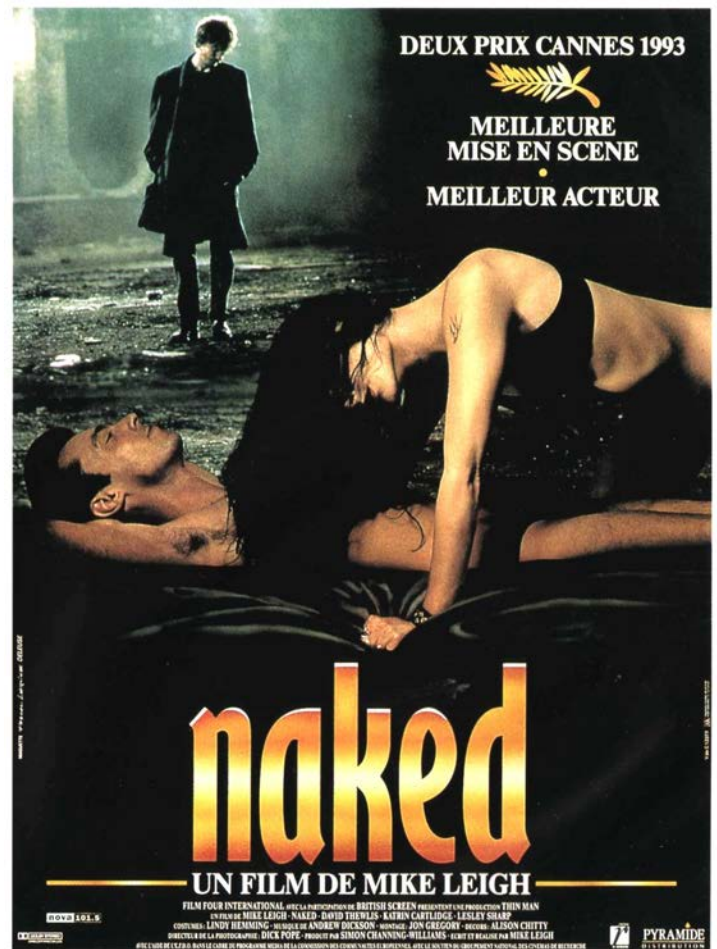


**Cannes 1993 : won Best Director, Best Actor;
nomination for Palme d'Or**

Directed and written by Mike Leigh
Written by Mike Leigh
Produced by Simon Channing Williams
Original Music by Andrew Dickson
Cinematography by Dick Pope
Edited by Jon Gregory
Production Design by Alison Chitty
Art Direction by Eve Stewart
Costume Design by Lindy Hemming
Steadicam operator: Andy Shuttleworth
Music coordinator: Step Parikian

Cast

David Thewlis...Johnny
Lesley Sharp...Louise Clancy
Katrin Cartlidge...Sophie
Greg Cruttwell...Jeremy G. Smart
Claire Skinner...Sandra
Peter Wight...Brian
Ewen Bremner...Archie
Susan Vidler...Maggie
Deborah MacLaren...Woman in Window
Gina McKee...Cafe Girl
Carolina Giammetta...Masseuse
Elizabeth Berrington...Giselle
Darren Tunstall...Poster Man
Robert Putt...Chauffeur
Lynda Rooke...Victim
Angela Curran...Car Owner
Peter Whitman...Mr. Halpern
Jo Abercrombie...Woman in Street



Elaine Britten...Girl in Porsche with Jeremy
David Foxxe ...Tea Bar Owner
Mike Avenall...Man at Tea Bar
Toby Jones...Man at Tea Bar
Sandra Voe...Bag Lady

Mike Leigh (b. February 20, 1943 in Salford, Greater Manchester, England) has a sign outside his office door that reads, "Untitled". Presumably this is because the director is known for not titling his projects (or writing their scripts) until the very last minute. Leigh started out as an actor in the 1960s before moving away from acting and the "legitimate" theatre into the theatre workshops which would allow him to develop his method "writing" plays and then directing them. Leigh's method is to bring together a group of actors, and to allow them to improvise around the smallest guidance from him. Based on these improvisations Leigh would assemble the bits that worked and start molding them into a script, continually returning to improvisations in a way as

organically as is possible to work up the developing script until finished. In 1965 he started to devise and direct his own plays, completing nine before the production of *Bleak Moments* at the Open Space Theatre in 1970. *Bleak Moments* became the basis for Leigh's first film *Bleak Moments* (1971). "The result was hailed

by the *New Statesman* as 'The most remarkable debut by a British director working on an absurdly low budget and with unknown actors.' Roger Ebert [...] was even more effusive: '*Bleak Moments* is a masterpiece, plain and simple,' he wrote. 'Its greatness is not just in the direction or subject, but in

the complete singularity of the performances.' Success attracted the attention of BBC producer Tony Garnett. The first fruit of this new partnership was *Hard Labour*, a one-hour TV play" (*The Guardian*). Further BBC television work followed this time with the *Second City Firsts* series, where 1975's *The Permissive Society* debuted. A second piece in the same series called *Knock for Knock* was screened in 1976; the piece about an insurance salesman doing his best not to sell insurance to a gentleman wishing to buy insurance from him. *Knock for Knock* received much praise from TV critics at the time. Unfortunately, the BBC decided to wipe the tape as part of a space saving exercise and no known copy exists (not even with Mike Leigh himself). 1977 also saw the now legendary *Abigail's Party* brought to the small screen then made into a play. With the help of his then-wife Alison Steadman (who would play the lead character Beverley), Leigh rushed together a cast and out of this came the play. *Abigail's Party* was a theatrical roaring success (especially considering its production was confined to a provincial theatre), but any hopes of transferring it to the West End in the future were dashed when Alison Steadman became pregnant. In the years between *Bleak Moments* and *High Hopes* (1988), his next fully-fledged cinema film, Leigh made nine feature-length television plays as well as shorts and theatrical productions. The success of *High Hopes* established Leigh as a major British film director. International renown steadily increased with his three subsequent films: *Life Is Sweet* (1990), *Naked* (1993),



and *Secrets & Lies* (1996). Over time Leigh has built up a pool of actors, constantly refreshed, on which he can draw with confidence. His 1999 film *Topsy-Turvy* concerns the 15-month period in 1884 and 1885 leading up to the premiere of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*. In *All or Nothing* (2002), regulars Timothy Spall, Lesley

Manville, Ruth Sheen and Marion Bailey join talented newcomers Alison Garland and James Corden (yes, from Carpool Karaoke) as struggling working-class people facing huge emotional crises. His most recent film, *Peterloo* (2018), was his biggest-budget film to date. Leigh has been nominated at the Academy Awards seven

times: twice each for *Secrets & Lies* (1996) and *Vera Drake* (2004) (Best Original Screenplay and Best Director) and once for *Topsy-Turvy*, *Happy-Go-Lucky* (2008), and *Another Year* (2010) (Best Original Screenplay only). Leigh has also won several prizes at major European film festivals. Most notably, he won the Best Director award at Cannes for *Naked* in 1993 and the Palme d'Or in 1996 for *Secrets & Lies*.

Andrew Dickson 1945, Isleworth, London, England) has 8 film composition credits: 2004 *Vera Drake*, 2002 *All or Nothing*, 1996 *Secrets & Lies*, 1995 *Someone Else's America*, 1994 *Oublie-moi*, 1993 *Naked*, 1988 *High Hopes*, and 1984 "Meantime."

Dick Pope (b. 1947, Bromley, Kent, England, UK) became interested in photography after his father gave him a Brownie box camera. He then began making portraits of his family and neighbors. Later, an uncle who worked for the BBC suggested a career as a cameraman. Pope became a trainee at Pathé Film Laboratory in London and worked on camera crews on 'B' movies. He sharpened his eye while shooting television documentaries. Eventually, he began shooting music videos and dramatic films. It was his meeting with Mike Leigh that would prove to be most fortuitous for his career (a common sentiment for many of those featured in this program). He has worked with Leigh on 11 films including *Life Is Sweet* (1990), *Naked* (1992), *Secrets and Lies* (1995), *Career Girls* (1996), *Topsy-*

Turvy (1998), *All or Nothing* (2001), *Vera Drake* (2004), *Happy-Go-Lucky* (2007), *Another Year* (2009), *Mr. Turner* (2014), and *Peterloo* (2018). Some of his other notable film and TV work are: *The Secret Garden* (1992), *Croupier* (1997), *Lara Croft: Tomb Raider* (2000), *Me and Orson Welles* (2008), and *Legend* (2015). For his work on *Mr. Turner*, Leigh's cinematic portrait of the innovative 19th century British painter J.M.W. Turner, Pope wanted the look of the film to mimic the era. "Nothing is too shiny," Pope says. "We got down and dirty with fingernails and general level of hygiene. Period films can look too glossy, and it's a mistake, really — a trap to fall into." Instead, Pope shot with vintage lenses to soften his images. The result landed him an Oscar nomination in 2015, his second nomination after *The Illusionist* (2006).

David Thewlis (b. March 20, 1963 in Blackpool, Lancashire, England, UK) is an English actor (102 credits) who began getting critical attention for playing Johnny Fletcher in the film *Naked* (1993), for which he won the Cannes Film Festival Award for Best Actor. His most commercially successful roles to date have been of Remus Lupin in the *Harry Potter** film series and Sir Patrick Morgan/Ares in *Wonder Woman* (2017). He also made a recent comedic turn as the "Shame Wizard" on Netflix's *Big Mouth* (He had critically acclaimed dramatic performances in films such as *The Boy in the Striped Pajamas* (2008) and *The Theory of Everything* (2014) and comedic turns in films such as *The Big Lebowski* (1998). These are some of the other films and television series he has acted in: *Only Fools and Horses* (TV Series) (1985), *The Singing Detective* (TV Mini-Series) (1986), *Little Dorrit* (1987), *Resurrected* (1989), *Afraid of the Dark* (1991), *Damage* (1992), *The Trial* (1993), *Black Beauty* (1994), *Total Eclipse* (1995), *Restoration* (1995), *James and the Giant Peach* (1996), *The Island of Dr. Moreau* (1996), *Seven Years in Tibet* (1997), *Divorcing Jack* (1998), *Besieged* (1998), *The Miracle Maker* (2000), *Goodbye Charlie Bright* (2001), *Little Wolf's Book of Badness* (Short) (2003), *Cheeky* (2003), *Kingdom of Heaven* (2005), *The New World* (2005), *Basic Instinct 2* (2006), *The Omen* (2006), *The Inner Life of Martin Frost* (2007), *The Lady* (2011), *War Horse* (2011), *RED 2* (2013), *The Zero Theorem* (2013), *The Fifth Estate* (2013), *Stonehearst Asylum* (2014), *Macbeth* (2015), *Legend* (2015), *Anomalisa* (2015), *Justice League* (2017), and *The Mercy* (2018). *Acted

in these *Harry Potter* films: *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban* (2004), *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix* (2007), *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince* (2009), *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part 1* (2010), and *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part 2* (2011).

Lesley Sharp (1964, Liverpool, Merseyside, England) is an English stage, film and television actress whose roles on British television include *Clocking Off* (2000–2001), *Bob & Rose* (2001) and *Afterlife* (2005–2006). She was nominated for the BAFTA Award for Best Actress in a Supporting Role for the 1997 film *The Full Monty*. Her other film appearances include *Rita, Sue and Bob Too* (1986), *Naked* (1993), *Priest* (1994), *From Hell* (2001) and *Vera Drake* (2004). Between 2011 and 2016, she starred as DC Janet Scott in the ITV drama



Scott & Bailey.

from Mike Leigh on Mike Leigh. Edited by Amy Raphael. Faber and Faber, London, 2008.

Amy Raphael: *Do you remember the first time you felt compelled to capture life on film?*

Mike Leigh: My grandpa's funeral when I was twelve. There was thick snow, the place was crammed with Jews, some guys were struggling downstairs with the coffin. One of them had a particularly long nose with a drip at the end of it. I remember standing there, thinking, 'This would make a great film.' At the age of twelve I didn't have the vocabulary to think, 'This is cinema!' But that was what I was experiencing.

Grandpa dying was a big deal for everybody. For reasons to do with who got what and that kind of rubbish, it caused endless family rifts. It never personally involved me, but it was traumatic if only because I was acutely aware of what was going on. People always said I was old for my age. I was clocking grown-up relationships from a very early age, and I think that's massively important. I very clearly remember being in my parents' flat in an old Victorian house in Manchester. We were only there till I was three: I was born in February 1943 and we moved in 1946. I certainly remember a lot of stuff from when my dad was in southern Africa during the war—I specifically remember him coming back, because he was quite late. At the end of the war all medical officers were shipped to Bombay, to process all the troops on their way back to the UK from the Far East. That was late 1945, early 1946.



Were you worried your father wouldn't come back?

No. But there was a kid in another flat whose dad wasn't coming back. I didn't know what the war was. Nobody knew what anybody was doing in southern Africa. So it happened that it was safe.

My sister wasn't born until the end of 1945, so I spent a lot of time playing on my own. While I'm a perfectly gregarious person, I'm also a loner...As a child, in the 1940s, I used to get sent to stay with my maternal grandparents in Hertfordshire. They had moved there in 1940 after closing their butcher's shop in Finsbury Park. Grandpa used to breed chickens in the garden, which was, in a sense, going back to his rural Lithuanian roots. He used to take me around farms and to the cattle market at Hitchin....

Were you a keen reader in your childhood?

Absolutely. I read everything and anything, from *Just William* and *Molesworth* to Dickens. As a teenager my favourite H.G. Wells novel was *The Bulpington of Blup*; I found it fascinating because it's about this guy, Theodore Bulpington, who has a fantasy character called the Bulpington of Bulp. He is one of the biggest wankers in literature (laughs). It's great. But also this

whole thing of having a private, alternative, interior world is central to everything that I've made or done.

Some general truths about writers and film directors are unavoidable. Film directing is both gregarious and lonely. You do have to be bossy and you have to enjoy telling people what to do, to want to push people around and manipulate them. You have to be a control freak. You inevitably have to be both involved and detached. All of these things apply to me.

Paradoxically, the most solitary part of being a conventional writer is something I can't, ultimately, deal with. Being alone, ruminating, procrastinating and so on is essential to writing. But for me, when it comes to the crunch, being productive and creative only flourishes in gregarious situations—but if I'm honest, gregarious only when I'm in control (laughs).

Returning to your childhood for a moment, how did you respond to the formality of your education?

My journey through education went through quite different phases. North Grecian Primary School was really very encouraging of creative activity. I edited a newspaper and wrote and directed my first play, *Muddled Magic*. I then didn't manage to get into Manchester Grammar School, where my father and uncles had been, because I failed their exam (I didn't know the difference between stalactites and stalagmites). Instead I attended Salford Grammar—Albert Finney had just left as I arrived—and there I became more of an anarchist....I went through some really bad times, some to do with my father. Finally, I kind of screwed up all academic activities and decided—partly because you could do it without a full number of O-levels—to try for drama school. I was very young, only seventeen. By an amazing fluke I not only got into RADA [Royal Academy of Dramatic Art], but they gave me a scholarship. It was very shocking, and not what my father or anyone else was expecting. In fact my old man was outraged by the whole thing.

RADA was a continuation, in some ways, of the school experience. It was very prescriptive, very old-fashioned, set in its ways and mostly uncreative. But it

was terrifically good news for me that I had that experience. On one level it kicked me off into the world of professional practice, but on another it left me questioning procedure on a daily basis. It wasn't till I took a foundation-year course at Camberwell Art School a little later that it dawned on me what the creative process is all about.

How did your father figure in the bad times you describe?

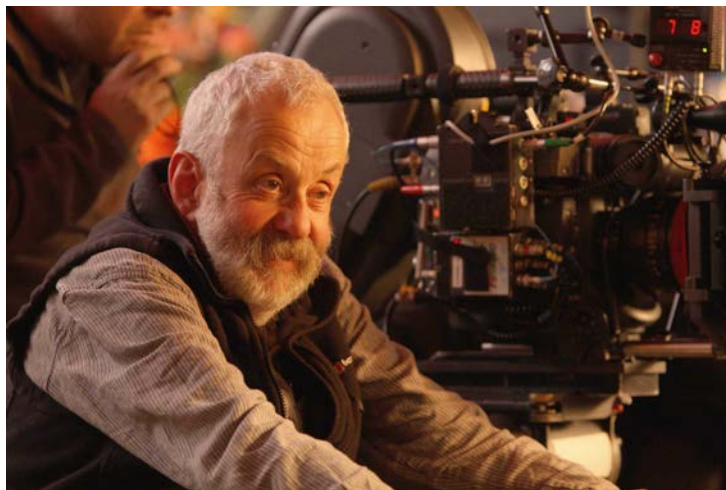
I have to say, with some mixed feelings, that my father was, for all kinds of understandable reasons, culpable of creating some of my problems, which, curiously, have mutated from problems into my *raison d'être*. As a primary-school kid I was an avid reader, but as I went into my teens, pressure from my old man—to do homework all the time and not really have a social life at all, to do only academic work, to not 'waste time' drawing, to be sure that I'd go to university and be academic—made me less able to do any of that.

Although I'm not at all dyslexic, the pressure seemed to create a short attention span when it came to reading. I still occasionally have lapses now....

Did you fall out with your father?

All the time. I have to say that, without wanting to rake out skeletons, I had the most fraught teenage years. It was desperate—extremely violent and extremely bad news. I was even sent to a psychiatrist, which turned out to be a pleasant experience. He merely concluded that there was nothing wrong with me at all....

At the same time, my old man was a great guy. I was devastated when he died prematurely in 1985. He was a fundamentalist NHS doctor. There were celebrations in my house when he got rid of his last inherited private patient. He was also a factory doctor. And he was a terrific doctor; I know because I've come across people he treated along the way. He was very direct and honest. He had great integrity.



You were a creative child, always drawing, painting, making things. Did your father fundamentally dislike your love of art?

The truth of it is that being an artist was anathema to my old man. His own father had been to art school in Russia and was a commercial artist who made his living colouring in photographs. He was a very good miniaturist. But during the Depression no one wanted photographs and Grandpa couldn't feed the family. Later, during the war, when everybody wanted framed pictures of sons killed on active service, he did very well.

I remember I used to be taken in the early 1950s to his little factory. These bohemian guys and women were all chain-smoking, talking ribald language and sitting at easels. They were known as 'The Artists'. I would be allowed to sit at an easel and bugger about. But for my father, being an artist was still associated

with a lack of income, and he couldn't bear it. It frightened him to death. It has taken me a long time to realise all this, but it seems obvious now.... Much later, long after he was dead, I found out that after his matriculation from Manchester Grammar, he wanted to read English at university. But it wasn't on—his family insisted he do medicine instead. In some

ways he was a man embarrassed by art. And being 'arty' was always used in a pejorative way....

Were you angry as a teenager?

I was angry with the establishment and with my folks. But teenagers in the 1950s were! Socially I was extremely active and gregarious. I was known early on as being a good laugh. I was a committed member of the Habonim, the secular Jewish socialist-Zionist youth movement. I was very happy in that context. By about 1956 or 1957—when I was thirteen or fourteen—I was leader of a team of younger kids. On a number of occasions I got kids together and put on plays with them. It's no coincidence that other alumni include Sacha Baron Cohen, David Baddiel, Jonathan Freedland and Dan Patterson, who invented *Whose Line Is It*

Anyway?, not to mention Arnold Wesker. We did a comedy about Nasser. Nothing was written down but it was all very structured. Having that leadership experience was great and has absolutely informed not only how I am but also how I've worked; everybody was open and democratic and working together towards a goal, the spirit of which goes right the way through my productions and the way I work.

Of course, this was all about the collective ideology of the kibbutz. Habonim's real objective was to get us young men and women to emigrate to Israel and be kibbutzniks. At sixteen you'd be taken there on a subsidised trip. I had this wonderful experience in the summer of 1960. We sailed the Med in a rusty old ship, the *Artzah*, which like the *Exodus* had been used for smuggling Holocaust survivors a little over a decade earlier. We slept on the deck under the stars, sang and played guitars and made love. We picked figs and olives on a couple of kibbutzim founded by members of Habonim. In one we watched Wajda's *Kanal* projected onto a wall, with English and Hebrew subtitles. We visited Jerusalem—which was still divided then, so we didn't see the Wailing Wall—and we climbed Masada and swam in the Dead Sea.

Immediately after this I quit the movement, left home, went to RADA and walked away from Jewish life forever. As Buñuel said, 'Thank God I'm an atheist!' I do maintain to this day very close friends—men and women—who date back to those days. And, of course, I deal with all this in *Two Thousand Years* (2005).

How long have you been an atheist?

For as long as I can remember. From a very early age religion just seemed to me like a game people play.

But do you feel Jewish in a cultural or even political way?

In *Two Thousand Years*, when Tammy is asked that particular question, she says, 'well, I feel Jewish and I don't feel Jewish. I've never known what it is not to be

Jewish.' Another question is, 'When do you feel Jewish?' Sometimes, by default, one feels very Jewish. Yet when I'm in a very Jewish situation, I feel decidedly unJewish. It depends.

It's very easy and comfortable at this stage of my life and of history to be Jewish and to be upfront about it. That's a far cry from being part of 'the Jewish scene.' As a result of *Two Thousand Years*, lots of Jewish organisations have wanted to involve me. That Jewish scene is an alien world to me, though. I've no desire to be any part of it.

But it would certainly be wrong to the point of being disingenuous to suggest that my life is devoid of anything manifestly Jewish. It isn't. Apart from anything else, a number of my very closest friends are not only Jewish but come from the Zionist youth movement I was in. And, of course, at some level I'm always preoccupied with Jewish cultural things. For example, I've read and cherished Isaac Bashevis Singer enormously over the last thirty years or so.

How Jewish do you feel on a specifically political level?

I'm a signatory to Jews for Justice for Palestinians, but on the other hand, I've mostly kept a low profile. I've been in the closet about it. Although you get a hint of these matters in *Hard Labour*, it hardly surfaces in my work. Deciding to do *Two Thousand Years* constituted a massive decision to come out and, in a certain sense, stop hiding, if I'm honest; to gather a group of kindred spirits and say, 'This is what we are.' Having agreed to

make up a play at the National Theatre, I felt that there was simply no point in showing up and doing another version of *Abigail's Party*. I was just formulating the ideas that developed into *Two Thousand Years* when I went to see Kwame Kwei-Armah's play *Elmina's Kitchen*,

which was set in Tottenham with a black cast. I remember thinking, 'I know what I've got to do. It's clear. I've been thinking about it long enough.'



My sister came to see *Two Thousand Years* in a state of some apprehension. She hadn't picked up exactly what it was about, but she knew it was a play of a Jewish nature. So she came to London—and she doesn't come very much—specifically to see it. Afterwards she thought it was great; she had been worrying that it was going to be all about our family in the 1950s. Of course, it was, but not literally. It is not more or less personal than any of my work. The ghetto mentality hang-up of hiding the fact that you're Jewish is my problem, no one else's. It's only us Jews who have the fear of a yellow star on our gabardines and want to have our noses fixed and change our names and be seen to be eating pork or bacon sandwiches. To pretend we're not Jewish.

How do your sons feel about you being Jewish?

Their mother, Alison Steadman, is not Jewish, so obviously they're not Jewish. But they've got a Jewish background. They know their relations in Manchester, their cousins and so on. ...They're very relaxed about the Jewish thing—it's part of what they're about, but without really being involved with it in any way. They're not hung up about it like I am. Thinking about it, I've made a series of films that don't, as it were, have a Woody Allen factor—the little Jewish nerd syndrome.

Do you like Woody Allen?

It varies between blind adulation and deep loathing, depending on which film you're talking about. *Radio Days* would be on my desert island with me; if you wanted to subject me to excruciating torture, you'd send me there with a copy of *Match Point*. I wouldn't survive twenty-four hours. *Manhattan* infuriated me because I thought we could all make films like that if someone would just give us a chance. I love *Crimes and Misdemeanors* and *Bullets Over Broadway*. I like *Annie Hall* but prefer *Hannah and Her Sisters*. I loved *Zelig* but can't stand *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. But to me

Radio Days stand head and shoulders above all the others. It's terrific. And he's a New Yorker, so it makes sense for him to make Jewish films....

Let's return to your influences: you may not have been particularly academic but it appears you were turned on by television and film during your formative years.

Very much so. People of my age will remember what a big deal it was at school when anyone came in and announced they had a telly. Gradually everyone got one, but it took some time. Then this massive thing happened when the Coronation came along in 1953. It didn't mean everyone got a telly but, still, it was a big issue.

What was known as 'viewing' became a major part of our lives....

Even before wanting to capture your grandpa's funeral on film, did you always watch films and want to get behind the camera?

I don't know what chemistry happens to you when you watch a film, what makes it into a particular fascination for you. For all of us, at one level, it's the same thing:

the film telling us a story and our involvement in that. For me—and I have to say the same is true with all art—it's bound up with a sense of wanting to *do* it, particularly with film and theatre, though more so with film.

I regard film as my natural habitat. It's about the joy of what you can do with a

camera, with the medium...but even before that, it's about an exhilaration with people and places, with wanting to grab hold of life and do something with it—to somehow make it, even though it already exists. Despite my enjoyment of pen and brush, it's never been quite the same turn-on as making films. That's the ultimate turn-on....

What sort of work were you interested in at the time? What got you excited?



As I've said, before I arrived in London in 1960, I'd virtually never seen a film that wasn't in English. Suddenly, here was world cinema—Eisenstein, Fellini, Bergman, Satyajit Ray, Buñuel, Ozu and Kurosawa. The French cinema entered my life. Renoir became a major influence, René Clair, Vigo... The Nouvelle Vague was just happening. *A Bout de Souffle* blew me away; *Les Quatre Cent Coups* inspired the autobiographical film I was never to make; and the first time I saw *Jules et Jim* I was in love with somebody who was in love with somebody else—and we all fell in love with Jeanne Moreau! Truffaut became a hero. I love the fluidity of *Jules et Jim*, which is interesting when you consider the virtual absence of tracking shots in *Bleak Moments*.

Godard and Truffaut were definite influences, Truffaut for his humanity, Godard for his opening my eyes to the notion of film as film, the 'filmness' of film.

Whereas the British New Wave—Karel Reisz, Tony Richardson, Lindsey Anderson—were more of an inspiration than an influence, really. Of course, I loved stuff like Richardson's wonderfully evocative bus ride round my native Manchester and Salford, or his hunt in *Tom Jones*, both beautifully photographed by Walter Lassally. It was great to see a real world one could relate to depicted on the big screen. I'd spent my childhood and teens loving British and Hollywood films but dreaming of a kind of movie where you'd see characters who were like you and me, warts and all.

Actually, just ahead of the New Wave proper came Jack Clayton's *Room at the Top*, which I saw at the Rialto in Great Cheetham Street, Salford 7. To walk out of the pictures into the real world you'd just been watching was a genuine breakthrough and very exciting. Laurence Harvey's northern working-class lad is an embarrassment! (Incidentally, I really admire Clayton's work. *The Innocents*, which was cut by my recent editor Jim Clark, contains the most spine-chilling scene in all cinema.)

But the thing about the British New Wave was that every film was an adaptation of a book or a play, and, *Bleak Moments* and *Nuts in May* notwithstanding, I realised early on that somehow for me it was going to be

all about making things up from scratch. In fact, one of the first films I saw in London was *Shadows* by John Cassavetes, another director I'd cite as more of an inspiration than an influence. We learned that his actors were improvising, that it had all been developed in a workshop situation. For me, this was particularly intriguing, as our RADA course was virtually devoid of improvisation work.

Over the years I've had mixed feelings about Cassavetes. Sometimes he was brilliant—I love *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie*, for example. But films like *Husbands* or, in particular, *Gloria* suffer from actors behaving like actors—improvising as themselves, so what pours out of them is actor behaviour, actor thoughts. Which doesn't work for me.

The other film that set me a-thinking in 1960 was *8 1/2*. Nobody on the shoot knew what the whole

film was about or what Fellini was up to. He kept it to himself, which struck a deep chord with me! All in all, going to movies of all kinds became my main activity....



AR: You may insist that all your films differ, but *Naked* is without

doubt a departure both in terms of its truly epic nature and its move away from the intimate environs of the family home.

ML: I tend to talk about *Naked* in terms of the apocalypse, the end of the century and impending doom, all of which are absolutely part of the very essence of the film. As I have said before, I have a very general tendency or instinct to dish up something that's different to what went before. On that level, *Naked* is obviously as different to *Life is Sweet* as *Topsy-Turvey* is to *Career Girls*. Indeed, you can find that in earlier sequences of films too.

On top of that, I was—and remain—very aware of the inevitable correlation between the fixed domestic environment and the risk of the narrow view of a limited domestic film. With *Naked* I was embracing the notion of a film that by its very nature was going to be peripatetic or picaresque. It was a very deliberate, conscious device to get away from being locked in

another street with another bloody family and another domestic situation. Not that *Naked* isn't about families, because it is in some ways; after all the characters are in retreat from their families or on the run from family situations. But in terms of consciously liberating myself to paint a bigger canvas, that was part and parcel of it.

AR: *Did you feel as though your work was becoming too easy to label. Perhaps even homogeneous?*

ML: In a way I did, yes. In that sense I thought it was really important to break away from the perception of what a Mike Leigh film was. Even Michael Coveney in his excellent book *The World According to Mike Leigh*, acknowledges how people talk about 'a Mike Leigh situation' or 'a Mike Leigh character'. It's fair enough and I don't in any way disagree or object to it, but even now, after a very long journey, when people say such things they still mean situations or characters in *Abigail's Party* and *Nuts in May*, while actually I've moved on and on.

So in the early 1990s I was really keen to shed those shackles. Having shed them in *Naked*, I returned to a domestic world in *Secrets & Lies*. But the epic dimensions of *Naked* had liberated me, and they are there in *Secrets & Lies* too. Without *Naked* before it, I don't think *Secrets & Lies* would have had the same sense of scale in terms of emotions and dynamics.

AR: *Did you have a sense of the journey you'd made from Bleak Moments to Naked?*

ML: Absolutely. When I made *Bleak Moments* it seemed a given that there was an inevitable correlation between my way of working and catatonic or non-communicative characters. The fact is, that's rubbish and there's no correlation in any shape or form. There are garrulous characters much earlier on—Keith and Candice-Marie have something to say in *Nuts in May*—but, of course, *Naked* is a very deliberate attempt to go

beyond that. It's a conscious decision on my part to investigate a character who not only has a great deal to say but also has actual ideas on the go, which in themselves are extraordinary enough to explore.

AR: *So you wouldn't have been ready to make this film any earlier?*

ML: No. I don't think so. If you look at Cyril and Shirley in *High Hopes*, you can see that I'm already looking at the way people express ideas and views. Which is a far cry from some of the earlier films. You could argue that Sylvia in *Bleak Moments* is capable of expressing ideas, but she doesn't actually do so.

But no, I don't think I could have made *Naked* any earlier. And also, given what I've been talking about, it's by no means insignificant that *Naked* was the first film to go to Cannes. It won two prizes; it was the breakthrough film.

AR: *I keep returning to the political backdrop in Britain as you were making the last half-dozen films, and it's just as relevant in Naked.*



ML: None of my films is particularly about Britain, and *Naked* especially is not. There are references to the fact that Johnny comes from Manchester and travels to London, but they could be any cities; it's a universal landscape. The preoccupations of *Naked* are much wider than the state of John Major's Britain.

There's a reference to Margaret Thatcher, but only a minor one.

AR: *Yet this was the era of the infamous Sun headline 'If Kinnock Wins Today, Will the Last Person in Britain Please Turn Out the Lights?' (April 1992). And homelessness was a big issue.*

ML: When we made *Life is Sweet*, I disappeared from the West End for nine months while we rehearsed and shot the film. When I returned to do post-production,

there was a sudden proliferation of people sleeping on the streets. When I started thinking about *Naked*, I absolutely had it in mind to make a film about homelessness. That was definitely an objective. But as I pursued it—and once again I discovered the film through making it—it became abundantly clear that it wasn't about homelessness as such.

Although some people have seen it or remembered it as being about Johnny the homeless person, he's not homeless: at the beginning of the film you see him go back to his house in Manchester and pick up his luggage. The last time you see him is only a few days later. The film strays across the main road of the subject of homelessness but it's really not about that at all. It merely evokes its spirit. You could argue that Archie and Maggie are not homeless yet, although that will happen. For now, though, it's just the insecurity of having just arrived in London.

AR: *Johnny may not be homeless, but watching the film one feels he may become so very quickly.*

ML: Sure. From the perspective of the chauffeur of the Rolls-Royce who briefly thinks Johnny's the client he's been waiting to pick up, he is either a pop star or a vagrant.

AR: *Why do you think people found Naked so hard to watch when it first came out?*

ML: Anyone who criticised it in that way wasn't getting the film. If you dig out the reviews, you'll find questions such as this:

why does every woman in the film allow herself to be a victim, to be a doormat? And it's just not true. It's not true of Louise, for a start. It's a far more complex film than those questions suggest, but there were certain kinds of old-fashioned 1980s quasi-left-wing reactionary attitudes on the go.

I saw a BBC programme the other night about feminists in the 1970s. There were even crèches in Camden where they wouldn't allow boy children! That

was the spirit of the criticism of *Naked* at the time. When the film came out, there was a Q&A at the Scream on the Green in Islington and a 'feminist' started attacking it. What she didn't know was that Katrin Cartlidge, Lesley Sharp, Deborah Maclaren and Claire Skinner were all in the audience. They had this woman for breakfast. They weren't having it. No woman involved in the film is the type who would allow herself to be a doormat. We'd never have got the film made. They'd have cut my balls of first. They were nothing if not feminists.

AR: *You were clearly disappointed by accusations of misogyny.*

ML: No one could have anticipated some of the nonsense that the film would endure at first, nor the flak it would get from so-called feminist quarters. But when we talk of the early fate of *Naked*—and I say early because you never hear those kinds of comments or criticisms from young feminist women now—it's vital to discuss the spirit of the shoot. It was a very smart, mixed crew. There was a female designer, art director, boom swinger.

We made a point always that when we shot the scenes which were tough from an actress's point of view—such as the scene in which Sophie is raped by Jeremy/Sebastian—there wasn't a roomful of blokes like there would have been in the old days. And Heather Storr, who always works with me as script supervisor, was around. Having said that, the following is true: the

film was shot from the autumn into the winter and it was, at times, a tough experience.

AR: *It's important to remember, I think, that guys like Johnny are very charismatic. There's obviously never an excuse for violent behaviour, but such men exist and women seem to fall time and again for men who they think they can help or mother or whatever.*

ML: Absolutely. Of course

these men exist.



AR: *If I'm honest, David Thewlis is oddly attractive in Naked. He's dirty and out of control and angry, but he's also fiercely bright and he has ideas.*

ML: I agree. And life is never straightforward; people are complicated.

AR: *I also don't feel as though the scenes where Johnny initiates sex—either with Sophie or the woman in the window—are in any way glamorous or glossy. They are raw and uncomfortable.*

ML: All of that is absolutely right. The film is in no way a celebration of male sadism. The other character that Greg Crutwell gives us—Jeremy/Sebastian or whatever he's really called—is there to offset Johnny. I thought it was important to see somebody who actually is a rapist.

But whatever I say, the perceived wisdom in some quarters is that *Naked* is a misogynistic film. And a cynical film. It's absolutely not a misogynistic film because it's in

no way a celebration of misogyny; it's a criticism of it. Many critics have asserted that Johnny is a cynic. On the contrary, Johnny is a frustrated, disappointed, embittered idealist. The

very opposite of a cynic. He believes in real values. He's entirely disillusioned about the way people and things are. Having said that, *Naked* survived in all sorts of places and contexts as a voice of the time. Particularly for young people. And it has remained immensely popular.

AR: *You just alluded to it being a tough film to make for both cast and crew.*

ML: Absolutely. The mood of the film really took us over. Not really in any negative way, given that people were very behind it and very committed to it, but it was very pervasive and powerful. The way it was lit and the

concentration...when a film's really organic it gets to people.

AR: *You mention the way the film was lit: the look of Naked is particularly important, creating as it does an edgy, bleak and chilling atmosphere. Did cinematographer Dick Pope decide to use the 'bleach bypass process' that makes it look as though it's washed out in black and blue? Or did you decide together?*

ML: What happened is what always happens. The various artists or heads of departments who collaborate with me knowingly—as opposed to actors who are unknowing—sit and wait till I'm able to give them a clue. One day during these rehearsals I was able to have lunch with Dick Pope and Alison Chitty—the production designer—and talk about a nocturnal journey, a sense of doom. A solo guy on this journey, et cetera. Out of that we started to talk about tone, mood, colour, palette.



Then we did what we've subsequently done more regularly, which is to shoot tests of an entirely visual nature, using stand-ins to represent the actors.... Dick mentioned the possibility of using bleach bypass, so we sat down in a

preview theatre and looked at reels from a whole lot of different films that had been shot using that process, including *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. It seemed obvious that it was what we should use....

AR: *We talked earlier of the criticisms leveled at Naked, but when you watch it now what stands out?*

ML: The section of the film that is most interesting to discuss is this: Johnny has escaped, he's come down to London. For the first passage of the film after that it's fairly claustrophobic and he's mostly in the flat with the two women. There's a sense of being trapped which finally manifests itself in the scene where Louise is

watching the box and Johnny is prowling around, followed by Sophie. They go from the living room to the kitchen to the stairs and back to the living room.

From a technical or *mise-en-scène* point of view it's an interesting scene because I've constructed the action to serve the shot. I wanted to get the feeling of Johnny prowling around like an animal in a cage, so I decided to use a continuous panning shot, from the kitchen to the living room, to and fro. That scene is lit in a very heightened way because Dick Pope and Alison Chitty colluded and used wicker lampshades that created a speckled effect everywhere. Of course, the score is building throughout that scene to a crescendo, which it hits as Johnny finally leaves the house, rushes down the steps and runs across the road. What I love about that exterior shot is that there's a sign up with two arrows pointing in two different directions—a great piece of synchronicity....

AR: *Desperate for love, Sophie is also taken with Johnny. Louise at least has forged a life for herself in London post-Johnny. Sophie appears to be a lost cause, declaring love for him within hours of meeting him.*

ML: What I find interesting about Sophie is that for all her nonsense, she comes out with some very clear thoughts. The most truthful thing she says—and the truth that lies at the heart of the film, certainly in its view of the relationship of men and women—is this: “What they start off loving you for they end up hating you for.” It's so true. And I'm as guilty of that as any other bloke.

Again, she's a wasted person. And also, in the context of a film that is about the relationship between the moment we're in and all the moments in time, it's important that here is a woman who is pathologically incapable of doing anything other than feed off the moment. She wants the gratification and the returns in the moment. Yet Sophie's got a sense of humour. Like all needy, insecure people she's capable of forgetting it at times, but it's definitely there....

AR: *At what point did you decide to call the film Naked?*

ML: As always, there was a big struggle with the title. I think if Desmond Morris hadn't already written his book, I might have called it *The Naked Ape*, as Johnny makes lots of references to monkeys. At some stage in the proceedings, quite a while after it had been generally released, we had a communication from the distributors in Singapore. The authorities wouldn't allow a poster in the street saying ‘Naked’. Could they have an alternative title? Rather than get into a bother about it—and what happens in Singapore doesn't keep me awake at night—I dredged up a title that I'd previously rejected: *Raw*. I was only inhibited about using it because of the wonderful graphic magazine of that name. So all over the streets of Singapore the posters said *Raw*, but when you went to the cinemas the film was still called *Naked*....

AR: *The poster for Naked attracted a fair amount of attention—mostly negative—showing as it did a still from the scene with Jeremy/Sebastian and Sophie shortly before he rapes her.*

ML: Yes, it was a source of great pain. If there are any scenes that involve nudity in my films, we simply conspire not to take stills at all, because if you do, you can be bloody sure they'll wind up somewhere, the press being what it is. So when it came to that scene, Katrin wasn't actually naked. They both would have been, but at that time, you weren't allowed to show male genitals. We decided they'd both have their underwear on. Katrin, being the ultimate trouper, said she wasn't bothered if stills were taken. Of course, that was the

bloody shot that got everywhere. Katrin was quite upset in the end. I don't like it, I think it's wrong. And she's not even naked.

AR: *Any other regrets about Naked?*

ML: Only one. I made a mistake in the casting of the film. In the course of the auditions, one new

actor that I met was Marianne Jean-Baptiste; it



immediately became clear that she was as sharp as we knew her to be. When I was pondering the various women Johnny might run into, she was one of them. For some convoluted reason, which fourteen years later seems remarkably old-fashioned and retrograde, I had this notion that if one of the women was black it would in some way detract from the real issue. I think it's complete nonsense, even offensive, and I'm embarrassed. It's one of the only things in any of my films that I've regretted, because I know she would have been an interesting, strong character. She wouldn't have been a doormat; she'd have been articulate, strong. It's a shame we didn't get to explore it. I missed it. But there you go. I did, however, get her into the next thing I did, *It's a Great Big Shame!*, and she was really brilliant. I then, of course, got the idea of making her a major player in *Secrets & Lies*.

As an important aside, it would also be true to say that the only thing that made *Naked* really difficult to shoot was the bloody lousy caterers. They were so bad that in a couple of locations, both when we were in the office in Charlotte Street and the house in Dalton on night shoots, people were nipping off to local Turkish and Indian restaurants and paying for their own suppers—something film crews just don't do. The shoot was going well, but as it was coming up to Christmas, people were really depressed about the food. I finally persuaded Simon Channing Williams and Georgina Lowe, the production manager, to sack the caterers and install Set Meals Ltd.

When people showed up on this cold Monday morning in December to shoot yet another depressing scene, they saw this gleaming Set Meals Ltd truck dispensing the most beautifully cooked breakfasts. I saw grown men drop to their knees and weep (*laughs*). If anyone thinks that a discussion about catering is extraneous to the issues of film-making, I can only point out that an army marches on its belly.



Amy Taubin: “Naked: The Monster we Know” **(Criterion Notes)**

Heeere's Johnny, the desperate, destructive prophet-of-the-apocalypse protagonist of Mike Leigh's brilliantly corrosive *Naked* (1993), a sexually explicit update to a long line of British films, plays, and novels about angry young men. Johnny might be mistaken for a mere misanthrope, so ultrademocratically does he direct his verbal abuse against self and other, young and old, male and female. But Johnny has a special weapon that he reserves for women alone. If he plays passive-aggressive with his tongue—his irreverent wit disarms and seduces even as it cuts to the quick—he uses his prick purely for punishment. Johnny's a hate-fucker. Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang. Does that seem familiar to you? Pity the woman who can't see it coming, or who deludes herself that next time will be different. After all, he's so smart, so sensitive, so needy in his anger, so little-boy-lost under the scruffy beard and adrenalized body language.

If Johnny were less magnetic, *Naked* wouldn't have torn the sexual body politic from London to New York to everywhere else that Mike Leigh's oeuvre was valued. The issue: was the film an exposé of misogyny or an endorsement? There were articles claiming that simply to put Johnny center screen was to valorize him, especially since the character was embodied by David Thewlis, one of the most compelling young actors of the decade. But that scorched-earth argument underestimates the complexity of the character and of the narrative Leigh constructed. Although *Naked* locates its subjectivity largely within Johnny, it also allows us to know him in ways he doesn't know himself. From his outsider position, Johnny understands that contemporary society—post-Thatcher Britain, at the end of the

twentieth century—is bent out of shape. He imagines that he resists its authority, but in fact, he takes advantage of the patriarchal order, confirming his masculine power by causing women pain. Leigh strips the character of his mystique to reveal his compulsive brutality and his badly wounded narcissism. We may sympathize—even empathize—with Johnny, but we don’t fall in love with him. He’s the guy we know we’re better off without.

Naked was the first of Leigh’s films to focus on a single character. Instead of his usual ensemble structure, Leigh follows Johnny, who is literally on the run from the first scene to the last, through a series of encounters, the majority of them with women. The film opens in medias res—specifically, in the middle of a brutal back-alley sexual encounter between a man we later learn is Johnny and an anonymous woman whom he and we never see again. It’s too dark to discern exactly what’s happening, but after a few seconds of what seems like mutual pleasure, the woman begins to resist and scream. Johnny persists and then abruptly flees. Is this a rape? Not exactly—more like consensual rough sex gone wrong—although, pragmatically, if a woman believes she’s been raped, then she has. As we will learn, what we’ve seen is Johnny’s *modus operandi*. In any case, it’s a stunning way to open a film. It doesn’t pull any punches in letting you know what’s at stake.

The opening scene is the first in a series of desultory one-on-one encounters. Late in the film, Johnny says that Sophie (Katrin Cartlidge), his ex-girlfriend’s roommate and one of his easy conquests, has “an irritating proclivity for negation,” adding, “I suppose she thinks it’s progressive.” Johnny may as well be describing himself. The statement clinches what we have suspected throughout: Johnny projects his feelings of anger and disappointment with himself onto others, and especially onto women. What makes him so effective as a seducer is that women intuit how much he identifies with them—with their oppression, outsiderness, and vulnerability. But if women are romantically vulnerable to Johnny, he is sexually vulnerable to them—and he hates them for “feminizing” him in this way. Thus he is compelled to bully, hurt, and disappoint them, in order to prove that he is more powerful. In itself, this is not an unusual masculine psychosexual syndrome. What makes Johnny so fascinating is that he disguises his need for power as honesty. Johnny is on a mission to “free” people from

the hopes, illusions, and expectations that a hypocritical society foists upon them. He responds to Sophie’s desire for romance, to an older woman’s explicit request to be physically abused, and to his ex-girlfriend’s hope for a real relationship by humiliating them for their “incorrect” approach to life. He hurts women, and then he abandons them. In the end, however, there is no doubt that it is Johnny who is literally crippled by the self-hatred he turns on others.

To clinch the case that Johnny cannot be disposed of by branding him a rapist and a sadist, Leigh introduces a subplot involving a rich twit named Jeremy, who is, indeed, a rapist, a sadist, and most likely a psychopath. Jeremy uses his class privilege and power to subjugate, hurt, and humiliate women. There is nothing ambiguous about his actions or his desires (although, in psychoanalytic terms, fear of feminization may be at the root of his behavior as well). What is remarkable about *Naked* is that it reveals who Johnny is, not only by stripping him bare but also by juxtaposing him with the truly horrific thing he is not.



Derek Malcolm: “*Naked: Desperate Days*” **(Criterion Notes)**

Naked is the angriest, most bitterly critical attack on the false values of society that Mike Leigh, Britain’s constant chronicler of the tragic comedy of desperate lives, has ever made. Its audacity is that the attack is mounted through a central character of whom few would approve. Johnny (David Thewlis) is, in fact, a classic antihero, who blasts away at the hypocrisy inherent in the Britain of the immediate post-Thatcher era much like a latter-day version of John Osborne’s Jimmy Porter. Yet such is the power of the film that Leigh is also able to include, without in any way seeming to placate his audience, moments of compassion, gentleness, and humor, which prevent *Naked* from seeming merely a

bilious, if gloriously eloquent, rant. It is not just that. In fact, it is one of the greatest, most memorable, if decidedly uncomfortable, British films not only of its decade but of the entire second half of the twentieth century.

Yet there are still people who mistake it. I have heard it said that Johnny is Leigh himself in another guise, and that the film's misogynist tone and occasional parodic elements show the flaws of the director rather than his virtues. But this is to look at the film through dark glasses, unable to see its many subtleties: the sometimes cruel but more often sympathetic comedy of characters who, unlike Johnny, cannot express what they are feeling; the way even those with the smallest parts are so precisely observed, like the weeping young woman whom Johnny virtually rapes before he sets out for London. This is undoubtedly the result of the long periods of rehearsal, during which Leigh's actors refine their parts until a formal screenplay, written by Leigh, can be agreed.

Great films, of course, don't have to be flawless in order to be elevated into that category. And *Naked* is not that. At times, it seems to focus too much on Johnny and not enough on the women with whom he associates. It can also, indeed, come off as a bit of a rant. But it is not what it appears to many of those who prefer *High Hopes*, *Secrets and Lies*, or *Vera Drake*, each of them about the deep ties of family. It is not, that is, bereft of ideas of human community. Most of Leigh's films have a family at their center, not an individual, and that is one of their strengths, because they show how we behave not just toward those we know a little but toward our nearest and dearest. *Naked* is not like that. But it is surely about people who need and lack a family, and who either cannot find their roots or are constantly in retreat from them.

But is Johnny, the clearly well-educated but despairing Northerner who comes down to London on a kind of odyssey, to find an ex-girlfriend, Leigh in disguise? In one way, perhaps he is, since all Leigh's films have an auto-biographical element built into them, if not in a literal sense. That's the way he makes them, forged painstakingly from his own experience or, more often, his own observation, allied with that of his actors. But, as he has said, Johnny isn't him at all; he may, though, Leigh has added, be a kind of exorcism of parts

of himself, made in full maturity and reflecting some



aspects of his youth.

Is the film misogynist? No, because it is as deeply critical of the men as it is of the women, who seem to haunt Johnny but can never satisfy him, any more than he can satisfy them. The late and much lamented Katrin Cartlidge's put-upon Sophie, the girl Johnny finds drugged up in his ex-girlfriend's London flat, almost appears to seek what she gets from Johnny and Greg Cruttwell's balefully repellent, sexually predatory landlord. She is as desperate as Johnny, without the capacity to understand the reasons for her unhappiness or, even if she could, to explain it in words. This film has also been criticized for its parodic moments, the critique going that it is those Leigh likes least who get parodied (in this case, the middle-class landlord), thus stacking the odds in favor of those to whom he is more sympathetic. But, pessimistic as *Naked* undoubtedly is, and made during an era in Britain with which Leigh had little political sympathy, its parody doesn't seriously weaken it.

Ultimately, *Naked* is not so very different from Leigh's other films—all his movies are, he correctly says, fish from the same sea, with many of the same preoccupations about family, class, and the desperation of impoverished lives. What distinguishes it from the rest (up until his latest, *Vera Drake*) is its focus on a central character on a journey, perhaps to find his true self, perhaps to find a wider world than the one that forged him into the bitter outsider he has become. What he discovers is a Britain where, in Margaret Thatcher's own horrifying words, there is no such thing as society. Johnny, like everyone else in the film, is out on his own,

plunging about in a darkness much akin to anarchy. It isn't a world that any of them, not even the intellectually probing Johnny, can deal with satisfactorily. Which brings us back to the importance Leigh attaches to family, to roots, and to some kind of corporate identity.

Another difference between *Naked* and Leigh's other films is the way, and the scale on which, it was made. It is almost as if a blank canvas has been scrawled upon by an artist moving heaven and earth to broaden his boundaries and define his work—to paint a portrait of an England in thrall to totally inhibiting values and the effect that can have on individuals. It was certainly the most ambitious of his films up until then.

Dick Pope's eloquent cinematography and Andrew Dickson's bass-and-harp soundtrack show that *Naked* can't be said to be solely the product of one artist. But if it belongs to anybody but Leigh, it belongs securely to Thewlis, whose performance in the incredibly taxing part of Johnny surely deserved the Oscar he never got. He saw Johnny not just as an antihero but as a man who exemplifies the many people who have both a repellent and an attractive side. He is screwed up because he knows, deep down inside himself, that he can be hateful, but, when he seeks to change by trying to connect with others, something invariably prevents him. He is indeed naked, and no briefly comforting female arms can assuage that feeling for more than the most fleeting of moments.

Watch and listen to the long scene where he converses with Peter Wight's security guard, who spends much of his nightly vigil spying on a woman across the street, and you will see the best of both Thewlis and Leigh. It's an extraordinary episode and a tour de force of direction, writing, and acting. Played out within the cold expanses of an empty building at night, it has Johnny explaining himself not so much to the guard as to himself, and the guard likewise expounding on his own troubles. It is, in fact, less a conversation than a spoken, and visual, commentary on two people leagues apart but united in their lack of fulfillment.

But do not suppose you are about to see a film that will send you scuttling for the shelter of a nice, easy bit of Hollywoodana. Here's Johnny's answer to the girl who asks him how he got here (meaning London, from the North): "Well, basically, there was this little dot, right? And the dot went bang, and the bang expanded. Energy formed into matter, matter cooled, matter lived, the amoeba to fish, the fish to fowl, the fowl to froggy, the froggy to mammal, the mammal to monkey, the monkey to man. *Amo, amas, amat*, quid pro quo, memento mori, ad infinitum, sprinkle on a little bit of grated cheese and leave under the grill till doomsday."

What a patronizing bastard! But quite entertaining, don't you think? That's the thing about *Naked*. It's an impressively serious film but it understands that you can actually laugh at its skewed world too.

THE SPRING 2022 BUFFALO FILM SEMINARS #44:

All films in the series but two (*Notorious* and *The Power of the Dog*) are available from Criterion or Netflix: c after a title indicates it is available on Criterion, p=Amazon Prime, p\$=Amazon Prime with an extra \$4 fee. *The Power of the Dog* is available, for now, only on Netflix. *Notorious* is available on FlixFilm (low-resolution versions are free on YouTube and Tubi.). All four subscription services let you cancel at any time, so you should have access to all 24 films for well under \$100. *The Gunfighter* is on Amazon Prime and, in low rez, free on Tubi. Nine of the films—all with "UB" after the title—are available free to anyone with a UB email account via the UB Library's Swank and Kanopy portals. Five films are available only on non-UB streaming services: *Le Corbeau*, *The Gunfighter*, *Naked*, *Salesman* and *The Power of the Dog*. (The Swank titles will be available at UB's Library for a year; the Kanopy titles for 3 years.)

- Feb 1: 1921 Victor Sjöström, *The Phantom Carriage* c UB-Kanopy
- Feb 8: 1934 Frank Capra *It Happened One Night* c p\$ UB-Swank
- Feb 15: 1941 John Huston *The Maltese Falcon* p\$ UB-Swank
- Feb 22: 1943 Henri-Georges Clouzot *Le Corbeau* c
- Mar 1: 1946 Alfred Hitchcock *Notorious* FlixFilm, YouTube, UB-Swank, Tubi (free)
- Mar 8: 1950 Henry King, *The Gunfighter* p\$, Tubi (free), [YouTube](#) (free)
- Mar 15: 1958 Orson Welles *Touch of Evil* p\$ UB-Swank
- Mar 29: 1962 Yasujiro Ozu *An Autumn Afternoon* c p\$b UB Kanopy
- Apr 5: 1973 Federico Fellini *Amarcord* c p\$ UB Kanopy
- Apr 12: 1993 Mike Leigh *Naked* c
- Apr 19: 2002 Phillip Noyce *Rabbit-Proof Fence* p\$ UB-Kanopy

Apr 26: 2016 Asghar Farhadi *Salesman* p
May 3: 2021: Jane Campion *The Power of the Dog* NETFLIX
May 10: 2011 Martin Scorsese *Hugo* p\$ UB-Kanopy

CONTACTS:

...email Diane Christian: engdc@buffalo.edu
...email Bruce Jackson bjackson@buffalo.edu
....for cast and crew info on any film: <http://imdb.com/>

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