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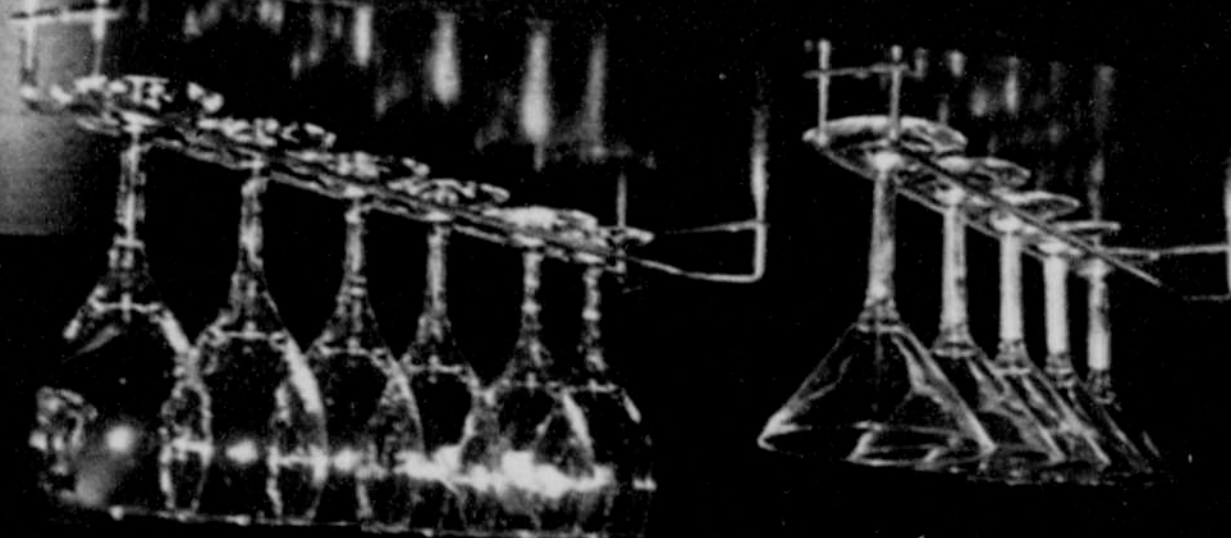
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film

Atonement

Based on Ian McEwan's novel and directed by Joe Wright (*Pride & Prejudice*), this movie spans several decades, starting in 1935. Out of jealousy of older sister Cecilia (Keira Knightley), young Briony Tallis (Saoirse Ronan) wrongly accuses admirer Robbie Turner (James McAvoy) of a crime he did not commit. This event will change the three lives forever, and the film follows how Briony deals with this guilt. Cinematographer Seamus McGarvey does an awesome job capturing the different times and places, beautifully underlined by music from Dario Marianelli. **A-**

—Yvonne P. Behrens

Danny Williams Factory Films

Andy Warhol's "Factory" was rightly named. Warhol prefigured artists like Jeff Koons (or, for that matter, cynical sentimentalists like Thomas Kincade) in a kind of ruthless commodification of art. There seems to be no actual creator behind much of this kind of art, which can be produced as easily by underpaid workers as by the artist himself. More easily produced, really, because this method—mass production, recasting commercial images in a high-art context—allows the artist to do more interesting things: lounging, partying, clubbing, etc. Warhol himself tends to vanish behind his askew wig and dark glasses and soulless images of Jackie Kennedy and Campbell's soup.

Warhol acolytes who lacked his ability to disengage both from life and art often fared less well than their mentor, as many books and films have shown through the years. Danny Williams is a case in point. Williams was a handsome, Harvard-educated gay man whose curious nature and artistic inclinations led him to New York's alternative art scene in 1963. By 1965, he was Warhol's lover and living at the Factory.

That year he also began competing, in his own small way, with Warhol by shooting experimental films using the denizens of the Factory as his "stars." Not that these were conventional films, or very much like Warhol's. Even a brief glance at this footage, which was recently unearthed by Williams' niece Esther Robinson for her biographical film

A Walk into the Sea, shows an idiosyncratic talent at work. Where Warhol famously would turn on a camera for a film like *Horse* and then leave (or "forget" to turn on the camera at all before shooting), Williams exhibits a far more engaged, dynamic sensibility. His work shows the mindset of a visualist and an editor, cutting and controlling gorgeously strobe-lit images of Edie Sedgwick, artist Harold Stevenson, Brigid Berlin, Gerard Malanga, the Velvet Underground and others—including, of course, Warhol. Warhol as seen in Williams' films is much as we'd expect: remote, humorless, bloodless. Williams' attempts to inject life into his subjects through sensual lighting techniques, slow-motion and rapid-fire cutting are constantly frustrated by Warhol's ultimately impenetrable demeanor.

Williams' rediscovered films—in a rare showing 7:30 p.m. Dec. 8 at Northwest Film Center introduced by Robinson with live music accompaniment by The Quavers—hint at a gifted artist of a very different order from Warhol. If it's too simplistic to say Williams' suicide in 1966 at age 27 was a consequence of their failed affair, he was neither the first nor the last Warhol satellite to crash and burn before coming into his own.

—Gary Morris

For the Bible Tells Me So

For the Bible Tells Me So opens with a startling image. Infamous Christian homophobe Anita Bryant is at a 1970s news conference bitching about "the homosexuals" when one of the latter jumps up and pies her. Bryant manages to tackily quip, "At least it's a fruit pie" through a face disfigured by oozing meringue. Then she prays for the "misguided" offender's soul.

This grotesque image is a perfect symbol of the film's subject: the church's endless hate campaign against gay people. Director Daniel Karslake showcases five average, churchgoing American families, all raised on boilerplate "God hates fags" propaganda. A mother of a lesbian child says she started taking her baby to church at only two weeks old; that's how early the anti-gay drumbeat begins. The film shows the devastating effects of this brainwashing-from-birth. Seemingly normal, loving



Northwest Film Center is screening the rediscovered films of Danny Williams, onetime lover/collaborator with Andy Warhol.