



11/30-12/6
492 E. 13th Ave
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MOVIES
THAT
MATTER

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WILDLIFE (PG-13)
In 1960s Montana, a teenage boy must deal with his mother's complicated responses after his father temporarily abandons them to become a firefighter. Directed by Paul Dano. Starring Carey Mulligan and Jake Gyllenhaal.
1:00, 6:30

BURNING (NR)
In Korean with English Subtitles
The difficult life of Jongsu (Ah-in Yoo), a frustrated introvert, is complicated by the appearance of two people into his orbit: first, Haemi (Jong-seo Jun), a spirited woman who offers romantic possibility, and then, Ben (Steven Yeun), a wealthy and sophisticated young man she returns with from a trip. When Jongsu learns of Ben's mysterious hobby and Haemi suddenly disappears, his confusion and obsessions begin to mount, culminating in a stunning finale. Directed by Chang-dong Lee.
3:30, 9:00

CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME? (R)
When bestselling celebrity biographer and cat lover, Lee Israel (Melissa McCarthy), is no longer able to get published because she has fallen out of step with current tastes, she turns her art form to deception, abetted by her loyal friend, Jack (Richard E. Grant). Based on her memoir. Directed by Marielle Heller.
1:15, 3:45, 6:15, 8:45

Local beer, wine and cider... & now kombucha on tap!

TICKET PRICES: MATINEE before 5pm \$6
ADULT \$8 | STUDENT \$7 | SENIOR 62+ \$6 CHILD age 12 & under \$6

BROADWAY

NOVEMBER 30-DECEMBER 6

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43 W. BROADWAY
(541) 686-2458
REGULAR
ADMISSION
\$9 ADULTS
\$8 STUDENTS
\$6 SENIORS
\$6 BEFORE 4 PM
OPEN EVERY DAY

MIRAI
12:05 SHOWS DUBBED
4:45 SHOWS SUBTITLED
FRI 12:05 4:45
SAT 4:45
SUN-THU 12:05 4:45
BORDER (GRÄNS)
FRI-TUE 2:20 7:00 9:15
WED-THU SHOWTIMES TBD
WIDOWS
FRI-TUE 11:45 2:45 6:30 8:30
WED-THU SHOWTIMES TBD
BOY ERASED
DAILY 11:00 1:30 4:00 6:00 9:00
TEA WITH THE DAMES
DAILY 11:00 3:15
MID90s
DAILY 9:30
FREE SOLO
DAILY 1:00 5:15 7:25
THE MERCY
PREMIUM ADMISSION
NO PASSES OR DISCOUNTS
THU 12/6 6:30
METROarts
PREMIUM EVENT ADMISSION
NTL: THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME
SAT 11:00
THU 12/6 7:00



TIX
\$7

SENIOR & STUDENT
SUNDAYS \$2 OFF

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NOV 30TH - DEC 6TH
*FRI/SAT/SUN MATINEE ONLY (\$5 TIX)






*SMALLFOOT
2:45

*NATIONAL
LAMPON'S
CHRISTMAS
VACATION
2:55

PREMIERE WEEK!
THE HATE U GIVE
4:30

PROSPECT
4:40






BLAKKKLANSMAN
6:30

FIRST MAN
6:50

CRAZY RICH ASIANS
8:50

FINAL WEEK!
BAD TIMES AT THE EL ROYAL
9:20

MOVIES

BY RICK LEVIN



TIM BLAKE NELSON IN SCRUGGS

HOW THE WEST WAS LOST

Fate and mortality do their work in the Coen brothers' masterful Netflix anthology *The Ballad of Buster Scruggs*

For all their deceptive genre fluidity, technical finesse and narrative bankability, the Coen brothers remain among our finest filmmakers, capable of straddling that razor's edge between populist confection and radical seriousness without ever losing their grounding in an artistic integrity that seems, so far, unimpeachable.

Inside every major and minor Coen offering hides an existential wallop that reveals itself slowly, sometimes over the course of years, even decades. Hence, 1998's *The Big Lebowski* looks today like a grunt of prophecy on par with Orwell and Hobbes — a bitter pill with a sugar coating of cultish nonchalance that perfectly predicted the nihilism of our present predicament.

Which brings us to the latest Joel and Ethan Coen production, *The Ballad of Buster Scruggs*, recently released on Netflix. Yes, you can see in this choice to forgo the big screen a distinct rejection of the major studios, which are bent more than ever on funding mindless, cynical crap.

As commercialized idiocy and populist pabulum rise to the top of the mainstream, seeking to satisfy the basest mediocrity of mass entertainment, major artists like the Coens are being driven to different realms to fund smaller projects. This is at once depressing, predictable and, should you choose to view it as such — as I do — fortuitous. Some of our best directors are now going to Netflix.

The Ballad of Buster Scruggs is quintessential Coens and, at the same time, an oddball entry into their canon. It is an anthology of short films, all based on short stories (written by the Coens over several years) about the American frontier — the kind of dime-store Western adventure stories sometime called “oaters.”

The conceit is distinctly literary, and it plays well in the Coens' hands. The outward trappings and inward structure of the stories make for straightforward genre potboilers: gunfighters (Tim Blake Nelson), bank robbers and hangings (James Franco), the Gold

Rush (Tom Waits), traveling orators and vaudeville (Liam Neeson and Harry Melling), a woman's trek to new beginnings on the Oregon Trail (Zoe Kazan).

For their first film shot in digital, the Coens lavish the screen with rich, gorgeous details and a palette that is by turns verdant and sepia-tinted. Vast and eye-boggling vistas in one story tighten into a fist of moonlit claustrophobia in the next, creating a dual vision of the West as a place of limitless expanses forever closing in.

Unlike the films of Quentin Tarantino, whose appropriation of genre elements looks increasingly like theft, the Coens explore the Western tradition with a spirit of curiosity and discovery, digging sideways into foundational truths that might just tell us more about ourselves than we'd like to know. In other words, the act of looking at “how the West was won” becomes, for the Coens, a means of understanding how it was lost.

The fatalism and mortality that pervade *The Ballad of Buster Scruggs* has more in common with the macabre churnings of Edgar Allan Poe and Herman Melville than Louis L'Amour. In each story, idealism — the rigid stuff of dreaming — collides with the utmost limits of human treachery, especially greed, and the results are jarring. The specter of death haunts this movie, sometimes quite literally, and loss is its bittersweet refrain.

One chapter in particular, “Meal Ticket,” provides a strong hint at how we can decipher this strange and hypnotizing anthology. The segment has the compressed punch of a parable. In it, a legless and armless artist who recites great works of the Western canon is driven around the country by an impresario, who collects coins from the grizzled audience, which continues to shrink. To paraphrase a Biblical truth, one cannot serve good and money at the same time. It's a bridge that cannot be crossed.

The effect of “Meal Ticket” is like watching the lights go out on the Enlightenment itself, and it should be played in every classroom across this accursed nation — a new fable for our fractured age. ■

18 NOVEMBER 29, 2018 • EUGENEWEEKLY.COM