



Call Me by Your Name

Call Me by Your Name, Luca Guadagnino's latest film (*I Am Love, A Bigger Splash*), is a coming-of-age story centered around the blossoming relationship between Elio (Timothée Chalamet), a high-schooler, and a graduate student named Oliver (Armie Hammer). Set during a 1980s Italian summer, Elio's professorial family invites Oliver to come live with them in their summer home. Beautiful, brilliant, and mysterious, Oliver sexually intrigues Elio through the overwhelming shock of his presence. *Call Me by Your Name* provides limited (but unique!) insights regarding the stakes of love.

Explicitly engaged with André Aciman's question, "Is it better to speak or to die?", *Call Me by Your Name* attempts to provide a universally applicable answer. Primarily through the physicality of Timothée Chalamet's star-making performance, *Call Me by Your Name* sides resoundingly with the former. As Elio gains sexual confidence and transparency, his body shifts from tense and distant to inviting and open. He suddenly strides as if he's a character in Jacques Demy's *Young Girls of Rochefort*. However, the film's thrust toward a universal conclusion is only made possible by disregarding any critical reflection upon its characters' whiteness, education, and economic affluence. Despite its restrictions, while searching for a universal conclusion, *Call Me by Your Name* remains beautiful filmmaking. The undeniable chemistry between the leads, the warm and beautiful cinematography, and Michael Stuhlbarg (as Elio's dad) giving the year's most touching paternal speech, make *Call Me by Your Name* a must-watch.

Review by: Morgan Harper



24 Frames

Abbas Kiarostami's final feature-length film is an elegiac and philosophical meditation on life and death inside the frame. *24 Frames* gradually unfolds outwards from its first digitally and delicately rendered scene: an animated contemplation of Bruegel's famous "Hunters in the Snow". From here, the film enlivens its following 23 still frames over the course of 2 hours, drawing on visual and thematic motifs to unite the would-be fractured film into a coherently dreamlike and living whole.

While the scenes at times feel overburdened by their four-and-a-half-minute lengths, patient viewers are rewarded with a deep-delve into 24 richly sensuous environments. Each scene's mini-narrative provides a modest arc of action that holds attention, while also setting itself provocatively at odds with the aesthetic contemplation otherwise required by the film.

The film's thoughtful re-mediation of portraiture on film constantly teeters on the edge of exposing its own seams—the animation seems to stand a plane apart from the still image backdrops, carefully inviting viewers into the film's own reflexive examination of media, narrative, and themes.

24 Frames is a cerebrally stimulating film and sumptuous delight, with imagery that will continue to haunt you long after the credits have rolled.

Review by: Zoë Laks



Happy End

A bourgeoisie family's lack of security; modern technology's desensitizing traits; spectatorship as complicity. While *Happy End*, Michael Haneke's 12th feature film, contains many themes that have recurred throughout his oeuvre, their disjointed combination reconfigures their initial familiarity with an alarming aloofness. This aloofness arises from each narrative or thematic strand lacking the appropriate amount of time and exploration that Haneke has provided them in previous films. However, their new context reinvigorates them, primarily through the aspect most notably absent from Haneke's previous work: his polemical style. Serving more to allude to previous arguments and less to convince audiences that their conclusions are still relevant, Haneke seems to be asking viewers for the first time: what do you think?

Featuring alluringly reserved cinematography, a loaded cast (Isabelle Huppert and Jean-Louis Trintignant, amongst others), and the most spastically beautiful dance scene in French cinema since *Beau Travail* (Franz Rogowski's karaoke performance of Sia's "Chandelier"), *Happy End* may be reflexive but also stands confidently on its own. If not for any other reason, *Happy End* is worth seeing for the opportunity to watch Michael Haneke cautiously interfacing with Facebook and Snapchat.

Review by: Morgan Harper



The Green Fog

The latest collaborative project from the brothers Evan and Galen Johnson and the always intriguing Guy Maddin, *The Green Fog* loosely retells the story of Hitchcock's *Vertigo* through a dizzying compilation of San Francisco-based films and a live orchestra performance by the Kronos Quartet. A cheekily postmodern mashup that barely clings to its own plot, the film weaves itself together through its themes of performance and communication, its reliance on the internal logic of its performed score, and the mysterious omnipresence of the eponymous fog itself, which seeps into scenes with a threatening, campy, and oozy menace reminiscent of *The Blob*.

Containing a healthy dose of Maddin-isms, the film's emphasis on disjuncture—between sound and screen, characters, and shots themselves—draws attention to its own multimedial experimentation, at times becoming more performance than film. While it struggles at times to maintain a clarity of vision under the burden of its own frivolity, the film manages to cohere around its both tragic and comic appeal to silent cinema, defining itself as a "cinema of glances."

Playful, absurd, obtuse, and intersectional, *The Green Fog* invites its viewers into its weird wonder with a provocative mix of the melancholy and the raucous that you'll need to see to believe.

Review by: Zoë Laks

