KINOKINO

KISS ME DEADLY (1955)

Directed by Robert Aldrich

WEDNESDAY September 10th 7PM

SATURDAY September 13th 7PM



Alongside Philip Marlowe, few names loom larger in pulp fiction than Mike Hammer. If Altman and Brackett inverted film noir with The Long Goodbye, Robert Aldrich did something harsher in **Kiss Me Deadly**: a familiar character is transformed from hardboiled streetwise sleuth into a brutal narcissist, driven by greed down a winding path to disaster. If there was ever an anti-hero, this version of Hammer is it.

Born into a wealthy East Coast family, Aldrich was disinherited at 23 in 1941 for a litany of unforgivable offenses: he failed to get into Yale, rejected his clan's Gilded Age elitism, dropped out of college in his senior year, and worst of all, joined the working class as an RKO production clerk for $25 a week when his Rockefeller ties could have secured him a producer's chair.

Like Kurosawa in the same era, he spent the next twelve years as an assistant director. After a few false starts, he finally produced and directed **Kiss Me Deadly**. Though American reception was tepid, its experimental camerawork was electrifying in Europe, particularly France, where it galvanized Godard, Truffaut, and the New Wave. Its influence has since rippled outward to directors such as Cronenberg, Lynch, Cox, and Tarantino. **Kiss Me Deadly** burns as hot today as it did in 1955.

Programmed between Invasion of the Body Snatchers and On the Beach, we present this unique thriller as an investigation of the fear that we'll destroy ourselves chasing power we don't understand. In the 1950s, that fear took the form of nuclear weapons; today it lurks in the potential of superhuman intelligence. Curiosity, the film reminds us, won't just kill the cat — it could take the whole kit-and-caboodle with it.