

## Blue Ruin

USA 2013

**Directed by**  
Jeremy Saulnier

**Written by**  
Jeremy Saulnier

**Cinematography**  
Jeremy Saulnier

**Music**  
Brooke Blair  
Will Blair

90 mins

**Cast**  
Macon Blair  
*Dwight*  
Devin Rarray  
*Ben Gaffney*  
Amy Hargreaves  
*Sam*  
Kevin Kolack  
*Teddy Cleland*  
Eve Plumb  
*Kris Cleland*

*Our next screening...*

### Call Me Kuchu

Dir: Zouhali-Worrall

Tue 25 Nov 2014 8:00pm  
with GUEST SPEAKER!!!

Documentary about Ugandan activists attempts to defeat a new bill to make homosexuality punishable by death.

**Bringing you the best of world cinema doesn't mean ignoring American cinema. Tonight's film is in the best tradition of contemporary, US indie-noir.**

The first movement of writer-director-cinematographer Jeremy Saulnier's low-budget gem is a masterclass in visual exposition, with economic action and precisely choreographed expression explaining a complex back-story more eloquently than dialogue ever could. Director Saulnier made his feature debut in 2007 with *Murder Party*, a low-budget horror comedy which showed little evidence of the razor-sharp precision displayed here. Funded through a mixture of personal savings and Kickstarter campaigns, *Blue Ruin* was originally rejected by selectors at Sundance (further evidence that genre films can still baffle the arty indie crowd) before making waves at Cannes, where it drew inevitable comparisons with the early works of the Coen brothers. Certainly there's something of the Euro-inflected American gothic of *Blood Simple* (and, indeed, *Fargo*) in there, although the bleak Israeli anti-revenge satire *Big Bad Wolves* is perhaps closer in both tone and intent. An intelligently subversive film about the corrupting power of violence and the awful mechanics of killing, *Blue Ruin* both replicates and reinvents the narrative tropes of enduringly (un)satisfying cinematic

cliches to impressively disorientating effect. At the wounded heart of it all is Macon Blair, a lethal screen weapon employed to piercing effect by Saulnier. As Dwight, Blair offers a stark contrast to the expressionless avenging angels who litter traditional exploitation cinema – a properly broken man, stumbling his way down a preordained path more in fear than in anger, each escalating act of vengeance/survival taking another chunk out of his fractured character. The supporting performances are strong too, from the believable despair of Amy Hargreaves's Sam, who finds her life destroyed anew by her brother's fatally reduced worldview, to the troubled but unwavering support of Devin Rarray's gun-toting old school buddy, a character who could be played for grim laughs, but remains just on the right side of deadpan. Underneath it all there's gnawing unease about a culture built upon the right to bear arms, and for once the ultimate rejection of firepower as a solution to *anything* seems honest rather than opportunistic. It all adds up to a gripping, gruelling, thought-provoking work; lean, mean and bad to the bone. *Mark Kermode, The Observer*

**SPECIAL EVENT: Our next film, *Call Me Kuchu*, will be introduced by John Bosco Nyombi, a gay Ugandan who after being forcibly deported by the UK, found himself persecuted by the Ugandan authorities.**

