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EBERT

THE

GREAT
MOVIES

III

{ THE GREAT MOVIES III }

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THE
{ GREAT MOVIES }
III

ROGER EBERT

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Roger Ebert is the Pulitzer Prize-winning film critic of the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Starting in 1975, he cohosted a long-running weekly movie-review program on television, first with Gene Siskel and then with Richard Roeper. He is the author of numerous books on film, including *The Great Movies*, *The Great Movies II*, *Awake in the Dark: The Best of Roger Ebert*, and *Scorsese by Ebert*, the last two titles published by the University of Chicago Press.

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FOREWORD

Roger Ebert has won a readership paralleled by no other film critic in history. His devoted audience numbers in the tens, perhaps hundreds, of thousands. A visit to the Commentary section of his blog shows that he has attracted articulate, thoughtful readers of all ages. They find his writing—not only his film writing but also his essays on humor, science, and spirituality—little short of inspiring.

His endurance alone offers lessons in courage. Despite health problems that would lead most people to retirement, he has simply revved up. Apart from his usual reviewing, his attendance at film festivals and symposia, his coordination of an annual film festival, and globetrotting that would exhaust a youngster, he has managed to turn out another suite of essays on film classics—*The Great Movies III*.

Quantity isn't all. You can argue that since his illness, Ebert's writing has become even more relaxed, conversational, and brilliant. We are, I think it's clear, watching a writer at the peak of his powers. But what accounts for his indelible appeal? I'd argue that he has become something unique: a "man of letters" whose voice comes from the world of cinema.

I apologize for the gender solecism, but "person of letters" sounds forced, and "*littérateur*" is too stiff. Traditionally, the man of letters was neither academic nor journalist. He was a deeply informed essayist, one who

stepped back from the passions of the moment to understand, through his humane knowledge, the deeper impulses coursing through culture. Prototypically, this sort of intellectual came from the literary arts, as Hazlitt and De Quincy did, but Pater, Ruskin, and other critics furnish parallels in the visual arts, and of course we have Shaw on music and drama. In modern times, I'd add Dwight Macdonald and Lionel Trilling. The calling isn't only masculine: we need think only of Susan Sontag and Angela Carter.

Ebert is the first "man of letters" I can think of whose insight is distilled not from book culture but from the most important art medium of the twentieth century. His ideas are steeped in cinema. Just as the traditional man of letters saw the world through the prism of book culture, Roger reflects on religion, history, and human relationships by means of what cinema has shown him of human life.

Not that Ebert disdains literary tradition; he is a voracious reader of fiction, history, and science (especially Darwinism), and he can deploy allusions with ease. But his frame of reference, I believe—so typical of the Movie Generation that emerged in the 1960s—is that of films and filmmakers. From this perspective, movies are more than entertainment, more even than exalting or disturbing works of art. Taken in all their variety, films can shape our most fundamental feelings and guide us toward a deeper understanding of the world and our place in it. Movies constitute a shared culture, a kaleidoscopic filter through which life takes on fresh meanings. This is the sensibility that, in my opinion, forms the framework of the *Great Movies* collections.

Ebert would probably reply that he is centrally a journalist: tied to the moment, paced for deadlines, writing for people who want informed opinion about what's playing this weekend. But he'd have to admit that he has also written extended essays that were more than ephemeral "think pieces." The *Great Movies* anthologies go further, into the classic realm of the occasional essay, where the man of letters really gets to show his stuff.

The essays in all three volumes are belletristic in the best sense. A particular film is at once an artwork to be interpreted and an experience to be evoked on the page. Historical and personal background is smoothly integrated into a survey of key instants onscreen, and these are delineated

with a crispness that can make your scalp prickle. This is appreciative, celebratory criticism at its best. Read one of these essays, and you want to see the film immediately, even if you've seen it many times before.

At the level of analytical commentary, Ebert can summon up a scene in a sentence. He has sharp eyes and ears. He notices details in the background of shots; he can specify a director's compositional strategies. (The rest of us have to use frame stills.) He cuts to the heart of a movie by quoting a line. In *Rebel Without a Cause*, everybody remembers the moment when James Dean cries out to his bickering parents: "You're tearing me apart!" But we remember it because it's a cliché. Ebert reminds us of what follows, a more eccentric line that mirrors Jim's adolescent confusion: "You say one thing, he says another, and everybody changes back again." And this detail moves Ebert into considered reflection on how this scene and others like it open onto a malaise that goes deeper than 1950s suburban discontent, a glimpse of an existential doubt that life itself means anything.

This yawning uncertainty yields a movie that is compelling in its (probably unintentional) disjunctions. "Like its hero, *Rebel Without a Cause* desperately wants to say something and doesn't know what it is. If it did, it would lose its fascination." Ebert is alert to such tensions, finding them in *The Big Red One*, *The Red Shoes*, *The Scarlet Empress*, and other classics. Along with celebrating formal perfection, Ebert acknowledges that ambitious films often unleash impulses that they can't contain. The discordances demand that we think through the implications of what we're seeing.

Again and again, then, powerful ideas arise from Ebert's exploration of the world offered onscreen. He assumes that a great film will, directly or tacitly, raise permanent concerns about love, trust, moral commitment, and death. Most obviously, there are the Bergman films, which always put ultimate issues at their center. These tease Ebert into some of his most eloquent writing. "The events in *Fanny and Alexander* may be seen through the prism of the children's memories, so that half-understood and half-forgotten events have been reconstructed into a new fable that explains their lives."

Likewise, Welles has never shirked a chance to explore issues of deep concern to human life. For Ebert, *Chimes at Midnight* is not only a

supreme work of Welles's late years; it's also an autobiographical testament and a meditation on power and loyalty. For Ebert, Welles treats Shakespeare's play as setting Falstaff's unsparing vitality against the compromises of political responsibility.

But less solemn work stirs Ebert to thought as well. *Groundhog Day*, which seems to be admired by every person I sit beside on a plane, provokes Ebert to some unique observations. Bill Murray, he points out, not only makes the film wonderful: "He does a more difficult thing, which is to make it bearable." Ebert goes on to describe the actor's "detached melancholy": "He is deeply suspicious of joy, he sees sincerity as a weapon that can be used against him . . . Hamlet in a sitcom world." From this Ebert moves smoothly to contemplate the film as "a parable for our materialistic age," an anti-New Age vision of a spirituality that doesn't come easily. Instead of a happy ending, the film offers a hero who remains flawed: "He becomes a better Phil, not a different Phil."

In the nineteenth century, literature offered itself as the central art for making sense of history, society, and personal relationships. Art, said Zola, was nature seen through a temperament. We learned to call a personal problem Jamesian in its intricacy, or to label a friend as straight out of Dickens or Jane Austen. Accordingly, the man of letters delicately traced the interface between modern life and the arts dedicated to interpreting it. But movies—and here's another gospel of the Film Generation—furnish our culture's touchstones. Now we recognize another person as Rupert Pupkin or Alvy Singer; a faculty meeting reminds us of the Marx Brothers or *The Godfather*. Once, at a committee meeting, I said of a project: "I have a bad feeling about this." Immediately a colleague said: "That's the first time I heard you quote *Star Wars*." I had no idea I was doing it.

Ebert understands that movies have become our lingua franca, our window and rangefinder and microscope. By thinking hard about them, he shows us how the pleasures and challenges of cinema open us up to wisdom. The great movies both teach and please, and each anchors us so firmly in its coordinates that we see our ornery world, for the moment, transformed into something bright, sharp, and comprehensible.

Pervaded by the love of film and the love of ideas, Ebert's *Great Movies* essays do what one variety of belletristic writing has always done. They trigger unexpected thought with a minimum of apparent effort. Chiseled *aperçus* lead to deeper enjoyment and greater reflection on how the world would look if the artwork's premises were perfectly universal. This may be a lot to hang on a batch of film essays, but I think that their blend of incisiveness, lack of pretension, and openhearted celebration fully warrant it. Roger Ebert demonstrates that film viewing, undertaken with zest, opens a path to understanding life.

DAVID BORDWELL

INTRODUCTION

You might be surprised by how many people have told me they're working their way through my books of Great Movies one film at a time. That's not to suggest these books are in any way definitive. I loathe "best of" lists, which are not the best of anything except what someone was able to come up with that day. I look at a list of the "100 greatest horror films," or musicals, or whatever, and I want to ask the list maker, "But how do you *know*?" There are great films in my books, and films that are not great, but there is no film here to which I didn't respond strongly. That's the reassurance I can offer.

I believe good movies are a civilizing force. They allow us to empathize with those whose lives are different than our own. I like to say they open windows in our box of space and time. Here's a third book filled with windows.

I was just now looking over the hundred titles in this third volume, and I wanted to watch most of them again. That's not a figure of speech. Although the sainted Pauline Kael was adamant about never watching a movie twice, I think of a good film similarly to a favorite music album that I might listen to time and again. In a sense, a movie is a *place* for me. I go there. Just as I return time and again to London, I return to *Fitzcarraldo*, *Dark City*, *Late Spring*, and Bergman's trilogy *Through a Glass Darkly*, *The Silence*, and *Winter Light*.

In fact, there is a fourth Bergman in this book, *Fanny and Alexander*—his films have been very important to me recently. I have no desire to belabor my adventures with health during the period since *The Great Movies II*, but I went through a period of seeing and writing about no movies at all. The first film I saw in a theater after a period of abstinence was *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull*. On reflection, that was an excellent choice. It was gloriously what it was. You won't find it in this book—or the next one, if there is one—but it's still an excellent choice.

After returning home from the hospital, I resumed my usual schedule. Above all that included a Great Movie essay every other week. Most of them I watched on DVD; several, like *The Godfather: Part II*, on big screens. Some I was able to see in theaters. I saw Melville's *Touchez Pas au Grisbi* (reviewed in *GM II*) in a revival house in Seattle while I was there getting dosed with radiation. Like the others, it conferred the gift of taking me to another place. It also confirmed my affection for Melville and Jean Gabin.

Soon after I returned home I turned to Bergman, who is a filmmaker for thoughtful moods. The new Criterion discs of his trilogy have been restored to an astonishing black-and-white beauty, and I fell into them. It's conventional to write of "his great cinematographer, Sven Nykvist," but my God, he *is* great, and I found myself trying to describe the perfection of his lighting. I responded strongly to Bergman's passion about fundamental questions of life and death, guilt, mortality, and what he regards as the silence of God. I'd seen all these films on first release, but at an older age, having walked through the valley, I saw them quite differently. Norman Cousins famously found during an illness that comedy helped heal him. For me, it was Bergman. In those months I wasn't finding many things funny.

Indeed, looking over the list, I'm surprised to see only four pure comedy entries, the Chuck Jones cartoons, *My Man Godfrey*, Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*, and Harold Lloyd's *Safety Last*. A good case can be made for *The Scarlet Empress* and *Playtime*. There are lots of smiles in *The Bandwagon*, *My Fair Lady*, *Top Hat*, and *Thief of Bagdad*, but you can't call them comedies. *Groundhog Day* is sort of a comedy, and sort of a profound exploration of why time makes it possible for us to connect with others.

For that matter, some of the funniest film scenes don't play as comedy at all. In my review of *Touchez Pas au Grisbi*, I describe a scene where the Gabin character returns to his secret gangster's hideout, a room with a comfy charm, a phonograph, fresh clothes, and even guest pajamas. He has a voiceover, a monologue about his old pal who has stupidly made it necessary for him to go into hiding. He's angry but affectionate. Gabin mirrors his inner monologue with subtle body language. The scene has truth in it but is also funny, although no one in the audience laughs. There's that kind of comedy, too.

People often ask me, "Do you ever change your mind about a movie?" Hardly ever, although I may refine my opinion. Among the films here, I've changed on *The Godfather: Part II* and *Blade Runner*. My original review of *Part II* puts me in mind of the "brain cloud" that besets Tom Hanks in *Joe versus the Volcano*. I was simply wrong. In the case of *Blade Runner*, I think the director's cut by Ridley Scott simply plays much better.

I also turned around on *Groundhog Day*, which made it into this book when I belatedly caught on that it wasn't about the weatherman's predicament but about the nature of time and will. Perhaps when I first saw it I allowed myself to be distracted by Bill Murray's mainstream comedy reputation. But someone in film school somewhere is probably even now writing a thesis about how Murray's famous cameos represent an injection of his philosophy into those pictures. The cameos may be the subversive flowering of what he was trying to express more conventionally in *The Razor's Edge*, and what also underlies *Groundhog Dog*, a spiritual view of existence that helps give weight to the basically comic presentation.

I see another group of pictures here I'm fond of: the strange films. So many movies repeat the same tired formulas that I find myself grateful for one that does something unexpected and new, and does it well. Consider *Leolo*, *Withnail and I*, *Exotica*, and Jodorowsky's fevered *Santa Sangre*. The strangest of all is Bela Tarr's *Werckmeister Harmonies*, although some readers may not be persuaded by my claim, "If you have not walked out after 20 or 30 minutes, you will thereafter not be able to move from your seat."

A few other titles require mention. *A Woman's Tale* is a masterwork

by the wrongly overlooked Australian director Paul Cox. *Moolade* is the last film by the Senegalese director Ousmane Sembene, who I met at eighty-one in the lobby of my small Cannes hotel, puffing contentedly on a Sherlock Holmes pipe. In this group I include the problematical *Triumph of the Will*. This is a movie I had been struggling with because it forced me to confront the ultimate question, "What is a great film, anyway?"

Then there is *A Prairie Home Companion*, which I believe, wrongly or not, Robert Altman may have made as a farewell of sorts. He died while I was in a coma, and my wife didn't tell me for two months. Rightly so. From the day I saw the premiere of *MASH*, Altman graced my personal cinema as an example of an exemplary filmmaker, a man whose life and films were in complete sympathy.

I ruffled some feathers after *Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen* was released in 2009. It was so stupid it was almost criminal. Noting that some of its fans considered it one of the greatest films ever made, I suggested perhaps they were not "sufficiently evolved." Oh, did that make people angry. What snobbery! Who did I think I was?

I was indeed a snob, if you agree with this definition: "A person who believes that their tastes in a particular area are superior to those of other people." I do. That is not ego. It is a faith that after writing and teaching about films for more than forty years, my tastes are more evolved than those of a fanboy. We are so terrified these days of showing disrespect for low taste. You can admire Miley Cyrus (God love her), but if I prefer Billie Holiday, why, I'm a snob. It is quite possible to devise a defense of *T2RF*, as its fans affectionately call it. One persuasive critic likened it to pop art. Well, okay. He had an argument, he had his reasons, he considered it in a particular context. But to argue I am a snob for not *loving* *T2RF* as much as "everybody does" values less thought and experience over more.

What am I getting at here? The way to know more about anything is to deepen your experience of it. I have no way of proving it, but I would bet you a shiny new dime that it is impossible to start out loving *T2RF*, experience the films in this book, and end by loving it.

{ THE GREAT MOVIES III }

{ 3 WOMEN }

And so I descend once more into the mysterious depths of *3 Women*, a film that was imagined in a dream. Robert Altman's 1977 masterpiece tells the story of three women whose identities blur, shift, and merge until finally, in an enigmatic last scene, they have formed a family, or perhaps have become one person. I have seen it many times, been through it twice in shot-by-shot analysis, and yet it always seems to be happening as I watch it. Recurring dreams are like that: we have had them before, but have not finished with them, and we return because they contain unsolved enigmas.

Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule play the three women, who live in an apartment complex in the California desert. Duvall plays Millie Lammoreaux, who works as a therapist in a senior care center; Spacek plays Pinky Rose, who gets a job there and becomes Millie's roommate. Rule is Willie Hart, the pregnant wife of the building owner, who moves within a sad silence, holding herself apart from the others, and paints on the bottom of the pool godlike creatures, bizarre and fantastical men and women who menace one another.

There are men all around, but only one drifts drunkenly into focus. This is Edgar (Robert Fortier), Willie's husband, who speaks gruffly in a low, sardonic voice, and defines himself with guns, motorcycles, and beer. He has an awkward jocular style based on his pose as a chivalrous

gunslinger, but is a drunk and a lech and seems hardly able to see his wife. The other men, at work and around the pool in the evening, are objects of Millie's fascination, and she seems always in a state of preparing for dates and dinners that never happen.

In the opening scenes, the three women represent three roles that women often play. Willie is the mother, pregnant with sad knowledge, an earth goddess who drifts across the desert landscape in a world of her own. Millie is a chirpy consumerette who studies the women's magazines, "coordinates" her wardrobe by wearing yellows and whites, plans her meals by the time it takes to prepare them, and obsessively shares recipes. Pinky arrives in the movie unformed and childlike; she blows bubbles into her Coke through the straw, she impishly walks in step behind the twins who work at the senior center, she makes faces, she tells Millie "You're the most perfect person I've ever met."

The early passages of the film focus on Millie's relentlessly cheerful attempts to ingratiate herself with her neighbors and co-workers, who ignore her and then ridicule her among themselves. She dreams of dates with Tom, who presides over the grill at poolside dinners, and with the doctors in the hospital across the street from the senior center, but we cringe when she joins the doctors in their commissary for lunch and sits between two of them, who talk right through her. In a movie filled with mirrors, reflections, and multiple images, Millie always seems to be primping, making minute adjustments to her clothes and hair, perfecting her makeup, admiring herself in reflection while no one else seems to quite see her.

Millie is ordered to show Pinky the ropes at work. Their dialogue in the scene is precise and exactly heard, the American idiom. Preparing to take her into the heated exercise pool, Millie asks Pinky, "What's wrong with you?" Pinky doesn't think anything is. "Well there has to be something wrong with you, or otherwise why would you be here?" Pinky finally figures out that Millie is addressing her as a hypothetical patient, for purposes of demonstration. "Oooh, my head!" she says like a child. "Oooh, my legs hurt!" Later, she suddenly plunges underwater and Millie has to drag her up, looking around uneasily to see if anyone noticed.

There is water all through the movie. Altman says the opening shot represents the amniotic fluid surrounding a fetus. The second shot shows old people descending slowly into the exercise pool—returning to the water from where their lives began. A wavy line that drifts across the screen from time to time might be an umbilical cord. Willie’s sinister images live at the bottom of the swimming pool, and at a crucial turning point Pinky jumps into the pool from the balcony, is knocked out, rescued, and taken to the hospital.

Altman says Ingmar Bergman’s *Persona* was one of his influences, and we can see that in the way Pinky does secret things to hurt Millie, spies on her secrets, and eventually tries to absorb and steal her identity. *Persona* has a central moment of violence in which the film seems to break and the story must begin again, and Pinky’s dive into the pool works in the same way, as a definitive tear in the structure of the film. It reassembles itself with Pinky in control. She wears Millie’s clothes, uses her social security number, reads her diary. In an early scene, Millie assigned them each a twin bed, and now Pinky moves over and takes Millie’s bed. Millie calls her “Pinky” and she explodes: “How many times do I have to tell you? My name’s not Pinky! It’s Mildred!”

Shelley Duvall’s reaction shots during these developments are a study in unease. Millie knows something sinister is happening, but is confused and baffled by Pinky’s behavior. Consider the strange scene in the hospital, when two visitors (John Cromwell and Ruth Nelson) appear and identify themselves as Pinky’s parents. Pinky says she doesn’t know them and has never seen them before. Certainly they look too old to be her parents (Cromwell was in his nineties when the film was made). Who, then, are they? Imposters? Grandparents or adoptive parents? We never really know. Pinky arrives in the desert without a past and essentially without an identity, and simply takes Millie’s. And all the while, at a deeper, instinctive level, the Willie character exists beneath their consciousness and will eventually absorb them both.

I saw the film first at Cannes, where it won the best actress award for Duvall (she also later won the Los Angeles Film Critics award, and

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