CONTENTS

CAST AND CREW **6**

A TALE OF AMBITION, OBSESSION, AND DESPERATION:
SAM PECKINPAH'S *MAJOR DUNDEE*
by Jeremy Carr **11**

MAJOR DUNDEE by Faran Smith Nehme **25**

WAR WITHOUT END by Roderick Heath **37**

SAM PECKINPAH: ROMANTIC EXISTENTIALIST
by Neil Snowdon **47**

ABOUT THE TRANSFER / PRODUCTION CREDITS **56**

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CAST

Charlton Heston Maj. Amos Dundee
Richard Harris Capt. Benjamin Tyreen
Jim Hutton Lt. Graham
James Coburn Samuel Potts
Michael Anderson Jr. Tim Ryan
Mario Adorf Sgt. Gomez
Brock Peters Aesop
Senta Berger Teresa Santiago

CREW

Directed by **Sam Peckinpah**
Produced by **Jerry Bressler**
Screenplay by **Harry Julian Fink and Oscar Saul and Sam Peckinpah**
Story by **Harry Julian Fink**
Cinematography by **Sam Leavitt**
Art Direction by **Alfred Ybarra**
Edited by **Howard Kunin, William A. Lyon & Donald W. Starling**
Music by **Daniele Amfitheatrof**
Costume Designer **Tom Dawson**

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A TALE OF AMBITION, OBSESSION, AND DESPERATION: SAM PECKINPAH'S *MAJOR DUNDEE*

BY JEREMY CARR

After the release of his second film, *Ride the High Country*, director Sam Peckinpah was indeed riding high. The 1962 western was on one hand a genre throwback, personified in its casting of aging Hollywood luminaries Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea; on the other, it was a modernized tale of the west—and the western—in transition. The picture was widely lauded and heralded Peckinpah as a talented filmmaker worthy of attention. But *Ride the High Country* was no instantaneous fluke for Peckinpah, then age 37. He had been paying his dues for years, particularly in the emergent medium of television where he wrote and directed episodes of such immensely popular programs as *The Rifleman* and *The Westerner*. Brian Keith, star of the latter, then brought Peckinpah on as director for *The Deadly Companions*, a 1961 western co-starring Maureen O'Hara. A modest effort with more to praise than pan, Peckinpah's big-screen debut set him on his way. The more significant *Ride the High Country* cemented his arrival.

Then came *Major Dundee*.

Major Dundee began as a 37-page treatment written by Harry Julian Fink, who would later, and most famously, pen 1971's *Dirty Harry*. Columbia

Pictures producer Jerry Bresler was assigned to the project, at that point titled *And Then Came the Tiger!*, and he secured the interest of Charlton Heston, with whom he had earlier worked on the romantic drama *Diamond Head* (1962). The Oscar®-winning star liked the basic premise of the story and saw potential in the lead character, Union Major Amos Dundee. Heston also admired *Ride the High Country*, so it was arranged for newcomer Peckinpah to direct the prospective epic. Peckinpah, who had been biding his post-*High Country* time directing episodes of *The Dick Powell Theatre*—"Pericles on 31st Street" (1962) and "The Losers" (1963)—signed on to what was eventually renamed *Major Dundee* for $50,000, a more than four-fold increase of his *Ride the High Country* salary.

But there was trouble on the horizon, beginning with the fundamental focus of the film. Heston, Columbia executives, and Peckinpah all had differing notions about how *Major Dundee* was to develop. While Heston envisioned a realistic depiction of the American Civil War, Columbia suits were interested in a traditional cavalry picture, à la John Ford. Peckinpah, meanwhile, imagined a morally ambiguous film about a single man's psychological descent into violent desperation. All the same, Heston and Peckinpah went to work, enlisting Fink to draft a full-fledged screenplay. After a location scouting sojourn in Mexico, Peckinpah returned to Hollywood and was aghast by what he saw. The massive 163-page screenplay, which somehow only covered a fraction of the story, was a "sprawling mess," in the words of Peckinpah biographer Marshall Fine.[1] Peckinpah was also appalled by the level of violence suggested in the script, asserting the "consistent brutal violence is beyond sickness—the horse urinating on the boy and the use of such words as shit, fucking, etc., is beyond bad taste." Such an attitude may seem at odds with Peckinpah's succeeding work, given the crudity and the amount of bloodletting he subsequently sanctioned, but as author Paul Seydor points out, there is "less contradiction to Peckinpah's objections about violence than may meet some eyes. His method was never to dwell on the gore, and violence for him always had to be motivated by the story, situation, and character."[2]

[1] Fine, Marshall. *Bloody Sam: The Life and Films of Sam Peckinpah* (New York: Primus, Donald I. Fine, Inc., 1991), 84.
[2] Seydor, Paul. *Peckinpah: The Western Films. A Reconsideration* (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1999), 68.

Shooting was to begin in December of 1963, but after bringing on board a new writer, Oscar Saul, Bresler pushed back the start to February of the following year, the latest date possible to still allow for a prior commitment on Heston's part. Then, just two days before filming commenced, Columbia underwent managerial changes that replaced head of production Sol Schwartz with Mike Frankovich, who was less enthusiastic about a film with dubious box office prospects. Especially disarming for Peckinpah, *Major Dundee* had its budget reduced from $4.5 million to $3 million and its schedule slashed by 15 days. Peckinpah saw the move as a double cross by Bresler, who nevertheless assured the chagrined and skeptical director all would be well. In hindsight, Peckinpah knew he should have done more to ensure certain guarantees or been more assertive and open about his intentions. Or, he could have simply walked away, though that was easier said than done given the career opportunity at hand. Besides, his contract promised the right to edit the film for advance screening so he assumed he had command and would be essentially left to his own devices.

Major Dundee opens in 1864, just as a marauding band of Apaches have laid waste to a ranch and its occupants in the New Mexico territory. Led by Chief Sierra Charriba (Michael Pate), they also absconded with three young boys. Dundee enters the scene of carnage, of consuming fire and bodies strewn about the land, and vows swift justice and the rescue of the kidnapped youth. Back at the isolated Texas camp Fort Benlin, where Southern-born Dundee has been reluctantly overseeing a group of disgruntled detainees, he begins assembling a rag-tag crew for the job. Joining his Mexico-bound squad of Army regulars are Confederate prisoners ostensibly under the guidance of Captain Benjamin Tyreen, played by Richard Harris, a hot commodity at the time who learned of his Academy Award® nomination for *This Sporting Life* (1963) while on location for *Major Dundee*. Years before, Dundee's vote against Tyreen resulted in the ex-soldier's court martial, causing Tyreen to throw in his lot with the south, while Dundee's own unspecified failure during the battle of Gettysburg resulted in his banishment out west. Described by Dundee as "thieves, renegades, deserters... gentlemen of the south," the congregation is further comprised of "cowboys, drifters, and drunks," this according to greenhorn bugler Tim Ryan (Michael Anderson Jr.), whose diary entries provide an expository voiceover for the film. Also among the cadre is a grizzled one-armed scout named Samuel Potts, played by James Coburn (taking the place of first choice but too expensive Lee Marvin), as

well as blundering Union Lieutenant Graham (Jim Hutton), Dundee's second in command. Embodied by the likes of soon-to-be Peckinpah regulars Warren Oates, L.Q. Jones, Ben Johnson, and R.G. Armstrong, unsavory Confederate soldiers and a suspect minister round out the motley crew.

Peckinpah, his ensemble cast, and a large party of stuntmen, technicians, and craftsmen traveled throughout Mexico, filming interiors at Churubusco Studios in Mexico City and traversing the nation's harsh, barren countryside. Accounts describe primitive conditions plagued by blistering heat and pervasive insects, and no facet of the production seemed relieved from dispute. There were quarrels over costumes and Peckinpah's abrasive methods, and various members of the crew (15 in all) were fired at one point or another. It was a professional team, but like the editors later assigned to the film, they were not of Peckinpah's choosing. Adding fuel to the fire were the studio executives regularly observing the shoot, especially Bresler who was known for his antagonism. Concerns soon arose over what might possibly be a runaway production and rumors indicated Peckinpah may be dismissed from the film. To this, Heston admirably intervened, forgoing his salary to keep Peckinpah on the job, while the director himself deferred $35,000 of his salary in the hopes of maintaining control. Still, even as shooting was well underway, *Major Dundee* was never fully written, with substantial portions of its last act yet to be solidified. Peckinpah displayed a taxing attention to detail and the logistics of the film were considerable, but he hoped to address and rectify any uncertainties as the film went along, a fateful reasoning.

Major Dundee ended up running $1.5 million over budget and went 15 days over schedule, essentially meaning Peckinpah shot the picture for as much as, and as long as, initially planned, against studio dictates. Columbia employed William Lyon and staff editors Don Starling and Howard Kunin to cut the 400,000 feet of footage, hopefully with a palatable result that would avoid censorial objections. The rough cut ran more than four hours, which even Peckinpah knew was unrealistic. So down it went to what he considered an optimal length. "At two hours and forty-four minutes," Peckinpah recalled, "it was much better than *Ride the High Country*. It was possibly the best picture I've made in my life."[3] But the cutting continued; five minutes here, ten minutes there, until, according to Seydor, about

[3] Fine (1991), pg. 96.

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55 minutes of material Peckinpah considered essential were "removed or never included in the first place."[4] A preview was held in Hollywood, in February 1965, and Peckinpah was incensed by what he saw. He asked to have his name removed from the film (which was denied) and, in his own words, "went a little crazy." And then, he says, he learned: "It was not the responsibility of Mr. Bresler or Mr. Frankovich, or whoever they were, it was my responsibility for going to work under those conditions."[5]

In 2005, an extended version of *Major Dundee* was restored and released by Sony Pictures, with nearly 13 minutes of additional scenes and inserts, including several depicting the bloodier results of battle. It's a marked and welcome improvement but remains far from what Peckinpah intended, and many critics have argued that the film, in any form, is still marred by inadequacies. "[I]t must be admitted that the picture has substantial problems quite apart from anything the studio did to it," writes Seydor,[6] his sentiments echoed by biographer David Weddle, who contends, "in truth *Dundee* would not have been Peckinpah's masterpiece, not even a great film, if Columbia had given him final cut. [...] It is brilliant in patches—particularly in the first half—but it never reaches its full potential, falls apart in the final third, and remains far inferior to *Ride the High Country*, *The Wild Bunch*, and several of his other films."[7]

It's true *Major Dundee* has issues. The on-again, off-again skirmish with French troops stationed in a Mexican village is never fully established, Dundee's romantic interlude with widowed Teresa Santiago, played by the Austrian-born Senta Berger, is unconvincing and ill-conceived, and the later portions of the film are bogged down by narrative digressions, character inconsistencies, and flashes of remarkable power undercut by incongruous asides. Yet there remains, in any case, more than enough to place the film as an emblematic Peckinpah assessment of contention, collaboration, and individual indiscretion. First, there is the embittered relationship between Dundee and Tyreen, two former friends sharing a troubling past stained by betrayal, searing enmity, and inextricable kinship, which recalls the friction

[4] Seydor (1999), pg. 72.
[5] Hayes, Kevin J., ed. *Sam Peckinpah: Interviews* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 2008), pg. 52.
[6] Seydor (1999), pg. 73.
[7] Weddle, David. *'If They Move... Kill 'Em': The Life and Times of Sam Peckinpah* (New York, Grove Press, 1994), 254.

between Scott and McCrea in *Ride the High Country* and is advanced to greater effect in *The Wild Bunch* (1969) and *Pat Garrett & Billy the Kid* (1973). Furthermore, the sundry consortium assembled by Dundee is impaired by racism and partisan prejudice, aimed at everyone from the troop's African American soldiers and the Apache adversaries to the warring factions of Union and Confederate subordinates. It becomes a command "divided against itself," as noted by Ryan, and the classic men on mission scenario grows rife with animosity and uneasy alliances, all in the increasingly evident face of enacted futility and the hard truths of loyalty and liberation.

And yet, despite the ulterior motives, the barely suppressed rancor, and the precarious conditions, the men are tenuously unified in sequences of reflective consideration and redemptive action, finding ultimate resolve in an almost impulsive call to arms (another central Peckinpah motif). Personal fervor undermines nationalistic protocol, colliding in poignant moments of apolitical detachment and prompting a mockery of established order. Peckinpah, who had served in the United States Marines, recognized the faulty and unstable nature of such devotion, and expresses as much when Dundee's troop is cautioned against a "breech of international law," to which Potts defiantly retorts, "Major ain't no lawyer." And at the sight of the French soldiers donning their military best with flags flying high, Tyreen simply scoffs, "Don't they look pretty." As Weddle states, while also citing *The Wild Bunch* and *Cross of Iron*, Peckinpah's 1977 indictment of military practice, the director knew well the "paradoxes of the professional soldier," for he too "felt a dark attraction for life at the edge of disaster. [...] He couldn't help but admire men who rode to their doom with such panache, characters who, as he wrote in his master's thesis, 'meet their fate with courage and dignity.'"[8]

But these men also evince the potential for softened hearts and kindness, as when the beleaguered entourage finds respite in a Mexican village previously garrisoned by the French troops supporting Emperor Maximilian. They are generous to the downtrodden population and Dundee and Tyreen share a subtle moment of seasoned emotional empathy as they observe young Ryan going off with a Mexican girl played by Begoña Palacios (to whom Peckinpah would later be wed). Peckinpah often preferred outcasts caught amid external strife, and he frequently conveyed a profound, associated penchant for

[8] Ibid. pg. 139.

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Mexican culture, seeming to find in the foreign severance a symbolic refuge from larger issues of superficial obligation. As a young man, he had attended a summer session at the National University of Mexico and the impression cast by the country never faded. In fact, it only intensified, emerging in recurrent scenes throughout his filmography and best exemplified in *Major Dundee* during an impromptu fiesta where an inebriated Dundee declares, "By midnight tonight I want every man in this command drunker than a fiddler's bitch." The native populace casts a captivating spell on Dundee and his men, just as it did for Peckinpah, and their priorities are shaken by the immediate needs of the demoralized. The atmospheric rendering of Mexico is consequently amiable and exacting, encompassing the bad (emaciated dogs picking at a carcass) and the good (cultural signifiers of levity, beauty, and grace). And beyond the individuals who inhabit the land, Peckinpah's grasp of scenic consequence complements *Major Dundee* with expansive vistas vividly depicted within the vast Panavision frame, embracing the geographic grandeur of the region and lending itself well to his proficient staging of multifaceted action. He and cinematographer Sam Leavitt stage throngs of men in layered wide shots of choreographed movement, the immense panoramas then broken up and accented during conflict by low and canted angles and abrupt bursts of aggression. It's an effective showcase of Peckinpah's knack for visual tension and release, even if it's but a mere primer for what he would accomplish in *The Wild Bunch*.

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"[F]or all its many problems," Seydor concedes, *Major Dundee* can boast "an unprecedentedly realistic picture of horse soldiers in a punishing, brutal desert, which most people in the cast and crew attribute to Peckinpah's basically having run the set the way Dundee runs his command."[9] But the parallels don't stop there, and the correlation adds an additional degree of authorial import. Long before the film's final confrontations, first with Charriba then with the French, the abducted children are returned safely. Yet Dundee is unrelenting in his obsessive quest. He proves to be an arrogant antihero, driven by righteousness and revenge and an aimless pursuit of purpose. He is as complex as the film's troubled maker, and Heston communicates the density of his character in manners that are by turns casual (feet on his desk, chomping away on his cigar), conflicted (wallowing in defeatism after he lets his guard down and is wounded), and confident (cutting through a volume of Confederate soldiers as if it were the Red Sea he had earlier parted in his role as Moses).

Megalomaniacal, overly ambitious, and at times preposterously macho, Dundee, like Peckinpah, is as consumed by duty as he is personal advancement—"Are you pursuing the Apache," he is asked at one point, "or a promotion?" Supervising a volatile assortment of individuals, all the while harboring a disdain for authority and regimentation, Peckinpah transfers this sentiment into his on-screen doppelganger, using, per Fine, a "sense of imminent, self-inflicted madness to shape the performances of is actors." This was particularly true of Heston, who played "an obsessed man whose twisted notion of revenge was mixed up with a perverse sense of honor." Peckinpah's direction, Fine writes, "came as much from his own behavior off the set as from things he actually told Heston about Dundee."[10] To this end, even the disparaged disorder of the plot, which results in obscured and unstated motivations, is oddly apt considering the mixed motives and inner confusion of *Major Dundee*'s afflicted protagonist. If the film at times seems a jumbled mess, it is so in a way that mirrors the splintered condition of Dundee himself.

Following the release of *Major Dundee*, Peckinpah fell on decidedly hard times, to the point where the film's poor box office and critical derision were almost incidental. Although "Noon Wine," his 1966 contribution to the ABC

[9] Seydor (1999), pg. 94.
[10] Fine (1991), pg. 87.

Stage 67 television series, earned plaudits from the directors and writers guilds of America, and he was soon hired to direct *The Cincinnati Kid* (1965), he was removed from the film within a week and wouldn't begin another feature for three years. Peckinpah's experience on *Major Dundee* forever soured his view of producers and the Hollywood establishment. "*Dundee* was one of the most painful things that has ever happened in my life," he commented in 1969.[11] For Seydor, the calamitous picture "affords an almost classic case history of how, owing to the circumstances under which motion pictures are made and financed, compromises, cross-purposes, conflicting aims, misplaced priorities, and plain bad judgment can ruin a film and, for a time, an artist's reputation."[12] But Heston offered a more balanced view, reflecting "I don't think the film is a debacle. I've made a lot worse. It's not the film it could have been but I'm not ashamed of it."[13] In the end, *Major Dundee* can at worst be seen as a minor, albeit truncated Peckinpah effort. At best, however, even if not contesting Orson Welles' *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1942) or Erich von Stroheim's *Greed* (1925), it's something of a mutilated masterpiece, with sufficient moments of inspiration. For all that was stacked against it, Peckinpah's maligned film is insightful, regularly rousing, and, for better or worse, is a revelatory reflection of its own creation.

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[11] Hayes (2008), pg. 51.
[12] Seydor (1999), pg. 68.
[13] Fine (1991), pg. 100.

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MAJOR DUNDEE

BY FARRAN SMITH NEHME

Most of the great directors have one—the film that got away, or rather was taken away. For Sam Peckinpah, it was *Major Dundee*, his 1965 cavalry epic, intended as a roadshow production for Columbia Pictures and winding up an ordeal for all concerned. Peckinpah had a career filled with production delays and cost overruns, but even among those, *Major Dundee* was a special case. He spent years telling interviewers that *Dundee* could have been his masterpiece had it not been savagely cut in post production. Others, like Peckinpah biographer David Weddle, believe the movie's flaws were there, like original sin, from the moment of conception: an embryonic storyline by Harry Julian Fink that Oscar Saul and Peckinpah turned into an unfinished script with unsolved and perhaps unsolvable problems.

Still, more than a half-century past its release, we must look at the film we have, not the one that never was; the additional footage offered here in the extended version will never add up to Peckinpah's own cut. But *Major Dundee* has a thrilling first half, stellar work from its cast, magnificent cinematography, and themes that bridge the fully realized mastery of *Ride the High Country* (1962) before it and *The Wild Bunch* (1969) after. Even the second half, with its odd motivational elisions, offers a searing final battle scene that, despite being shorn of certain shots that the studio found too bloody, feels Peckinpah to its core.

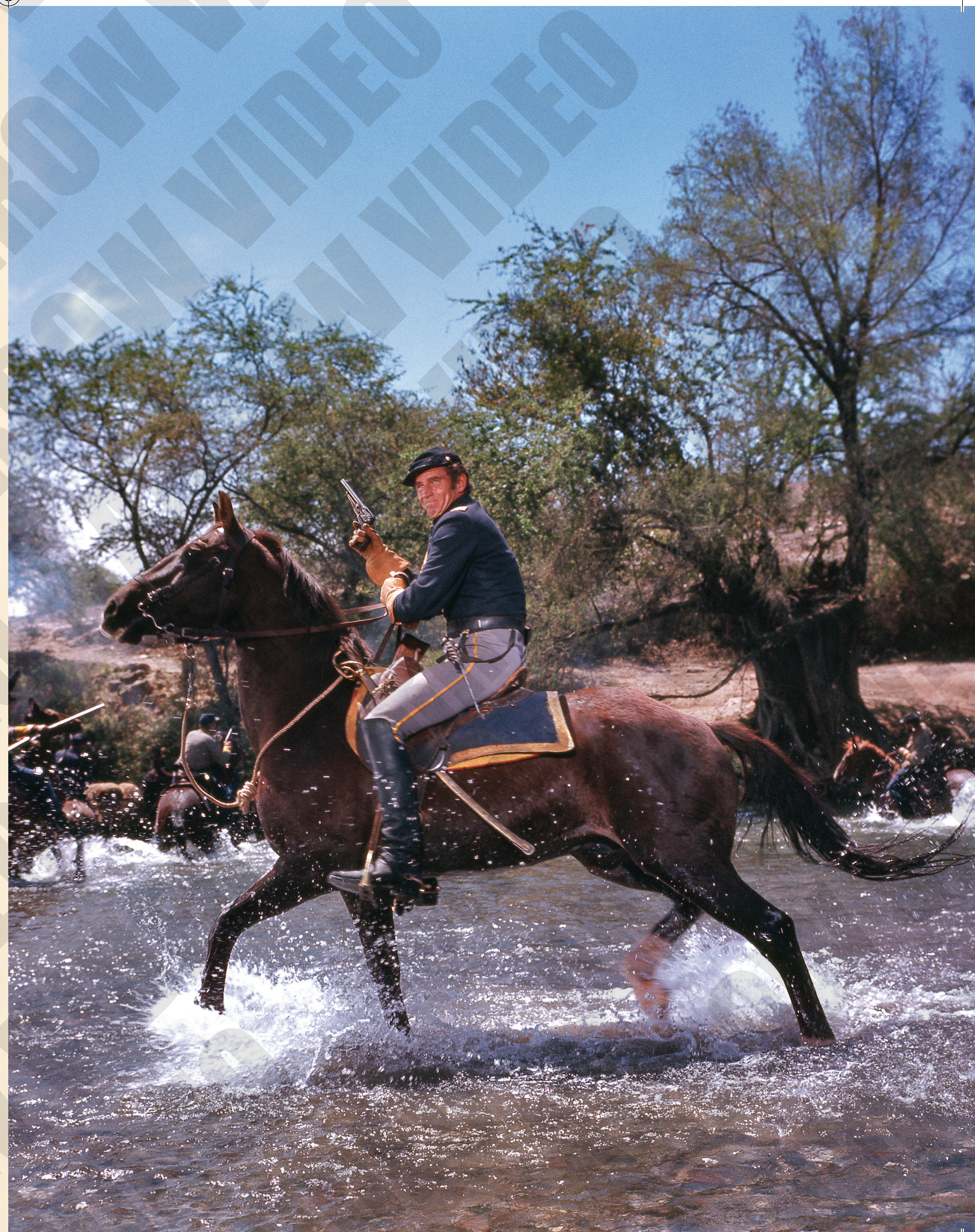
Charlton Heston and producer Jerry Bresler read Fink's concept of *Dundee* and imagined a Civil War film, something Heston had always wanted to make. It opens at the remote Southwestern outpost of Fort Benlin just after

the massacre of Army cavalry and civilians by a band of Apaches, led by the renegade Sierra Charriba (Michael Pate). The sole survivors are a teenage bugler, Tim Ryan (Michael Anderson Jr.), who narrates the film; and three young white boys taken by the Apache. Major Amos Dundee (Heston) is left to handle the aftermath. For reasons that are broadly hinted at but never spelled out, the major has been exiled from the front lines to command a prison camp near Benlin. Dundee sees a chance for redemption and glory if he can destroy Sierra Charriba and retrieve the captives, though it will mean striking deep into French-controlled Mexico.

This Dundee will have to do with only a handful of Union men, including the painfully green Lieutenant Graham (Jim Hutton); a one-armed and frequently insubordinate scout named Sam Potts (James Coburn); and a group of Black soldiers led by Aesop (Brock Peters). The rest of his company Dundee patches together with a fire-and-brimstone preacher (R.G. Armstrong), an assortment of local horse thieves and robbers, and some resentful—but at least experienced—Confederate prisoners. To keep the Confederates in line, Dundee puts an old adversary in charge, Irish-born Captain Benjamin Tyreen (Richard Harris). Their antipathy goes back a long way, and Tyreen pledges his loyalty to Dundee only "until the Apache is taken or destroyed."

Charlton Heston's chiseled, stiff-necked affect was uniquely well suited to Dundee; Richard Harris' romantic looks and general air of mischief made him a natural for Tyreen. Unfortunately, Harris and Heston found themselves enacting a work dynamic similar to the one on camera. Heston's cool professionalism was such that early on he made a point of timing his fellow cast members' arrival on set with a stopwatch. Harris retaliated by gathering some alarm clocks and placing them around Heston's trailer. When the bells went off at call time in deafening fashion Harris informed Heston, "I'm just clocking in." During the last battle, Heston became furious when Harris used the wrong rifles, forcing the refilming of two difficult shots.

Heston later wrote that he'd been too hard on Harris during what was a nightmare shoot for all concerned. The locations in Mexico had been chosen by Peckinpah without studio input, with the result that they were far-flung, often insalubrious and at times downright dangerous. As filming dragged on, the weariness and ground-in dirt of Dundee's men became something none of them had to fake. Neither was the squabbling. You would think, for



instance, that Harris, who enjoyed a libation, might find a congenial spirit in Sam Peckinpah. That was not the case. Peckinpah was consumed with matters of framing at first and saving his movie later, and had little patience for Harris's concerns about fleshing out his character.

Peckinpah of course had little patience for anyone. One fight with Heston and Harris found the director bellowing that he preferred rattlesnakes to actors and exiting the set; by the end Peckinpah had fired 15 crew members despite the obvious problems of replacing anyone on a location in the middle of nowhere. Even Heston snapped at one point, charging the director with a cavalry saber when a dispute over a shot led to Peckinpah calling his star a liar (or possibly a prick; accounts, as they say, vary). Heston told Peckinpah biographer David Weddle he wouldn't actually have trampled Peckinpah to death—"I don't think."

Yet Heston stayed loyal to Peckinpah, offering to forfeit his own $200,000 salary to Columbia when the studio was on the verge of firing the director. Not only did Heston perceive Peckinpah's outsize talent, "the adage about changing horses in mid-stream applied," he wrote in his journals. What Heston admitted he didn't anticipate, though he was warned, was that the studio would accept his offer. (After filming was completed, a reporter asked Heston if his monetary *beau geste* would start a trend with actors. Responded Heston, "Trend hell, it won't even start a trend with me.") Peckinpah also bet against the house and lost. The director deferred $35,000 of his $50,000 salary in hopes of gaining authority on editing that he never got.

R.G. Armstrong told Peckinpah that the script was "*Moby-Dick* on horseback," one of those remarks so pithy it's quoted constantly even though it's basically wrong. Dundee is no mystically obsessed Ahab, nor is he even Ethan Edwards in *The Searchers* (1956). The children are returned before the midway point, and Dundee responds by expanding his targets to include Napoleon III's troops. A closer analogue is found in John Ford's *Fort Apache* (1948); Dundee is "a more psychotic, more bluntly careerist version of Lt. Col. Owen Thursday," as critic Dave Kehr puts it. Offering more support for that analysis is the look and feel of the film, its characters moving across magnificent shots of the landscape, including a couple that seem to evoke Monument Valley, as well as the French troops charging across the river like the Comanches at the climax of *The Searchers*. There's the Ford-like mockery directed at youngsters Ryan and Graham; there's the mid-movie idyll in a Mexican village, with love interests played by Senta Berger and Peckinpah's eventual wife, Begoña Palacios.

But at other times *Major Dundee* plays as a deliberate, near-parodic inversion of the classic Ford westerns. Where Ford's cavalry rides off singing "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," the major's motley crew winds up with a cacophony of fight songs, the Union men singing "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the Confederates bellowing "Dixie" and the rest opting for "My Darling Clementine." Peckinpah shared Ford's taste for memorable supporting turns, but with a much darker twist, as when Warren Oates' redneck Confederate attempts to desert, is caught, and defends himself with increasingly desperate lies. James Coburn gets many of the best lines. When Dundee expresses his distrust of the Apache scouts aiding Potts—"You expect me to believe these Apache would turn on their own families, track down their own people?"—Potts' rejoinder is "Well, why not? Everybody else seems to be doing it." Another Potts line toward the end may well be an in-joke aimed at Heston's role in *Touch of Evil* (1958) seven years earlier: "You better stay off those streets, Amos. You make an unlikely lookin' Mexican."

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John Ford might have been a natural choice to make *Major Dundee*, but Ford was otherwise occupied making *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964) at Warner Bros. That movie was, if not an apology for the way his work sometimes depicted Native Americans, at least an attempt to grapple with the devastation left by the settling of the Old West. Peckinpah's vision of the Army versus the Apaches is more like gang warfare than military conflict. What white Americans called the Apaches comprised distinct groups with different languages and cultures going back thousands of years; they would end the 19th century devastated by the combined onslaught of settlers and the U.S. government. But in Peckinpah's film the Apaches are simply opponents who give no quarter and deserve what they get. It's a disturbing angle, but one that Peckinpah uses to buttress his general vision of men at war: no grandeur, no real heroism, just petty infighting, pointless sacrifice, and plenty of blood.

Earlier westerns might have shown Dundee's men pulling together against a common enemy, but not Peckinpah. A horrifying early scene where Southerner Benteen (John Davis Chandler) uses the atomic bomb of slurs to treat Aesop like his servant is only temporarily resolved; for most of the film the Confederates stay racist, the Black soldiers don't mingle and the rest of the company doesn't invite them to. The chaotic battles, shifting allegiances and the fact that Dundee's men are fighting an ill-defined set of foes in a place where they aren't wanted and don't belong has led more than one viewer to see *Dundee* as a Vietnam allegory. The comparison is tempting, but a stretch, as the American ground war didn't begin until after the movie's release. It's more accurate to say that by the time *The Wild Bunch* came out in 1969, American military adventurism had caught up with Peckinpah's vision of it.

But as 1964 closed in on 1965, Jerry Bresler and Columbia Pictures had most assuredly not caught up with Sam Peckinpah—not his habits, his temper, his delays, his 400,000 feet of film in the can or, crucially, his screen violence. Before it even began shooting, *Major Dundee* was pruned from a lavish roadshow production to what was still a relatively high-budget studio epic. But Peckinpah had his own approach and was not capable of modifying it to appease the suits, even had he wanted to, which he did not. It is possible, when reading about the production, to feel a little—just a little—sorry for Jerry Bresler and his fellow executives, journeying days to a backwater set so the director entrusted with a major release could tell

them to get lost. Bresler was not, as studio executives go, the worst hand a director could be dealt; "he was a hands-on producer, a very good one," argued screenwriter Saul. But, as Charlton Heston remarked ruefully many years later, Peckinpah hated executive power on a level that transcended whatever was going on with *Dundee*.

Peckinpah had brought in his film late and considerably over budget. He was given a veteran studio editor, William Lyon, who he neither liked nor trusted[1], and came up with a cut that according to Weddle ran about two hours and forty-one minutes. From the beginning, Bresler objected to the movie's bloodshed. His idea of how to cope with the censors was to take out everything before they had a chance to object; it had worked for the *Gidget* series (Bresler's primary claim to fame) and it would by god work for Sam Peckinpah. Without telling his director, the producer screened the film for exhibitors. A devastated Peckinpah was told *Major Dundee* would be cut to two hours, and his participation in that process was at an end. Peckinpah saw the studio's cut at *Major Dundee*'s premiere in February of 1965; James Coburn, who also attended, said that if Peckinpah could have found Bresler, he'd have killed him. The reviews and the box office were terrible.

Peckinpah neither forgave nor forgot, even after years passed and more critics—like this one—watched *Major Dundee* and found its imperfect, piecemeal beauty and prescient cynicism more exciting than many a better-reviewed "classic." The film was a major career setback for Peckinpah, and Heston was far from the only observer to suggest *The Wild Bunch* was the director's attempt to make the movie he had wanted *Major Dundee* to be. But Heston also said, "I caught Sam at the beginning of his career, when his energy and talent were brightest," and that remains visible in *Major Dundee*.

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[1] David Weddle, *'If They Move... Kill 'Em': The Life and Times of Sam Peckinpah* (Faber & Faber, 1996), 249.

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WAR WITHOUT END

BY RODERICK HEATH

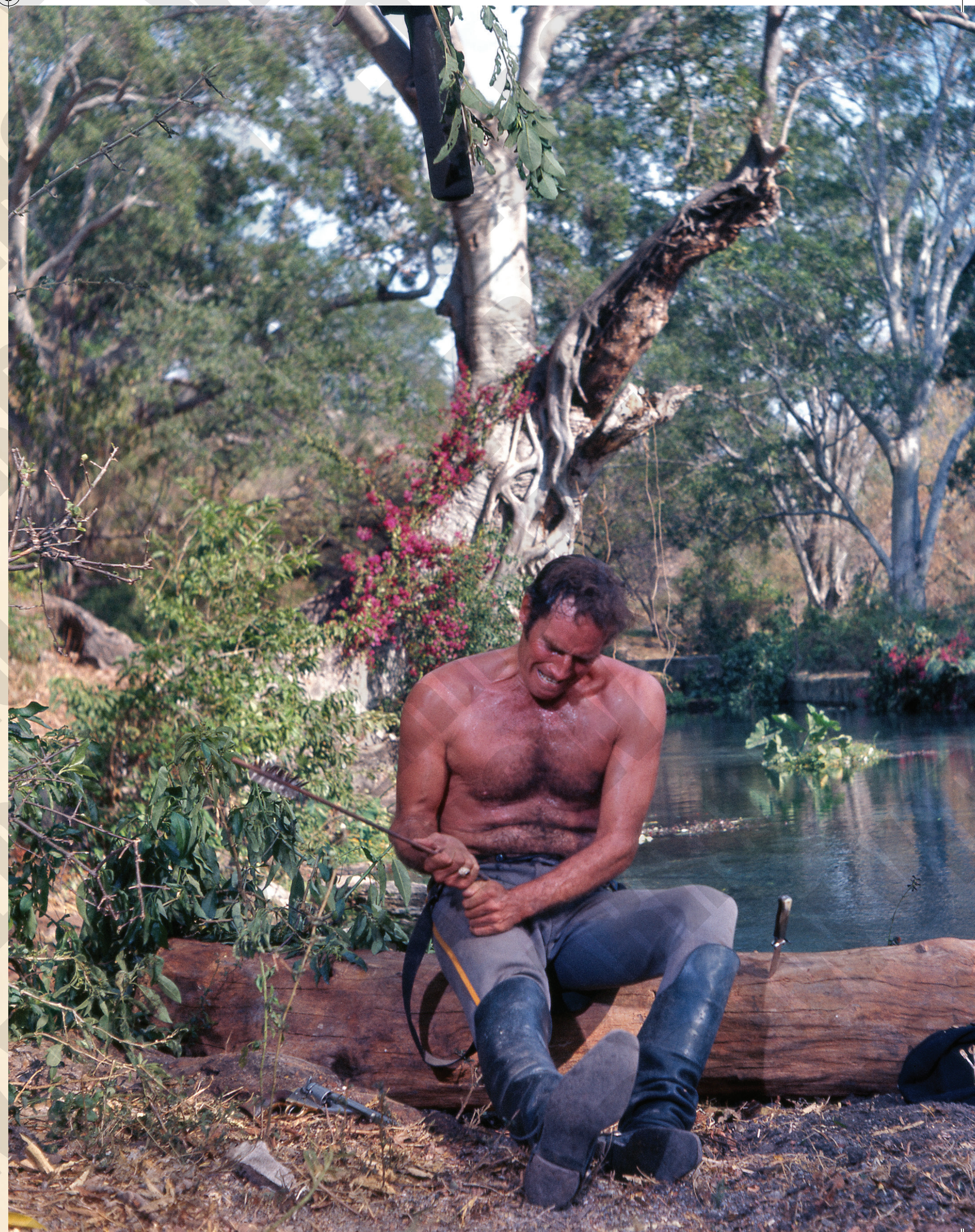
Sam Peckinpah's *Major Dundee* has proven a quintessential and evolving example of a film maudit. That's a fancy French phrase meaning cursed film, movies existing as imperfect remnants of a directorial vision. *Major Dundee* is the diary of its own calamity, of Peckinpah's failure to keep the demons locked in the box, of a culture, an industry, and an art form in transition. Peckinpah, a rising directorial star, was hired to make his first big-budget studio film and set out with half a script, deciding what movie he was making on the fly. That didn't quite work out. Decisions were made. Tempers flared. After Columbia Pictures pulled the plug with some key scenes left unshot and many that were left curled up on the cutting room floor like so many autumn leaves, the version that saw theatrical release told one story. The extended cut, pieced together thirty years later from producer Jerry Bresler's cut of the film, tells another.

Cinema history is littered with films maudit. Such movies often retain folkloric sway in their imperfection. A mystique that can overwhelm the actual film, conversation displacing the value of what exists with phrases like "original intentions" and "imagine what might have been." Films maudit mesmerize movie lovers because they reveal something the usual, polished

form of a released feature film labors so firmly to deny: these are constructs birthed out of the tension between creative personalities and commercial imperatives, tracing out the edges of those usually unmapped continents. Such movies are usually attached to legends of vaunting artistic ambition brought low by those eternal villains of movie lore, the money men. One inescapable example is *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1942), which maintains a dual state of existence, the movie Orson Welles intended nullified and yet somehow intensified in our awareness by the upbeat coda tacked on by RKO. The shadow movie is only made more alive, all the more pressing, by the compromised version we see. The contours of the creator's mind are thrown into sharper relief by the holes in their vision, like one of those medieval maps of a half-explored world. Even when revisited, patched up and exhibited, rescue rarely entirely reveals a film maudit. Just think about the pile-up of versions of *Blade Runner* (1982). Which is the real film? Does that mean anything today, when the versions of movies screened in movie theatres are often only long trailers for their extended home viewing releases?

Major Dundee is particularly irresistible in this regard because imperfection is its natural state. Supposedly, Columbia offered Peckinpah the chance to revisit the film after the success of *The Wild Bunch* (1969) but Peckinpah preferred to leave it the way it was. A misbegotten child that fueled his wrath and gave up its carrion to be reused in his subsequent, great and mortifying hit, what was a relatively sober and courtly ballad reiterated as ferocious and maniacal dirge for Peckinpah's faith in a certain kind of movie. The extended cut of Peckinpah's *Major Dundee*, whilst far richer and certainly much closer to the film Peckinpah wanted to make, is also more awkwardly paced, talkier and more hesitant in its narrative flow. Both versions retain the fingerprints of tampering and compromise, storytelling rushed with voiceovers and montages papering over the cracks. What seem to be set-piece sequences in the offing are instead quickly bypassed. The major difference revealed by the restored version was that Peckinpah was trying to make a movie about himself. Or, if that's too presumptuous for taste, his attempts to deconstruct and reconstruct a certain kind of character he identified with. A traditional hero figure in many ways but one tested until he cracks and reveals something else.

Major Amos Dundee *is* the film. It's named after him. He's played by the big star, Charlton Heston, the man who communed with gods and parted seas



on screen, but here can't cross the Rio Grande without extreme difficulty. A man of authority and purpose, nominating himself as bringer of justice and retribution at the head of a Homeric war band when fortunes of war have left him running a prison for Confederates in the middle of nowhere. Like Peckinpah himself, Dundee is a mass of contradictions, a military man and a maverick, thrusting his legs up on his desk and acting the brusquely imperious warlord, winnowing his petty and parlous kingdom for men of worth to go out and hunt down the marauding Sierra Charriba (Michael Pate). "Who will you send against me now?" Charriba repeatedly demands, seeking a worthy foe in his contest of civilizations and warrior will. The individual characters are carefully delineated as states and ages of man. And facets of the single man. Charriba and Ben Tyreen (Richard Harris) can be seen as pieces of Dundee's personality, Charriba the unleashed warrior-king from another age, Tyreen the gentleman rebel who dared become the man Dundee might wish to be, a beloved and respected leader who also dared to stick his thumb in the eye of all order. Lieutenant Graham (Jim Hutton), the young and overeager artilleryman turned cavalry officer, could be the part of Dundee who could once quote Napoleon. Ryan (Michael Anderson Jr.), the bugler who has his first shave during the mission and his first woman, Dundee's adolescent self.

These facets of a hero play out Peckinpah's through-a-glass-drunkenly take on John Ford's elegant mythology of civilization on the frontier, the one where the boys become men, the men become leaders all in poetic meter. But Peckinpah buried the cowboy heroes in *Ride The High Country* (1962). Here he's scratching at the lid of the myth of the white superman taming the frontier and forging the nation. Whilst of course formulating his own romantic myth of the down-and-dirty but authentic man cast out into the wilderness. A tour through the teenaged Peckinpah's experiences in post-World War II China by way of this hoary Old West, Dundee and his searchers surveying the littered victims of massacres and dangling political prisoners, terrible tortures and rivers clogged with blood, infecting the landscape without mind of borders.

Dundee's hunt for Charriba becomes a secondary mission, ending in anticlimax. It's his battle with the French soldiers of Maximilian, representatives of corrupt and abusive authority, of civilization itself as a perverting and strangling force, that provides the truest enemy.

Interventionism could be a new frontier of a romantic dream, fighting tyranny and injustice in another nation. Dundee and his men liberate a village and celebrate with its people. And then leave it to be sacked. Oh, by the way, the Vietnam War's a thing. The Civil Rights era too. Peckinpah insists the reconciliation of Bluebellies and Johnny Rebs portrayed in Ford's *Rio Grande* (1950) here be complicated by the long-negated third faction, the black troops who volunteer for the mission to do some soldiering for a change. The "redneck peckerwood" is given a lesson in courtesy by the hulking fighting preacher before Tyreen offers praise to the former slaves for their proficiency and America, Peckinpah's idea of America, finally begins to crawl out of the cradle. Which points to another common quality of films maudit, that they try often to say things someone doesn't much like being said.

In the village Dundee encounters Teresa (Senta Berger), an archetype in Peckinpah's cinema, the widow; soulful and individual. Another being Dundee grazes against, even loves, but he is repeatedly degraded by the way she forces him to admit humanity. Dundee maintains the hard glaze inimical to the pathos of underlings in his hierarchy when they dare violate the structures of command, when one of the Confederates, O.W. (Warren Oates), goes AWOL and pleads his case as simply taking a few hours out of the war to act like a man. Soon enough Dundee himself is taking time out from the war to act like a man with Teresa, but paying the price when he's hit by an arrow as Charriba's braves ambush him. A very phallic arrow, literally and figuratively skewered by his own manhood, exposed beyond his own pickets. The humiliation, as Tyreen with coldly ironic fury turns the rhetorical tables on Dundee, is deepened as the Major hides out to recover in Durango and drifts in a bubble of alcohol, fever sweat, pain, and sex, as he accepts the willing ministrations of sister of mercy Melinche (Aurora Clavell). He might be the first Beatnik, but finds only dissolution instead. Teresa visits only to see Dundee with Melinche. "For you the war will never be over," Teresa comments, skewering with deadly aim all of Dundee's clashing internal factions. Dundee collapses, the would-be titan a filthy drunk rolling in the gutter, consumed by shame and failure and fractured identity. Much like the film round him, Dundee has to fall apart before he can become whole. This sequence, shuffled through swiftly and impressionistically in the release cut, is in the restoration clearly the heart of the whole project.

Peckinpah's battles, with his studio, his producer, his actors, with himself, were all projected onto the screen, mythologized, given shambolic energy by its very jaggedness. The final battle with the French who try to trap the renegade Americans at the Rio Grande offers at last a moment of old-fashioned heroism. The Stars and Stripes is unfurled for a battle worth having, and saved by Tyreen, in a gesture of patriotism that sets the seal on the tale's long and painful portrait of reconciliation and reformation, but also brings about his death. Peckinpah returns to Fordian myth, the gentleman rebel dying for the national colors, whilst also prodding Peckinpah's own myth: the moment the rebel surrenders his rebelliousness he dies. The return home, Dundee and column riding back into the United States before the fade to the credits, is still uncertain, curtailed, not graced with any real sense of homecoming or completeness. How could such a story end?

And that's what's ultimately most deeply fascinating and galling about *Major Dundee*. Like so many films maudit it is a collection of shards of a most intense and personal art scattered like gold in river silt, one that struggles to articulate Peckinpah's certainty that the past is prologue and his talent for realizing that past in the most urgent and palpable terms. Far from depicting the well-laid ghosts of a settled history, *Major Dundee* reveals still-virile forces and tensions, dramas still playing out, both within its maker and the world without, a spree that never halts. Peckinpah would return repeatedly to the psychic and physical landscape mapped out here in the rest of his oeuvre. Like some French Revolutionary dropping the guillotine on the end of the old studio era, Peckinpah hesitantly but finally in full commitment marched from trying to poetically encompass the Western film's imminent decline by prodding its dead spots and introducing a new level of pungency, to the man who would try to thrust his audience's noses into the pools of blood he provided, only to then pivot again and reveal his elegiac streak, constantly mourning the end of something he knew well couldn't last. And those two core facets of Peckinpah, the sad romantic and the raging bastard, would continue to struggle within him, driving him to make great films and to an early grave.

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SAM PECKINPAH: ROMANTIC EXISTENTIALIST

BY NEIL SNOWDON

"Don't make me out no saint, but don't put me down too deep."
—*The Ballad of Cable Hogue*

Sam Peckinpah was a person of extremes, and those extremes were often in conflict with each other, within him and on the screen. On the one hand, like the Romantics, he yearned for a mythic past in which emotion and individualism were key, usually in a natural setting or at least one that was less scarred by the blight of urbanization and with it the "sophistication" and "civility" which seemed set on the restriction of freedoms; physical, emotional, intellectual... much like the post-war America of the 1940s and 50s, the world he found himself in as a young man with a desire to express himself. He saw the worm in the apple, the rot beneath the golden shine: beneath the veneer of civilization lay racial and class divisions, deception, and exploitation. He saw the truth behind the lie and it hurt him. Disgusted him. Angered him. But what can one man do? How do you express an almost primal rage at the hypocrisy, the lies, and the waste of the very world that you exist in? In which you have been raised to believe and whose rules you're expected to abide by?

In Sam's case you expose it, on the page, onstage, and on screen. You explode it. Destroy it. Tear it apart. Search the entrails of its composite parts for wisdom. The ugliness and terror, the blood and pain. But also the

paradoxical beauty. The moments amidst the hellish carnage of existence when deeds are selfless and honest and true. The moments worth fighting for, worth remembering. The moments of hope.

Sometimes the attempt is enough to be worth it. Sometimes people break right through. Sometimes death itself, and therefore life, is worth it and has meaning. More often than not, because of love.

Love is at the heart of *Ride the High Country* (1962), at the heart of *The Wild Bunch* (1969), and *The Ballad Of Cable Hogue* (1970), at the heart of *Junior Bonner* (1972), and *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* (1973). But none of it is easy. None of it is simple. None of it runs straight. That's the hard part. None of it ever seems to be enough.

What else is the end of *The Wild Bunch* but a moment of purest friendship and love. Of sacrifice and the belief that if one must die, then it is better to die honorably for a friend than live dishonorably for money.

The carnage that follows is ugly, painful, heartbreaking. A last honorable act is rewarded with callous hate, and so mutual annihilation is the only outcome. Scorched earth. Destroy it all and start again. And that coda, amid the dust? Sadness. Loss. Laughter in the face of absurdity. What else can we do but keep living?

"The common thread in the literature of the existentialists is coping with the emotional anguish arising from our confrontation with nothingness, and they expended great energy responding to the question of whether surviving it was possible. Their answer was a qualified 'Yes,' advocating a formula of passionate commitment and impassive stoicism."—Alan Pratt[1]

I'm not sure Peckinpah would say quite the same, but there were good days when I think that he believed it. See the sweetness and sentimentality of *The Ballad of Cable Hogue* or the end of *The Getaway* (1972) which pulls back from the vision of hell that was the final chapter of Jim Thompson's novel, to let the lovers escape with a laugh and a smile.

Mostly though his films and his life embody that "confrontation with nothingness." His characters rarely survive and he seemed determined, by his actions, to follow them. Perhaps they'd be remembered, their lives and deeds, one way or another. Perhaps he hoped that he would be too. Certainly, his anguish is writ large within his art: eloquent, emotional, visceral. Unforgettable.

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"When he was making movies it felt, for some of us, as if we were watching an ongoing street accident. We felt helpless; he was determined to be doomed."—Pauline Kael[2]

Fame is a cage. And like an animal in a trap Peckinpah kicked and snapped at those who tried to free him as much as those who set the snare. Something about the spotlight bleaches out the details, distorts as much as it reveals.

If he'd been an author, or if he'd stuck to theatre, I think we'd see him differently, and consider the whole of him, the complexity. It seems to me he has more in

[1] Pratt, Alan (April 23, 2001). "Nihilism." Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy. Embry-Riddle University.
[2] Kael, Pauline (November 19th 1999). "A Glorious High." *Austin Chronicle*, Vol. 19 No.12.

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common with the novelists and dramatists of his day than other filmmakers. Faulkner, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Tennessee Williams, and Arthur Miller. Or those timeless American writers who came before him, Melville and Twain. There's something novelistic about the texture and depth of his filmmaking, while still essentially dramatic and alive as any moment on the stage.

Among his contemporaries there really wasn't anyone quite like him. I'm not sure that any other American filmmaker of the period can really compare.

"A true film sense is rare, and he knew he had it; he depended on it the way a scoundrel depends on his charm."—Pauline Kael[3]

Born in 1925, Peckinpah spent his formative childhood years in Fresno, California, a world that back then remained far closer to the 19th Century than the 20th. He always had a temper. It seems that he was born with it. At three years old he chased his grandfather with a pitchfork because of a boiling sense of injustice at the way the man was treating him.

If he grew with one foot in the past of the American West, the other foot was firmly planted in fiction. Biographer David Weddle, describes Sam's childhood bedroom as his refuge, with a "prized collection of 'Big-Little Books'... *Moby-Dick*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Hercules*, *Aladdin and his Magic Lamp*, Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill, Icarus, *Jason and the Golden Fleece*, *King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table*, classics told in an easy-to-read juvenile prose. He pored over them for hours."[4] Later he would memorize Tennyson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and then start staging it with the neighborhood kids en masse.

The temper that flared at three years old, stayed lit through school, and into military academy when the troubled relationships with authority continued. He was bright and well liked, but when authority figures got in his way they got burned.

At seventeen years old, with America's involvement in the Second World War at its height, Sam volunteered to join the Marine Corps. It seems a strange choice for someone so fundamentally at odds with authority figures, and yet

[3] Kael, Pauline (November 19th 1999). "A Glorious High." *Austin Chronicle*, Vol. 19 No.12.
[4] David Weddle, *'If They Move... Kill 'Em': The Life and Times of Sam Peckinpah* (Faber & Faber, 1996), 23.

despite the fact that it was almost exactly what anyone who has seen *Full Metal Jacket* (1987) might imagine, it seems he had fond memories.

"The Corps is not a finishing school. It is not a game. It is a way of life—and it's basic purpose is to maintain the fact that a combat Marine is the best fighting soldier in the world. Your non-coms and your commissioned officers will have what amounts to almost absolute power over you. They will try and break you, but as they try and break you they will be teaching you—how to save your ass and your buddy's, how to kill with efficiency, how to learn. When you come out you will now the pride of being a Marine..."[5]

[5] Sam Peckinpah in a letter to his son. Quoted in Weddle (1996, Faber & Faber). *'If They Move... Kill 'Em'*, 50.

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That sounds an awful lot like hell to me, but it seems that the chaos inside Peckinpah responded to this particular brand of discipline. For better or worse he would, according to many of his actors, use the same technique on location, as he led his own armies of cast and crew into battle with the text, the elements, and the money men, in search of victory, art, and truth.

The US decision to use the atom bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki brought the war to a halt before Peckinpah could be deployed in combat. Instead, he was part of the wave of soldiers sent to China to help disarm Japanese soldiers and civilians and ship them home. Still, the time there was fraught, and he was witness to things that would forever color his view of his fellow man and their capacity for depravity.

"Another Marine told me—boasted to me—that he'd thrown a Chinese woman down on a concrete platform and raped her, hit her head against the pavement, and after he was done she didn't move. I'd practically been adopted by a Chinese family. I actually decided I was going to kill him. I went out and stole a gun, a Russian gun, and offered to sell it to him. You know, the souvenir mentality. When I sold it to him, I was going to kill him. Put the barrel of the gun right up under his chin and pull the trigger. The night before our meeting , I saw him standing there, completely blind. He'd drunk some bad whiskey. If it hadn't been for that, I might be in prison today."[6]

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Returning from war he enrolled in Fresno State University, mostly because he was following the woman who would become his first wife, Marie. It was there that he really found himself and his means of expression: drama, first as an actor, and then as director.

In literature and the liberal arts Peckinpah found solace, direction, and meaning/strength. In the imagination he found his metier. As a result, he read voraciously, a starving man with a hungry soul... Conrad, Hemingway, Thoreau, Faulkner, Dickens, science books, volumes of history on China and ancient Greece. Aristotle's *Poetics* gave him the foundations for dramatic writing, and he became a strong believer in the philosopher's theory that great drama provides an audience with a catharsis through which they can purge their own pain, rage, and fear.

After the Greeks came the French: Albert Camus' *The Stranger* and *The Plague*, Jean-Paul Sartre's *No Exit*, *The Flies*, and *The Wall*. Out of the rubble of post-war Paris had come a new philosophy, existentialism... The Frenchmen articulated feelings that had been evolving within Sam since he first attended his father's court trials as a kid.[7]

People get leery when we start talking art and philosophy in relation to Hollywood filmmakers, but Peckinpah's way into film came via theatre, at a time when existentialism was in the air. No one in his field could *not*

[6] Sam Peckinpah in an interview with *Life Magazine* 1972. Quoted in Weddle (1996, Faber & Faber). *'If They Move... Kill 'Em'*, 58.
[7] Weddle, David. *'If They Move... Kill 'Em': The Life and Times of Sam Peckinpah* (Faber & Faber, 1996), 73.

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be aware, not be moved and influenced by them, especially those who experienced the war first hand.

That the influence of existentialism was at its peak in the post-war years is hardly surprising. A second world war? After the incredible losses of the first? The death camps? The blitz? Dresden? The utter destructive power of the bombs dropped on Japan?

What response is there but dread, disorientation, confusion, and anxiety in the face of such an apparently meaningless and absurd world?

Popularly speaking, Existentialism found its voice in literature and the arts as well as philosophy through the work of Sartre, Camus, and Simone de Beauvoir. All of whom lived through the war, Sartre developed his ideas under the influence of Dostoevsky and Martin Heidigger, whom he read in a POW camp.

For anyone involved in the arts, for anyone who *felt* as strongly Peckinpah did, it must have had a profound effect. Certainly it did on the arts and culture in which he was immersed at the time. But while other authors, filmmakers, and artists might have intellectualized it, Peckinpah seemed to live it. Embody it.

Of all the existentialist writers and thinkers that he was reading, it seems to me that Peckinpah was closest to Camus. We know from David Weddle's biography (quoted above) that he was reading Camus' novels (one can only dream of the films he might have made of them). What's remarkable though is the way he so parallels and embodies Camus' *The Myth of Sisyphus*. Remarkable—and fascinating—because, while the book was published in France in 1942, it had not at this time been translated into English.

Camus was much concerned with how to live authentically in an inauthentic world. More specifically, he was concerned with the central absurdism of existence, which is to say the juxtaposition between the fundamental human need to attribute meaning to life and the "unreasonable silence" of the universe in response.

"It was previously a question of finding out whether or not life had to have a meaning to be lived. It now becomes clear on the contrary that it will be

lived all the better if it has no meaning. Living an experience, a particular fate, is accepting it fully...

"To abolish conscious revolt is to elude the problem. The theme of permanent revolution is thus carried into individual experience. Living is keeping the absurd alive. Keeping it alive is above all contemplating it. Unlike Eurydice, the absurd dies only when we turn away from it. One of the only coherent philosophical positions is thus revolt. It is a constant confrontation between man and his own obscurity. It is an insistence upon an impossible transparency. It challenges the world anew every second. Just as danger provided man with the unique opportunity of seizing awareness, so metaphysical revolt extends awareness to the whole of experience." —Albert Camus[8]

This period of his life seems to me the lens through which we can truly understand and embrace him, whole. The flash point at which Peckinpah the artist (writer, director, thinker) came into being. The context in which his own personal style and philosophies were born. [Everything else follows from this.] Alive to the absurdity of life, Peckinpah confronted everything, and forced us to confront it with him. He revolted, and forced us to revolt with him. He challenged the world anew each second that he lived, and made us challenge it and ourselves with him.

He made us look and *live*.

"What counts is not the best living but the most living."—Albert Camus[9]

I can't think of many American filmmakers who lived *more*.

Neil Snowdon is a producer at Arrow Films. As a writer his work has appeared in Video Watchdog, Rue Morgue*, and at* Diabolique *online among other places. He is the editor of the anthology* We Are The Martians: The Legacy of Nigel Kneale*, and founder of Electric Dreamhouse Press.*

[8] Camus, Albert. *The Myth of Sisyphus* (Penguin Classic, 2013), 40.
[9] Camus, Albert. *The Myth of Sisyphus* (Penguin Classic, 2013).

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ABOUT THE TRANSFER

Major Dundee is presented in its original aspect ratio of 2.35:1.

The Extended Version is presented with a 5.1 audio mix that includes a new score composed in 2005 by Christopher Caliendo, as well as an option to view with the original mono audio and original score by Daniele Amfitheatrof. The Theatrical Version is presented with original mono sound.

The High-Definition masters were produced and supplied by Sony Pictures.

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Disc & Booklet Produced by **Neil Snowdon**
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Technical Producer **James White**
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QC **Alan Simmons**
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Disc Mastering & Subtitling **The Engine House Media Services**
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