

The Listings: Jan. 27 - Feb. 2; JOHN BRATTIN: 'THE TRIUMPH OF NIGHT'

By **HOLLAND COTTER** (NYT) 347 words

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Mr. Brattin's short film is like a basement-tapes version of "Wuthering Heights." Written and directed by Mr. Brattin, its title lifted from a ghost story by Edith Wharton, it delivers a Hollywood-ready Victorian plot in an ingeniously homespun package. In the story, the naïve young Grace Fogg, hired companion to the wife of the mysterious Silas Greyfield, arrives at the Greyfield estate on a stormy autumn night. She meets, in succession, a ghost; two weird servants; the strung-out, pill-popping Lady Greyfield; and the seductively predatory Greyfield himself (played by the excellent James Fletcher, above). There follow apparitions of butchered children, hints of unspeakable obsessions and warnings that Grace must never, ever open the doors of certain rooms. And she never does, because the film ends before we get that far, which is fine. What's remarkable here is not the story but the exercise in atmospherics it has inspired and the ingeniously sophisticated way Mr. Brattin has produced it. The film, about 30 minutes, was shot entirely in Participant Inc's small Lower East Side space, with funky sculptural props and painterly sets, all still in place. The script is artful, too: patched-together dialogue from "The Turn of the Screw," "The Wizard of Oz" and "Bambi." The result is a drama of cues and clues, not conclusions, the kind of self-spooking vision an imaginative, bookish kid might cook up in the cellar of his parents' house. It's a vision laced with budding adult passions and fears. Like life, "The Triumph of Night" is an innocence-and-experience tale, destined to be forever continued. (Participant Inc, 95 Rivington Street, between Ludlow and Orchard Streets, (212) 254-4334, through Feb. 12.)

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Photo (Photo by Alex Antitch)