

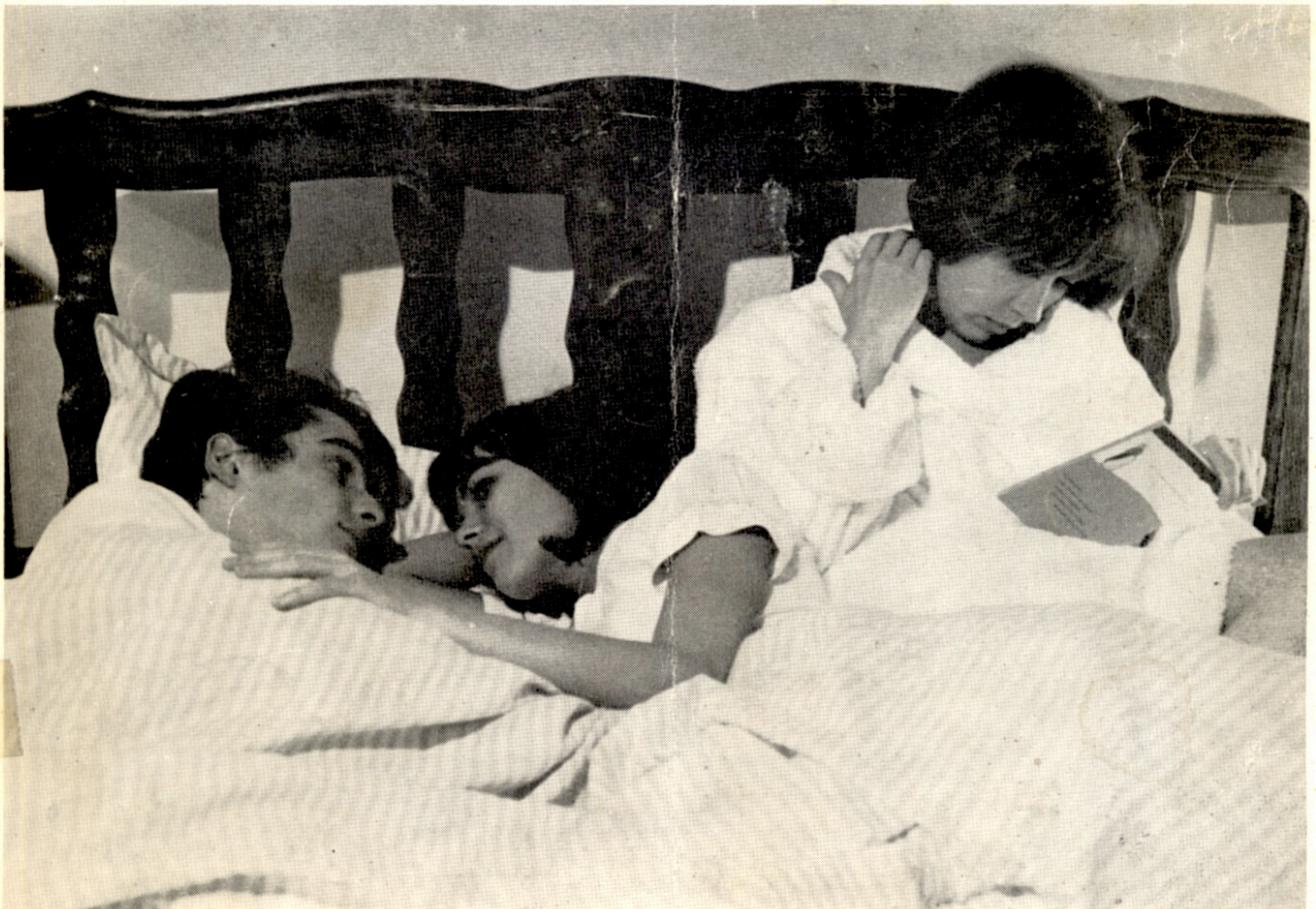
PN1993
.C2513

D. Books

No. 6

cabiers du
CINEMA
in english

Truffaut on 'Fabrenbeit': II
Allio-Bourseiller-Godard
Pasolini at Pesaro
New York Film Festival



From The World's Most Creative Film-Makers

FEATURES

William Jersey &
Barbara Connell
Rolf Thiele
Jean Renoir
Louis Malle
Chris Marker
Bert Haanstra
René Clair
John Spotton

A TIME FOR BURNING
TONIO KROGER
BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING
THE FIRE WITHIN
THE KOUMIKO MYSTERY
ALLEMAN
THE LAST MILLIONAIRE
BUSTER KEATON RIDES AGAIN

SHORTS

Adam Giffard
Gabriela Samper
Harry Atwood
Ole Roos
Janos Vadasz
Herb Danska
L. van Gasteren

A CHANCE FOR CHANGE
LEGEND OF THE PARAMO
CAJITITLAN
MICHEL SIMON
OVERTURE/NYITANY
UPTOWN
THE HOUSE

Write for Free Catalog

Dept. CDC 12/66

CONTEMPORARY FILMS, INC.

267 W. 25th St., N.Y. 10001

614 Davis St., Evanston, Ill. 60201

1211 Polk St., San Fran., Calif. 94109

Robert Enrico's

AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

The 27-minute French short Grand Prize-winner at Cannes
and winner of the Academy Award.

Based on the short story by Ambrose Bierce, it re-creates
the tense atmosphere of the War of Secession.

A spell-binding drama of a condemned man—with an incredible denouement.

Dept. CDC
CONTEMPORARY FILMS, INC.
267 WEST 25TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

cabiers du

CINEMA

in english

Number 6

December 1966



Jean-Luc Godard: *Masculin Féminin*, Jean-Pierre Léaud, Chantal Goya, Marlene Jobert.

FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT (CdC #177/8, Apr/May 1966)	
The Journal of 'Fahrenheit 451': Part Two	10
ALLIO-BOURSEILLER-GODARD-DELAHAYE (CdC #177, Apr 1966)	
Two Arts in One	24
PIER PAOLO PASOLINI AT PESARO (CdC #171, Oct 1965)	
The Cinema of Poetry	34
ROBERT BRESSON (CdC #177, Apr 1966)	
Testament of Balthazar, by Maurice Merleau-Ponty and Jean-Luc Godard	44
CAHIERS CRITIQUES (CdC #177, Apr 1966)	
Bourseiller: Marie Soleil, by Jacques Bontemps	48
Zetterling: Loving Couples, by Michel Delahaye	50
Pollet: Une balle au coeur, by Jean-Louis Comolli	51
Kaufman and Manaster: Goldstein, by Andre Techine	52
Donner: The Caretaker, by Michel Delahaye	52
Malle and Enrico: Viva Maria! and Les Grandes Gueules, by J.-L. Comolli	53
FILM NOTES AND ODDS AND ENDS	
Council of Ten (CdC #178, May 1966)	4
Corrected Council of Ten (CdC #177, Apr 1966)	58
The Fourth New York Film Festival, by Roger Greenspun	5
The 1966 Montreal Film Festival, by Joan Fox	9
"New Cinema" at Pezenas, by Louis Marcorelles (CdC #177, Apr 1966)	61
Festival of the Free Film, by J. E. (CdC #177, Apr 1966)	62
Meeting With Mai Zetterling (CdC #177, Apr 1966)	63
Paris Openings (CdC #178, May 1966)	54
New York Openings	56
Editor's Eyrie by Andrew Sarris	57

CAHIERS DU CINEMA IN ENGLISH

Administrative and Subscription Office: 635 Madison Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10022, USA

Editorial Office: 303 West 42nd St., N. Y., N. Y.

Publisher: JOSEPH WEILL

Editor-in-Chief: ANDREW SARRIS

Managing Editor: RALPH BLASI

Associate Editor: JAMES STOLLER

Translator: JANE PEASE

Parent Publication: CAHIERS DU CINEMA. Revue mensuelle du Cinéma. Administration-Publicité 8 rue Marbeuf, Paris 8. Rédaction: 5, Clément-Marot, Paris 8. Comité de rédaction: Jacques Doniol-Valcroze, Jean-Luc Godard, Pierre Kast, Jacques Rivette, Roger Théron, François Truffaut. Rédacteurs en chef: Jean-Louis Comolli, Jean-Louis Ginibre. Mise en pages: Andréa Bureau. Secrétariat: Jacques Bontemps, Jean-André Fieschi. Documentation: Jean-Pierre Biesse. Secrétaire général: Jean Hohman.

Photo Acknowledgments: NATIONAL FILM BOARD OF CANADA.

U.S. Distribution: Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 155 West 15th St., N. Y., N. Y. 10011. All rights reserved. Copyright 1966 by Cahiers Publishing Company.

LE CONSEIL DES DIX (Council of ten)

COTATIONS (Ratings) ● Inutile de se déranger (No use bothering) ★ à voir à la rigueur (see if necessary)
 ★★ à voir (see) ★★★ à voir absolument (see absolutely) ★★★★ chef-d'oeuvre (masterpiece)

	Michel Aubriant (Candide)	Robert Bensayoun (Positif)	Jean-Louis Bory (Arts)	Albert Cervoni (France Nouvelle)	Jean Collet (Telarama)	Jean-Louis Comoli (Cahiers)	Michel Cournot (Le Nouvel Observateur)	Michel Delahaye (Cahiers)	Jean-André Fieschi (Cahiers)	Georges Sadoul (Les Lettres Françaises)
Walkover (Jerzy Skolimowski)	★★★★	★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★
Les Poings dans les poches (Between Two Worlds) (Marco Bellocchio)	★★★★	★★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★	★★	★★★★	★★★
Masculin Féminin (Jean-Luc Godard)	★	●	★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★
Les Charmeurs innocents (The Innocent Charmers) (Andrzej Wajda)	★	★	★★	★★★★	★★	★★★★	★	★	★★★★	★★★
Lady Macbeth de Sibérie (Andrzej Wajda)		★	★★★★	★★★★	★★	★★	★	★	★★	★
Lotna (Andrzej Wajda)		★★	★★★★	★★★★		★	★	●	★	
Aimer (To Love) (Jorn Donner)	★★★	★★	★	★★★★	★	★★	●	★★	★	★★
The Uncle (Desmond Davis)		★	★★	★★		★	★	★★	★★	
Le Baron de Crac (Karel Zeman)	●	★★	★★★★	★	★	★	●	●		★★★
Pressure Point (Hubert Cornfield)		★				★★	●	★★	●	★
The Money Trap (Burt Kennedy)	★★	★★	●				●	★	●	
The Silencers (Phil Karlson)	★	★★	●	★★		●	●	●	●	★
Our Man Flint (Daniel Mann)	●	★★	●	★★		●	●	★	●	★
L'Enfer sur la plage (Hell on the Beach) (José Bénazeráff)	★		●	★	●	●	★★	★	●	
Ne nous fâchons pas (Georges Lautner)	★	★		★★	★	●	●	●	●	
The Agony and the Ecstasy (Carol Reed)	★★		★	●	●	●	●	●	●	
L'Homme de Marrakech (Jacques Deray)	●	★	●	★★		●	●	●	●	
Judith (Daniel Mann)	●		●	★	●	●	●	●	●	
Gunpoint (Earl Bellamy)		●					●		●	
Le Seconde Vérité (Christian-Jaque)			●		●		●	●	●	
Return from the Ashes (J. Lee Thompson)	●	●	●		●		●	●	●	

Film Notes

The Fourth New York Film Festival

Having passed its fourth year, the New York Film Festival has proved itself incontestably one of the cultural ornaments of this city. By the simple process of doing what everyone always asks of institutions for the performing arts, opening new areas of experience without paying too much attention to the requirements of the commercial entertainment industry, the festival has managed to collect at the same time both a large and reasonably loyal audience and the general contempt of New York's most powerful reviewers. That a Jean-Luc Godard can at once fill Philharmonic Hall and drive Bosley Crowther into a rage is a phenomenon strange enough in the New York movie world to merit respect. Everybody knows that movies are "in"; the problem now for a few important people is how to get them out again.

Bosley Crowther began by attacking this year's festival before it opened, and he advised his readers that they shouldn't feel they had to go. He continued with a Sunday column on the scandal of there being no new American entry in the festival, and he concluded the following week by suggesting that the festival voluntarily cut itself down to size in the future with no more than, say, ten films "punctiliously selected for quality and catholicity." What I think Mr. Crowther really has in mind is that the festival should disappear entirely, and



Ivan Passer: *Intimate Lighting*, Vera Kresadlova.



Alain Resnais: *La Guerre est finie*, Yves Montand and Ingrid Thulin.

his method is to expose its mistakes, its embarrassments, its enthusiasms—as if the whole thing were politically suspect.

No one should underestimate the defensive animosity that usually greets new works of art whenever they appear. But neither should one underestimate the wrath of a reviewer scorned, and what has happened is that movies in New York have sufficiently come of age to command an audience that sometimes knows its own mind, that at the very least knows better minds than it finds writing in the daily newspapers. The audience I am taking about is neither so faddist, so intellectually precious, so fanatic, nor even so young as its detractors — those who are not getting through to it—like to complain. But it is a real audience such as the arts require and not just a public such as reads the newspapers. The creation of that movie audience is partly the work of the New York Film Festivals. "Jean-Luc cultists," complains Judith Crist in the *World Journal Tribune*. God bless them! They constitute a line of defense against every manipulative insult the entertainment business throws out, there are more of them each year, and they may even be winning.

* * *

The best movies at the Fourth New York Film Festival came from the direc-

tors one would have expected: Godard, Presson, Bunuel, Resnais. And the worst also came from the directors one would have expected: Ichikawa, Torre Nilsson, de Seta, Varda. So there were no major surprises. The quality of the worst was pretty low, but the best, especially the Godard and the Bresson, was absolutely dazzling. About the films of the new Czech cinema, which had star billing and most of the publicity at the festival, there is relatively little to say. If Milos Forman's *Loves of a Blonde*, Ivan Passer's *Intimate Lighting*, and the omnibus film *Pearls on the Ground* avoid the embarrassments of last year's dismal critical and commercial success *The Shop on Main Street*, they also avoid the risks that might have raised them above the ordinary. It is not a matter of their being films about little people and small situations so much as of their seeing in their people and situations nothing that is not little and mundane. All three films tend to substitute a sometimes considerable technical expertise and close observation for feeling and vision. The principal method of both the Forman and Passer films seems to be the exploitation of a sense of sustained, slightly superior discomfort. And both films, which were praised generally for their warm humanity (movie Philistines always prefer people to works of art,

Film Notes

especially to movies), seem actually rather coldly detached from the bungling creatures whose very humanness they are supposed to celebrate.

Of the Czech features, *Intimate Lighting* provided some pleasure in a few genuinely comic sequences around a family dinner table and in a brief meeting between a village idiot and a pretty girl from which both idiot and girl emerge victorious. In *Pearls on the Ground* the last sequence, in which a young worker picks up a Gypsy girl for a night and uncovers more woman than he had bargained for, is directed by Jaromil Jires with enough exuberance and warmth to balance the usual debilitating Czech tact.

The category of non-movie at the Fourth New York Film Festival was filled by the B.B.C. pseudo-documentary *The War Game*; a tricky put-down of the 1965 Albert Hall poetry reading by Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti, Logue, and others called *Wholly Communion*; and three brief excursions into *cinéma-vérité*: a Maysles Brothers account of Marlon Brando meeting and utterly disarming the press, *Troublemakers*, in which Norman Fruchter and Robert Machover examine the frustrations endured by young poverty workers trying to buck the establishment in a New Jersey slum, and the Italian *Notes for a Film on Jazz*, which I did not see. Of all these real-life films I liked only the Brando interviews, for their frank and engaging air of unreality and for Brando's perfect self-possession in playing himself and reducing each of his interviewers to self-conscious blushes as he cheerfully sets about interviewing them.

Leopoldo Torre Nilsson's *The Eavesdropper*, Kon Ichikawa's *The Burmese Harp*, Aleksandar Petrovic's *Tri*, Agnès Varda's *Les Créatures*, and Vittorio de Seta's *Almost a Man* were the poorest films in the festival. If I were forced to choose between Varda's flashy modish-



Milos Forman: *Loves of a Blonde*, Hana Brejchova.

ness, Petrovic's fussiness, de Seta's ponderousness, Ichikawa's good-soldier sentimentality, and Torre Nilsson's moody pretentiousness, I should pick the last. High pretensions sometimes argue good intentions, and by sheer weight of incident, energy, and near invention, Torre Nilsson achieves a density of effect that I can't honor but that gives me pleasure. With slighter themes, weaker conscience, and an eye less entranced by the symbolically significant, Torre Nilsson might make movies that were as much fun as Delmer Daves'—which of course would serve him up a camp taste and ban him from the festival circuit forever.

Carlos Saura's *The Hunt* and Miklos Jancso's *The Roundup* (known in England as "The Hopeless Ones," but with a title in Hungarian like *Szegenyek*, why translate?) are bad movies by directors who seem to know exactly where they are going and how to get there. In neither case is the trip necessary. *The Hunt* managed to please both Luis Bunuel and Bosley Crowther, per-

haps by combining an unusual amount of cruelty to small animals (the film's situation is a rabbit hunt) with a series of interminable confrontations and fatal intramural violence among human beings. According to the festival program notes and Mr. Crowther, *The Hunt* is really about "the contemporary Spanish situation," but without the program notes it is remarkably lacking in resonance or rationale. *The Roundup* is a very canny film, full of strikingly composed frames with stark whites, blacks, barren expanses, maze-like corridors, and impassive performances. It is a resolutely good-looking movie in which all movements are subtly patterned and all effects are managed with a kind of attention-getting understatement. It shows the misery, torture, and killing of political prisoners in 19th-century Hungary, but its concern is more with the efficiency of the methods it investigates than with the pain they afford. Ultimately it is an ambitious shaggy-dog story with a very nasty ending, and its considerable restraint and cleverness support no larger response than a vicious anecdotal irony that seems powerless except to affirm rather than protest oppression.

René Allio's *Shameless Old Lady* gains from a marvelous performance by Sylvie and from Allio's unwillingness to project his film as a general statement praising the joys of old age. One look at Sylvie striding vigorously across a street or gazing clear-eyed at the things around her is enough to indicate that this old lady is as much unique as shameless. The film is manifestly without exaggerations, and it avoids every sentimentality except the most subtle: that of reducing its central character to an object for edification, admiration, what you will—so long as it is less than a person, who engages us totally. De-



Sergei Paradjanov: *Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors*.

Film Notes



Andre Delvaux: *The Man With the Shaven Head*, Beata Tyszkiewicz.

spite Sylvie's magnificent presence, Madame Berthe never succeeds in becoming for us more than an exemplary old lady, whether in serving her family or satisfying herself. The film begins and ends with death, but death is essentially a wonderful convenience—at the beginning, a release for the old lady into a childhood of trust and new experience, and at the end a release from the dependencies of adulthood.

I group the films by Pier Paolo Pasolini and Bernardo Bertolucci together because Pasolini's *Accattone* and Bertolucci's *La Commare Secca* matter for me mostly as indicating stages in the development of the director of *Before the Revolution*. Bertolucci worked on *Accattone*, and Pasolini collaborated on the screenplay for *La Commare Secca*. *Accattone* today looks less good than it must have looked when it was made in 1961. Certain elements, for example the use of a musical score "by J. S. Bach," show their age in the stylistic preferences of their time, and the mystique of the engaging low-life bastard with a soul of something if not of gold has faded with the passing of the early '60's. For all its expansiveness and detail, *Accattone* has little more than sympathy for a particular life style to keep it going. *La Commare Secca* was Bertolucci's first feature, and it bears the stamp of the kind of sensibility exhibited in *Accattone*. Its treatment of a series of vignettes revolving around the murder of a prostitute suggests that Bertolucci has some commercial potential as a director, but in the long run the sort of poetic flamboyance that distinguishes *Before the Revolution* appears here and takes the film over. So thoroughly is it taken over that, despite some gimmicky tie-ins, the end belongs to a different movie than the beginning. I think that Bertolucci is most successful with his

strangest characters (especially a grave homosexual who at the end identifies the murderer) and that everything becomes most brilliant in the moments of superfluous lyricism that fill the loose places in the plot. *La Commare Secca* is a remarkable film from a 20-year-old; it is even more remarkable that the same director could have made *Before the Revolution* two years later.

Two films by new directors merit special consideration. *Shadows of our Forgotten Ancestors* by the Russian Sergei Paradjhanov looks at first like nothing so much as late Eisenstein imitated with a hand-held camera. It swoops and flies and never moves from a point here to a point there without racing through a 360° turn in the process. The matter of the film is folk tale, and it involves a certain amount of communication from beyond the grave between a dead girl and her living, now married, lover. Much of the action is ceremonial: a carnival in the snow, church services, a wedding, a Christmas celebration, a wake—and the tendency is always to push ceremony beyond the limits of decorum. With its unreal colors, improbable camera angles, and precarious balance between ritual and orgy, *Shadows of our Forgotten Ancestors* proves that nothing exceeds like excess, and in the process it succeeds in establishing its own vital stylistic basis, something that the fastidious *The Roundup* never does.

André Delvaux's *The Man with the*

Shaven Head was for me the most interesting introduction of the festival. A slow, deliberate, cryptic account of a man's obsession with his dreams of a woman, the film superficially resembles the work of Dreyer and Bresson (Delvaux uses Bresson's photographer Ghislain Cloquet), but differs in being almost completely subjective. The world we share with the self-effacing anti-hero, looking over his shoulder, as it were, and twice in brilliant flashes through his mind's eye, has a weird atmospheric density, almost as if it were being seen under water. In each of the film's three sections a long, loosely connected train of experiences leads to a confrontation of the hero with his beloved that is followed by a crisis of action and/or recognition. Each of these confrontations (the last is no more than a brief newsreel clip), which are both real and visionary, is a mystery that yields nothing to clinical or symbolic explanation. *The Man with the Shaven Head* is in fact a deeply moving love film.

Delvaux acknowledges an admiration of Bergman, and his precisely observed interiors and alien but strangely familiar exteriors seem to owe something to Antonioni, but his film is in a tradition rather than in slavish imitation. The passion of his diffident hero's life is at once more personal, more obsessive, and less weighty than it would have been in the hands of either of those directors.

* * *

Bunuel's *Simon of the Desert* has been



Luis Bunuel: *Simon of the Desert*, Silvia Pinal and Claudio Brook.

Film Notes

praised for its blasphemy, which is one of the chief things there is to praise it for. From its initial conceit of the grandly reverent removal of Simon to a yet more imposing column in the desert on which to suffer his martyrdom, through every useless miracle he invokes and every manifestation of the Devil in Silvia Pinal's ripe body, the film is outrageous, simplistic and totally charming. Since he first put razor blade to eyeball, one has honored Bunuel more for healthy vitality than for subtlety, and, in this case in the luminous spirit of *L'Age d'or*, this is one of the healthiest Bunuel movies yet.

With *Au Hasard Balthazar*, Bresson creates a more continuous and various world than he has in any other recent film. With its hooves, hands, weapons, and tools, the film is virtually a study in aspects of the sense of touch. Actions that begin in mystery and passionate anticipation issue fatally either in passion spent or passion betrayed into obsession, and for once we know that the Bresson characters have something to lower their eyes about. Almost everyone is driven, by pride, by drink, by lust, by avarice, by sheer evil nature, and anybody not so driven is excluded (like the heroine's childhood boyfriend) from a charmed and violent circle from which there may be escape, usually in death, but for which there is no amelioration. The donkey Balthazar is also driven, usually with a thwacking stick and occasionally with a whip or a burning newspaper tied to his tail, but he bears his burdens, patiently suffers, and finally dies into so much cold meat on the ground. *Au Hasard Balthazar* is intimately aware of the ground. The land the heroine's father makes produce by the book but that is finally taken from him, the pavement upon which the drunkard Arnold dies, the stones in Balthazar's path as he carries high-minded tourists on summer outings, the millstone he turns for the grain merchant, the earth of the hillside onto which he sinks in his own death—all suggest a massive metaphorical consistency. The

presence of such a metaphor, and the careful delineation of a community of the damned, would indicate that while this is Bresson's most complex and demanding film, it is in some ways his most accessible, and that its secrets and revelations are very much of this world.

I'm not sure whether most New York film reviewers hate Jean-Luc Godard more for his movies or for his reputation. At each festival he is there with one or two new films, and each festival finds him a year older without even beginning to mellow into what the people on the newspapers like to call maturity. Since they can no longer fault him for being too young, they are beginning to accuse him of being (at thirty-five) too old, too prolific, and above all too popular. When a director none of them likes repeatedly sells out the house at Philharmonic Hall there has to be something wrong. Of course there are a few compensations. This year Mrs. Crist has once again exposed Godard's pretentious intellectual allusions, at least some of them; and Stanley Kauffmann has discovered that for a director who makes it big with the cinema-as-visual-art crowd, Godard falls back suspiciously often on WORDS, spoken, and even WRITTEN ON THE SCREEN!

Both *Masculine Feminine* and *Pierrot le fou* add to a body of work that for me at least becomes more and more interesting as it begins to overlap, redefine itself, demonstrate more clearly and circumstantially that it is of a piece. *Masculine Feminine* is small scale, black and white, with a heavy admixture of what looks like *cinéma-vérité*, and with a strong feeling of having been largely improvised. *Pierrot le fou* is in brilliant color, wide screen (nobody seems to know better than Godard what difference the shade of the screen makes in the shape of a movie), and is full of action and visual effects. It is possible, and it might be fruitful, to study two lines of development in Godard simply by looking at the color movies on the one hand and the black and white

movies on the other. Fruitful, but by no means definitive. If you can follow a line of development from *A Woman is a Woman* through *Contempt* to *Pierrot le fou*, you can follow at least as reasonable a line from *Breathless* through *Band of Outsiders* to *Pierrot le fou*. And if *Masculine Feminine* is like the kind of film Godard more often makes, *Pierrot le fou* seems more centrally to add to the history of the Godard canon. For example, it is no accident that Karina makes her first appearance wearing her hair the way she did as Odile in *Band of Outsiders* and that on the drive south Belmondo dresses like Sami Frey's Franz, and it is of course no accident that *Pierrot le fou* recreates the color determinates and the sea and sky cosmos of *Contempt* at the moment that it ends with Belmondo's self-annihilation.

Masculine Feminine is actually about relations between girls and boys, and its young hero dies just when things might have become complicated, as the heroine learns she is pregnant. Everything else, from a murder and a couple of suicides to the war in Vietnam either happens off screen or happens as the result of a kind of exaggerated play gesture that moves it into a dream-like periphery. That the dream is mostly nightmare, and that its landscape is Godard's Paris-Alphaville of the soul is not beside the point, but neither is it all the point. *Masculine Feminine* is firmly based in reality to the extent that the real is here and now, and not anywhere else (not even outside the door or across the street), and not in the future or the past. Before he dies, the young hero, Paul, tries becoming a public-opinion poll interviewer, but he finds that he imposes the answers he gets by the mere act of asking the questions. The film continually probes, and it is full of questions (quite simply, the personal interview is the structure of most of the scenes), but the answers are always counter-probes, or insults, or one way or another of saying none of your business. In the most touching sequence, Paul makes a recording for his girl, and he ends with a plea made out of the glamorous pathos of communication across distant spaces. He imagines an airport control tower; over the radio a voice comes: "Boeing 737 calling Caravelle, Paul calling Madaleine." Paul leaves the recording booth, enters a penny arcade, but backs out followed by a young man threatening him with a knife. The man stabs himself. The sequence ends with that absurd, gratuitous, solipsistic gesture, leaving Paul untouched, as by his own death he will leave untouched everything around him.

The hero of *Pierrot le fou* paints his



Robert Bresson: *Au Hasard Balthazar*, Anne Wiazemsky.

Film Notes

face blue and wraps himself in red and yellow layers of dynamite sticks before he kills himself, and by implication he completes the extinction of the known world in destroying himself. This is cosmic, wide-screen, myth-making, Godard, to whom not even ultimate alienation is alien. It seems to be a kind of summing up and a returning to sources (a return auto trip, for example, to the southern coast from which *Breathless* started out). Its final shot pans across that unbroken line of sea and sky that Odysseus faced at the end of *Contempt* and upon which Odile and Franz floated at the end of *Band of Outsiders*. I can't begin to assess a movie that includes so much after just one viewing, but I think that *Pierrot le fou* is major Godard, better than *Masculine Feminine*, for all that film's winning sensitivity and pathos, and that it will be found to explain a good deal that had seemed only conjectural or arbitrary before. It is in many ways a parody—of other films, of styles in life and art, of the events in human history; the kind of very serious though sometimes funny parody that great eclectic intellectual artists of many ages have discovered as their form, but that may be new to film. It is well that Godard has his words to use; he needs traditions of greater depth than movies at this early stage can possibly provide.

Alain Resnais' lovely *La Guerre est finie* has its own depths, which are a gift of visual perspective. This is a film full of doors that open to reveal friends and loved ones, and (unlike *Muriel*) there is never a doorway unattended. I know of no film maker for whom human relations have such reasonable potential and dignity as for Resnais. Whether between the slightly disaffected Spanish revolutionary Diego (Yves Montand) and his mistress Marianne (Ingrid Thulin) or the beautiful young girl who helps him, or in what one feels must have been between a woman Diego visits and her husband who has gone into Spain and vanished without a trace, or between Diego's many revolutionary colleagues and their wives—in this world, domestic arrangements work with a special but not unimaginable grace.

The war is indeed over, but the struggle continues. It is still dangerous, but shot full of ambiguities, or so protracted that it is difficult to hold in view what it is all about, and carried on by comrades who at this date are as likely to die from heart attacks as to disappear into political prisons. In *Muriel* it was World War II; in *La Guerre est finie* it is the Spanish Civil War. Both films are saturated with the past. But in *Muriel* the events of the past are lost,



Jean-Luc Godard: *Masculine Feminine*, Jean-Pierre Leaud, Chantal Goya, Catherine-Isabelle Duport.

or being lost, or never happened; in *La Guerre est finie* the past is massively reclaimed. The danger is that it threatens the present, particularly for a man obliged to render his accounts with old currency, even though it may no longer be valid. Diego's heroic gestures have a peculiar poignancy in a settled world that is largely satisfied with present arrangements and where the coming generation makes its own radical plans to meet those arrangements—to smuggle in explosives that will be used to make Spain unsafe for tourism!

There is a fine moral sensibility in *La Guerre est finie*, a morality that the film never talks about but that it finds waiting behind every apartment door, in every glance exchanged between man and wife, in all the contacts made by lovers. In *Muriel* everything is misplaced, personal taste is a fraud, memories are illusions, buildings collapse, people disappear. In *La Guerre est finie* all this is reversed; lives are full, and the places in which people live are substantial and above all seemly. I cannot imagine anyone seeing this film without feeling that it would be good to live where and as these people live, and to love with a companionable passion like theirs.

* * *

Four of the festival films I did not see and cannot discuss. The cancellation of Renoir's *La Chienne* was a national disaster; the showing of Peter Goldmann's fine *Echoes of Silence* in the festival's special events programs was at least partial restitution.

—Roger GREENSPUN

Montreal Festival

1966 will go down in history as the year that the judges of the Montreal Film Festival decided to withhold their chief prize from the Canadian feature film entries. Instead, they awarded a special merit prize to David Secter, the director of *Winter Kept Us Warm*, as a sort of compensatory award. The judges who made this unhappy decision were Judith Crist of the New York Herald Tribune; Paul Almond, a Toronto television producer; Jacques Brault, professor of philosophy at the University of Montreal; Milos Forman, Czech filmmaker; Gilles Groulx, Canadian filmmaker who won the award a previous year with his feature, *Le Chat Dans le Sac*; Edouard Luntz, French director of the opening Festival film, *Les Coeurs Verts*; and William Klein, Franco-American photographer and film-maker. Considering the composition of the jury, it is impossible to challenge the verdict as being the result of French-Canadian bias. Nevertheless, it seemed like a very odd decision to an English-speaking Canadian in view of the fact that the trivial film *La Vie Heureuse de Leopold Z* won last year without any equivocation about "the standards which Canadian film-makers have set themselves."

The most obvious contender for the award this year was Larry Kent's professionally competent film, *When Tomorrow Dies*. It is a blow against independent Canadian film-making not to have

(Continued on page 59)



Fahrenheit 451: Julie Christie, Francois Truffaut.

Journal of 'Fabrenheit 451': Part Two

by Francois Truffaut

Monday 21 February

A stage-setting day, with only a minute of screen-time in the new set—the cellar of Clarisse's house where she comes with Montag to look for some papers she wants to destroy, which they burn on the spot. We shall do better tomorrow.

The rushes of the fire at Montag's were superb in spite of two irritating things:

- (a) the buttocks of the dummy representing The Captain were over-stuffed;
- (b) the fire on the walls went out too quickly.

Tuesday 22 February

Continuation and end of the scenes in Clarisse's cellar. More trouble with Oskar Werner who wanted to touch Clarisse's arm and shoulders, whereas I do not want any show of romance in their twosome. Again, after one of his lines he wanted Julie to look at him, which I didn't want.

An argument, which led me to say to him: "We have to put up with one another until the end of April. This isn't the film that you wanted, it isn't the film that I wanted—it's somewhere between the two, and that's the way it is. Now, if you don't like the scene the way I'm shooting it, you can just stay in your dressing room and I'll shoot it without you or with your stand-in, as in the fire last Friday." He made no answer, probably because I didn't let him get a word in, and in the end he played the scene the way I wanted except for the last line which he wrecked and which I shall cut in the editing.

On several occasions, out of sheer battle-fatigue, I have allowed Oskar play a scene his way (protecting myself with the means to get round it in the editing), but I will not have him interfering in Julie Christie's and Cyril Cusack's performances by suggesting bits of business to them the moment my back is turned.

Wednesday 23 February

In the basement of the bar outside the firehouse. Enter Montag and Clarisse. Clarisse telephones The Captain, passing herself off as Mrs. Montag: "My husband asked me to tell you he's been taken ill and can't leave his bed." It's an innocent scene straight out of *Les Quatre Cents Coups* and pleases me by its simplicity and normality, unlooked-for in a science-fiction context.

To tell the truth, *Fabrenheit 451*, which will disappoint the fantasy lovers, is science fiction in the style of *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*. Instead of the premise of a straight story in which the characters sing instead of speaking, we have a straight story in which the character are forbidden to read. It's as simple as saying "Good morning"—but is saying "Good morning" so simple?

As it happens, Oskar Werner no longer says either "Good morning" or "Good night" to me, but that suits me fine. I show him his positions, I answer his questions if he asks any and it all goes much better like that, without all the fuss. He played the telephone scene well, with precise and effective looks. The colour in the whole of this scene was perfect, and so too was Julie's low, expressive voice.

Thursday 24 February

School corridor. Montag accompanies Clarisse to the school from which she has just been dismissed as a teacher. A small boy turns and runs away when he sees her. She thinks it's because of Montag's uniform. He hides himself. A second small boy appears and runs away from Clarisse in the same way. She starts to cry and Montag draws her towards the elevator with his arm round her. Working with children is a pleasure rediscovered: as always they are full of surprises, natural, rewarding and amusing.

Since Dickens, or perhaps thanks to him, English children are well protected, anyway those who work in films. Here is the memorandum sent to me by the production office:

"The two small boys . . . are permitted to be in the studio only 7½ hours total. This is made up of 3 hours work, 1½ hours meal break and 3 hours education.

"They may not be called before 9:00 a.m. Periods of education must not be less than a half-hour (anything less is disregarded and counted as working time).

"16½ hours must elapse between the time of dismissal and time of call on the following day. Therefore, a child released at 5:30 p.m. may not be called before 10:00 a.m. the following day."

Friday 25 February

A few shots in the empty corridor. One of them will be used in Montag's nightmare. A track forward with a zoom back to destroy the perspective.

Then a composite tracking shot that was great fun to shoot in Clarisse's bedroom, a very Walt Disney set. Clarisse is awakened by a noise in the street. She gets up, turns on a bedside lamp, goes to the window, opens the curtains. In the perspective-backing outside a little curtain parts, a puppet is silhouetted behind the window. The revolving blue light on a fire engine is reflected on Clarisse's face and opposite, on the backing, the puppet disappears and the little curtain closes again. Clarisse turns out the bedside lamp and crouches in a corner of the room. Someone knocks at the door. She goes to it and half opens it. Her uncle (whom we have never seen, whom we don't see now and whom we shall never see except in a photograph) tells her to run away and closes the door. Clarisse gets her clothes, throws them on top of a cupboard, puts a stool on the bed, climbs on it, opens a skylight, retrieves her clothes, throws them out on to the roof, then hoists herself through. The camera follows her running across the roof in her pajamas between two chimney stacks against the starlit sky.

I had the feeling I was shooting part of an animation film and I thought a lot about Bratislav Pojar's magnificent film



Oskar Werner.

A Drop Too Much. It was a dramatic scene treated lightly as anti-science fiction. Julie played it splendidly like a little boy, in yellow and white checked pajamas, with great feeling and humor.

Saturday 26 February

To the National Film Theatre: *The Diary of a Chambermaid*, Renoir version. It may sound like a paradox, but one has the feeling that Renoir's film by its savagery is nearer to Bunuel than Bunuel's own version, which, in turn is just as free and easy as pre-war Renoirs.

Monday 28 February

The opening scene of the film. In an apartment, a man gets up from the table to answer the telephone. All he hears is: "Hurry! . . . Quickly! . . . Get out now." He leaves on the run. This first man in the film, Jeremy Spencer, we shall meet again at the very end with the book-men.

Shortly after he leaves, the firemen arrive and search the apartment, finding books hidden in various places. Montag, as the expert, opens the phoney television set to find it stuffed with books. Fabian bites into an apple. Montag knocks it from his mouth, thus establishing the antagonism between them which will run throughout the film.

Tuesday 1st March

Interior of the monorail on which Montag travels each day to go to work where he is actually "picked up" by Clarisse. Ever since the script has been in existence I have had a preference for the role of Linda, conventional but moving, to that of Clarisse which is the more seriously conventional because it is pseudo-poetical. People will say to me: "Why are you deliberately shooting two conventional roles?" My answer to that is that every film script has advantages and disadvantages, or rather that to make each point in the story involves the deliberate sacrifice of something. When one is navigating in the waters of science fiction, one is sacrificing verisimilitude and psychology, which is not a serious matter if one makes up in plausibility and lyrical feeling what one loses by being out of tune with reality.

In other words, I believe that before starting a film off one should select the railroad track along which it is going to run. A film-maker cannot get out of making this choice, that's for sure, and moreover he can't switch tracks on the way.

So it is that I have de-sexed Clarisse so as to get neither her nor Montag mixed up in an adulterous situation which has no place in science fiction. Not mistress, Girl Scout nor "girl friend," Clarisse is just a young woman, thinking, questioning, who happens to cross Montag's path and who makes him stray from it. Julie Christie gives it the necessary realism and I no longer have

too many worries about this.

Julie is a singular actress. In repose her face too readily becomes tragic. If she smiles it is suddenly tremendous because of her wide mouth which becomes even wider, and her she-wolf's eyes which almost close. Her interpretation is so consistently right that my work is limited to stopping her from using too much movement or too little, and to getting her to slow down her performance by splitting it up to an almost exaggerated extent—one broad gesture instead of two small ones, a look broken down into three stages, expressions that give serenity to her face without it being necessary to smile, and so on. Julie dislikes her body from head to foot, her bosom because she thinks it's too flat, her legs because they're too thin. She has had the right instinct where they are concerned, however, for instead of trying to divert attention to another part of her body, she has chosen to display her legs a great deal by wearing mini-skirts and dresses. Very restless and insecure, she manages to concentrate in the midst of the noisiest surroundings. Oblivious to the goings and comings of stage-hands and electricians, you see her walking up and down, her lips moving, endlessly playing the scenes to come. From the moment she comes to grips with a scene she has the intensity and conviction that make an actress who will endure. It is obvious that all the noise they are making even now about Julie after *Darling* and *Zhivago* is fully justified, and one cannot conceive how or why she should ever cease to be successful.

There is no question that Julie has more femininity and mystery on the screen than in real life, for she belongs to the "in" generation with all its strength, weakness and transparency.

Wednesday 2 March

All these interiors in the monorail are shot in a set that looks exactly like a coach of the Paris "Métro." We slew it after each shot so that all one sees through the windows as we change to each new set-up is a big blue backing lit by arcs. Afterwards the landscape, filmed in France, will be married into the blue parts of the shots. This is the system known as "travelling matte." As, however, Julie Christie and Oskar Werner are coming to France in any case at the end of this month to do their scenes leaving the monorail, I could have insisted on doing the interiors at the same time, but I didn't have particularly strong feelings about it since the film lends itself well to all such contrivances.

It is risky to ask extras to do things to which they are completely unaccustomed, yet today we did several shots of "narcissism" which went quite well. A girl looks at her reflection in the window of the train and kisses it, a young man kisses his wrist, a woman strokes her fur collar, and so on.





Fahrenheit 451: Oskar Werner comforts Julie Christie.



Cyril Cusack confiscates an infant's tiny book.

Thursday 3 March

The ground floor and exterior of the firehouse, that is to say a combination of studio and exterior. The entrance door of the firehouse is the door of Stage H covered with copper foil. The whole of the outside wall is painted bright red. Everywhere copper salamanders and "451" in large figures. We are very close to the "toy" concept that intrigued me. The fire engine has not come off so well, for it's a bit clumsy, but shot from certain angles it will be effective.

Outside the firehouse, the mouth of a tunnel will suggest an underground traffic system connecting with the town. There is a small bridge over the tunnel, a flight of steps and a bar, all very usable.

Today, shifting of equipment and lamps, so not much work, but all the same we shot the scene where Montag first balks at going up the pole which he usually does with no trouble at all.

Friday 4 March

These scenes of the fire engine going in and out of the firehouse seem to make

everybody thoroughly childish, starting with the actors. It is sunny, it is warm, there is gaiety and good humour; in a word we enjoy ourselves.

From now on we are into the last third of the film, which means that the pattern of the jig-saw begins to show and that it becomes easier to fill in the gaps. When we shoot a scene in the firehouse ground-floor set, we have in mind the one that precedes it and the one that follows it, both already shot.

By now, the mood and form of the film has become familiar to the whole unit. After three years of living with this story, it took even me three or four weeks shooting to find the pattern and another four weeks to see it accepted by everyone else. In the last analysis, it's a fairy tale, a fable, an extravaganza, with nothing portentous about it at all.

Saturday 5 March

La Carrozza d'Oro, original version of *The Golden Coach* at the National Film Theatre. The film of films. Renoir has always been successful with his love stories, and ever since 1924 he has had the idea of constructing them around

one woman and three men, or one man and three women; that's how he has avoided falling into the trap of the eternal triangle.

Sunday 6 March

Citizen Kane in a Classic Cinema in the suburbs. The film of films! Probably the one that has started the largest number of film-makers on their careers.

When one is shooting it's stimulating to see the films of the masters, and demoralising to see mediocre or merely average films.

Monday 7 March

Fire engine going in, fire engine coming out, fire call, doors opening, doors closing all day long. Nothing special to report. We brought Julie in unnecessarily for she wasn't used today.

Oskar Werner invited the unit for drinks this evening, clearly to regain his popularity. He and I shook hands for the first time in two weeks.

Tuesday 8 March

Good luck with the weather. Clarisse arrives in front of the firehouse, sees Montag in the distance and contrives to meet him as if by chance on the little bridge. The two of them go towards the bar. A shot lasting a minute, done on the crane in one continuous following movement. Later, exit from the bar. We shall do the scene inside the bar here too, but another day.

Wednesday 9 March

Seeing the rushes yesterday evening, I spotted a serious mistake. I have done too many camera movements around the firehouse and you don't see enough of the attractive detail of the set. The panning shots kill the street and the tunnel for size, I haven't made the most of the fire engine, and so on. So this morning was spent doing static shots with the 18.5 lens of the fire engine going into the firehouse, coming out and turning round.

Everybody asked me why I looked so worried when I came in this morning, and everyone was happy this afternoon—I have never worked with a unit who want so much to please me. I am becoming very anglophile, even if not very anglophone!

The subjects of films influence the crews that make them. During *Jules et Jim* everybody started to play dominoes; during *La Peau Douce* everyone was deceiving his wife (or her husband); and right from the start of *Fabrenheit 451* everybody on the unit has begun to read. There are often hundreds of books on the set; each member of the unit chooses one and sometimes you can hear nothing but the sound of turning pages.

Thursday 10 March

A rather important scene during which Montag, already quite determined to hand in his resignation, allows him-

self to be persuaded by The Captain to take part in a final mission—actually, to go and burn up his own books. A difficult scene to set up in one shot because it is a tricky one for Oskar Werner and Cyril Cusack to play. In the end I think we got what we wanted and that the unreality of the situation will get by.

After that, bad weather made shooting on exteriors impossible, so we stayed inside to do some shots of Montag in bed during his nightmare. He stirs, he tosses and turns in all directions. One of these shots shows Linda, who is awake, watching him.

Another, the last shot in the nightmare sequence, will be a matched dissolve to Clarisse waking up in bed. The dissolve will be done on the eyes, the positioning of which in the two frames is matched very accurately. Fun to shoot.

Friday 11 March

Bar interior. Montag and Clarisse sit down and presently notice through the window a man prowling about on the sidewalk around the "Information Box." This is like a mail-box, and slipping into it the photograph of someone you know to be harbouring books is enough to be rid of him.

In my mind, and to fight against the conventional, Linda and Clarisse are two women who are almost identical, and I asked Julie not to play the two parts differently. For me, it was to be the same with Montag, who would have behaved gently and simply with both women. A man of the theatre before everything, Oskar Werner could not accept that, and played for contrast. Having played Linda's husband violently, he wants to play the suitor to Clarisse, and doesn't realize the wrong he is doing to the characters: odious at home with his books, outside sweet and charming with his initiator.

In any case, he can't win the secret battle that has set us against one another, for in the editing I shall cut to Julie (either as Clarisse or Linda) each time it's necessary to get rid of too strong a gesture, too forced a smile, too grim a face.

Saturday 12 March

To the National Film Theatre: *French Can-Can*, which is a splendid film. Just as *The Golden Coach* is impeccable, so *French Can-Can* is full of rough edges, but none of them to do with Renoir—rough edges in the lighting, in the framing, in the sets, in the music, created by the Franco-Italian co-production, by money, and so on.

Anything that had to do with Renoir—script, dialogue, ideas, direction—is brilliant, which is proof positive of the validity of our *politique des auteurs*. *French Can-Can* has the same theme as *The Golden Coach*, but it is a film of the flesh while *The Golden Coach* is a film of the spirit. Indeed, Helen

Scott summed up its real subject with a crack that would have delighted Renoir: "Watching all those kids doing high kicks gave me a pain in my own ass."

Sunday 13 March

More Renoir . . . I have just finished reading his first novel "Les Cahiers du Capitaine Georges," which has just been published by Gallimard. It's simple, crude, funny, moving, completely alive—like his films and like him.

Monday 14 March

We begin this ninth week of shooting on exteriors at Roehampton, thirty minutes from the centre of London.

The location is a housing-project apartment block and the scene will open the film. The firemen arrive and invade the building. We have already shot, a month ago, what happened inside.

Now we continue with the firemen heaving a nylon sack full of books from the balcony into the air. Down below, preparation for burning them with the setting up of a sort of barbecue grill. Meanwhile two firemen help Montag into asbestos overalls as if they were robbing a bishop, and put the flame-thrower into his hands. Passers-by gather and so on.

The burning was amusing to shoot as always. A very good day away from the studio with a mob of children coming to watch us after school—a lot of fun and games.

Tuesday 15 March

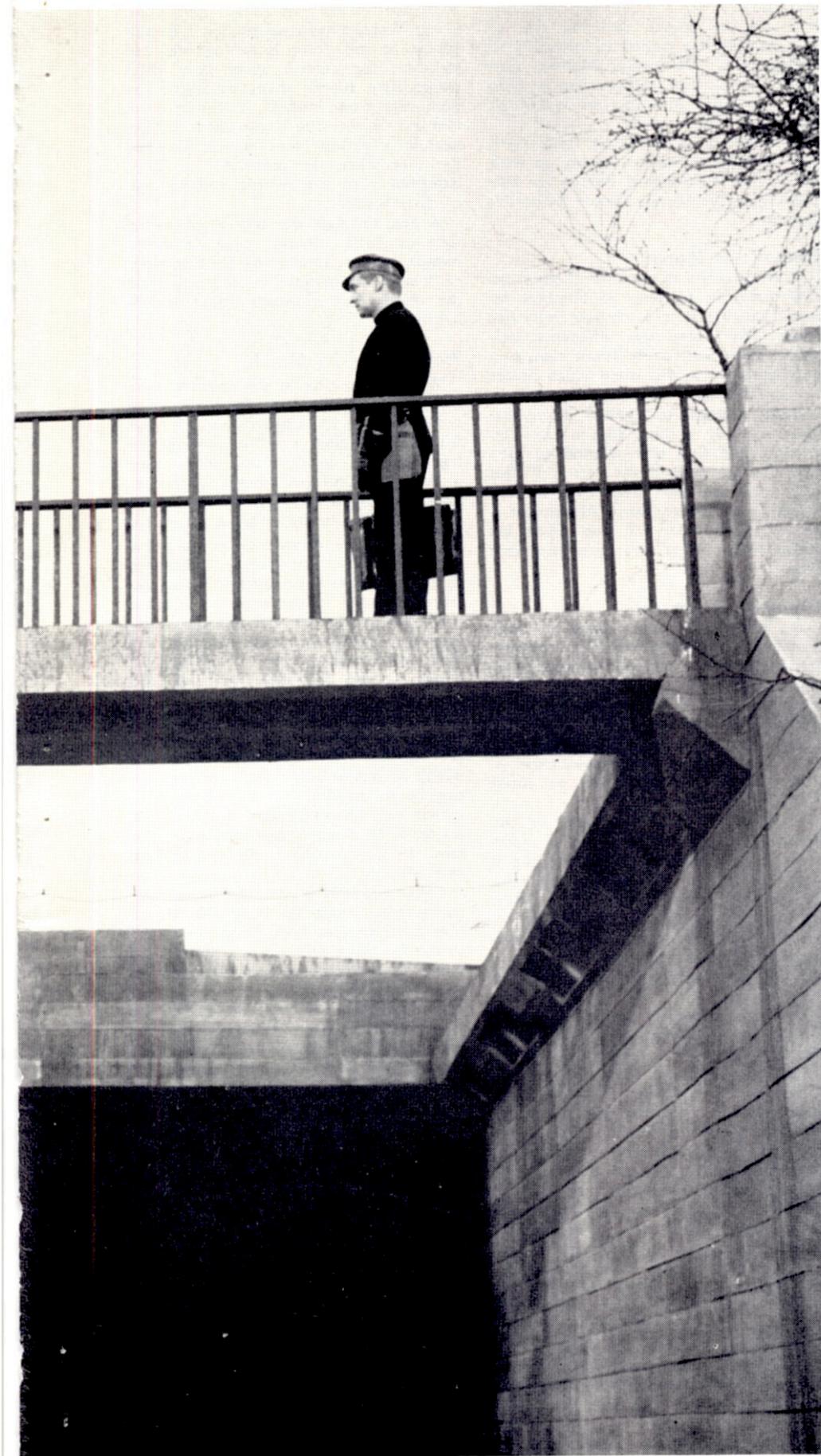
Still at Roehampton, another scene belonging to the end of the film. In a deserted street lined with little cubic bungalows jammed one against the other, a red Jaguar car with an old-



Francois Truffaut, Julie Christie.



Fahrenheit 451: Julie Christie and Oskar Werner meet on the little bridge.



fashioned gramophone horn mounted on it cruises along, asking the citizens to help in capturing the traitor Montag. The car goes out of frame, people open their doors, come and stand in front of their houses. We track back to reveal Montag on a roof about to climb down an iron ladder on the side of a wall. For the end of this shot we had a section of wall built on a rostrum, which matches a very high wall I have spotted at Pinewood which will do very well for a long-shot of the climb down the ladder. Because we're behind schedule, because of money problems, because of having to use a double for Oskar Werner for all strenuous action-shots, because finally of the proliferation of "chase" films, I have simplified the end of the picture a great deal, cutting the hunt down to a minimum of essential scenes.

Wednesday 16 March

Exterior of Montag's house. The first time he comes home, the time when he comes out and is shadowed by Clarisse, the time when Linda leaves the house to go and inform on him, the time when, as the fire engine pulls up, he cries: "But—this is my house!"

In order to shoot these twelve miserable shots before four o'clock in the afternoon when it's already getting too dark, what an upheaval—like the picnic in *Citizen Kane!* A coach brought thirty extras although I wanted none. A truck carried false hedges intended to hide this or that feature of the landscape, and another carried turves of real grass. There were the sound truck, the camera car, a mobile canteen, the lighting equipment truck, the camera equipment truck. The fire engine itself was carried on a special low-loader. The four principals each had their stand-ins and two of them had personal trailer-caravans for make-up.

In the studio, I forget about these sixty-odd people who work around the camera, but here I am conscious of them, and I think of the shooting of *Les Mistons* when I had around me only the cameraman, Jean Malige, and my pals Claude de Givray and Robert Lachenay.

We are caught up here in the meshes of major production when money is poured out (about \$1.5 million) but for things which don't appear on the screen. For example, although there are scarcely any gadgets in this film, there are nevertheless thirty or more items—props and dressings—not one of which really worked properly or was well-finished, for lack of imagination and money.

Thursday 17 March

Back to Pinewood, in the gardens where the opening of *From Russia with Love* was shot. I try to create the feeling of a public square with a children's playground. The firemen are combing the square and frisking the people in it — old men, nursemaids and so on.

Montag as he searches an old man feels a book under his overcoat but nevertheless lets him go. As he leaves the square The Captain, for fun, searches a one-year-old baby, finds in a little pocket in his baby-clothes a tiny book, Chinese-proverb-style, and confiscates it. It's the first time I've worked with a baby — you need a lot of patience, but what wonderful surprises . . . ! It's agonizing to work with children—you reach the point where you think you will never get what you want, but when you do finally get something it's far better than you hoped for.

In the afternoon, in a studio corridor I meet five of my firemen wearing tuxedos. Amazement and explanations . . . After the scene in the square this morning, as we had no further need of them, they went off and got themselves hired for a ship's ballroom scene on the Chaplin film.

Friday 18 March

We continue to fit the jig-saw puzzle together. Clarisse and Montag in a scene which comes after the one in the school corridor. Rebuffed by the pupils Clarisse, in the elevator, is weeping. Montag consoles her, and the scene ends with this line: "Do you remember what you asked me the other day . . . if I ever read the books I burn? . . . Last night I read one . . ."

Next, a shot in front of a shop window where five TV sets of various sizes are on show. Montag passes in front of this display just as they are transmitting his description. He sees himself reproduced five times over, and resumes his flight.

In Montag's apartment, I did a shot of Oskar reading the beginning of "David Copperfield." It was an over-shoulder shot and one could see the page but not closely enough to read the words. So we took closer and closer shots on the opening page with its chapter-heading, "I am born." But Oskar could not hold the book steady enough, the focus wavered and we shall have to start the shot over again a third time, and use some method of fixing the book and a special close-up lens.

Saturday 19 March

Post-synchronisation with Cyril Cusack. In spite of a sound truck and four technicians, all of the dialogue of the film (or almost all) must be dubbed, even what was shot in the studio, because of the long tracking shots and the noise of our feet walking behind the camera. Anyway, I like dubbing which allows one to get to know the material better and to find solutions to editing problems that one might not otherwise think of. Also one can make-good many wrong inflections, one can make minor changes in the text, one can add phrases, one has the feeling of doing something positive.

I like Cyril Cusack's performance and his voice very much. Gentleness, kind-

ness and modesty are qualities that come over on the screen, and the role of The Captain has gained in humanity in consequence. Obviously, Montag now looks like a heel rather than a hero when he burns him up, but as I don't like heroes all is well.

A touching leave-taking with Cyril who is to go to Rome to join up with Liz Taylor and Richard Burton for *The Taming of the Shrew*, Franco Zeffirelli's first film.

Sunday 20 March

With Suzanne to see *The Magnificent Ambersons* in Chelsea. If Flaubert re-read "Don Quixote" each year, why not re-see *The Ambersons* whenever possible? There are surely fewer than two hundred shots in this story which covers twenty-five years. This film was made in violent contrast to *Citizen Kane*, almost as if by another film-maker who detested the first and wanted to give him a lesson in modesty. Orson Welles is at one and the same time a very artistic and a very critical film-maker—he frequently takes off, but judges his flights with critical severity at the same time.

Monday 21 March

In front of Clarisse's house. Three scenes. The Production Office thought we should need two days to shoot what takes place here. At 2:30 in the afternoon, I asked "Where is the neighbour?" — "What neighbor?" — "The actress who is to play the neighbour." — "She isn't called until tomorrow." — "Then what are we going to shoot now?"

Eventually they enticed one of the hundred and fifty women crowd artists away from Chaplin's film. She had a smart dress, she was heavily made-up and was wearing gold evening shoes, but since she spoke the lines nicely we accepted her as she was, shoved a watering can into her hand and put her in the next-door garden to talk to Montag over the fence.

So we finished at 4:30 p.m. a day ahead. I took advantage of it to go to the cutting room. Something rather funny has happened. Julie has a very small head and Oskar a rather large one, which is annoying when both of them are in the same shot. This is aggravated by Oskar's skill in up-staging Julie and getting himself closer to the camera, and also by the fact that his face has got puffy since the beginning of the film. Each time it's been possible I have, therefore, separated them and have worked in such a way that Julie's close-ups are shot closer than Oskar's. In that way all goes well until at the end of a scene shot in this way I bring them together within the same frame. Then it comes as an even bigger surprise to see these two heads of such disparate proportions.

Tuesday 22 March

Shots of Montag on the run at Pine-

wood to illustrate his flight. Now that Oskar Werner has realised that I would prefer to use John Ketteringham, his stand-in, for certain shots like these rather than forego them, he insists on doing every one himself. Today he even climbed down the long iron ladder against a yellow wall which matches the shot taken the other day at Roehampton with the people coming out of their houses.

A run through the tunnel. Another shot of Julie coming round a street corner, and yet another on the first page of "David Copperfield" in order to read the words that Montag's finger is following.

Wednesday 23 March

We are shooting in the country, two hours from London, on the banks of a river which I've heard say is the Thames, but they may be pulling my leg. Montag, on the run, jumps into a boat, casts off and starts to paddle; then, hearing a whistling noise, breaks off and hides himself under a tarpaulin.

After that, I wanted to get a great backward movement from a helicopter skimming across the countryside and the river in order to matte on to it later five men (who will be Montag's colleagues, dressed as a cross between firemen and Nevsky's army) as if gliding along in the air three feet off the ground.

Unfortunately today we are using a small helicopter that I've had painted red for use elsewhere in the film but which is not suitable for carrying the camera to do the shot I want now—which can be a forward track if it's easier, to be reversed tail-to-head in the labs. In short, quite a bit of time lost over all that.

Oskar runs like a girl, but he managed quite well with the boat. We filmed him from another boat, paddling across to the far bank where he jumps ashore from the moving craft and runs off into the countryside.

On the way back to the studio, we went via the Montag house exterior to knock off a quick shot of Linda that we needed — seen by Montag as she leaves the house carrying a suitcase.

Thursday 24 March

Incredible weather all day, in the courtyard in front of the firehouse at Pinewood. Snow, then sun, more sun, build-up of big black clouds, squalls, then sun again and more snow . . .

We filmed, camera on the ground, the evolutions of the little red helicopter which has to come down very low over the roof of the firehouse, so that in the same shot we can cover the death of the "substitute Montag," struck down by a burst of machine-gun fire from the helicopter. According to the script, this scene should have taken place in a cul-de-sac but, the production not having enough cash left to build three bits of blank wall, I transposed all of it to the



Truffaut shooting the bridge scene.

exterior of the firehouse, a setting which emphasises the callous fiendishness of the authorities who, in order to stage Montag's death convincingly, sacrifice the life of another man.

All of this will be shown on a TV set in the derelict old railway coach used by the book-men, in the presence of Montag himself who will thus witness his own capture and execution. If I've not made this very clear, you can always hope that the film will make it clearer.

Friday 25 March

A record day with twenty-five set-ups. Books falling, which can be cut into three different sequences; effects of blue light on red backgrounds which can be used to build up the montage of the fire-call; and inserts on the fire engine: operating the kerosene tap, lifting off flame-throwers, putting them back; destruction of various objects outside the firehouse as if machine-gunned by accident from the helicopter, and so on.

Actually what dominated the day was the euphoria of the whole unit at the prospect of going to France. We are leaving this evening for Chateauneuf-sur-Loire, near Orléans, to do three scenes with an elevated monorail out in the country, which I spotted as long ago as 1962 when the film was going to be made in France. This monorail, which is where Clarisse and Montag first meet, serves as the link between the firehouse and Montag's home. Although already out-dated by its air-cushion rival, it's the only vaguely futuristic element in the film and that is why I have never wanted to give it up. If these three days at Chateauneuf are to cost the production \$20,000, it's not my fault. We could shoot these three scenes with a reduced crew, for example with eight or ten English technicians and six French who would come from Paris. Instead of that there will be forty English and, because of Anglo-French union agreements, twenty French, which adds up to our predictable sixty. Wardrobe, make-up, hairdressers, prop men, stand-ins, electricians, camera crew, not forgetting the two mobile W.C.'s for our stars—yes, Jean Vigo, you can turn in your grave.

Saturday 26 March

At home with my family.

Sunday 27 March

I pick up Nick Roeg in Paris and we drive to Orléans.

In Orléans. Written up in France this diary loses its interest. I realise that I wouldn't have been capable of keeping it on a film made in Paris, without the feeling of exile that I have at Pine-wood. Thirty or forty lines each evening are like a daily letter addressed to Jean-Pierre Léaud, Godard, de Givray, Aurel, Rivette, Jean-Louis Richard and, naturally, Bradbury who is intrigued to the point where, for the first time in his life, he bought an airline ticket with the intention of coming to see us. At the

last moment his aerophobia triumphed and he gave the expedition up, but as consolation we sent him fifty stills from the film "fortement legendées (lavishly captioned) as they say in the editorial room of *Cahiers*," or is it the magazine *Lui*, I no longer remember?

Monday 28 March

Chateaufort-sur Loire. The English crew, who had decided that when in France one has a ball, has well and truly had a ball during this week-end. The first big scene I shall shoot here requires Pierre Durin's camera car which will not arrive until midday. In the meantime we shoot a few bits and pieces, the monorail passing from left to right, then from right to left, and so on.

Arrival of about thirty journalists and photographers, Italian, Belgian, German and French, all those who have been kept away for the past two months from the shooting in England under the pretext that later we would be shooting in France. Some call for Oskar Werner, others for Julie Christie, the more aggressive of them want both in the same photograph, in short it's a real Fellini circus.

Even so we try to set up the three-

and-a-half minute tracking shot in front of Montag and Clarisse leaving the monorail coach and walking along the road, but the forest of lenses backing up behind the camera car make our two leading players stumble over their dialogue. We had to threaten, lose our temper, cast a few lazzi at the paparazzi, to get them to stay at the finishing point of the tracking shot, and when finally we were all set to shoot, hail started to fall. It is four o'clock now and a power failure is immobilizing the monorail. The weather won't let up now, but at least the three-and-a-half minute tracking shot is well rehearsed for tomorrow.

Tuesday 29 March

Oskar arrives limping. Sitting dreaming in his caravan yesterday, he thought he was locked in and kicked at the door. He has his knee bandaged and I am obliged to simplify the scene where he waits for Clarisse at the bottom of the steps of the monorail and goes off with her across country, jumping a ditch and so on.

Next, we tackled the tracking shot rehearsed yesterday and it went quite well. It came out at three minutes in-

stead of three minutes twenty seconds, which is a good thing. Behind the two characters, the monorail goes back and forth quite well. I don't know why all this is so like part of a Soviet film . . .

Oskar's performance isn't as "cool" as I would like. Clearly he doesn't want to appear less intelligent than Clarisse, although that is the situation. He always manages to sneak in a couple of unnecessary smiles. In his resistance to playing the part the way I want it, there is faulty reasoning in relation, for example, to theatrical dramatisation which is therefore nobly meant, but there are also some more dubious reasons bound up with his new Hollywood aspirations. So many women went into ecstasies over his smile in *Ship of Fools* and his sticky kisses with La Signoret, that he seems determined now to play the "glamour game" to titillate elderly American ladies. When we were making *Jules et Jim* five years ago he was a long way from all that; he wasn't thinking about building up his part, thought even less about his make-up, his hair-style or his comfort. He did his work in an honest and dignified way. Now he would be incapable of playing Jules in the same way, he would be



Oskar Werner: the smile.



Descent from the monorail at Chateauneuf: Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

trying his hardest to shine at the expense of Jim and Catherine, in fact he would refuse the part as unworthy of him.

Wednesday 30 March

Some shots with the monorail, a few action shots with Oskar's stand-in and I return to Paris during the morning. For an hour on the Champs-Élysées; a strong desire not to return to London and the gloomy feeling of going back to school. Le Bourget, London, Pinewood, rushes and editing. Editing sessions restore my spirits, for there one has the feeling of creating, inventing, improving and delivering the goods.

Thursday 31 March

A day of post-synchronising with Julie. I was sure she would post-sync easily and well. The whole of the part of Linda is wrapped up in a few hours and we tackle Clarisse. Julie has a superb voice, she talks fast but distinctly and from time to time produces some very good deep intonations like Marie-José Nat and Françoise Dorléac.

Friday 1st April

At Black Park close to Pinewood, we

tackle the final scene of the film, the one with the book-men.

Oskar arrives with his hair cut very short, almost shorn, and explains that he went into a barber shop, fell asleep and too late became aware of the damage. On the face of it, this story sounds absurd since he has on the film a make-up man hairdresser, Basil, who has been cutting his hair regularly right from the start of shooting. He therefore had no valid reason to go to a barber in town. It all seems very mysterious and I doubt whether we shall ever know the truth about this hair-splitting affair. Some people think it's probably a rebellious gesture against me or the film—it's possible, but it would certainly be the first time our "male star," as they say in Hollywood, did something primarily against his own interest.

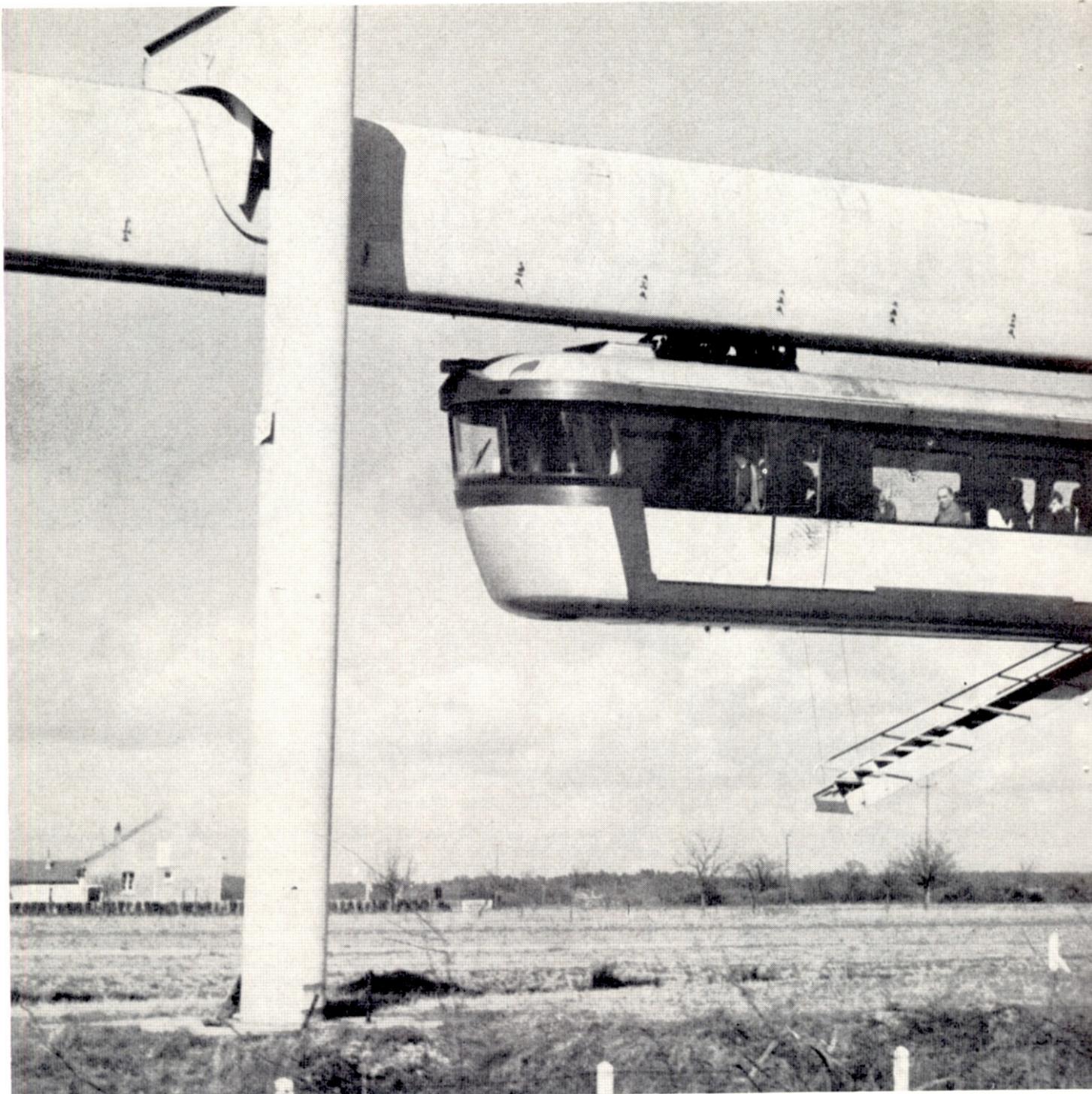
Saturday 2 April

Continuation and end of the Renoir cycle at the British Film Institute. In *Le Testament du Docteur Cordelier*, Jean-Louis Barrault plays Opale, a fantastic character, an original even to his unbelievable way of walking which borrows from Michel Simon in *Boudu Sauvé des Eaux* and from Burgess Mere-

dith in *The Diary of a Chambermaid*. To animate a human being one has invented, to make him glide instead of walk, to give him imaginary gestures, to make him beat up passers-by for no reason in the middle of the street, this is the dream of an artist, the dream of a film-maker. *Le Testament du Docteur Cordelier* is that dream come true; just as I am willing to bet that *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* was born from the simple visual idea: Say! Wouldn't it be hilarious to show a gust of wind out in the country raising the women's skirts?

Sunday 3 April

When one likes the actors with whom one works, one wants to do something for them, to develop them and to enrich their characterisation. Everyone gains from it and so does the film. I thought of an idea that would have worked well in *Fahrenheit 451* but which I shan't carry out, having lost my interest in Oskar Werner. Montag in the course of a nocturnal reading session would discover a book with uncut pages. Wanting to read it, he would not be able to turn them because they would appear to be stuck together; in short, he would not understand this mysterious object



The monorail at Chateauneuf: Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

at all. The instructions for playing this little mimodrama would be quite simple — I would say to him: "Imagine you are a monkey that has just found a bill-fold."

I've now given up these improvisations to spare myself idiotic questions like: "What does it mean? Where does it go in the film? Why should I act like a monkey? I would like it to be a book of poems . . ."

Monday 4 April

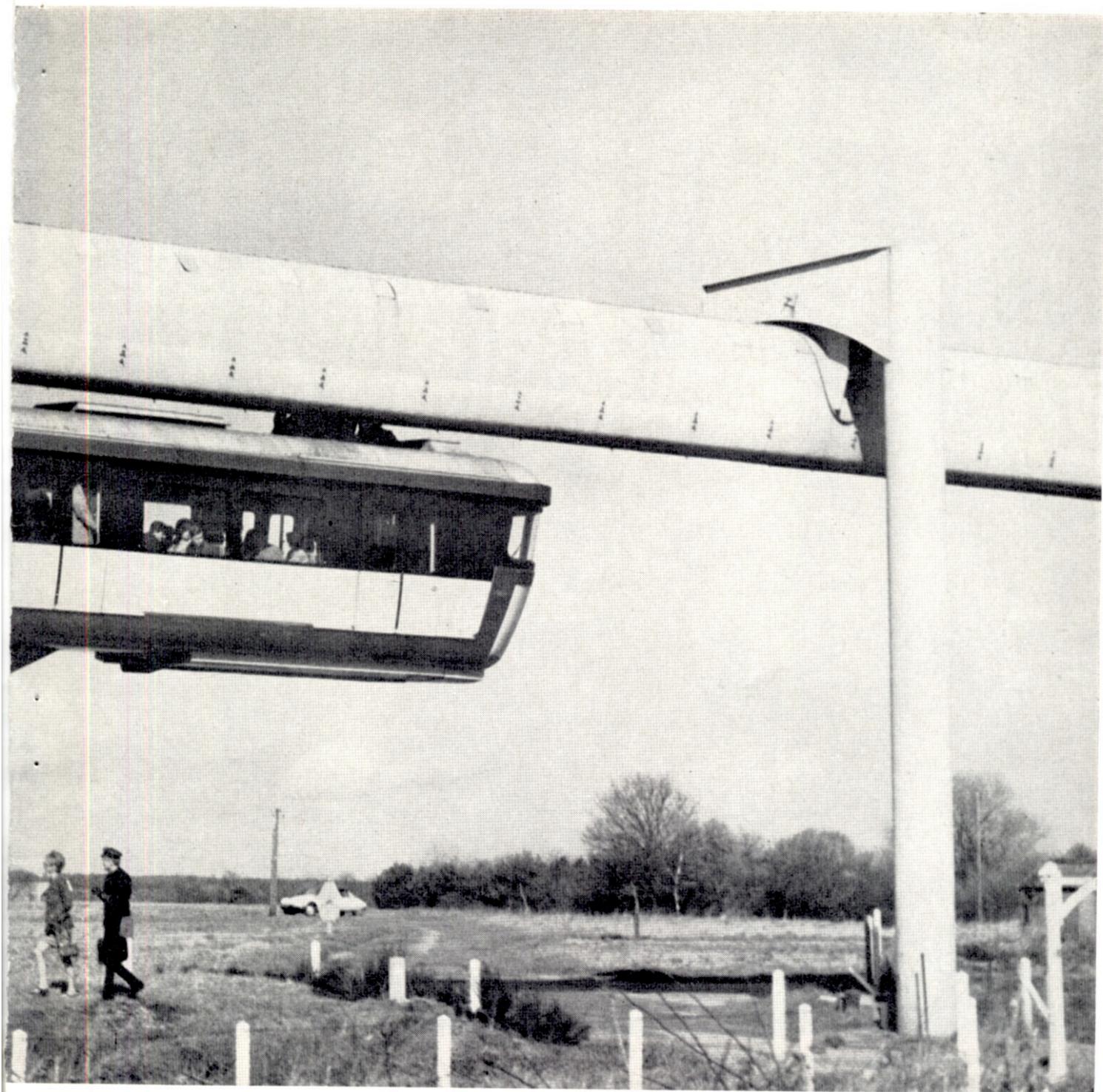
At Black Park all day. The weather

is bad but we are shooting inside an abandoned railway coach hidden away among the birch trees. The book-man who greets Montag is "The Journal of Henri Brulard" by Stendhal. I chose a dark-haired actor, the first one in the film, Alex Scott, who is a little like Jean Ferrat and acts like Henri Serre, simply, faithfully, with just a little too much gravity. He was nervous but he is sympathetic and will do very well. Since Friday Oskar's hair hasn't grown very much. I'm avoiding close-ups.

In the evening we saw Friday's rushes,

the first day amongst the book-men, a real disaster . . . too many extras, too many old people who ambled about drearily, women who refused to be parted from their handbags, in short the whole of the opening of the scene has to be retaken. This is the finale of the film, it's too important to let it go. I make several decisions:

- (a) to place the extras behind trees and foliage;
- (b) keep old people in the background;
- (c) get rid of handbags;



(d) give some special action to those in the foreground, sawing wood, lighting a fire and so on.

Here again, as always when we're dealing with an unreal scene, we have to use a process of elimination. This encampment of book-men must look neither like a displaced persons' camp nor the Club Méditerranée nor a building site. It must be neither sad nor gay, neither poetic nor sordid . . .

Tuesday 5 April

Oskar Werner has 'flu, can't shoot.

He has certainly caught cold on account of the crew-cut . . . What's more, the weather is foul.

Shooting inserts in the studio, and burning of books in close-shot. There are three scenes of burning in the film and each time the camera gets a bit closer to the books. For the last fire scene in Montag's house, I have had certain pages from "The Brothers Karamazov," "Lolita," "No Orchids for Miss Blandish" enlarged so that the camera can follow the words as the flames consume them.

Today especially I regretted not having a copy of "La Religieuse" to burn, when Suzanne Schiffman unearthed a magazine on the cover of which was Anna Karina in her nun's costume.

Inserts of The Captain's revolver, Montag's flame-thrower and so on. Yesterday's rushes will do. In the evening a post-synchronising session with my Miss Julie. To be continued.

—François TRUFFAUT

Translated by Kay Mander and R. K. Neilson Baxter



Daniele Delorme in Antoine Bourseiller's *Marie Soleil*.



JEAN-LUC GODARD—What is it that interested you in cinema, you who come from the theatre and are on your first films. When did the transition come about? And how?

RENE ALLIO—In my case everything is complicated by the relationship that has been established with my work as a painter as well. It is more to the extent that I found myself at an impasse with painting that I turned to cinema.

MICHEL DELAHAYE — Eut that painting was already linked with the theatre . . .

ALLIO—I painted before working in the theatre. And at the time when I was still a young painter, in Marseilles, André Roche asked me to do décors for him. One of his company's plays won a prize, and I came to Paris. I began to work in the theatre with André Reybaz, Serrault, Mauclair, in the end with all the left-bank movement of avant-garde theatre.

ANTOINE BOURSEILLER—In fact, I think that every painter who works in theater through décor finds himself at a given moment obsessed by the theater, that is to say by the décors too, and that his painting undergoes the reaction and becomes a more or less dead thing. For you, the way to emerge was perhaps precisely to work in cinema.

ALLIO—Yes. And then, a painter is someone who is listening in on himself. In painting, one does not say things. Of course one thinks of precise things, but what one communicates is something more diffuse. A sensibility in the rough. With the theatre, I came into contact with an art in which it is not only a question of sensation, of sensibility, of feeling, but also of significance, of criticism, of judgment. One must communicate with others. As long as I worked for the avant-garde theatre, considering the *genre* of works that they staged, there was compatibility; ultimately I was doing somewhat the same thing. Still diffuse feelings. But from the time when I became involved with Villeurbanne, where they staged a very different repertory, and where they sought a contact with the audience, the problem of relating to others posed itself for me; it obsessed me, and that I cannot speak

of as a painter. One cannot, with daubs, describe the economic and sentimental relations of an old woman with her son, for example.

BOURSEILLER—The question was—how did you arrive at cinema? You answered—I started from painting. Was that really it?

ALLIO—Yes, the problem that I knew as a painter led me to the theatre, and there I no longer knew the feeling of insecurity, of inadequacy, that I had felt toward painting. Besides, I do not judge painting. One can say everything with it, but with painting I cannot say what interests me. The theatre catalyzed that, and suddenly I found myself face to face, so to speak, with cinema.

DELAHAYE—And for you, Antoine Bourseiller, what was the mode of transition?

BOURSEILLER—It was rather different. For me, cinema was a spectacle in the same right as theatre, and, intending to be man of the theatre, I was interested in this other form of spectacle as well, with relation to the technique and to the actors. For years, I went to the cinema to see how the actors played. Little by little, through encounters that I had in the theatrical milieu, which is parallel to the movie milieu. I realized that the problems were alike. It is through contact with people like Resnais that I knew cinema. Then, after that, when I saw films, I no longer saw them as an element of curiosity, centered on the actors, but as a work that belonged to someone whom I knew.

GODARD—You could perhaps have met painters, and you would have begun to paint, or musicians, and you would have written music . . . Only, in relation to cinema, maybe you had the feeling that in it there was for you the possibility of expressing certain things that you would not succeed in saying otherwise.

BOURSEILLER—In any case, I too. One does not express the same things with these two media of expression.

GODARD—And I think that each time that one passes from one medium of expression to another, one must have the same feeling.

ALLIO—Of course, for one never en-

Two arts in one

*René Allio and Antoine Bourseiller
reply to Jean-Luc Godard
and Michel Delabaye*

tirely leaves the first. There is somewhat of an addition.

GODARD—When one enters upon an unknown world, one always finds it wider than the known world.

ALLIO—I have never left that within me which made the painter, but with cinema, things have come in addition. What has attracted me is the fact of coming out of the ivory tower in which one tends to keep oneself when one practices an art that suffices to itself. I like that, in cinema, one is in art, while being compelled to deal constantly with realities: people or material problems.

GODARD—Those problems exist in the theatre too. From that point of view, cinema and the theater are near each other, and stand opposite to painting and to literature, in which there are fewer human and financial problems. In a film, in general, life mixes a great deal with cinema.

ALLIO—I never experienced material problems as acutely in the theater as in the cinema. In his journal, Delacroix stresses the fact that the artist, when he is in a state of creation, must protect his interior stream. When he sees a friend in the street, he crosses the street so as not to meet him; for he knows that after that he would need three hours to reconstruct his interior stream. Me, what I have liked in the theatre, and still more in cinema, is that one cannot cross the street.

DELAHAYE—Antoine, you particularly stressed the likenesses that you have found between the theater and the cinema. But you stressed very little the differences. How do you see them?

BOURSEILLER—The medium of expression itself is different. Allio said that, when one enters upon cinema, one has the impression of a widening, even if this should be only on the ground of the audience. Jean-Luc said that that was perhaps the mere fact of passing from one world to another. Me, I do not think so, for I have the impression that if Jean-Luc staged a play, he would not have the impression of discovering a medium of expression wider than cinema.

GODARD—No doubt, but I think

that people tend too much to speak of *moyen*, medium, of expression. It would be necessary rather to say *fin*, end, of expression. Then perhaps when one enters upon cinema, one sees more *moyens*, means. I mean that there is an apparatus. The word *moyen* relates to a certain apparatus—which exists in the theatre as well.

ALLIO—Apparatus exists everywhere. In painting too. But let us put it that every medium of expression finds its end in itself . . .

GODARD—What I should like to know is this: let us suppose that you wrote novels. When you entered upon cinema, would you have had the impression that it was the same novel you were writing, but with very different *moyens*, means, that made of it perhaps a completely different *moyen*, medium, or, on the contrary, would you have had the impression that it was a way of succeeding in writing a novel that you would no longer be able to write otherwise?

ALLIO—It is more the second case with me.

GODARD—It is something of the sort that sets up between you a difference that you would not have realized through the theater. Allio ended in writing a novel of which he would not have had the idea before, while Antoine continued to write a novel that he already knew well, but under another form. Only, when everything is taken into account, this form perhaps led to making a completely different novel of it . . .

ALLIO—Antoine, could you develop what you said a little while ago in relation to the actors? For me, the theatre is first of all the work of the actors and the grasp of awareness that it allows.

BOURSEILLER—In any case, there is a difference between us; it is that Allio worked for years in the theatre as a decorator, while as for me, it was as a director.

GODARD—Is it more the cinema that made you discover the work of the actors?

ALLIO—It is work that I know well. For years I collaborated with Planchon in *mise en scène*.

BOURSEILLER—You, your school painting. Me, I had no school. And I had none, it is that none exists. Or does not learn to be a theatre director. I simply said to myself: what is it necessary to do to become one? It is necessary first to go and see what an actor is. So I went to a school of dramatic art. I was a student myself in that school. So I base myself on the playing of the actor, a little as Allio bases himself on painting. Now, at the time when I was at the Ecole Dullin there was quite a ferment about the actor; it was the high period of Dear Brando . . . that was exciting, an cinema, for me, was that. So when I came to know cinema people, I found myself with people who had ultimately the same preoccupations as I, but who expressed them in another way.

ALLIO—Moreover one is wrong to think too much by categories. The cinema, the theatre. There would need to be more contact between cinema people and theatre people.

GODARD—That is essential. Those of the young theatre and those of the young cinema came to know one another *after* their experiences. Not at all *during*. And even within cinema there is a cleavage, a frontier, between those let us say, of the left bank (people like Resnais, Marker, Varda) and those of the right bank . . .

BOURSEILLER—It is the former group that I came upon at the start. Very precisely: Chris Marker, Agnès Varda, Alain Resnais . . .

ALLIO—That results also from the nature of things. To stage a play or to make a film represents a real battle that mobilizes you totally. When one is inside it one cannot at the same time be outside it to fly over the problem and keep oneself informed of what is being done elsewhere, and when one has emerged, one says to oneself: here now! we ought to press elbows!

GODARD—Perhaps then we might speak of the actor. As for you, Allio, what is striking in your film is that you engaged only actors whom you knew in the theatre—on the whole, at least. While, in the world of cinema, people do not take much interest in



1. Antoine Bourseiller.
2. Comme tu me veux at the Studio des Champs-Elysees in 1960.
3. Shooting Marie Soleil.
4. Jacques Charrier, Daniele Delorme, Chantal Darget.
5. Daniele Delorme and Jacques Charrier.



theatre actors. And there, what is interesting is to know whether you feel a difference in the way in which you have an actor play, in the theatre and in the cinema. Bresson feels one; he says, me, I detest actors; in the theatre, one needs them, that is splendid; in cinema, I do not want them because it is not worth the trouble, they bring additional things, of which I seek only to rid myself. So I take people who are already rid of them, for the good reason that they never had any. Only then the real work begins.

DELAHAYE—There are, too, certain directors who try to use in cinema styles of acting that come from the theatre, and others who would like to have their actors play, on a stage, in the cinema style.

GODARD—What strikes me is that, in the theatre, one has a play with a given text, whose tone one wants to bring out. What has always surprised me—one does not touch the dialogue, but one seeks the way to say it in the manner in which one thinks it must be said. While in the cinema . . . In short, if the text is "I am going to the station" and something is not working, I will try to put "I am going to the airport," to see if that will ring more true. You, Antoine, how do you react in relation to actors of the theatre and the cinema? Do you feel the need to have different reactions towards them?

BOURSEILLER—I think that that is hard to explain. There are only special cases. As director in the theatre, I have—rightly or wrongly—a certain conception of the actor, a certain method. I try to apply it, whoever the actor is. Obviously, if I come upon Edwige Feuillère, I have enormous difficulties, for she is not accustomed to act with people of my generation. She had a *métier* and a past—which is normal. But if I come upon a young actor, it is enough to work a few days, and, in general, I obtain what I want. In what concerns cinema, I have still too little experience to be able to analyze the thing. All that I know is that the difficulties that I had had with Danièle Delorme in the theatre, I met again

in the cinema. But it is easier to contend with the actor in the cinema, for there one succeeds, in a way, in betraying him. And in my case, I was so much the stronger in that the film was post-synchronized. In the sound studio I succeeded more easily in obtaining the intonations that I wanted.

ALLIO—Can one separate an intonation from what the actor does? The intonation corresponds, too, to a certain noise, and that answers to a certain sliding of the muscles of the face.

BOURSEILLER—One can still attain it.

ALLIO—One can also, precisely, embroider. To stick on another intonation on purpose . . .

BOURSEILLER — That is the very principle of *Cleo de 5 à 7*. For the end, we dubbed twice in succession, and in very different ways. Moreover, Agnès had never asked us during the shooting to speak in this or that way.

GODARD — *La Vieille Dame* was filmed in direct sound?

ALLIO—In direct sound.

GODARD—A priori, I think that dubbing would interest a man of the theatre. Someone told me something about Laurence Olivier—one day he played a scene during which he walked more and more slackly at the same time that his voice, on the contrary, became harder and stronger. That was extraordinary. Well! There is a technical tour de force for an actor, which anyone can realize in cinema. Dubbing, I mean total and systematic dubbing, should therefore interest certain good directors.

ALLIO—Yes, but one must then speak of economic conditions. The work of which you speak implies a great technical mastery; it is not worth trying to improvise in that domain. So one must spend at least as much time in the sound studio as in the shooting, since there is a creative work in both cases, very long and very delicate, and that poses financial problems.

DELAHAYE — It is absolutely no more expensive to do dubbing than direct sound.

GODARD—On the whole, is it almost the same thing. But, obviously, if one spends a year in the sound studio . . .

BOURSEILLER — One spent three days there. To synchronize the entire film.

ALLIO—One cannot do the work of which I was speaking in three days . . .

GODARD—But one can refine. I mean that the direct sound aspect can be done also by synchronization. The *reportage* aspect. Improvisation can be good very quickly. One can then dub a film in one day.

ALLIO—All that I can say is, that I examined the question, and that we had a serious problem with the budget.

GODARD — What particularly interested you in direct filming?

ALLIO—First, I did not have the possibility of doing the sound in a studio, where I would have had to remain no little time. And I wanted to work conscientiously on all the problems, image or sound, all the more because it was my first long film. I did not really know cinema. And I wanted to fuss over the dialogue of *La Vieille Dame*, which required sometimes very subtle effects. In the studio, I would not have had time to find again and to redo all that. In any case, I think that, realistic or not, the sound strip ought to be extremely elaborated. And the ideal sound is sound entirely fabricated.

GODARD—I believe that there are no rules, but many people think as you do. Fano, Bresson . . .

ALLIO—I am very interested by this conception of sound. What I should like is to recreate a city atmosphere by literally fabricating the sound with 25 sound tracks. For the walk at night, for example, I had made provision for real sounds, but conducted like music, so, in fact, very elaborated. Only, I could not, and I had to stick on music.

GODARD—And you, Antoine, independently of economy and of Danièle Delorme, would you have preferred direct sound or dubbing?

3



4



5



BOURSEILLER — I am of Allio's opinion. I like dubbing, for one is more master of his matter.

GODARD—It is the feeling of security. In fact, it reassured you both; Allio, to do dubbing, and Antoine, to present spectacle, for in the end you both replaced yourselves on a theatrical stage.

BOURSEILLER — A little. And at the start, when I was an actor in films, too often I heard the sound engineer say "not good for me," when the take was a good one for everyone. That frightened me too much. I said to myself: if my engineer is worthless, the film will take three months. As I was subject to time, I said to myself: let us eliminate the sound problem at the start. Besides, I expected to have difficulties with the actors. For I had in mind very precise intonations, and I know that it would have been necessary to work on that on the spot, at the time of shooting, which would have caused loss of time, therefore of money.

GODARD—But would you want, the one and the other of you, to work with someone you did not know as an actor? When you choose an actor, to what extent do you call in the idea that you have of the character? As for me, I never have an idea of the character, if he does not exist, I say to myself: good, one will make him exist, and I arrange to find someone who will make him exist. Sometimes, it is an actor of the theatre or of the cinema, sometimes not an actor at all. What is striking in your film is that the little roles are all the same taken by theatre people.

ALLIO—The secondary roles, yes. As for very little roles, like grocers for example, I believe that one can obtain something quite good with non-professionals. But do not forget that in the theatre there is already a character, imagined by an author; everything exists already on paper.

BOURSEILLER—I think particularly that in the theatre, from the moment when the play is performed, the director has no longer anything to do

with it. It is for the actor to maintain the work.

GODARD—What one can say is that the theatre cannot allow itself to have bad actors. The cinema, yes.

BOURSEILLER—In cinema, one can manipulate the interpretation as a relatively malleable *donee*. One can negotiate to obtain what one wants. There is what one obtains in complicity with the actor; what one surprises in him, thanks to fatigue, for example, or to chance; there is the way in which one constructs the shot; and there is the editing. Add to that the critical distance that one can take, thanks to all that, in relation to the playing of the actor. In the theatre, that is impossible. In the theatre, one is deceived. From the day of the premiere, the director is a cuckold.

ALLIO—But I believe that a thing very important for the actor is to succeed in playing only one feeling at a time. And that is very hard, for it represents an extraordinary interior gymnastics. It requires a demonic skill to arrive at the end of a succession of feelings that are to recompose a design. One must, each time, forget what one has just done to do something else, and that without forgetting the final aim of the succession. I do not deny the share of spontaneity, of impulse, of sensibility, of improvisation, but if the actor can canalize all that by a discipline that allows him to mould his interpretation—well! that comes off. In cinema, one can ask that of an actor, or obtain it. One can have him express one feeling at a time. One per shot, let us say. And one can obtain that by extracting from a very extended shot the few seconds in which he expresses the feeling that one wants. But the theatre . . .

BOURSEILLER — Yes. And what troubles me very much is that, in the cinema, the less an actor plays, the better he is. And if someone asked me, as a man of the theatre, what makes a great cinema actor, I would almost have a mind to reply — it is that he does nothing. So, it is to some extent going

around in a circle to speak of the playing of the actor, for the possibilities are different. At the same time, a great actor in the theatre can be a great actor in the cinema, and conversely.

GODARD—Within the cinema too, the possibilities are different. The conceptions of Renoir and of Bresson about it are completely opposite. As for me, if I take an example, Jouvet was never as good in the theatre as in the cinema. In the professional sense of the word, he played very badly, but in the cinema, he was absolutely extraordinary because—he became someone. And that, he owes to cinema.

Cournot wrote something rather interesting, in relation to the lack of professional actors. He said that the countries of the East do not need them, for in these countries, considering the way of life, people are in a way already predisposed to act. A baker, in the East, does not live mentally in the same way as a baker among us, and she is already more an actress.

DELAHAYE—The baker in the countries of the East has perhaps become aware that she was a baker. The awareness of being this character, with relation to filling that role in society, is already an acted performance . . .

GODARD—Let us take another example. If you take actors in the street in France, you will find one who will be very good and another, frightful. In any case, it is not as a nonprofessional that the first will be interesting. But in Italy, you will not find as much difference. Between what the Italian does in the street, and what he does before the camera, there is not too much difference either. It is perhaps that they are more open . . . In any case, what Forman says about that is very interesting: today one can take ordinary people to act, it is life itself that has given them the training that one acquires ordinarily in schools of dramatic art. Now, one cannot do that in France. To sum up, there is no longer need of a Stanislavski to teach actors how to play, for the real Stanislavski is Beria or

1



1. Rene Allio. 2. *La Meule* (short, 1962). 3. *The Shameless Old Lady*: Sylvie. 4. Sylvie. 5. Maria Ribowska and Sylvie.

2



Khrushchev. Ultimately it is almost that that one can say, I think.

BOURSEILLER—I think that, if one takes a baker to play a baker, that works well. One must put people, in cinema, back into a setting that corresponds to their life.

GODARD — In any case, you will not make a shot in the same way if you have before you Daniele Delorme or Liselotte Pulver . . . But what were your ideas on cinema before working in it? Had you seen many films?

ALLIO—There is an experience that attracted me a great deal, that of Bergman with his actors. Now, he is someone who has worked a great deal in the theatre. This proceeding, which consists in deepening a personal quest through a personal relation that one pursues on several terrains,—that excited me. I said to myself that I should like to work with people whom I knew, to write for them. You said to me that in my films I had taken theatre people. It was precisely for that. I took those whom I knew, who were of the same milieu as I. It is no more hazardous to start from an actor and to write a role for him than to write a role and after that to seek the actor who could incarnate it. Obviously, things are less schematic. It depends on the actors, the characters, for, in fact, the result on the screen derives from a complex process: one obtains entirely neither the character that one had created, nor the actor for whom one had created it. And there is a third element, the director. Things are born of a dialectical confrontation.

BOURSEILLER — Having already worked a great deal in the theatre, I knew to some extent at what to limit myself with the actors. And, setting aside what I was saying a little while ago about the actor in cinema—that the less he acts the better he is—I think that in sum there is no difference between the actor in cinema and the actor in theatre. For me, to be an actor is not only a profession. It's much more extensive than that. It is a vocation, some-

what the same *genre* of vocation that is necessary to go into orders. The choice to be an actor has for me as much importance on the spiritual plane as that to become a monk. More than to be a doctor, perhaps. A doctor is directly tied to life, he acts in life, while an actor enters more into the contemplative frame; one is completely out of the world. To be an actor is precisely not to be a doctor. But I know very few who live like that, that is to say who starting perhaps from a particularly demoniac narcissism, succeed in imposing even in their private life, an ethic that they impose in their way of acting.

GODARD—When you work with an actor, do you use that, do you try to bring out its worth?

BOURSEILLER—When I come upon an actor who tries, at least, to attain this ideal, of course, that enriches me in the first place, and it enriches the work.

ALLIO—What you have just said is neither a description, nor a judgment, it is a profession of faith . . .

BOURSEILLER — Yes. It is what I should like to find. But people who have this consciousness and conscience of their art are very rare. And to reach that stage, one must have a certain experience, therefore a certain age. Those who have reached it must now be forty or fifty years old, and I do not know them, for I work, for reasons purely immediate, with young actors. I began with them; I learned with them; now I work with them. But among the young, there are some who appear to me already to belong unconsciously to this race of actors. Let us take for example Samy Frey (and I speak, not of the talent nor of the *metier* of the actor, but of the ethic of the actor). Well, Samy, who has at the start all the faults on earth, who is exasperating, egotistic, neurasthenic . . . appears to me to be precisely someone who, by flashes, has a very distinct consciousness of what the actor could and should be.

GODARD — For you, was Artaud

particularly an actor or a creator?

BOURSEILLER—I think that he was particularly a theoretician. One of the rare, maybe the only theoretician of the theatre that we have ever had. But I have practically never seen him as an actor. Except in a film like *Jeanne d'Arc*.

GODARD — Another thing: I have the impression that it would interest you more than us, Antoine, to make documentaries. Thus the first short film of Allio, *La Meule*, was not a documentary, while your short film on the theatre de la Huchette was one. For if I make a difference between the theatre and the cinema (and if it were necessary to make one) I would say that the theatre starts from fiction to arrive at the documentary—in a very broad sense—while cinema starts from documentary to arrive at fiction . . . in which they are alike, since each one comprehends the two things, totally different, besides, like blood and spirit, if you will, but which must join.

ALLIO—*La Vieille Dame*, at the start, was a documentary project. And I agree completely with what you just said.

BOURSEILLER — For me, when I think of a film, I think before all of the decor. What attracts me in the story—perhaps it is a fault—is not so much the story itself as the place where it is going to unfold. That is why *Marie-Soleil*, in a sense, is a failure; it takes place at Cahors, and one does not see Cahors enough. So there is first the land, then the characters who live there. It is the sight of the beach that leads to the scene with me, and not the opposite. Maurice said: "It is the first line that makes the poem."

ALLIO—In any case, there is at the start a presence of reality. It is the documentary aspect of cinema.

GODARD — One can start in two ways: there is a mill whose vanes are turning, and suddenly one says to oneself—if they stopped turning? *Foreign Correspondent* is made entirely like that: on impressions. On the contrary, Rossellini starts from a dialectic.

3



4



5



BOURSEILLER—For me, it was fortuitous. I had never dared to aspire to make a film, and one day I was asked to make one, and with Danièle. So I was to start from an actress who played a certain character. Moreover we had thought at once of *As You Desire Me* of Pirandello, which she had already played in the theatre, and which I had directed. Not having been able to obtain the rights, we looked for a subject. But what we found did not satisfy the producer, or the actress, or the director, or the distributor. So I began to write a story deriving from this actress who I know thoroughly. So it was a matter of a special case.

ALLIO—Might we not now speak of the conditions under which—personal, difficult cinema is made at present?

DELAHAYE—Let us say *cinéma d'auteur*.

BOURSEILLER—It is a truth of La Palisse: when one truly wants to do something, one ends by achieving it. I do not believe in a total injustice of things that would bring it about that, wanting to express oneself in films, one could not arrive at doing so. One can. For the first film, as for the second (and it is almost more difficult), but we know too that in any case it is necessary to negotiate, with a producer, with a distributor . . . It is enough to know the laws of the jungle; it is enough to fight. Yes; that is the theme of free enterprise.

GODARD — I should like, too, to know how you, theatre people, have approached the problem of cinema from a technical point of view. Did you make inquiries? For example, how did the concept of the shot enter your minds? And when? When you imagine a scene, do you try to analyze those problems a little, since a film decomposes into shots, while a play decomposes into scenes? Can you analyze your state of consciousness when you say to yourself: there I am going to make a closeup . . . Is it a thing you say to yourself in the theatre? If one examines your two films, one sees that *La Vieille Dame* is made more in long shots than *Marie Soleil*, in which there are many closeups.

BOURSEILLER—I have always spoken of closeups in the theatre, and, little by little, I have learned to make what I believe to be closeups. There are devices that allow us to compel the spectator, at a certain moment, to be entirely appealed to by the face of one actor, and to forget the other characters, and even the setting. For my part that is a question that preoccupied me very quickly. Then, think of the freedom that cinema gave me! . . . Maybe, besides, I abused it . . .

GODARD—Is the concept of change of shot the same in cinema as in the theatre?

BOURSEILLER—Yes. And I remember critics who said, at the time of my

first plays, "For once one sees a cinematographic style in the theatre" . . . Similarly when one stages *Shweik* with Planchon—the story of the revolving stage . . .

GODARD—But that is the ordinary *critique* . . . Even to Baty—because of the contrasts—they said "You are doing cinema"!

ALLIO—I think particularly that we are all living in the same seething of culture, which is . . . the world of today.

GODARD—But one must see all that, not as a technique, rather as a dialectic.

ALLIO—Yes and no. There is in any case a fundamental relationship that remains radically the same: the spatial relation between the spectator and what is happening on the stage. The spectator has always the same frame under his eyes. Therefore, what causes the spectator to be caught by a precise point of the image, is what happens *within* the image, so, within a stable relation. Starting from there, one can choose to leave or not to the spectator the freedom to choose, depending on this or that emphasis that we will put on this or that thing within the image. While in the cinema, the change of shot implies a change of spatial relation, a jump, which the spectator receives. Therein interfere, too, plastic concepts: the composition of the image, the different plays of value, even the grain of the photography, and so on, all things which widen enormously the gamut of means on which one plays in order to make something felt, understood, or seen.

GODARD — When you approached cinema, did you have the impression of approaching a special grammar — a little as there is perspective in painting? Did you have the idea of certain laws of this order? For example, I do not want to work in the theatre, for, rightly or wrongly, I have the impression of a certain language, or grammar, that I do not know and that stops me for the moment. There is of course in cinema (without having the word imply here a language, but let us use it nonetheless) a grammar, which refers to the technical apparatus. For, ultimately, when one chooses a 75 instead of a 32, it is a grammatical concept. It is like when one chooses an imperfect in place of a subjunctive. And precisely, a writer will not ask himself a question of that sort, while he who scarcely knows how to write will ask himself what mood he should use . . . For your part, have you had the impression of having to do with a certain grammar?

ALLIO—At the start, yes. Except that grammar . . .

GODARD—Syntax, let us say.

ALLIO—Yes . . . is something much more fixed. Language has a past. In what concerns cinematographic syntax, there are the films that one sees, there are the works that people have written

about cinema, but every time I have sought a work that would really define cinematographic syntax, I have found only very superficial popularizations and simplifications. It was more a catalogue of means than an elaboration of rules. In fact, I have the impression that there is indeed a cinematographic syntax, but that is constantly in movement, always to be made, to be renewed.

BOURSEILLER—All the *cinéastes* to whom I have put the question, which preoccupied me as well, said to me "There is no syntax. You do not need to know rules. From the time when you know what is an American shot, an ensemble shot, a close up, when you know what a 75 and a 32 are, you know enough to make a film."

I think that that is true. I think, too, that there is a mystery of the camera. But this mystery exists for everyone.

GODARD—But did you have the impression of setting yourself problems, when you would not have set yourself any in the theatre?

BOURSEILLER—In the theatre, one sets oneself other problems. One of the differences between cinema and theatre — this perhaps is going to make Allio jump, Allio who occupies himself with decor—is that cinema is more a visual art than theatre.

ALLIO—I am willing to believe it. And it is obvious that framing is fundamental in cinema, while in the theatre the frame is established once and for all. For my part, filming *La Vieille Dame*, I very much mistrusted the visual artist that I am.

GODARD—The film was even made somewhat in reaction against that.

ALLIO—Yes. In *La Meule* — it is somewhat the theme — one had an impression of space, of nature, that is very close to what I put in my painting. In *La Vieille Dame*, I was mistrustful. I did not want to "do something beautiful." I believe that refining on the visual for me would be setting out on false trails.

GODARD — Yes — when one says framing, one means as well, of course, absence of frame. I mean that the framings of a person who has never set eye on a camera in his life cannot be as precise as those of a Dreyer. It is another kind of precision.

BOURSEILLER — Like everyone, I was worried before the camera and its problems. At the same time I was anxious to see how it was going to turn out, and I realized at once that in practice what makes a film is the "writing" of the film. I mean that what makes a true *cinéaste* is the vision that he has of the world and that he expresses with the camera. So, exaggerating a little, one can very well say that from the moment when you have a precise, personal and interesting vision of the world, one has only to put a camera into your arms. And, then, there, it is

quite simple: you say "Moteur." For me, it was somewhat that, because the lighting—74—close up aspect is an every-day matter, a little like knife and fork . . .

GODARD — Finally, what I find agreeable with cinema is that at the bottom it involves much less technique than any other art. Anyone can do cinema. The proof is that a precise vision of the world is not enough for doing painting. One would say to you, you have this precise subject on which you have precise ideas, then here are a canvas and a brush . . .

ALLIO—Though there is in painting a share of everyday work, of exercise of the hand, of self control, and of spontaneity . . . which is analogous to that in cinema. It is true that one enters without great problems into the technique, into the "cinematographic writing," but one must be able to make many films to "write" freely, for the essential thing is indeed to be able to write freely.

BOURSEILLER—It is equally obvious that the more one does theatre *mises en scene* the more one arrives at obtaining what one wants. And the technique . . .

ALLIO—It is not so much a technique as a knowledge of oneself, in a certain employment, in a certain relation with things.

BOURSEILLER—There is this, too—that one has sought to obtain a certain effect, and that one realizes from the result that one has obtained another; while another shot from which one expected no effect, there it is, creating one . . .

GODARD—That is technique . . . It is in that sense that one can say that Hitchcock is the greatest technician in the world, since he knows exactly what one must do to obtain this or that thing.

ALLIO—But I believe that that is precisely not a technique that is learned in books. It is learned working. So there is no technique a priori in cinema. Nothing that is calculated starting from bookish rules.

BOURSEILLER — The same way, there have never been good schools in which one learned to be a painter or an artist in anything.

GODARD—No, one must always re-make one's own book, that one can re-open and adapt . . .

DELAHAYE — A little while ago, when Antoine said that it was enough to fight and that one always arrives at doing what one wants, you, Allio, did not seem completely in agreement . . .

ALLIO—It remains to speak about the conditions in which, today, those who make *films d'auteur* find themselves put, in what concerns production, distribution, bringing into contact with the public. But I specify that it is not at all a tearjerking position.

BOURSEILLER—Looking about one, reflecting, very simply, I think that one comes to the conclusion that, when one has made a first film, the only solution in order to make a second is to fight. The only solution. Me, I do not believe in the cinematographic genius isolated in his cheap attic room.

ALLIO—I am not talking about that. But all the same we are in a period when cinematographic institutions should be readapted. The people who make them up belong, on the whole, to the preceding period, and this circle of the cinema about which one speaks so often, is not so much a crisis of the medium of expression, or of the audience, as a crisis of adaptation among those who administer cinema.

BOURSEILLER — That results, first from a question of generation. I believe—it seems to me—that on the level of producers and distributors, we are reaching the time of change of generation. Those of sixty, sixty-five years are necessarily going to yield their place. There are already a certain number of producers and distributors in their thirties, with whom one can, all the same, have more direct relations. So, the situation has changed, and it must necessarily continue to change.

ALLIO—I think so too . . . Degas said "It is necessary to discourage the arts." There will always be difficulties in mounting an enterprise and in bringing it to its conclusion. It is not a bad thing that it be difficult to make cinema. Only, I believe that the *cinema d'auteur*, the difficult cinema, that which has not much money, is all the same the cinema that is advancing. I do not say that it denies the commercial and entertainment cinema—besides every film is entertainment and should be commercial — but deliberately commercial cinema — of the *Le Corniaud* type — monopolizes cinematographic institutions a little too much. Everything happens as if a somewhat Malthusian policy favored it deliberately. Of course, our cinema is not *all* of cinema, but I think that there would need to be twenty-five a year of this *genre* of film, when there are only three.

DELAHAYE—You seem to mean two things by that. On the one hand that a certain category of films does not come to be made, because of a certain mode of production; on the other hand, that some of those who might do this kind of cinema do not succeed in making films.

GODARD — We are almost in the state of the time when the Bolsheviks had not yet seized power . . . But one would need, too, to distinguish according to talent. Those who have some are more guilty than those who do not. Fellows like Molinaro or Sautet who, within the middle level, have more talent than Verneuil, are more guilty

than others for trying to follow Verneuil instead of following, let us say, Resnais. They are like the bourgeois, who always sustain the existing power in relation to the revolutionary power. And as the bourgeois always form the governing mass, it is on them that the general movement is based. Moreover, cinema is an art linked to the phenomenon of consumption and of profit-making. From the point of view of the laboratory that needs thirty films a year to be doing live business, it is useless to make *films d'auteur*. What is essential is that the thirty films be made. That is why, between a film of Molinaro and *Le Corniaud*, all things taken into account, I prefer *Le Corniaud*. That the film draws audiences takes nothing away from me. On the contrary. That allows me to make a film in an industry that is doing well, with laboratories that are doing well. If there were only Molinaro, that would be no better; moreover, business would not be good, and one would find oneself without cinema at all. *Corniauds* there will be always, they are necessary, and the enemy is not there.

ALLIO—As for me, I do not at all think that the future is *Le Corniaud*. I think that the profession harms itself in not realizing the fact that to produce ten or fifteen films a year like *Marie-Soleil* or *La Vieille Dame* is also to benefit the cinema.

GODARD—Obviously, the more because, in the long run, films like that would draw audiences. For a fellow who has never gone to the cinema in his life, if one shows him the two kinds of film, will not distinguish so much between them. Robinson Crusoe, if one had projected *Marienburg* and *Le Corniaud* for him, no doubt would have loved both. Most of all he would have been amazed by the image that moves.

BOURSEILLER—From that point of view, cinema is somewhat in the situation in which the theatre as an institution found itself a few years ago.

GODARD — Just now, moreover, somewhat the same phenomenon is happening in the theatre. For the evolution of the French population comes into play also, with the result that at present the theatre is doing as badly as the cinema, and for almost the same reasons.

ALLIO—No! No to that! . . . The theatre is doing very well. The theatre, as an institution, has taken stock of its problems, with the help of the State, of course, and that is an effort that the cinema, I think, has not yet made. The theatre, especially, has gone toward the audience, which itself subsidizes productions by subscribing a season in advance, and that brings about that the theatrical equivalent of *cinema d'auteur* is that which is now doing best. And it reaches an audience that, until these

last years, either did not go to the theatre, or else went there to see the equivalent of *Le Corniaud*. That audience, of course, continues to go to see that sort of thing, but it goes *also* to see the theatre that is advancing. That said, if one really wants to make a film, one should be able to make it, but finally, all the same one does not live in the jungle.

DELAHAYE—In the countries of the East, they have indeed tried to replace the jungle by something else. The result is that only he who has been to the cinema school can make a film. Moreover, as was said a little while ago, schools are not enough to make art.

ALLIO—In any case, one always has problems with power, whether it be capital or the State . . . or both at once. One cannot evade it. Given that there are always problems and that one must always fight, as Bourseiller said, it would be well that twenty people could fight with a hope of succeeding, when at present that is the case for two or three only. But one must take into account our realities. When I think of what could be done to aid the independent cinema, I keep always present in my mind the fact that we live in a capitalist regime, and that capital cannot allow itself to invest sixty million francs in a film that will bring in twenty-two. That is not fitting. So one must ask oneself two things: first, what is it necessary to do so that a film of sixty millions will bring in at least sixty, and after that: how can one aid capital to put, from time to time, within reasonable frequency, sixty millions into independent films—which would be beneficial for cinema, for capital, and for the spectator?

BOURSEILLER—I think that cinema really lacks what happened for the theatre in 1947: the equivalent of decentralization.

GODARD—Cinema lacks a thinking head to think that.

ALLIO—All the same a certain policy has been set into motion. After all, without advances on receipts, none of the films of which we are thinking would have been conceivable.

GODARD—No. At the start, there had to be a setting in motion, at the same time as a destruction of the old structures. Now, today, we have reached the point when, in a war, the enemy has withdrawn and has made almost everything jump.

ALLIO—In the theatre, the start was given in 1947, precisely, with that decentralization of which Bourseiller spoke. And what perhaps corresponds to that in cinema is the appearance of the Nouvelle Vague with, too, the appearance of the advance on receipts. Only, it is much more recent.

GODARD—Those two things appeared at almost the same time, but they forked in completely different directions. Moreover, the theatre, in

France, very quickly became part of the French cultural patrimony, while the cinema has never been part of it. Today still, cinema is only partially connected with the Ministry of Culture. And it is not at all in what concerns financial problems. So, Malraux can indeed decide to found a *maison de la culture*, but for what remains, he cannot do much. It happens, too, that cinema is evolving more. The idea of theatre has not changed for people. While the idea of cinema has changed, when the penetration of the mass is effected otherwise. Because of the evolution of French society, the appearance of television, and so on, the idea of cinematographic spectacle has evolved considerably for the citizen. But all that is scattered in different directions, and it is now a matter of regrouping these directions. It is as if one were before a train whose locomotive would be at one place and its caboose at another. Well, what is more, there are no rails! . . .

BOURSEILLER—Another thing: the difference between the exhibitor in the theatre and the exhibitor in cinema. The lowest, most stupid manager of a theatre is still much more intelligent than the average manager of a cinema house. The professional dignity of exhibitors has never existed. While the theatre manager, in spite of everything, is at least informed of what is being done currently in the theatre.

ALLIO—There are after all rather few cinema house managers who have an independent position.

BOURSEILLER—They are independents. They can very well refuse a film that the distributor wants distributed to them.

ALLIO—They can, but they do not know what they will put in its place.

GODARD—They are not even on the level of pork butchers. The latter, at least, try to make an attractive display. However they would not even need that, because people, when they are hungry, come in any case to their stores. People always buy food, Leclerc does without advertising. He can. For with him there is a direct relation between the absence of advertising and a certain idea that he has of commerce. *While* with the cinema house manager . . .

Even the worst idiot of a theatre manager feels himself concerned by the play that people come to see in his theater. Not the cinema house manager. The proof is that the cinema houses that are doing well in France are those of people who give a little attention to their houses, their audiences: the independent cinemas. Three quarters of the cinema houses that have closed their doors are those in which no one took an interest. Besides, if the cinema exhibitor were doing his work, the *cine-club* would not exist. The *cine-club* is there to correct their assinnities, but it ought not exist; the *cine-club* in itself is nonsense. At the cinema, the spectator

is always the mark, while at the theatre, he is a friend. Now, American cinema, which for a long time has been predominant in the world, has never considered the spectator as a mark. The system of the great American firms has always been, not only to do half the spectator's work for him, but to interest themselves in him, to stir a need in him—which one never does in France. No more than in Italy . . .

ALLIO—But from that point of view things are beginning to change a little.

GODARD—Before making your films did you go to the cinema often? For example, I notice that I go almost solely to cinema, to the extent that an ordinary film, for me, is already superior to a play, even rather a good one. And you?

BOURSEILLER—For me, *Hiroshima mon amour* was a very important thing, but on the level of work. I saw the film several times, for I liked it very much, but, too, because, on the level of the theatre, it brought me a great deal. But now that I have made a film, I no longer go as often to the cinema. Before, I went to enrich myself on the level of theatre; now I go because I am marked. I am one of the people who go to the cinema to be going to the cinema. But in fact, I have no cultural background in cinema.

GODARD—That is rather normal, for this form of culture has existed a much shorter time than the other, and at school one does not learn cinema. One learns the theatre. A student knows who Racine was, but he still does not know, at the age when he takes his baccalaureate, who Griffith, Lumiere, Eisenstein were.

ALLIO—I did not have from the start, either, a cultural relation with cinema. When I was a young boy, I went a great deal, especially to American films. I remember a series—"Crime never pays." Those are my oldest memories. With *Scarface*. Then, I have always gone to the cinema, for pleasure.

GODARD—But did you see, for example, the film that has so much marked people of our generation, *Citizen Kane*? You who frequented the theatre, did that have an impact on you?

ALLIO—Yes, it had great impact. But I was still more affected by *Lady from Shanghai*. Because there was already a reflection. That said, I know rather badly the great classics, except for those of Eisenstein—*Potemkin*, *The General Line*.

GODARD—But I am sure that what one will call classic in twenty-five years, and thanks especially to the cinemathèque, will no longer be at all the same thing.

ALLIO—Yes, that is going to evolve a great deal . . . There is Stroheim, too, who struck me a great deal. And then all the American cinema, taken as a whole, which I find staggering. With its tradition of realism, to which I am

very sensitive, in fantasy as in the dramatic. And then the western, which I find quite astonishing as a system of conventions. One can do everything, within this system of conventions, which we do not have, and which we will have difficulty having, for we would not be able to give it roots, as the Americans have done.

GODARD—We have the vaudeville.

ALLIO—Yes, but that is the boulevard . . . In short, at every level the western has always astonished me, from the point of view of the actor as well as in what concerns details, like costume. It is there that I have seen things worked out to the farthest point in the invention of detail, realistic or poetic, to describe, to characterize a protagonist. It is only at the Berliner that I have seen it as well done, but in another way, for it is not thought out at the level of psychology, as with the Americans, but at that of objective description. I believe, in any case, that the idea, the desire, to express ourselves by cinema, we could not have had as easily without the phenomenon of the *Nouvelle Vague*.

BOURSEILLER—Yes, that is obvious.

GODARD—Why do theatre people never want to film their productions to keep them as archives? One would play one day more, and the receipts of that day would serve to film the production. It would be very simple—the camera in the middle of the orchestra, with a medium lens—but not the zoom, which would already give rise to an interpretation.

ALLIO—At Villeurbanne, we often put to ourselves the problem of archives, we thought about that, but one balks at adding three hundred thousand old francs to the budget of a production.

BOURSEILLER—I believe that it is impossible. At the Studio des Champs-Élysées, for example, where we stayed three years, it was not possible.

GODARD — What surprises me, is that you lack this deep desire. For if you really wanted to, you would have done it. A long time ago. And today one would have the plays of Pitoëff filmed, and those of others . . . In short, that is what Lumière, Méliès did. They filmed. One knows how Sarah Bernhardt played, Mounet-Sully . . . But one does not know how Pitoëff spoke. I find that scandalous. There should be a law according to which all theatrical production would be filmed. At least in silent, if sound is too expensive. At least for one act, one scene . . . The family album aspect, very simply, nothing but that, would already be interesting.

ALLIO—And why have you cinema people not come to make films of productions?

GODARD—Precisely, I am going to do so. But I am not one of those who are most concerned by the theatre. Let

them tell me that someone like Barault, or the TNP, cannot divert three hundred thousand francs. It is all in wanting to and deciding to from the start. But among you that is also part of the myth of the theatre, that it only exists once, that it disappears. A little like a superstition . . .

ALLIO—Here one puts his finger on something . . . A kind of reflex that is part of the condition of a man of the theatre.

GODARD—And if the TNP gave a performance one evening showing Gerard Philippe in *Le Cid*, or something like that, do not say to me that it would not recover the cost of its print. It would recover it, and once per evening, yes!

ALLIO—There is a kind of professional reflex. One meets again what you were saying a little while ago: cinema starts from the documentary. That is a reflex that theatre people do not have spontaneously.

GODARD—And, moreover, if we, cinema people, wanted to do that in the theatres, three quarters of the theatres would refuse. It does not interest them. It would be no use for me to say: I am doing this at my expense, the film belongs to us, it belongs to you, it belongs to nobody, one is not going to exploit it commercially, and if one exploits it, one shares the returns, although that is not the aim, the aim is to reproject it once a year for those whom that interests . . . No. If I ask them, they will refuse.

BOURSEILLER—That is also because there are not enough film people who associate with theatre people, and not enough theatre people who associate with film people. It is as stupid as that.

ALLIO—As for me, all that remains to me of the productions on which I have worked with much pleasure is models. It is lamentable, a model, five years afterwards. It is full of dust, it warps, it is sad . . .

GODARD—It would be sad, too, to project archives but they would be archives.

BOURSEILLER—I should like to ask Allio something—with the success of *La Vieille Dame* with critics and audiences, you are going to make a second film?

ALLIO — Yes, but I have not yet measured the problems that I am going to have. I wrote the film this summer.

BOURSEILLER — You wrote a few pages or a considerable manuscript?

ALLIO—Ten pages, with many notes. I should like to try to catch the matter with the ten pages, and, after that, do a more developed text to try to have the advance on receipts. In any case, it is passing through that.

DELAHAYE — And for your second film, Antoine?

BOURSEILLER—There is none, in so far as there is no question for the moment of my making a second film. Because the first has only just now

opened, and people had given it a bad reputation.

GODARD — That is absolutely not connected. After the second film there is a third, even if one does not know precisely why. Others stop filming at their sixty-second film and at forty-five years one does not know why either.

BOURSEILLER — If that is not connected, that gives me still more grounds for saying that it depends only on me.

GODARD—I do not even think that finding money for a second film is so closely connected to the fact of having had a great success or a great lack of it.

BOURSEILLER — The only practical problem, then, is to write the film. But, for my part, I need to be in peace, not to have too many material problems on my back. Moreover, the less I had set myself problems for the first film, the more I set them for the second. For now I know what a film is. I tend, too, to stand off from the first, and to find that everything is to be redone. That is another trap into which one must not fall, but it comes into play.

I have submitted ideas for projects to producers: the *Eve future* of Villiers l'Isle-Adam, and *Rapport sur Bruno*. I have had no response. In fact, what I should like, is to write a subject. At this time, precisely, I am thinking of a landscape, Flanders. And I am starting on a story that would take place there.

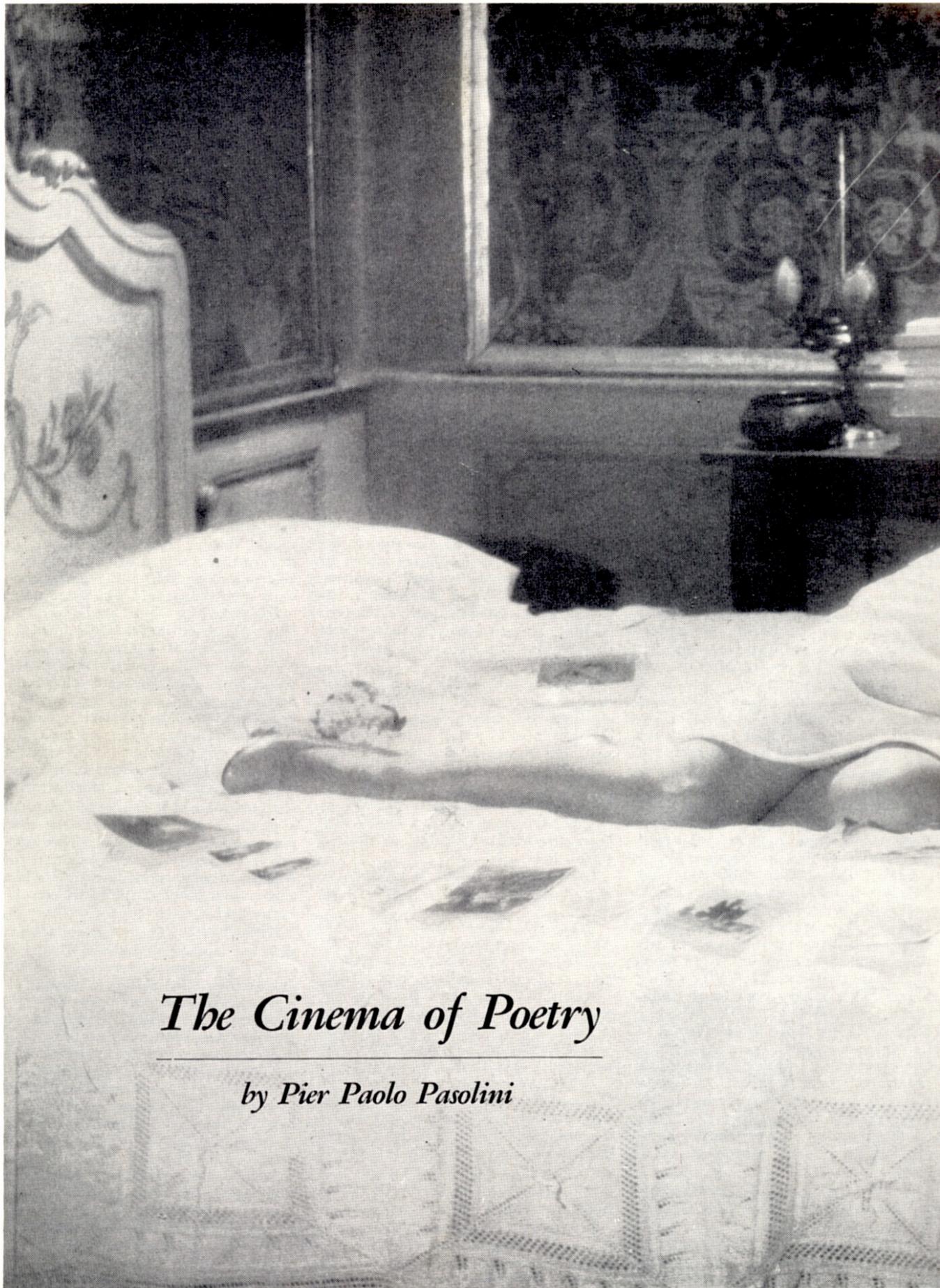
DELAHAYE—On what did the cuts that were made in your film bear?

BOURSEILLER — Notably the scene with Roger Blin, cabaret proprietor, who, after the departure of Marie-Soleil, improvises a song, wrapped in a bed sheet . . . That takes away a little from the character, and from the entire film, for one of its dimensions was the irruption of little moments of folly into a deliberately conventional story.

ALLIO—I had the luck to work with a producer with whom I had a complete understanding. But maybe with this new generation of producers of which you were speaking a little while ago, encounters of this kind will not be exceptional.

GODARD — The American cinema that has marked us all was almost as much a cinema of producers as a cinema of directors. And cinema does well almost always when an *auteur* finds his producer, when there is a relationship between them, when both love what they are doing and both intervene at different stages of the making. I believe that there is no example of films that failed if, at every stage, people took an interest, each one of them, in the work that he had to do. I say, indeed, at every stage. As soon as there is an echelon that cracks, it is all over; that leads to an imbalance in the entire film. If each person, in cinema, takes an interest in what he is doing, then a great many problems are already resolved.

(Conversation taped.)



The Cinema of Poetry

by Pier Paolo Pasolini



I think that henceforth it is no longer possible to begin a discourse on cinema as language without taking into account at least the terminology of semiotics. Indeed the problem, if one wishes to set it forth briefly, appears in the following way: whereas literary languages found their poetic inventions on the institutional basis of an instrumental language, quite common to all who speak, cinematic languages seem not to be founded on anything like this. For their real basis, they do not have a language whose primary objective is communication. Thus literary languages appear immediately as distinct, in their practise, from the pure and simple instrument which serves to communicate; while communication by means of cinema would seem arbitrary and devious, without such an instrumental basis used normally at all.

Men communicate with words, not with images; this is why a specific language of images would appear as a pure and artificial abstraction.

If this reasoning were correct, as it seems to be, cinema could not materially exist; or at the very least it would be only a monstrosity, a series of insignificant signs. Semiotics envisages sign-systems indifferently: it speaks, for example, of "systems of linguistic sign," because these exist; but in fact this in no way excludes the theoretical possibility of other sign-systems, for example a system of signs by gestures, the more so as a complement to the spoken language. Indeed, a word (*lin-segno*, i.e. linguistic sign) pronounced with a certain facial expression takes a certain meaning, pronounced with another expression it takes another, perhaps even the opposite (especially if the speaker is from Naples). A word followed by a gesture has one meaning, followed by another gesture it has another, etc.

This system of signs by gestures which, in practice, accompanies the system of linguistic signs as its complement, can be isolated as an autonomous system and become the object of a study.

One can even suppose, by abstract hypothesis, the existence of a *unique* system of signs by gestures as *unique* instrument of communication for man (in sum: deaf and dumb Neapolitans): it is from such a hypothetical system of visual signs that language derives the foundation of its existence and the possibility of allowing the formation of a series of naturally communicative archetypes.

Of course, this would still not amount to much. But we must immediately add the intended recipient of the cinematic product is equally accustomed to visually "read" reality, that is to keep up a dialogue with the reality which surrounds him and which is used as the environment of a collectivity which can be felt even in the pure and simple

Bernardo Bertolucci: *Before the Revolution*, Adriana Asti.

manifestation of its acts, of its habits. The fact of walking alone in the street, even with our ears stopped up, constitutes a continual dialog between ourselves and an environment which expresses itself by the mediation of the images which compose it: the physiognomy of the passers-by, their gestures, their signs, their actions, their silences, their expressions, their collective reactions (people waiting at red lights, a crowd around a street-accident or around a monument); besides, traffic signs, indicators, counterclockwise rotaries are in sum objects charged with meanings and which utter a brute "speech" by their very presence.

But there is more: in man, an entire world is expressed by means of significant images—shall we therefore propose, by analogy, the term "im-signs" (*im-segni*, i.e. image-signs). *This is the world of memory and of dreams.*

Every attempt at memorization is a series of im-signs, that is primarily a cinema sequence. "Where have I seen this person? Wait . . . I think it was at Zagora—image of Zagora with its green palms against the pink soil . . . walking with Abd Kader . . . — image of Abd El Kader and of the person in question walking past the encampment of the French outposts —, etc.)₂ And thus, all dreams are a series of im-signs which have all the characteristics of the cinematic sequence: close-ups, long shots, etc.

In sum, there is a whole complex world of significant images — formed as much of gestures and of all sorts of signs coming from the environment, as of memories or of dreams — which is proposed as the "instrumental" foundation of cinematic communication, and refigures it.

Here, we must immediately make a marginal observation: whereas the instruments of poetic or philosophical communication are already extremely perfected, truly form a historically com-



Pasolini: Accattone, Franco Citti.

plex system which has reached its maturity, those of the visual communication which is at the basis of cinematic language are altogether brute, instinctive. Indeed, gestures, the surrounding reality, as much as dreams and the mechanisms of memory, are of a virtually pre-human order, or at least at the limit of humanity — in any case pre-grammatical and even premorphological (dreams are unconscious phenomena, as are mnemonic mechanisms; the gesture is an altogether elementary sign, etc.).

The linguistic instrument on which cinema is founded is thus of an irrational type. This explains the profoundly oniric nature of cinema, as also its absolutely and inevitably concrete nature, let us say its objective status.

Every language is recorded in a dictionary, incomplete but perfect, of the sign-system of his surroundings and of his country. The work of the writer consists in taking, from this dictionary, words, like objects arranged in a drawer, and in making a particular use of them—particular insofar as it is a function both of the writer's historical situation and of the history of these words. The result is an increase of historicity for the word, that is a growth of meaning. If this writer passes into posterity, his "particular use of the word" will figure in future dictionaries, as another possible use of the word.

The expression, the invention of the writer adds, thus, to the historicity, that is to the reality, of the language: he makes use of the language and serves it both as a linguistic system and as a cultural tradition. But his act, toponymically described, is *one*: it is a new elaboration of the meaning of a sign which was found classified in the dictionary, ready for use.

In return, the act of the filmmaker, although fundamentally similar, is nonetheless much more complex.

A dictionary of images does not exist. There are no images classified and ready for use. If by chance we wanted to imagine a dictionary of images, we would have to imagine an *infinite dictionary*, just as the dictionary of *possible words* remains infinite.

The cinema author has no dictionary but infinite possibilities. He does not take his signs, his im-signs, from some drawer or from some bag, but from chaos, where an automatic or oniric communication is only found in the state of possibility, of shadow. Thus, toponymically described, the act of the filmmaker is *not one but double*. He must first draw the im-sign from chaos, make it possible and consider it as classified in a dictionary of im-signs (gestures, environment, dreams, memory); he must then accomplish the very work of the writer, that is, enrich this purely morphological im-sign with his personal expression. While the writer's work is esthetic invention, that of the filmmaker is first linguistic invention, then esthetic.

It is true that after some fifty years of

cinema, a sort of cinematic dictionary has been established, or rather a convention, which has this curiosity—it is stylistic before being grammatical.

Let us take the image of train wheels rolling amid clouds of steam. This is not a syntagma, but a styleme.* This allows us to suppose that, from all evidence, cinema will never attain a true grammatical normativity which would be proper to it, but rather, so to speak, a stylistic grammar—each time a filmmaker makes a film, he has to repeat the *double operation* of which I spoke and, as a rule, be content with a certain quantity of uncounted means of expression, which, born as stylemes, have become syntagmas.

In compensation, the filmmaker does not have to deal with a centuries-old stylistic tradition, but only with a decades-old one: he has practically no conventions to be contradicted at the risk of an excessive scandal. His "historical contribution" to the im-sign is brought to a quite short-lived im-sign.

Hence, perhaps, the feeling of a certain fragility of cinema: its grammatical signs are part of a world each time chronologically exhausted. The clothes of the '30s, the cars of the '40s, etc., are so many "things" without etymology, or at least whose etymology exists only in the corresponding system of words.

The meaning of words fits the evolution which presides over the creative fashion of clothes or of the lines of cars. Objects, in return, are impenetrable to it: they do not allow modification and say by themselves only what they are at that moment. The imaginary dictionary in which the filmmaker classifies them in the course of the primary stage of his work is not sufficient to give them a historical background, significant for all, now and forever. One thus notes a certain determinism in the object which becomes a cinematic image. It is natural that this should be so, for the word (linguistic sign) used by the writer is rich with a whole cultural, popular and grammatical history, whereas the filmmaker who is using an im-sign has just isolated it, at that very moment, from the mute chaos of things — by referring to the hypothetical dictionary of a community which communicates by means of images.

More precisely: if the images or im-signs are not classified in a dictionary and if they are not ordered by a grammar, they nevertheless constitute a common heritage. We have all seen personally the locomotive in question, with its wheels and push-rods. It belongs to our visual memory and to our dreams. If we see it in reality, it "tells us something." Its appearance in a desert land *tells us*, for example, how moving is the labor of man and how great is the power of industrial society — hence of capitalism—to annex in this way new exploitable territories; and, at the same

* (styleme = a unit of style. Tr.)

time, it tells some of us that the engineer is an exploited man who, in spite of everything, accomplishes his work with dignity, to the profit of a society which is what it is, even if its beneficiaries identify themselves with it, etc. The locomotive object as a possible cinematic symbol can tell all this by communicating directly with us, and indirectly—as to the common visual heritage—with others.

Thus in reality, "brute objects" do not exist: all are meaningful enough by nature to become symbolic signs. This is why the work of the filmmaker is legitimate in its primary stage. The filmmaker chooses a series of objects, things, landscape or persons as syntagmas (signs of a symbolic language) which, if they have a grammatical history that is conferred on them at this precise moment—as in a sort of happening ordered by a choice and a montage—have nonetheless a pre-grammatical history which is already long and intense.

In sum, just as, in the poet's style, free rights belong to what is pre-grammatical in the spoken signs, so in the filmmaker's style, free rights will belong to what is pre-grammatical in the objects. This is another way of saying what I have already said, namely that cinema is fundamentally oniric by reason of the elementary character of its archetypes (that is, once again, habitual and consequently unconscious observation of environment, gestures, memory, dreams) and of the fundamental pre-eminence of the pre-grammatical character of objects as symbols of the visual language.

We must add that, in the course of his preliminary and fundamental work, which is the constituting of a dictionary, the filmmaker will never be able to gather abstract terms.

This is perhaps the principal difference between the literary work and the cinematic work. The linguistic and grammatical domain of the filmmaker is constituted by images. Now images are always concrete (only by a foresight embracing millennia could one conceive image-symbols which would know an evolution similar to that of words — or at least roots, originally concrete, which, with use, have become abstract.) This is why cinema is, today, an artistic and not philosophical language. It can be a parable, but never a directly conceptual expression.

This is the third way of affirming the profoundly artistic nature of cinema, its expressive force, its power to embody the dream, that is its essentially metaphoric character.

In conclusion, all this should suggest that the language of cinema is fundamentally a "language of poetry."

Quite on the contrary, historically, in practice, after several abortive attempts, the cinematic tradition which was formed seems to be that of a "language of prose," or, at least, of a "language of narrative prose."

But in fact, as we shall see, this is an



Pasolini: Uccellacci e Uccellini, Toto.

altogether peculiar and ambiguous prose, insofar as the irrational component of cinema cannot be eliminated. In truth, at the very moment when it was established as a new "technique" or "genre" of expression, cinema was also proposed as a new technique or genre of escape-spectacle, profiting from a number of consumers unimaginable for any other medium of expression. This means that cinema has undergone a violation which was moreover rather foreseeable and unavoidable: everything in it that was irrational, oniric, elementary and barbarous has been kept this side of consciousness, has been exploited as an unconscious factor of shock and glamour, and upon this naturally hypnotic *monstrum* which a film always is, there was quickly constructed a whole narrative convention which has authorized useless and fallaciously critical comparisons with the theatre and the novel. There is no doubt that this narrative convention refers by analogy to the language of written prose communication, but it has in common with this language only an exterior aspect: illustrative and logical methods — whereas it lacks one of the fundamental elements of the "language of prose": the rational. This narrative convention relies upon a mystic and embryonic film, a "sub-film" which, from the very nature of cinema, unwinds behind every commercial film, even a decent one, even a socially and esthetically rather adult one.

However — as we shall see below — *art-films themselves have adopted for their specific language this "language of prose,"* this narrative convention deprived of expressive accent, neither impressionistic nor expressionistic. But one can also assert that the tradition of the cinematic language, which dates from these last decades, has a tendency toward naturalism and objectivity. There is a contradiction here, unusual enough to require careful observation in its reasons and profound connotations.

To resume, let us say that the linguistic archetypes of im-signs are the images of memory and dream, that is, the images of communication with oneself (and of only indirect communication with others, in the sense that the image which another person has of a thing about which I am speaking constitutes a common reference). These archetypes consequently give an immediate basis of "subjectivity" to the im-signs, the mark of belonging totally to the poetic. So that the tendency of the cinematic language should be expressly subjective and lyrical. But the im-signs, as we have seen, also have other archetypes: the integration of gestures into the spoken language and also realization such as we see it with its signs that have only the value of signals. Such archetypes are profoundly different from those of memory and dreams, namely, they are brutally objective, they belong to a type of "communication with others" common to all and strictly functional, so that the tendency which they stamp upon the language of im-signs is rather flatly informative. Moreover, the primary work of the filmmaker — the choice of the im-signs of a true common and instituted vocabulary like that of words. A subjective intervention thus comes into play as of this primary stage, insofar as this primary choice of possible images is therefore quite necessarily subjective.

But this too is subject to contradiction. The brief history of cinema (due to the limitations of expression imposed by the very large number of intended viewers of the film) has been such that the systems which immediately became cinematic syntagmas — and thus form a part of the linguistic institution — are few and, at bottom, crude (remember the example of the locomotive wheels: the infinite series of close-ups all like that . . .). All this underscores the elementary, objective and conventional character of the language of im-signs.

In sum cinema, or the language of im-signs, has a double nature. It is at the same time extremely subjective and extremely objective (an objectivity which, ultimately, is an insurmountable vocation of naturalism). These two essential aspects are closely bound together, to the point of being inseparable, even for the needs of an analysis. The literary function also is double by nature: but its two faces are discernible: there is a "language of poetry" and a "language of prose" so differentiated that they are diachronical and have two divergent histories.

With words, I can proceed with two different operations and thus end up either with a "poem" or with a "narrative." With images, I can only — at least to date — create cinema (whose more or less poetic or prosaic character is merely a matter of nuances. This in theory. In practice, as we have seen, a tradition of a "language of narrative cinematic prose" was quickly constituted).

There are of course extreme cases, where the poetic character of cinema is altogether evident. The *Andalusian Dog*, for example, is flagrantly obedient to a will to pure expression; but to get there, Buñuel had to have recourse to the descriptive panoply of surrealism — and one must say that, as a surrealist product, it is of the first order. Few of the other literary works or paintings of this movement can be compared to it, insofar as their poetic quality is corrupted by a naive hypertrophy of the content appropriate to the poetics of surrealism, which harms the expressive purity of the words or colors. On the contrary, the purity of cinematic images is no longer thwarted but exalted by a surrealist content. Because it is the true oniric nature of dreams and of unconscious memory which surrealism finds in cinema. . . .

Cinema, as I said before, because of its lack of a vocabulary of concepts, is directly metaphorical. However, each metaphor intended in particular inevitably includes something crude and conventional: witness those flights of excited or peaceful doves that are supposed to render a character's torment or joy.

In sum, the nuanced metaphor, scarcely perceptible, that subtle poetic halo which separates, by a breath and a chasm, the language of Leopardi's "A Sylvia" from the classical petrarcho-archaic language — this metaphor would not be possible in cinema. The most poetic cinematic metaphor possible is always closely bound to the other nature of cinema, the strictly communicative one of prose, which has prevailed in the short tradition of cinema history, spanning in a single linguistic convention art-films and escape-films, masterpieces and adventure serials.

And yet, the tendency of the most recent cinema — from Rossellini, compared with Socrates, to the "new wave"

and to the production of the last few years, of the last few months (including, I suppose, the majority of the films presented at the Pesaro festival!)* is towards a "cinema of poetry."

The question which arises is thus the following: how can the "language of poetry" be theoretically explainable and practically possible in cinema? I would like to answer this question by exceeding the strict domain of cinema, by widening the issue and profiting from the liberty which my particular position — between cinema and literature — assures me. I will therefore, for the moment, transform the question: "Is the 'language of poetry' possible in cinema?" into this one: "Is the technique of free indirect discourse possible in cinema?" Indeed, we shall see below how the birth of a technical tradition of the "language of poetry" in cinema is bound to a particular form of free indirect cinematic discourse. But first I must specify what I mean by "free indirect discourse."

It is simply this: the author penetrates entirely into the spirit of his character, of whom he thus adopts not only the psychology but also the language.

Examples of free indirect discourse have always been numerous in literature. Thus, Dante employs a sort of free indirect discourse when he uses, mimetically, terms which one hardly imagines were familiar to him, and which belong to the vocabulary of his characters' social milieu: expressions from the courtly language and love-novels of the age for Paolo and Francesca, crude words for the town loafers. . . . Naturally, the use of free indirect discourse blossomed first with naturalism, such as that — poetic and archaic — of Verga, then with intimist and twilight literature, i.e. that of the nineteenth century, essentially composed of re-lived discourses.

The characteristic of all re-lived discourses is that the author cannot abstract from them a certain sociological consciousness of the milieu he is evoking: the social condition of a character determines his language (specialized languages, dialect, jargon, dialectal language).

We must also distinguish the interior monolog from free indirect discourse: the interior monolog is a discourse re-lived by the author through a character who is, at least ideally, of the same class and generation. The language can therefore be the same for the character and for the author: psycho-

* Among the features entered in the 1965 Pesaro "new cinema" festival, which is exclusively devoted to first works, were: Istvan Gaál's *Sodrasban* (Hungary; awarded Filmcritica prize, best feature), Jerzy Skolimowski's *Rysopis* (Poland), Ebrahim Golestan's *Khesht o Arenech* (Iran), Person's *Sao Paulo S.A.* (Brazil), Miquel Picazo's *La Tia Tula* (Spain), *Paris Vu Par* (16mm sketches by Rouch, Chabrol, Godard, Rohmer et al.; not in competition); among the shorts were: Peter Baldwin's *Some Sort of Cage* (USA; Filmcritica prize, best short), and Gianni Amico's *Noi insistiamo* (Italy). (Tr.)

logical and objective characterization in this case not a fact of language, but of style. Whereas free indirect discourse is more naturalistic, for it is really a direct discourse without quotation mark and which thus necessitates the use of the character's language. In bourgeois literature without class consciousness (that is, in which there is identification with all humanity), free indirect discourse is most often a pretext. The author constructs a character — speaking if need be, an invented language — which allows him to express his particular interpretation of the world. In this indirect discourse, which, for good or bad reasons, is only a pretext, one can find a narration studded with man-borrowings from the "language of poetry."

In cinema, direct discourse corresponds to the "subjective" shot. In direct discourse the author puts himself aside and allows his character to speak, in quotation marks:

And saying: 'Come now: you see the meridian

Touched by the sun and on the bank

The foot of night already covers Morocco.'

By direct discourse Dante relates, as spoken, the words of his master. When a screenwriter writes, as *seen with the eyes of Accatone*: "Stella runs through the vacant lot," or else "Close-up of Cabiria looking around; she sees, far off, through the acacia, some youngster who dance by, playing instruments," he is outlining the scheme of what, during shooting and even more during editing will become "subjectives."

There is no lack of famous "subjectives," if only for their extravagance: remember, in Dreyer's *Vampyr*, the "subjective" shot which sees the world as the corpse sees it, as we can see if laid out in a coffin — that is, looking up from below, and moving.

Just as writers do not always have precise technical awareness of an operation such as that of free indirect discourse, so directors have, up to now, created the stylistic conditions of this operation totally unconsciously, or with very approximate awareness.

Yet it is certain that a free indirect discourse is possible in cinema all the same. Let us call this operation (which compared to its literary analog, can be infinitely less flexible and complex) "free indirect subjectivity." And, since we have established a difference between "free indirect discourse" and "interior monolog," we shall have to see to which of these two methods "free indirect discourse" is more closely related.

It cannot be a true "interior monolog" insofar as cinema does not have the faculty of interiorization and abstraction which the word has: it is a "interior monolog" in images, and that all. Thus it lacks a whole abstract theoretical dimension, evidently present in the monolog, which is an evocative



Kenji Mizoguchi: *Sansho Dayu*—"you didn't feel the camera."

and cognitive act. Thus the lack of an element (concepts of literature) prevents the "free indirect subjective" from corresponding perfectly to what the free indirect monolog is in literature. I would not be capable of citing any instances of total interiorization of the author into a character in the history of cinema up to the '60s: I do not believe any film exists which is an entire "free indirect subjective," in which the story is told through the character, and in an absolute interiorization of the system of allusions belonging to the author.

If the "free indirect subjective" does not altogether correspond to the "interior monolog," it corresponds still less to the true "free indirect discourse."

When a writer "re-lives the discourse" of one of his characters, he steps him-

self in his psychology, but also in his language: "free indirect discourse" is therefore always linguistically differentiated from the language of the writer.

If he is able to reproduce, by re-living them, the different languages of the various social categories, it is because they exist. Every linguistic reality is a whole composed of differentiated and socially differentiating languages; and the writer who employs free indirect discourse must above all be aware of this: it is an aspect of class consciousness.

But, as we have seen, the "institutional language of cinema" is only hypothetical; or if it exists, it is infinite, for the author must always create his own vocabulary. But, even this particular vocabulary ends up a universal language; for everybody has eyes. It is not a ques-

tion here of taking into consideration special languages, sub-languages, jargons, social differentiations, for if there are any, they are completely uncatalogable and unusable.

It is evident that the "look" directed by a peasant (the more so if he comes from an underdeveloped region) and by a cultivated bourgeois upon the same object embraces two different realities: not only do the two men perceive two different "series" of things, but also, the same thing offers two different "faces" to the two "looks." But this too is only inductive and escapes all codification.

Practically, then, on a possible common linguistic level based on these "looks," the difference which a director can encounter between himself and his character is psychological and social, *but it is not linguistic*. Which completely prevents any naturalistic *mimesis* between the filmmaker's language and the language, the hypothetical "look" directed by another upon reality.

If the filmmaker assimilates himself to his character and, through him, tells a story, or represents the world, he cannot have recourse to that formidable instrument of differentiation which is language. *His operation cannot be linguistic, but stylistic.*

Besides, even the writer who re-lives the discourse of a character *socially identical to him* cannot characterize his psychology thanks to language—which is his own—but thanks to style, and practically thanks to certain turns belonging to the "language of poetry."

The fundamental characteristic of the "free indirect subjective" is therefore not of a linguistic nature, but of a stylistic one. It can be defined as an interior monologue without its conceptual and philosophic element, which as such is abstract.

This implies, theoretically at least, that the "free indirect subjective" in cinema is endowed with a very flexible stylistic possibility; that it also liberates the expressive possibilities stifled by traditional narrative conventions, by a sort of return to their origins, which extends even to rediscovering in the technical means of cinema their original oniric, barbaric, irregular, aggressive, visionary qualities. It is the "free indirect subjective" which establishes the possible tradition of a "technical language of poetry" in cinema.

To take concrete examples of all this, I shall have to make Antonioni, Bertolucci, and Godard undergo the test of analysis. (But I could choose, too, authors in Brazil; Rocha, in Czechoslovakia and probably among a good number of those represented at Pesaro.)

As for Antonioni (*Red Desert*), I would not want to stop at points which are universally recognizable as poetic and which are numerous in this film. For example those two or three violet flowers which are in the foreground, out of focus, in the shot in which the two characters go into the neurotic worker's

house and which, a little later, reappear in the background of the shot, no longer out of focus but fiercely sharp, when they come back out. Or else the dream sequence, which after so much refinement in the colors, is filmed very simply in the most natural technicolor (to imitate, or better: to re-live through a "free indirect subjective" a child's idea—which comes from the comic strips—of tropical beaches). Or, again, the scene of the preparation for the voyage to Patagonia: the workers who are listening and that stupefying close-up of a worker from Emilia, strikingly truthful, followed by a crazy vertical pan along an electric-blue stripe on the whitewashed wall of the warehouse. All this bears witness to a profound, mysterious, and at times extreme intensity in what illuminates Antonioni's imagination: the formal idea.

But, in order to demonstrate that the basis of the film is essentially this formalism, I would like to examine two aspects of a particular stylistic operation (the same which I shall examine in Bertolucci and Godard)—an extremely significant one. The two moments of this operation are: (1) The close follow-up of two viewpoints, scarcely different from each other, upon the same object: that is, the succession of two shots which frame the same portion of reality—first from close in, then from a *little* farther away; or else first head-on, then a *little* obliquely; or else, finally, quite simply, on the same alignment but with two different lenses. From this arises an insistence which becomes obsessive, as myth of the pure and anguishing autonomous beauty of things. (2) The technique which consists in having characters enter and leave the frame, so that, in a sometimes obsessive way, the montage is the succession of a series of pictures—which I shall call informal—into which the characters enter; so that the world appears as ordered by the myth of a pure pictorial beauty, which the characters invade, it is true, but while submitting to the rule of this beauty instead of profaning it by their presence.

The inner law of the film, that of "obsessive framing," thus shows clearly the preponderance of a formalism as a myth finally liberated and hence poetic (the fact that I use the term formalism does not imply any value-judgment; I am well aware that an authentic and sincere formalist inspiration does exist: the poetry of language).

But how has this liberation been possible for Antonioni? Quite simply thanks to the creation of a "stylistic condition" by a "free indirect subjective" which coincides with the entire film.

In *Red Desert*, Antonioni no longer applies, by a somewhat awkward contamination as in his previous films, his own formalist vision of the world to an engaged content (the problem of the neurosis of alienation); but he looks at the world at one with his neurotic heroine, re-living it through the "look"



of this woman (who is, not for nothing, this time beyond the clinical stage, suicide having already been attempted). Thanks to this stylistic mechanism, Antonioni has given us his most authentic work. He has finally succeeded in representing the world seen through *his own eyes because he has substituted, wholly, the world-view of a sick woman for his own vision, which is delirious with estheticism*: a substitution justified by the possible analogy of the two visions. But even if some part of arbitrariness entered into this substitution, one could make no objection. It is clear that the "free indirect subjective" is

a pretext which Antonioni has, perhaps quite arbitrarily, used in order to obtain the greatest poetic liberty — a liberty which, precisely, borders (and this is why it is intoxicating) upon the arbitrary.

Obsessive still shots are also characteristic of Bertolucci's film, *Before the Revolution*. However, they have a different meaning than for Antonioni. The world-fragment, imprisoned in the frame and transformed by it into a fragment of autonomous beauty which refers only to itself, does not interest Bertolucci as it interests, in return, Antonioni. Bertolucci's formalism is infinitely less pic-



Bernardo Bertolucci: *Before the Revolution*.

torial: his frame does not intervene metaphorically upon reality, sectioning it into so many mysteriously autonomous places, like pictures. Bertolucci's frame adheres to reality, according to the canon of a certain realist manner (according to a technique of poetic language, followed by the classics from Charlie Chaplin to Bergman): the stillness of a shot upon a portion of reality (the river, Parma, the streets of Parma, etc.) reveals the grace of a profound and confused love precisely for *that* portion of reality.

Practically, the whole stylistic of *Before the Revolution* is a long "free

indirect subjective" based on the dominant state of mind of the protagonist, the neurotic young aunt. Whereas there was, in Antonioni, a whole substitution of the sick woman's vision for that (of a febrile formalism) of the author, in Bertolucci such a substitution does not take place. What there has been is a contamination between the vision the neurotic woman has of the world and that of the author, which are inevitably analogous, but difficult to perceive, being closely intermixed, having the same style.

The intense moments of expression in the film are, precisely, those "insistences"

of the framing and the montage-rhythms, whose structural realism (derived from Rossellinian neo-realism and the mythic realism of some younger master) is charged, throughout the uncommon duration of a shot or a montage-rhythm, till it explodes in a sort of technical scandal. Such an insistence on details, particularly on certain details in the digressions, is a deviation in relation to the system of the film: *it is the temptation to make another film*. It is, in sum, the presence of the author, who, in a measureless liberty, goes beyond the film and threatens continually to abandon it for the sake of an unforeseen in-

spiration which is that—latent—of the author's love for the poetic world of his own life-experiences. A moment of a naked and raw subjectivity, entirely natural, in a film in which — as in Antonioni's — subjectivity is mystified by a method of false objectivism, the result of a pretextual "free indirect subjective."

Beneath the style generated by the disoriented, disorganized, beset-by-details state of mind of the protagonist, is the level of the world as seen by an author no less neurotic, dominated by an elegiac, elegant, but never "classicist" spirit.

In the world-view of Godard, there is, on the contrary, something rough and perhaps even slightly vulgar. For him, elegy is inconceivable. Perhaps because he lives in Paris, he cannot be touched by such a provincial and rustic sentiment. For the same reason the classicist formalism of Antonioni is also foreign to him. He is altogether post-impressionist, he has none of the old sensuality which still impregnates conservative lands and which is marginal, Paduan-Roman, even when it is very Europeanized, as in Antonioni. Godard has set himself no moral imperative: he feels neither the need of a Marxist engagement (that's ancient history), nor academic mad conscience (that's all right for the provinces). His vitality knows neither restraints, nor modesties, nor scruples. It is a force which reconstitutes the world to its measure, which is cynical towards itself. Godard's poetics is ontological; its name is cinema. His formalism is thus of a technical character, poetic by its very nature. Everything that is moving and is fixed by the camera is beautiful: this is the technical—and therefore poetic—restitution of reality. Godard too, naturally, plays the usual game: he too needs a "dominant state of mind" of the protagonist to establish his technical liberty. A neurotic and scandalous dominant state in his relationship with reality. The heroes of his films too are therefore sick—exquisite flowers of the bourgeois class, but they are not in treatment. They are gravely affected, but full of life, this side of the brink of pathology: they simply embody the norm of a new anthropological type. Even their obsession is characteristic of their relationship with the world: the obsessive attachment to a detail or a gesture (and this is where cinematic technique comes in; even better than literary technique, it can push such situations to the extreme). But this insistence on a single object does not exceed a bearable duration; in Godard, there is no cult of the object as form (as in Antonioni) nor a cult of the object as symbol of a lost world (as in Bertolucci): Godard has no cult and puts everything on a level of equality. His "free indirect discourse" is the systematic alignment of a thousand details of the world, which follow one another, undifferentiated, without continuity-sol-

ution, arranged in sequence with the cold and almost satisfied obsession (typical of his amoral characters) of a disintegration reunified in an unarticulated language. Godard is a complete stranger to classicism—otherwise one could speak in his case of neo-cubism—but we could very well speak of an atonal neo-cubism. Behind the narrative of his films, behind the long "free indirect subjectives" which imitate his characters' state of mind, there always unwinds a mechanical and asymmetrical film, made for the pure pleasure of restoring a reality broken by technique and reconstructed by a vulgar Braque.

The "cinema of poetry" — as it appears several years after its birth — characteristically produces films of a double nature. The film which one sees and receives normally is a "free indirect subjective" which is sometimes irregular and approximate — in short, very free. This comes from the fact that the author uses the "dominant state of mind in the film," which is that of a sick character, to make a continual *mimesis* of it, which allows him a great stylistic liberty, unusual and provocative. Behind such a film unwinds the other film—the one the author would have made even without the pretext of *visual mimesis* with the protagonist; a totally and freely expressive, even expressionist, film.

Obsessive framings and montage-rhythms testify to the existence of this underlying, unrealized film. Such an obsessive force contradicts not only the rules of the common cinematic language, following a different and perhaps more authentic inspiration, liberates itself from its function and appears as "language in itself," style.

The "cinema of poetry" is therefore in reality essentially based on the stylistic exercise as inspiration, which is, in the majority of cases, sincerely poetic. This removes all suspicion of mystification as to the role of the pretext which is that of the "free indirect subjective."

What then does all this mean?

It means that a common technostylistic tradition is in process of being formed: that is, a cinema language of poetry. This language tends to appear henceforth as diachronical in relation to narrative cinema language: a diachronism which is destined to be emphasized increasingly, as happens in literary systems.

This emerging tradition is based on the collection of cinematic stylemes which have been constituted almost naturally in function of the irregular psychological characteristics of the characters chosen as pretexts, or, better: in function of a primarily formalist world-view of the author (informal in Antonioni, elegiac in Bertolucci, technical in Godard). Expressing such an inner vision necessarily requires a special language, with its technical and stylistic formulas simultaneously serving the inspiration, which, as it is precisely formalist, finds in them at once its in-

strument and its object. The "cinematic stylemes" which have thus appeared and been classified in a tradition barely established and still without norms—unless intuitive, pragmatic ones — all coincide with typical procedures of cinematic expression. They are linguistic facts, which therefore require specific linguistic expressions. Enumerating them amounts to outlining a possible "prosody," not yet codified, in gestation, but whose rules already exist in potential (from Paris to Rome and from Prague to Brasilia).

The primordial characteristic of these indications of a tradition of the cinema of poetry consists in a phenomenon which technicians define normally and tritely as "making the camera felt." In sum, the maxim of wise filmmakers in force up till the '60s—"Never let the camera's presence be felt"—has been replaced by its opposite.

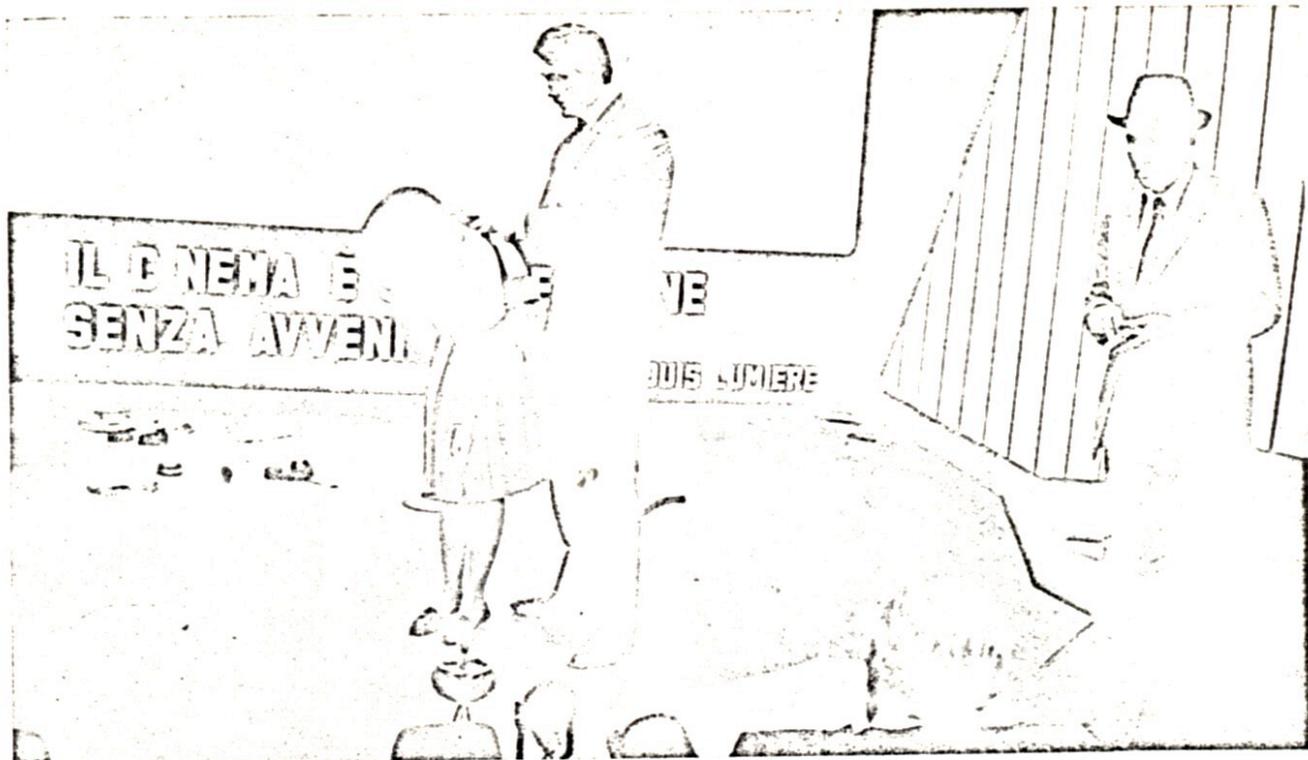
These two opposite points, gnosiological and gnomic, indiscussibly define the existence of two different ways of making films: of two different cinematic languages . . .

But then it is necessary to say that in the great cinematic poems of Charlie Chaplin, of Mizoguchi or of Bergman, the common character was that "you didn't feel the camera": they were not filmed, therefore, according to the laws of "the language of the cinema of poetry."

Their poetry resided elsewhere than in the language considered as linguistic technique. The fact that one did not feel the camera in them means that the language was adhering to the meanings by putting itself in their service: it was transparent to perfection, did not superimpose itself upon the facts, did not do violence to them with mad semantic deformations—the very ones which are due to a language which is present as incessant technico-stylistic awareness.

Let us recall the boxing sequence in *City Lights*, between Charlie Chaplin and a champion who is, as usual, much stronger than he is. The astonishing comedy of Charlie's dance, his little steps taken a bit here and there, symmetrical, useless, overwhelming and irresistibly ridiculous, well, here, the camera was still and took just any long shot. One didn't feel it. Or again let us recall one of the last products of the classic cinema of poetry: *The Devil's Eye*, by Bergman, when Don Juan and Pablo leave Hell after three centuries and see the world again: the appearance of the world — such an extraordinary thing — is filmed with a shot of the two heroes against a background of somewhat wild springtime country, one or two very common close-ups and a long shot of a Swedish panorama, overwhelmingly beautiful in its crystalline and humble insignificance. The camera was still, it framed these images in an absolutely normal way. One didn't feel it.

The poetic character of the classic



Godard: *Contempt*, Giorgia Moll, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, Michel Piccoli—'a level of equality.'

films was therefore not the fact of a specifically poetic language.

This means that these films were not poetry, but narratives. Classic cinema was and is narrative, its language is that of prose. Its poetry is an inner poetry, as, for example, in the narratives of Chekhov or Melville.

Thus one feels the camera, and for good reasons. The alternation of different lenses, a 25 or a 300 on the same face, the abuse of the zoom with its long focuses which stick to things and dilate them like quick-rising loaves, the continual counterpoints fallaciously left to chance, the kicks in the lens, the tremblings of the hand-held camera, the exasperated tracking-shots, the breaking of continuity for expressive reasons, the irritating linkages, the shots that remain interminably on the same image, this whole technical code was born almost of an intolerance of the rules, of the need of unusual and provocative liberty, a diversely authentic and pleasant taste for anarchy, but it immediately became law, a prosodic and linguistic heritage which concerns all the cinemas in the world at the same time.

Of what use is it to have identified and, in a way, baptized this recent technico-stylistic tradition "cinema of poetry?" A simple terminological convenience, evidently, and which is senseless unless one then proceeds to a comparative examination of this phenomenon in relation to a larger political, social and cultural situation.

Cinema, probably since 1936 — the year *Modern Times* was released — has always been in advance of literature. Or at least, it has catalyzed, with an opportuneness that made it chronologically

anterior, the profound socio-political reasons which were to characterize literature a bit later.

Cinematic neo-realism (*Open City*) prefigured all the neo-realism in Italian literature in the post-war years and part of the '50s; the neo-decadent or neo-formalist films of Fellini or Antonioni prefigured the revival of the Italian neo-avant-garde and the extinction of neo-realism; the "new wave" anticipated the "school of the Look" in brilliantly publicizing its first symptoms; the new cinema of some of the socialist republics is the primordial and most remarkable datum of a reawakening of interest in these countries for a formalism of Western origin, as an interrupted twentieth-century motif, etc. In a general framework, this formation of a tradition of a "language of poetry in cinema" appears as the hope for a strong and general resumption of formalism as typical and average production of neo-capitalism. (Naturally, there remains the reserve, due to my Marxist moralism, of a possible alternative: i.e., of a renewal of the writer's mandate, which for the moment appears to have expired.)

Indeed, to conclude:

(1) The technico-stylistic tradition of a cinema of poetry originates in the climate of neo-formalist researches, corresponding to the stylistic and linguistic inspiration which has again become current in literary production.

(2) The use of the "free indirect subjective" in the cinema of poetry is only a pretext enabling the author to speak indirectly — through some narrative alibi — in the first person; thus the language used for the interior monologs of the character-pretexts is the language

of a "first person" who sees the world according to an essentially irrational inspiration and who, to express himself, must therefore have recourse to the most brilliant means of expression in the "language of poetry."

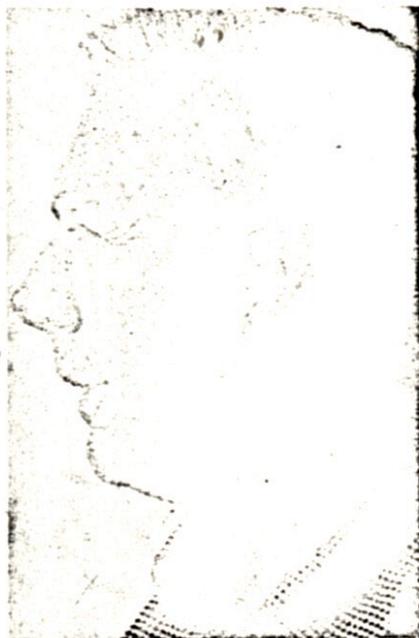
(3) The character-pretexts can only be chosen from the author's own cultural circle: therefore analogous to him by their culture, language and psychology: "exquisite flowers of the bourgeois class." If they happen to belong to another social world, they are always sweetened and assimilated via the categories of anomaly, neurosis or hypersensitivity. The bourgeois class itself, in sum, even in cinema, identifies itself, again, with all humanity, in an irrational interclassism.

All this belongs to the general movement of recuperation, by bourgeois culture, of the territory it had lost in the battle with Marxism and its possible revolution. And this is a part of the somehow grandiose movement of the evolution—we shall call it anthropological—of the bourgeoisie, along the lines of an "internal revolution" of capitalism, i.e. of a neo-capitalism, which questions and modifies its own structures and which, in the case which concerns us, re-attributes to the poets a pseudo-humanistic function: myth and the technical awareness of form.

(This text was read in Italian by Pier Paolo Pasolini in June 1965 at the first New Cinema Festival at Pesaro. The present version is from the French translation by Marianne di Vettimo and Jacques Bontemps which appeared in *Cahiers du Cinéma* #171, October 1965.)

The Testament of Balthazar

Robert Bresson's *Au Hasard Balthazar*: Bresson, Anne Wiazemsky and Walter Green; Bresson; Anne Wiazemsky and Balthazar.



"I am thrown into nature, and nature appears not only outside me, in objects without a history; it is visible at the center of subjectivity.

My grasps on the past and on the future are slippery; my possession of my time is always deferred until the moment when I would understand myself entirely, and that moment cannot arrive, since it would still be a moment, bordered by a horizon of future, and in its turn would need developments in order to be understood. So my life of will and reason knows itself to be involved with another power that keeps it from fulfilling itself and gives it always the aspect of a rough draft. Natural time is always there.

Such is the lot of a being who is born, that is to say, who, once and for all, has been given to himself as something to understand. If natural time is at the center of my history, I see myself also surrounded by it. If my first years are behind me like an unknown land, that is not by a chance failure of memory and for lack of a complete exploration: there is nothing to know in those unexplored lands.

An Objective Spirit dwells in relics and in landscapes. How is that possible? In the cultural object, I feel the near presence of another person under a veil of anonymity.

The existence of another person creates difficulty and scandal for objective thought.

My experience could be nothing else than the *tête à tête* of a naked consciousness and the system of objective correlations that it thinks.

There are two modes of being and two only: being in itself, which is that of objects set out in space, and being for itself, which is that of consciousness. Now, another person would be before me in an in-itself and nevertheless he would exist for himself; to be perceived he would require of me a contradictory operation, since I must at once distinguish him from myself, therefore situate him in the world of objects, and think him as a consciousness, that is to say as that sort of being, without exteriors and without parts, to which I have access only because it is I, and because the one who thinks and the one who is thought merge in it.

Consciousness discovers in itself, with the sensory fields and with the world as field of all fields, the opacity of an original past. If I feel this inheritance of my consciousness in its body and in its world, the perception of another person and the plurality of consciousnesses offer no more difficulty.

When I turn toward my perception and when I pass from direct perception to the thought of this perception, I re-

effect it, I find again a thought older than I at work in my organs of perception, of which they are only the trace. It is in the same way that I comprehend another person. Here again, I have only the trace of a consciousness that escapes me in its actuality, and, when my look meets another look, I re-effect the alien existence in a kind of reflection.

We must learn to find again the communication of consciousnesses in one same world. In reality, another person is not enclosed in my perspective on the world, because this perspective itself does not have definite limits, because it slips spontaneously into that of the other person, and they are gathered together into a single world in which we all participate as anonymous subjects.

One cultural object plays an essential role in the perception of another person; it is language. In the experience of dialogue, a common ground is constituted between another person and me; my thought and his make only a single texture; my words and those of the interlocutor are called forth by the state of the discussion; they are inserted into a common operation of which neither of us is the creator. There is one being in two, and another is no longer here for me a mere behavior in my transcendental field, nor moreover am I in his; we are to each other collaborators in a perfect reciprocity; our perspectives slip into each other; we coexist through one same world.

But finally, the behavior of another and even the words of another are not another. The mourning of another and his anger have never exactly the same meaning for him and for me. For him, they are situations lived; for me, they are situations presented. Or if, by an impulse of friendship, I can participate in this mourning and in this anger, they remain the mourning and the anger of my comrade Arnold.

I conclude a pact with another; I have resolved to live in an interworld in which I make as much room for another as for myself.

Once another person has been postulated, once another's look on me, by inserting me into his field, has stripped me of a part of my being, one well understands that I can recover that part only by establishing relations with another, making myself be freely recognized by him, and that my freedom requires the same freedom for others. Passed on all sides by my own actions, drowned in generality, I am nevertheless the one by whom they are lived; with my first perception was inaugurated an insatiable being that appropriates to itself all that it can encounter, to which nothing can be purely and simply given, because it has received the world

in its share, and from then on carries in itself the plan of all possible being, because it has been sealed once and for all in its field of experiences.

I am not God; I have only pretensions to divinity. I escape all commitment, and I pass another person, in so far as every situation and every other person must be lived by me in order to be in my eyes.

Solitude and communications should be, not the two terms of an alternative, but the two moments of a single phenomenon, since, in fact, another exists for me.

Gerard transforms me into an object and denies me, I transform him into an object and deny him, people say. In reality, Gerard's look transforms me into an object, and my look transforms him into an object, only if we both withdraw into the depths of our thinking nature, if we give each other inhuman looks, if each one feels that his actions are, not taken up again and understood, but observed like those of an insect. That is, for example, what happens when I come under the look of the baker. But, even then, the objectification of each person by the other's look is felt as painful only because it takes the place of a possible communication.

We must rediscover, after the natural world, the world of community, not as object or sum of objects, but as permanent field or dimension of existence; I can indeed turn away from it, but I cannot cease to be situated in relation to it.

Objective and scientific consciousness of the past and of civilizations would be impossible if I did not have, through the intermediary of my society, of my cultural world and of their horizons, at least a virtual communication with them; if the place of the Athenian republic or of the Roman empire were not marked somewhere within the confines of my own history; if they were not installed there like so many individual persons to know, indeterminate but pre-existent; if I did not find in my life the fundamental structures of history.

There is a thought in contact with the event that seeks its concrete structure.

My birth and my death cannot be objects of thought for me. Installed in life, leaning on my thinking nature, stuck into this transcendental field that opened immediately at my first perception and in which all absence is only the reverse side of a presence, all silence a modality of sonorous being, I have a kind of ubiquity and eternity of principle; I feel myself dedicated to an inexhaustible flow of life, neither whose beginning nor whose end I can think, since it is still the living I who thinks them,

and thus my life precedes itself and survives itself always. Yet this same thinking nature that gorges me with being opens the world to me through a perspective; I receive with it the feeling of my contingency, the anguish of being passed, so that, if I cannot think death, I live in an atmosphere of death in general; there is as it were an essence of death that is always at the horizon of my thoughts.

It would be necessary to choose either to believe in descriptions and to renounce thinking, or else to know what one says and to renounce descriptions.

We must return to the *cogito* to seek there a law more fundamental than that of objective thought, which would give the latter its relative right and, at the same time, put it in its place. In the level of being, one will never understand that the subject is at the same time infinite and finite. But if we meet time again under the subject, and if we connect to the paradox of time those of the world of the thing, of the body, and of another person, we will understand that there is nothing beyond that to understand.

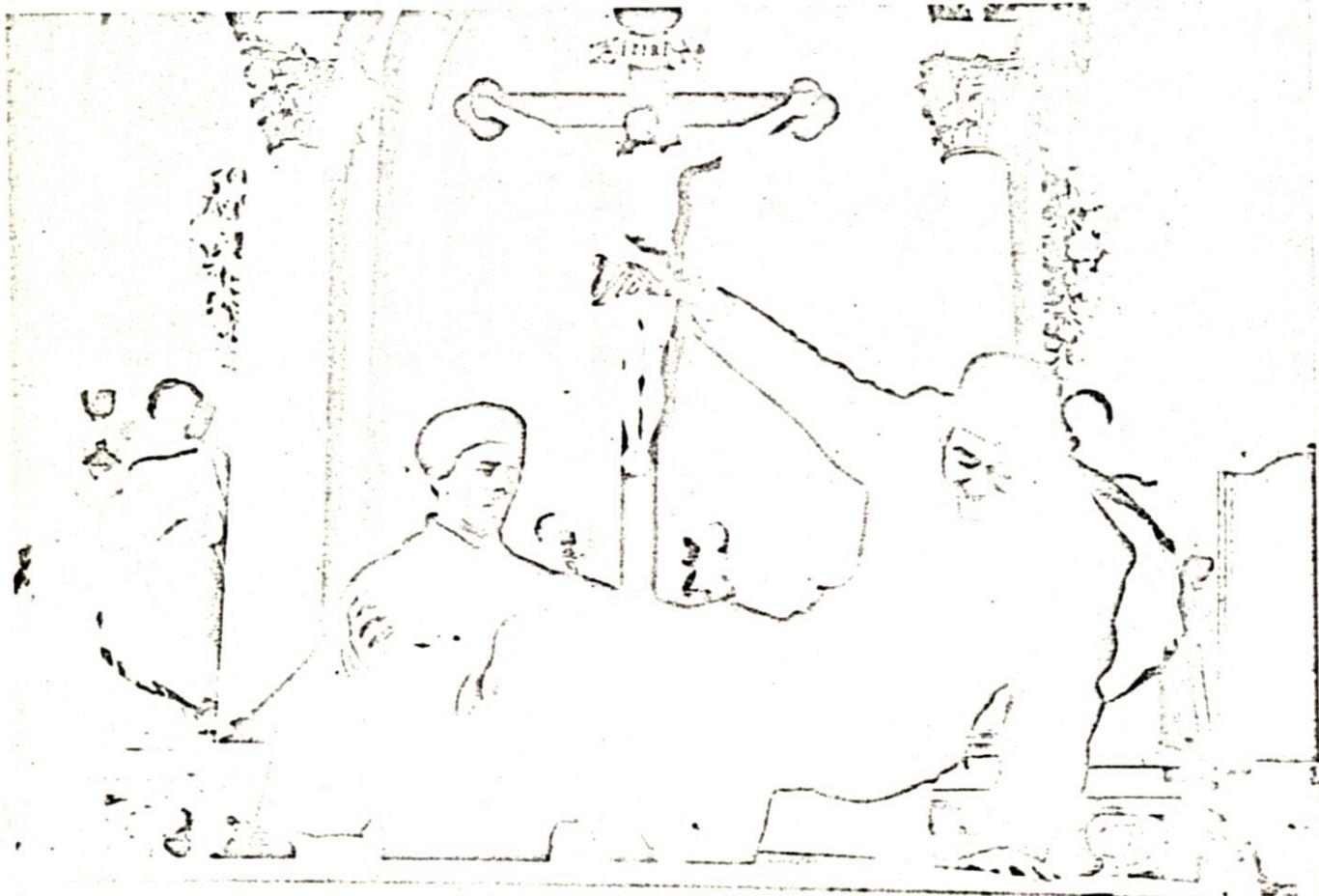
Oh Marie! What then is freedom? To be born is at the same time to be born of the world and to be born to the world. The world is already constituted, but also never completely constituted. Under the first relation, we are appealed to; under the second we are open to an infinity of possibilities.

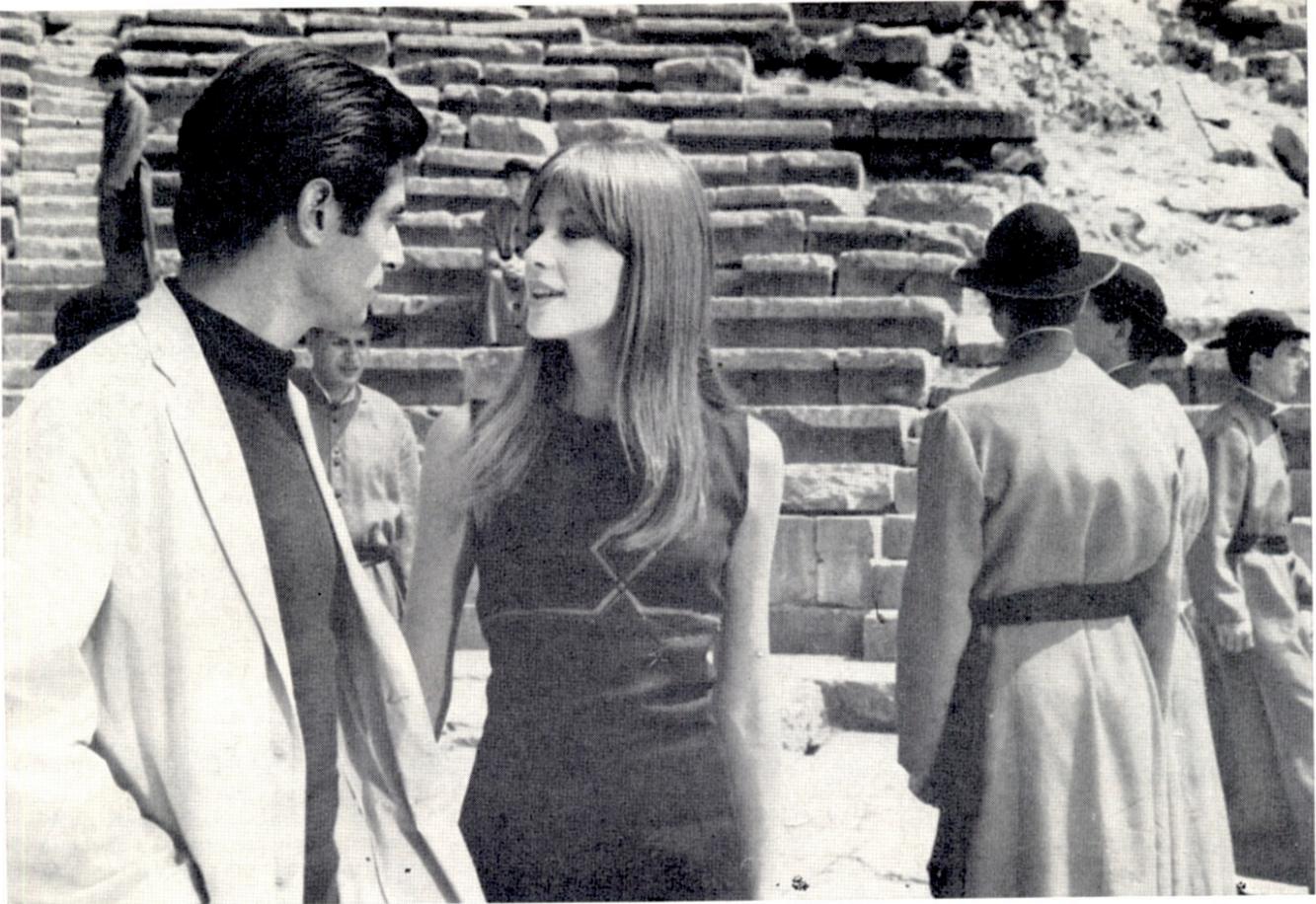
Then all explanations of my conduct by my past, my temperament, my milieu are true, on condition that one consider them not as separable contributions, but as moments of my total being whose meaning I am free to make more explicit in different directions, without one's ever being able to say whether it is I who give them their meaning, or whether I receive it from them.

It is by being without restriction or reserve what I am at present that I have the chance to progress; it is by living my time that I can understand other times; it is by sinking myself into the present and the world, by assuming resolutely what I am by chance, by willing what I will, by doing what to do, that I can go beyond.

We choose our world and the world chooses us. It is certain in any case that we cannot reserve in ourselves a retreat to which being does not penetrate, without this freedom, from the sole fact that it is lived, immediately taking the figure of being and becoming motive and support. Concretely grasped, liberty is always an encounter of the exterior and the interior."

(Words gathered by M. Merleau-Ponty and J.-L. Godard)





Cabiers Critiques

1. ANTOINE BOURSEILLER: *Marie Soleil*, Jacques Charrier, Daniele Delorme.
2. MAI ZETTERLING: *Loving Couples (Alskande Par)*.
3. JEAN-DANIEL POLLET: *Une Balle au coeur*, Sami Frey, Françoise Hardy.

The most yellow bour

MARIE SOLEIL, French film of Antoine Bourseiller.

Scenario: Antoine Bourseiller. *Photography:* Claude Beausoleil. *Music:* Francis Seyrig. *Decors:* Bernard Daydé. *Assistant:* Yves Boisset. *Editor:* Sylvie Blanc. *Cast:* Danièle Delorme (Marie Soleil), Jacques Charrier (Axel), Chantal Darget (Kafka), Michel Piccoli (Raoul), Roger Blin (Karl), Diane Lepvrier (Elise), Geneviève Brunet (the Polish woman), Christian Barbier (director of agricultural exploitation, and the colonel), Michel Huillard (the Producer). *Les Films de la Guéville, 1964. Distributor:* Warner Brothers. *Pole,* Georges Staquet (the bartender). *Length:* 1 hr. 25 min.

By the voice of the unusual little girl who, in the first shots of *Marie Soleil*, knits while addressing the audience, Antoine Bourseiller lays down some cards at the beginning of the game. This very young reciter warns us in her way, like Lady Elbernon, that something is going to happen on the screen "as if it were true," something performed that we are invited to receive as such, without identifying ourselves with the character of what wishes itself essentially spectacle, show. This spectacle will tell, in a certain setting—Cahors, sad as death—the story of the man who did not like barracks and of the woman, traveller on the train for Toulouse, who got off at Cahors; and that, comments Axel, signifies Adventure.

What adventure? That, first of all, whose perfume one breathes in certain French films of before or immediately after the war, of which we keep very often only the memory of actors' faces (of a line with which Blin is connected) or of provincial settings (what was then free France), but in which Demy, the *Nouvelle Vague*, and, it seems, Bourseiller have discovered the cinema. That, then, whose flavor one senses in literature according to the N.R.F., in the novels and plays of Giraudoux.

Man of a period and of a culture, Bourseiller thematizes this insertion into a context as if it were a matter of an imperious need, of his way of appealing to his own experience, of speaking in the first person. Thus he finds a completely new tone, yet one which does not fail to evoke the round that Nerval danced with Sylvia and Adrienne: "Girls danced in a ring on the grass singing old airs handed down by their mother, and in a French so naturally pure that one indeed felt oneself to be in that old land of the Valois in which for more than a thousand years the heart of France has beaten."

But it is in the hand of Quercy that

we are. Axel is a peasant. Let him avow it, and Bourseiller inserts a very rapid image that shows him, according to the expression of Claudel, making his way "up to his neck in the fissure of the harvest." For the *auteur* does not cease to comment on the words of his characters with interpolated images that are not all mental, because they belong no more to Axel than to Marie, but indeed to Bourseiller, who thus punctuates his story in the manner of a novelist, for example Giraudoux, who will write of a character (in *Simon le pathétique*) that he lowers his head and lets go his arms "like a fisherman who has made a mistake, who has put his old nets and not his sails on the mast, and is surprised at being motionless under a wind that drives the others." Little finds of the narrator that accentuate this impression of perspective that we evoked, and that are, one sees, more characteristic of the novel than of the theatre in this film that is, besides, a poem.

In fact, Axel is a peasant. But that is to say a great deal, agricultural engineer in fact, and consequently in love with nature, like Claudel, like Perse, those diplomats, like Bourseiller, maintaining close relations with it in spite of distance, or because of distance which will allow the birth of words.

These words translate a feeling for nature very new to cinema, where one observes generally — and Antonioni would represent in a way the limiting case of it—an attempt to substitute for perception a deformation tending to make of the perceived the echo of something else.

The search finally becomes related to that of the French Romantics, for whom everything happened as if they themselves were magic, possessors of meanings that they undertook to confer on the object perceived. It is to an opposite tendency that Bourseiller is situated; for him it is nature — being or things — that is the poet. Towards it the first reaction is admiration; the first word, praise. From then on it is no longer a question of anything but going, like the *promeneur* of Claudel, in quest of the signs that wait to be taken up. It is the *cadastre*, the land registry, that has meaning, offered as it is to the journey of the "verifier of the thing present." Everything has freedom of the city in this naturalism that has nothing to do with that—equally valid—of Mai Zetterling, I mean Zola, if it is not that the *auteur* draws his inspiration from sights that the common man ordinarily considers prosaic and that find themselves for this reason banished from the screens: a cow calves, a sweating woman sings disagreeably in an unlikely cabaret, Gagarine comes to Paris, and a woman of Cahors whom he fascinates rushes towards the capital . . . The poem embraces everything, and nothing that it names is indifferent.

Unconstrainedly it brings together some unexpected human beings (engineer, singer, legionnaire, dance hostess, wine merchant, farmers, and so on), described in a way often realistic and situated in a plausible frame, but whose encounter is affected by a certain coefficient of improbability. One can think that such a procession was made up only for the purpose of a quest for the unusual, but I should incline rather to think that this way that the film has of putting on stage characters without surprise, and surprising by the relations that it establishes among them, is the characteristic of poetry, in so far as it establishes a new order, and here, more precisely, of a poetry that seeks to include reality as a whole in the film. Thus, even confined in a bed in Cahors, Karl evokes legion, palm trees, African camp followers, sun, sand, heat, malaria, just as Axel does the wind of the north, mine, sea, low sky, and wet roads—which is a way of substituting for the limits of Quercy those of the entire earth. But that is still too little. To see more, Bourseiller will have to have recourse to the epos that the coming of Gagarine favors.

In the same way, literary or cinematographic references as well (they are not so much precise references as atmospheres met again, as if a perpetual and uncertain phenomenon of paramnesia were to preside over the entire spectacle) widen the field of inspiration of the poet giving amplitude (spatial or temporal) to his song.

Drawing his inspiration from the source of the new environment as from that of the event, Bourseiller comes to appeal to the riches of culture as well. So we find realistic characters (if nevertheless the standard of this realism can be set down in books and films as well as in life) and a fictitious juxtaposition of them. The fiction is plausible, but nothing in its bold arrangement favors adherence. If nevertheless it convinces, it is in a very special way: the cinematographic poem in quest of the universal enumerates by naming. Its enumeration gathers the diverse, sets in relation, and it is in this setting in relation that the unity of the spectacle is constituted.

A spectacle before a backdrop representing a world in ruins. Marie is prisoner there of the narrowness of the conventions (for to oppose them is still to take a position in relation to them). The passage of a car on the highway, commented on by these words only: "It is the dentist and his wife," or else again the withering look that a priest casts on Axel, are enough to make their menace weigh. But there are the secondary characters as well (the wine merchant; the entourage of Axel, stiff at the time of a reception; the farmer) to stigmatize them more openly. These conventions favor intense moments (passion, physical desire of nature), that



Antoine Bourseiller: Marie Soleil, Roger Blin and Daniele Delorme.

appeal to something else that constitutes the very woof of the film. If the fiction that the latter carries possesses the amplitude that we have stressed, that has, from then on, nothing of the caprice of the imagination about it; it is, quite the contrary, an attempt to translate what would be our deep vocation: attraction of the unknown, refusal of the conventional, thirst for the absolute, and so on, vocation, endlessly thwarted, that can be satisfied only in brief and rare paroxysmic moments. One can know them only on condition of living fully one's life. Then, Marie loves her lot, quite derisory as it is; she loves, also, Axel's — so different — and refuses to oppose it. Each of us has to become the person that he is. The film affirms it in a tone often solemn, sometimes even emphatic. In celebrating thus nature, life, it takes the accents of a hymn, the rhythm also. This rhythm was no doubt what was most difficult to find and, especially, to maintain. Now, one must see how Bourseiller succeeds in communicating to his film a pulsation that seems the very pulse of life. In scenes like the sunbath, the love in chains (of a violence like Fuller's, *Marie-Soleil* being, very oddly, the only French film that has something in common with *The Naked Kiss*), Gagarin's journey, Axel's passage into the church, where he sprinkles himself with holy water, Bourseiller shows a breath of which we have no example in French cinema, unless it is—though differently—but perhaps this is the point

in common with Fuller — in Gance. Some people have not accepted the tone of the film, hastening to speak of Poetization with a capital P, when I am struck, quite on the contrary, by the simplicity of Bourseiller, and by the richness of the gamut of nuances that he employs. Thus, to be offended by the last sequences because they offer only stiffened characters, abstract crossings of lines; to speak in this connection of Resnais or of Theatre (!) — this, it seems to me, is to succumb to a superficial reaction as frivolous as reflex. Perhaps it would be better to make the effort of noting, for example, that the fragment of threatened life that the film presented has been extinguished, that the characters have died for one another, which, moreover, is said in the admirable monologue that Marie delivers then, and which alone counts. Now, in order that we should be attentive to it even so far as the least implications of its elaborately worked "writing," it is necessary that the images thus become completely disincarnate (moreover because this withering finds itself then precisely the subject), even if this is to possess their beauty only from the reflection of the monologue on them. I admire this search, deliberately turning its back on the fashion, for a balance among the different parts of the whole that is the film. At the time of this ending, then, the praise becomes a funeral chant, and it is good that the images merge in this evolution. Beyond Bourseiller's extreme variety of

language, one rediscovers this harmony the whole length of the work — the harmony of his song to "the immense octave of Creation."

It has celebrated everything, this song. That is to say essentially the energy that we need, that I must expend in the search for that other half of myself that I have to be "until the day when even mirrors will reflect us no longer," until our entry "into the orders of death." And Bourseiller comes naturally to celebrate death also.

It is with ruins as a backdrop that the film, we were saying, unrolled. It is also with protagonists already dead in a sense, since this story is the occasion of a rebirth, for Axel on leaving the barracks, and for Marie, who loves as she believed herself no longer to be able. Thus, what is life itself (passion towards nature) is unfolded with, to set it off, the menace of what awaits it; of what has already taken place, will happen again, and from which some day one will not recover. Bourseiller shows only strong feelings in their paroxysmic moments but succeeds in presenting them as condemned even when they reach the highest intensity. To feel a moment as a paroxysm—that is, necessarily, to have a presentiment of a deterioration to come. "We can no longer love each other now," says Marie. Instead of showing the degradation, Bourseiller chooses, in contempt of psychology, but as a poet, to give it as inevitable, showing only a culmination, but from the essential point of

view in which it appears, in the language of Perse as a "to live, standing tall, walking on the land of the dead." Have contempt for psychology, we said, to the extent that one expects from an *auteur* who chooses characters firmly situated in their professional life, and who, in addition, does not neglect the unrolling of a conventional plot, an obedience to the rules that he thus imposes on himself. Now, Bourseiller is the more rebellious against these rules in that, if he plays the game of conventions, it is to have the pleasure of smashing them at moments. Thus, at the beginning of the film, a cabaret scene, then a motorcycle ride, are conceived and given dialogue in a rather conventional way, but, in the following scene, Marie tells her life to Axel, off-screen, that is to say, rather to a very mobile camera, and finally to the spectator, and that in an abrupt, disconcerted, deliberately unrealistic way. Then this scene, one of the most beautiful of the film, suddenly contradicts the psychological *données* of the earlier scenes—*données* to which the following scene will be faithful, for another scene to destroy them again, and so on. Bourseiller constantly effects this passage from one tone to another, from one level to another. Schematizing, let us say that in the first he creates characters, while in the second he speaks himself with their voices. Axel is a young apprentice engineer, but also the symbol of what fundamentally we are: compelled to be essentially in apprenticeship. Realizing that, Marie ceases to be the psychologically plausible character that she often is, to become (while sustaining one of the most beautiful "literary" dialogues that it had been given to hear in the cinema) the incarnation of the poet on the screen, having an acute awareness of what is being woven, feeling the presentiment, as Karl says, that "all will end badly," can only end badly, that is to say, very simply, end. At this level the "one is too different" of Marie is to mean, much more than with the difference singer-engineer (although it is also, or rather at the start, that), with the more essential and beautiful difference man-woman. And the name of Marie was perhaps not taken completely by chance, "Marie," says the poet, "he who would turn the letters of your name. He would find *aimer*." It is equally through this constant doubling that Gagarine, the man who has seen the whole earth, represents the ideal of the poet, just as he does that of a little singer, prisoner of the walls of a provincial town.

To observe it more closely, the engineer and the singer then have in common that they are poets, and indeed it seems that it is thus that they appear to us as realistic in the strong sense. "It is poetically," says Holderlin, "that man lives on this earth." If to be of the earth is essentially to be a poet, no

doubt that is not for all that to write poems. To be there poetically is, living, to give existence at each instant to that poem which is our life, be it that of an engineer or that of a singer. Why so? Because to be of earth is perhaps to be fallen, in the sense of bereft of the original coincidence with what we are. It is to live from then on in the midst of symbols, in search of the other half of myself from which I am cut by that abyss that the metaphor sounds.

Such is our essential work, which Bourseiller evokes with fervor, to gather at instants its fruit, so rare. "In the fervent work of the year evaporating all color, suddenly to my eyes, the world like a sun!" The lightning flash of this "suddenly" is the time of *Marie-Soleil*, its space; the world as offered sometimes to the watch of the lookout. A fragile time that, before Marie and her heart rending "Ah! one has so little time to live," Claudel, traveller in the East, already feared to see vanish—"As for me—may I not die before the most yellow hour." —Jacques BONTEMPS

To fill one's compartment



Loving Couples, Gunnel Lindblom.

ALSKANDE PAR (*Loving Couples*), Swedish film of Mai Zetterling. *Scenario*: Mai Zetterling and David Hughes, from the novel *Froknarna von Pablen* of Agnes von Krusenstjerna. *Photography*: Sven Nykvist. *Decors*: Jan Boleslaw. *Costumes*: Birgitta Hahn. *Assistants*: Lena Malmsjo, Bertil Ohlsson. *Editor*: Paul Davies. *Cast*: Harriet Andersson (Agda), Gunnel Lindblom (Adele), Gio Petrè (Angela), Anita Bjork (Petra), Gunnar Bjornstrand (Jacob Lewin), Inga Landgré (Madame Lewin), Jan Malmsjo (Steklan), Frank Sundstrom (Ola Landborg), Eva Dahlbeck (Madame Landborg), Heinz Hopf

(Bernhard Landborg), Toivo Pawlo (Monsieur Macson), Margit Carlqvist (Madame Macson), Jan-Erik Lindqvist (Peter), Hans Straat (Thomas), Bengt Brunskog (Tord), Barbro Hiort af Ornas (Lilian), Marta Dorff (Alexandra), Lissi Alandh (Bess), Hans Sundberg, Sten Lonnert, Ake Gronberg, Axel Fritz, Henrik Schildt, Berit Gustavsson, Lars and Lennart Grundtman, Dan Landgré Lo Dagerman, Rebecca Pawlo, Katarina Edfeldt, Anja Boman, Nancy Dalunde, Meta Velander, Claes Thelander, Borje Mellvig. *Producer*: Rune Waldekrantz, Sandrew-Ateljéerna, Filmstaden, Solna 1965. *Distributor*: Consortium Pathé. *Length*: 1 hr. 30 min.

Adapting a bulky, densely detailed novel of seven volumes—three thousand pages—Mai has extricated the following astute schema: her three women have in common a place and time of arrival, the hospital, set immediately at the beginning of the film; a starting-time, childhood; a central time and place—which is also the knot—the chateau and the longest night. This schema orders and disorders brilliantly the density of the three lives, in which childhoods, love affairs, childbearings, correspond to one another.

The childhoods are the first indications that we are given to inform the dry and ambiguous neutrality of the hospital scenes that open the film. It happens that it is also these childhoods that control the entire existences of the three women, that give at the very first the tonality of their destinies.

The first, of a well-to-do family with dry hearts, is received by a relative after the death of her mother, and brought up in a boarding school of dreamy and frivolous girls. The second, little fool for goodies, from sweet bonbons to a nasty monsieur, will submit to some nastinesses and will continue all her life to skim from man to man, in a smug awareness. As for the third, derided black sheep, she is brought up in a humiliated poverty, by a dry and sordid stepmother. Now, we find her a servant in the chateau of the first, where the second sees herself invited by a lucky chance. A *fin de siècle* world of artists and of soft overripe bourgeois.

There the first lets herself be seduced, without illusions or cynicism, by a literate old smooth-talker; the second lets herself be taken by a rake in the course of a paid game, then married by the said companion, at the end of financial arrangements; while the third, walled in a despairing malice—perhaps it is to find a way out that she demands of her husband—moreover the only noble masculine soul of the film—that he give her a child.

Pregnancy for all three, whence the time in the hospital, where the servant receives this last blow: her baby born dead, thrown in the rubbish bin. The expulsion of another baby, in close-up,

ends the film: life demanded that that compartment be filled. Mission accomplished. Shocking shot, no doubt, although nothing is less provocative in the context of the film and of all the present day cinema. Naturalistic shot, let us say, and such as the Zola of *La Terre* saw it. And since we are at that point, let us think again of Zola; are we not there? In fact; the film is made from a novel that prolonged, a little after the war, a naturalism still alive (and especially appreciated in Scandinavia), a little as it was prolonged among us, at the same time, by a Maxence van der Meersch. Naturalism: there is what well defines this oriented complaisance that describes the throes of nature or of society, to provoke in the reader, shock, salutary reflex and reflection.

There is also what lets us remove the reference to Bergman, which has scarcely any relevance here — decoy call to critics, at which they all snapped. Bergman, with his meta-world, is not of this film. Even if its subject is woman (it is because Bergman is a man with a feminine sensibility, and Mai a woman with a rather masculine sensibility, that both felt the necessity of their theme—differently thought out); even if it is there a question of religion (the episode of the adulterated marriage that comes to assonate with that of the parody of marriage to which two particularly fashionable pederasts deliver themselves in the church); even if one recognizes Ingmar's actors in Mai's film (what others could she take?); and even if in it one meets again the same longest night as in the *Sourire* (*Smiles of a Summer Night*.) For a great many things overdetermined this choice of the long moment: first—the obligation to bring together the characters implied a great occasion and a time of festivity; second—the festivity chosen must be generally known and celebrated; third and especially—the chosen period, strongly valorized by its cosmographic strangeness, is also the residuum of valorizations of a religious order (and all of ancient Europe had its Night; ours was that of Samuin, but we have forgotten it, at least we think so), sacred night when all things could happen; when all worlds of the here and the beyond mingled; when all opposites, after having had the exceptional right to meet, fertilized each other. There also, we see with Bergman and Zetterling two different uses of the same principle.

Then, nothing in this film that can be said simply, not even its complexity. And for another example: see the workmanship. Let us say, the period reconstruction. And in fact: nothing harder than to reconstruct a recent period, especially in its technical aspect (here, the medical and hospital machinery), for one must face the paradox of "this was modern"; and that is to say that

one must, either cause to be accepted as modernism what is obviously going to appear to the spectator as archaic in the highest degree, or else show as archaic things about which one must also cause to be understood that they were modern.

But nothing simple there either. Happy then, for once, the critic who has no more to do than fill his compartment as best he can, that is to say, to describe or to define mechanisms, elementary, though complex, and functioning within a film all of whose fascination comes from the fact that it fills, without lack or addition, the precise measure of precisely delimited ambitions (a thing, moreover, more rare than one would believe), so much so that this film will fill, in the history of the cinema, the little compartment left empty by the ponderous film makers, ambitious or crafty, who tried to work in the Zola vein, and smashed themselves to pieces at it.

One must be the more surprised at the sometimes odd reactions that this film aroused, and, here again, put back certain things into place or into focus; that is to say, focus or reframe, as do, or should do, the projectionists, who, the profession being what it is, project massacred work; in short, reprove sweetly the critic (the profession being what it is, and also the desire to distinguish oneself at it) who allowed himself certain startled reactions towards the film (rather of the order of those that some people had before the *Au seuil de la vie* (*Brink of Life*) of—one keeps coming back to it!—Bergman) that had nothing to do with its examination, neither serene nor passionate. I mean to speak about that scatterbrain who howled at the film about the "gynecological outrage." One must all the same make the best of it, for, yes, we are all indeed born of a woman, Macbeth included, and if each person is free to interest himself or not in the functionings of life, it should at least appear indecent to flaunt oneself against them.

But these are very little eddies, and in a very little world, and besides, everything, as I have been wearing myself out repeating since the beginning of this article, everything, from that to this, is only a matter of compartments to fill. All the world cannot fill, fulfill, the maid. —Michel DELAHAYE

A tempest at the back of the eyes

UNE BALLE AU COEUR. French film in Eastmancolor of Jean-Daniel Pollet. Scenario by Jean-Daniel Pollet, Pierre Kast, Didier Goulard and Maurice Fabre. *Photography*: Alain Levent. *Music*: Mikis Theodorakis. *Editor*: Denise de Casabianca. *Sound*:

Nikos Ahladis. *Cast*: Sami Frey (Francesco Montelepre), Françoise Hardy (Anna), Jenny Karezi (Carla), Spyron Focas (Navarra), Vassili Diamandopoulos (Rizzardi), Dimitri Myrat (Father Siegfried), Sotitis Moustakas (the gangster photographer), Antonio Speciale (Benvenuto), Artemis (Matsas), Lucien Bodard (Marcopoulos). *Producer*: André Lapprand—C.E.P.C. 1965. *Distributor*: Rank. *Length*: 1 hr. 40 min.

From Montelepre the cursed, hidden under the fire of leaves, a Black Prince sets off one fine morning, for a problematical Greece. From an abstract Sicily, where the decor is poetry and the dramas are convention, one passes to a Greece of rhetoric where, a century after Lord Byron, the last romantic and the last innocent meet. And, often, the fixed gaze of the tragic hero discovers—anachronism—a duo of musical comedy gangsters. A descent into interior hells that loses its way in settlements of accounts, the ancient figure of Fate pursuer of men that becomes confused with less necessary suspenses: the first survived long film of Jean-Daniel Pollet (*La Ligne de mire* was a film undermined, in continued breakdowns and repairs), because of embracing too much, grasps it badly.

From the themes (solitude, wandering, nostalgia, nobility, purity: all masks for a fundamental powerlessness, for a panic flight to the depths of being where the only refuge for truth in the world would dwell; the rest, images, visions, things, other people, appear by snatches in the course of the film only as memories, flashes, or mental deformations, that is to say still the memory of one sole person) to the dramatic motives (bandits, honor, depravity, vengeance) is wide, and only very extreme naivete could fill it. The naivete is there, but not without some affectation, some embarrassment, as if the *auteur* had sometimes feared frightening people away by a story so unrealistic, by such a fairy tale, and had tried then to clutch at perches — reefs — of psychology, of folklore, of conventions of detective films, and others from the bargain counter of commercial cinema.

Thus the film is made of screaming and empty false connections between the apportionment of the themes and the arrangement of rebounds. It is a film—close in that to the great films—of ideas in action, of symbols in movement. There is the hero, brother of Orestes, driven from his world of childhood (the fountain, the path, the dwelling, the profusion of foliage, the scented garden, the terrace, as many images of return to a paradise of illumination, repeated to the point of nausea, and which seem—it is not by chance—to have come from the beautiful *Méditerranée*, journey to the sources); there is the usurper, intrusion of the father into

the enclosure of dreams; there are the pursuers, eternal Furies; the masks of Hell; the temptress; the redemptress, Ariadne met at the winding of the labyrinth-museum . . . From the time that he is banished from his childhood dwelling, the hero lives a suspended existence and a suspended time, all the more alien to the world as he is more involved in it, wholly a flight towards that return into his inward murmurs of shadows that is the renunciation of living, death. Between the images of the beginning and the images of the end—the same images—the journey of the hero is only a sad parenthesis, his wandering on the paths of existence only a bad dream, in which even love and danger are without weight. And so these initial and final images of the secret garden are the only ones that possess the strength of conviction of a presence, given as such to the spectator to feel. For the Prince, the rest is only absence and half sleep; thus it goes from then on for the spectator himself. That is because the film of negation of the world is no doubt impossible. The phantoms, the rejected figures, in their turn reject the cinema. The evocation of shadows by the movements of a camera or the rhythms of the montage is an easy thing to do if it is a matter of landscapes, of images, of statues (*Méditerranée*). When one aspires to subject the quality of life of the characters to the same processes, no doubt one must first lend them more than a shadow of life, more than a hollow mask as traveling gear (and put in their mouths of shades the words of Sophocles).

—Jean-Louis COMOLLI

Air from the sea

GOLDSTEIN, American film of Philip Kaufman and Benjamin Manaster. *Scenario*: Philip Kaufman and Benjamin Manaster. *Photography*: Jean-Philippe Carson. *Music*: Meyer Kupferman. *Editor*: Adolfo Mekas. *Cast*: Lou Gilbert (the prophet Elias), Ellen Madison (Sally), Benito Carruthers (Jay), Charles Fischer (Mister Nice), Thomas Erhardt (the sculptor), Jack Burns, Severn Darden, Anthony Holland, Nelson Algren. *Producer*: Montrose Production, 1964. *Distributor*: La Pagode Distribution. *Length*: 1 hr. 29 min.

If it can appear estimable to break deliberately with certain conventions of the narrative, still one must propose forms of replacement. The good use of creative freedom is a very difficult thing. The abandonment of traditional turns and figures opens to the artist all doors, and, indeed thereby, all traps, all false trails, since only a single note

of a bell is proper to him, and he must find it and render it.

Nothing is squandered with so much dangerous facility as the energy of one who holds to no acquired discourse in order to formulate his own. All complaisances and seductions can flow in, under the alibi of independence, for the will to renewal is not so much a liberation as an additional constraint, perhaps the final critical act, in any case the most demanding.

A follower attaches himself to a movement, to a certain frame, whose elements he can develop, vary, sometimes even modify. Enrichment remains always possible. For the one who, at the very first, makes a clean sweep of everything and refuses to render accounts, only two possibilities present themselves: the creation of completely new forms (Skolimowski), or, on the contrary, the lack of innovating idea, confirming a negative balance, and yielding a kind of mess (Lelouch).

With *Goldstein*, we have the complex example of a school product with distinctive characteristic signs, in direct reaction against Hollywood construction—to which the *auteurs* here flaunt themselves as running against. But what use is made of this renowned freedom that remains the password and the first justification? If one meets again constants, repetitions even, as to the obsessions and the preoccupations of the New York *auteurs*, and if the themes remain easy to mark out, (intersection of a theatrical mythology of the "absurd" and of a Jewish mythology derived from Elias), it is enough to enter upon the expression for things to become complicated.

Of course, from the interminable camera movements following the characters in their mad courses, to the fragmentation of the resolutely arbitrary montage, there are denumerable and multiple external signs that one meets in *Hallelujah the Hills* as well as in *Goldstein*. But each film asserts itself first of all as an abrupt jump in which the slightest reference points are suspected and shunned. Such a choice involves a very bold acrobatic dimension. When a film shows the dizzy crossing of a world or of a landscape, it is necessary that the rhythm, without losing anything of its rapidity and freedom, be nourished, perpetually enriched, by ideas as happy as fleeting, under pain of letting a gratuitous virtuosity show through. In *Goldstein*, the finds fill out the course of the story unequally. But that results, not so much from a lack of ideas, as from a lack of simplicity in their realization. When one breaks so openly with all anecdotal connection, all dramatic progression, all psychological explanation, to associate only moments drawing the film along towards this dream in free fall, it is indispensable to decant, to purify, without letting oneself be drawn along by

flourishes or other false pretenses aiming only at encumbering, at overburdening the meaning of the work instead of setting it free.

The lesson comes to us from Godard filming *Les Carabiniers* (The Riflemen). Facing a reality reduced at its most abstract, most schematic, most derisory representation, beauty results from concision; for such a world is already imaginary; it is enough to establish that with the most rigorous coldness. Now, here the *auteur* often yields to ornamentation, although his proceeding, non-realistic, is opposite to that, prosaic, that would draw all its strength from the abundance of details, of windings of the description, of the affective density of the "lived." When a shot reveals no indication, no feeling, and does nothing but accompany or stress a judgement, it adds nothing, but on the contrary takes away, weakening and diminishing the resistance of the statement. Nothing is harder to draw well than a parabola. Especially if one wants to give it digressive ways. One must then provoke accidents instead of undergoing them. And Philip Kaufman and Benjamin Manaster often lose sight of the necessity of their divagations. But, by abrupt illuminations, at the turn of a scene or of a shot, the gravity of some revelations appear: the enigmatic face of a prophet-tramp illuminated by marine sun, or that of a sculptor stretched out in the field, at the end of a long journey.

When the spheres of meditation touch the earth or graze it in passing, behind the heaviness of significance appears a freshness, an innocence, so deep that it cannot but extend to the entire work and convince us. And one thinks of those "tranquil graces" of which Dos Passos speaks in depicting the docks, the city, and the air come from the open sea, promised to the solitary old man: "A world silent as a dream that he looks at and that looks at him."

—André TECHINE

Harold does yoga

THE CARETAKER. English film of Clive Donner. *Scenario*: Harold Pinter, from his play. *Photography*: Nicolas Roeg. *Editor*: Fergus McDonnell. *Sound*: Robert Allen. *Cast*: Alan Bates (Mick), Donald Pleasance (Davies), Robert Shaw (Aston). *Producer*: Michael Birkitt—Caretaker Films Ltd, 1963. *Distributor*: MacMahon Distribution.

Major writer of theatre, television, cinema (*The Pumpkin Eater*, *The Servant*), Pinter seems to have wanted to pause here, while exercising his talents through some variations on themes very much his, at once reduced in number, purified, and strengthened,

containing precisely the essential of his manner and of his matter. In a word: limbering exercises, to keep oneself in form, and to reach the upper limit of that form.

One can think that Pinter started from an idea analogous to the one that he expressed recently: "A theatrical character who is unable to explain or to justify in a convincing manner his past experiences, as well as his behavior and his present aspirations, nor to present a coherent analysis of his motives, is not for all that less legitimate and worthy of attention than one who, and this would be alarming, could answer all those questions."

Nothing there—as one sees—very revolutionary at the point of departure, but that is because Pinter satisfies himself with being that, revolutionary—if one must be, and if what Pinter is can be called that—at the arrival, that is to say, here, at the end of the aforesaid exercises.

What is its theme—or pretext? A sum of relations, woven in fuzz, precisely, between two isolated, walled-in, men—a stilted madman, claustrophile, and a neurotic beatnik, claustrophobe. The intrusion of a third term, a perverse entity that takes the form of a tramp clinging stubbornly, at once victim and vampire, tends to provoke an elucidation of these relations, going to the bursting point. Making this simple schema (not alien to that of *The Servant*) yield all its juice, pushing to the absurd the rules of his own game, Pinter thus finds himself meeting all that makes the atmosphere in which the theatre of today breathes. The difference is that the latter poses more or less openly from the start the ambition to do something modern or something experimental—which almost always comes down to wanting to do, either imitation Beckett (and the result is always inversely proportional to the greatness of the model), or imitation Ionesco (and the result is always directly proportional to its littleness). Pinter, for his part, having here no ambition other than to draw more purely his form, starting from his own very personal little idea of the world, realizes, in fact, by force of circumstance, the ideal experimentation, all the more revealing as its postulate was modest.

Now this form of experimentation, if I call it theatrical—after having seen it in cinema, then it is just as much cinematographic. Purely (although not purely enough) and simply (again not enough) transcribed by the camera, but transcribed, and that is the essential. And by Clive Donner, fact all the more curious in that one knows (by *Nothing But the Best* and *What's New Pussycat?*) to what point he was to deteriorate later. It is necessary to say that, confronted with Pinter, the best thing that one has to do, whether one be great or



Viva Maria behind the scenes: Malle, Moreau, Bardot.

not, is to limit oneself to respecting his world, as Palle-Kjaerulff-Schmidt himself will point out soon, in an interview to appear. Except when one is named Joseph Losey. But that is another story.

—Michel DELAHAYE

All in the same cul-de-sac

VIVA MARIA! French film in panavision and in Eastmancolor of Louis Malle. *Scenario*: Louis Malle and Jean-Claude Carrière. *Photography*: Henri Decae. *Music*: Georges Delerue. *Decors*: Bernard Evein. *Costumes*: Ghislain Uhry-Pierre Cardin. *Editors*: Kenout Peltier and Suzanne Baron. *Special effects*: Lee Zavitz. *Sound*: José B. Carles. *Cast*: Brigitte Bardot (Maria II), Jeanne Moreau (Maria I), George Hamilton (Flores), Gregor von Rezzori (Diogenes), Paulette Dubost (Madame Diogenes), Claudio Brook (Rodolfo), Carlos Lopez Moctezuma (Rodriguez), Poldi Bendandi (Werther), Francisco Reiguera (Father Superior), Jonathan Eden (Juanito), José Baviera (Don Alvaro), José Angel Espinoza (the president), Fernando Wagner (father of Maria II), José Luis Campa, Roberto Campa, Fiduado Murillo and José Esqueda (the "Turcos"). *Producers*: Oscar Dancigers—Nouvelles Editions de Films—Prod. Artistes Associés (Paris), Vides Film (Rome), 1965. *Distributor*: Artistes Associés. *Length*: 1 hr. 55 min.

LES GRANDS GUEULES. French film in Techniscope and Eastmancolor of Robert Enrico. *Scenario*: Robert En-

rico and José Giovanni, from the novel of the latter "Le Haut-fer." *Photography*: Jean Boffety. *Music*: François de Roubaix. *Decors*: Jean Saussac. *Dresses*: Maison Vog. *Sound*: Robert Biart. *Editor*: Jacqueline Meppiel. *Special Effects*: Marcel Ravel. *Cast*: Bourvil (Hector Valentin), Lino Ventura (Laurent), Jean-Claude Rolland (Mick), Marie Dubois (Jackie), Reine Courtois (Yvonne), Hénia Suchar (Christiane), François Vibert (Keller), Nick Stephani (Therraz), Roger Jacquet (Capster), Marc Eyraud; the "libérés": Jess Hahn (Nénese), Pierre Frag (Fanfan), Michel Constantin (Skida), Marcel Perez (Jubo), Paul Crauchet (Pelissier), Mick Besson (Raoul), Michel Charrel (Guirzepas), Henry Czarniak (Stan), Frédéric Santaya (Scarella). *Producer*: Michel Ardan—Belles Rives, 1965. *Distributor*: S.N.C. *Length*: 2 hr. 8 min.

If we speak so belatedly about two films, (bearers of sunny days to the exhibitors of the Champs-Élysées and to their half ignorant, half snobbish clientele), like *Viva Maria* and *Les Grandes Gueules* (one would need to add to these two locomotives the car of *La Vie de château*), it is on the one hand that there is nothing to say about them, on the other that they are retrograde. Of Robert Enrico, to be sure, *La Rivière du bibou* (*Oul River*) had made us nourish the worst hopes. *La Belle Vie*, in which the monstrous, hit-people-in-the-eye estheticism of the *auteur* had not, thank heaven, found room, and in which some flashes of truth from the actors pierced the shadowy intentions of a social melodrama to make one sleep standing up, *La Belle Vie*, then, let a doubt hover

over the orientation of the career of this young talent. We regret sincerely for him, while congratulating him on his opportunism, that he has chosen, by shooting a Western of the Vosges with Bourvil, to stand forth in aid of what commerce and hypocrisy have worst in common: the exaltation of the healthy values of virile strength, of triumphant stupidity, of the rough simple life of the country, and of the oh-how-wild poetry of the great green spaces. Let us add that, to give good measure and overflowing to an audience that passes for difficult (difficult to deceive, rather), the *auteur*, thus revealing himself one of the wariest producers that we have, has judged it good to complete this healthful cocktail of strong sentiments by a tragic love story, and by a not less subtle idyll between a brute of a woman and a delicate boy child twenty-five years old. *Les Grandes Gueules* thus inscribes itself in its turn in the great French tradition of catch-all films, irresistibly evoking magazines that put everything in one package; everything that passes for necessary to the existence of a film and its success is carefully ranged and detailed in it, and one throws out all the "superfluous" — that is to say, what is the base of the necessity and of the existence of a film, the presence and characteristic expression of the *auteur*. For Enrico, no danger; the weight of a personality is a cumbersome burden on the slope of success.

As for Louis Malle, he is probably the greatest masochist of French cinema; he must indeed begin to know that he does not know how, and no doubt is not able, to make a film, even a very simple and very stupid one, without destroying it in proportion as he shoots, without demolishing each of his ideas by the following one; he must indeed end in knowing also that he has not yet succeeded, in six films, in telling and filming a story, in bringing it graciously to its conclusion, nor in directing with a semblance of felicity actors whom he chooses moreover among the most formidable; and he persists, not only in convincing himself that he is capable of these "exploits," but yet in increasing the difficulty of the matter by confronting, with an unshakeable and, at the bottom, pitiful naïveté, themes, ambitions, that — like those of *Viva Maria* — are suicidal. Beyond this masochism stubborn enough for one to point it out, Louis Malle is no more a *cinéaste* at the intermediate level of the shot than at the overall level of the conception of the film; once more *Viva Maria* denounces at the same time the futility of the (false) good ideas of Malle, and his inability to make a close up, an American shot, or a long shot that is not ridiculous, excessive, or empty. It is very sad.—Jean-Louis COMOLLI

Paris Openings

5 French films

L'Enfer sur la plage (*Hell on the Beach*), film of José Bénazeraf, with Marina Nicolaïdes, Georges Claess, Jacques Planchon — The *auteur* of *Cover-Girls* improves on our analyses. One has not forgotten Eric Rohmer's comment on *L'Immortelle*: "It is Bénazeraf whose reels someone has mixed." Grown confident, Bénazeraf henceforth dispenses with Robbe-Grillet. He himself mixes his reels. The story he tells is incomprehensible. Not only do the shots not connect, but the places, the characters, the events, are never definite. Shots made in full sunlight burst into night scenes, and the speeches, solemnly platitudinous, illuminate nothing of the general obscurity. A naked woman dancing with a fully dressed man — it is a piquant situation, well known by subprefecture erotomanes, and by facile, commercial cinema. But when the same scene lasts ten minutes, without the least progression or the feeblest variation, when boredom replaces base provocation, — there commences an art approaching Oriental mysteries. Bénazeraf explains at the end, after the death of his characters. The camera dollies in the master's apartment, to his favorite chair. Don José said: "Do not trust appearances. Nothing has happened by chance. All has been calculated, willed, premeditated. . ." A veritable theory of direction.—M.M.

L'Homme de Marrakech, film in scope and color of Jacques Deray, with George Hamilton, Claudine Auger, Daniel Ivernel, Alberto de Mendoza, Tiberio Murgia. — From *Rififi à Symphonie pour* was the passage from dryness to platitude, from ellipse to slurring over, from neutrality to neutralism. Here, the complete hole, *le trou*. Unhappily less inspired than with *Le Trou* of Becker; Giovanni has "imagined" a very conventional scenario, ultra-foreseeable and comfortable, about a man who does not know too well what is going on, in an absent Marrakech — to which, moreover, Deray's direction corresponds perfectly, being, as the purists would say, of a total transparency.—J.N.

Masculin Féminin, film of Jean-Luc Godard. — See *critique* in a coming issue.

Ne nous fâchons pas, film in scope and color of Georges Lautner, with Lino Ventura, Mireille Darc, Jean Lefebvre, Michel Constantin, Tommy Duggan. — With Lautner, it is henceforth of myth-

ology that it is proper to speak: from Lino Ventura to Mireille Darc, going through the more and more esoteric dialogues of Michel Audiard, all the constitutive elements of this mythology of the *cave* and of the non-*cave* are meticulously catalogued and exploited. *Ne nous fâchons pas* distinguishes itself beyond that by three new *données*: the setting (the Côte d'Azur), scope and color (not beautiful, of Fellous), and a very French Anglophobia, canalized by an army of motorcycled and guitared young Britishers. These three elements, moreover, one could very well have done without — as one could that slightly painful will to dynamite the canons of detective series by gags in the manner of Tex Avery; the mixture detonates, but does not convince. Lautner nevertheless has the advantage over his sad *conferères* of appearing to amuse himself a little: he is the only one to take parody (of *Grisbi*, of Bond, of the western, of the films of Lester) seriously — which, obviously, is not serious.—J.-A. F.

La Seconde Vérité, film in scope and color of Christian-Jaque, with Robert Hossein, Michèle Mercier, Bernard Tiphaine, Malka Ribovska, Jean Marchat. — The *Affaire Jaccoud* told by a reader of *France-Dimanche*. One must see it to believe it. The diction of the actors is twenty years behind, and the direction of Christian-Jaque would have evoked smiles in 1935. Always awkward with scope, he multiplies tilted centerings as one would no longer dare, even at the Tours festival.—M.M.

9 American films

The Agony and the Ecstasy (*L'Extase et l'Agonie*), film in scope and color of Carol Reed, with Rex Harrison, Charlton Heston, Diane Cilento, Harry Andrews, Alberto Lupo. — How and why Michelangelo painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Most overwhelmingly, it was to prove at every moment that Carol Reed is not an artist. Now he has chosen, via the second-hand book of Irving Stone, to speak of the relations between the artist and the world; of creation; of the metaphysical significance of Art — in short, of all that he knows by hearsay only. When one sees Charlton Heston touch with a timid brush photographs of details that he is supposed to have painted, one measures the distance. One minute of Godard quoting Aragon or of Aragon speaking of Godard is worth two hours of school

book illustration. That said, Carol Reed has done worse. And Michelangelo on the summit of a mountain, seeing in the clouds the sketch of his future Creation of Man, would not have been out of place in a Dovjenco. Moreover, Philip Dunne has written two or three admirable scenes for Julius II (Rex Harrison, splendid) which are worth a glance.

Gunpoint (La Parole est au colt), film in color of Earl Bellamy, with Audie Murphy, Joan Staley, Warren Stevens, Nick Dennis, Edgar Buchanan. — After *Sans Foi ni Loi*, one could await with interest a new western of Bellamy, but unhappily this is only one of those works to order for Murphy, even if his relations with Joan Staley sometimes recall those of Vienna and Johnny Guitar. A shot for nothing.—P.B.

Judith, film in scope and color of Daniel Mann, with Sophia Loren, Peter Finch, Jack Hawkins, Hans Verner, Zharira Charifai. — Detestable melodrama that runs with the hare (Israel) and hunts with the hounds (the English) as even *Exodus* did not, and whose only interest is to confirm what we have known since *Gold of Naples*: Sophia Loren has the breadth of shoulders and the walk of John Wayne.—J.-A. F.

Moment to Moment (Choc), film in color of Mervyn Le Roy, with Jean Seberg, Honor Blackman, Sean Garrison, Arthur Hill, Grégoire Aslan.—If *Cabiers* had not already devoted a large place to Jean Seberg, this film would have merited a *critique*, not to shell the nut of this medico-detective drama or to dispute the art of its *auteur*, but to speak of the intelligence, of the beauty of this actress, and to show another photograph of her. Her beauty, her charm, needless to insist. As to her intelligence, it is enough to read *Lilith and I* (next issue) to convince oneself of it. In *Moment to Moment*, Jean Seberg plays the wife of a psychiatrist who is to restore the memory of an amnesiac American officer. Now, the wife and the officer have had an affair . . . Mervyn Le Roy, if he seems not very interested in the film, at least is moved by the sensitivity of his actress. We understand him.—J.-P.B.

The Money Trap (Piège au Grisbi), film in scope of Burt Kennedy, with Glenn Ford, Ricardo Montalban, Rita Hayworth, Elke Sommer, Joseph Cotten. —A detective is the husband of a very rich woman. His earnings serve to pay for the couple's cigarettes. The situation does not demoralize this happy man, until the day that he learns that his wife's fortune is exhausted. In order not to lose, with his status, the love of the beauty, he embarks with a colleague on a venture of theft and of blackmail—the victim a doctor, trafficking in heroin. At the same time, he does not stop practicing his profession of detective, hunting down a poor devil

as if he were the assassin of the chief of state. In the cocktail of vice and virtue, in the uncertainty of characters (the frivolous woman revealing herself perhaps a wife of steel), one finds again the subtleties of Kennedy scenarist. His direction, with very smooth, very elegant movements, gives a singular tone to this cruel story. Without equaling the success of *West of Montana*, this film confirms a personality.—M. M.

Our Man Flint (Notre homme Flint), film in scope and color of Daniel Mann, with James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb, Gila Golan, Rodney Mulharg, Benson Fong. —Substitute for substitute. The appellations change, the "Spectre" becomes the "Galaxy" and the Intelligence Service, the ZOWIE, but the result is actually identical, for the only fruitful change would be that of directors; now, Daniel Mann is very close to Young, Hamilton, and other hacks of espionage-with-gadgets. The story recalls that of *Hell and High Water* of Fuller, but reserves two surprises: 1) one hears the supposed voice of Johnson; 2) the hero is even more of a fascist than are the usual supermen.

Pressure Point, film of Hubert Cornfield. See, in French *Cabiers* 147, *Petit Journal* (Madsen) p. 43; and *critique* in a coming issue.

Return from the Ashes (Le Démon est mauvais joueur), film in scope of J. Lee Thompson, with Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar, Ingrid Thulin, Herbert Lom, Talitha Pol.—Much more than a return from the ashes, it is a return to the stereotypes of melodrama that the film proposes. Nothing is lacking: false double identity, false dead men, cupidity, ambition, and so on, even to the hero, fanatical reader of *The Brothers Karamazov*. This genre, already dusty when Lewis Seiler was delighting in it, in the mid Thirties, only Douglas Sirk or MGM could have sublimated. Thompson satisfies himself with going from false surprise to false surprise towards a dénouement that every spectator has guessed at the end of the first reel. The only surprise of the film is Maximilian Schell, who succeeds in being ten times worse than his sister.—J. B.

The Silencers (Matt Helm, agent très spécial), film in color of Phil Karlson, with Dean Martin, Stella Stevens, Daliah Levi, Victor Buono, Cyd Charisse.—This is the usual catalog of household arts, laid out by a not very gifted laureate of the *Concours Lépine*: everything has already been said on the subject. Dean Martin's makeup runs, Stella Stevens ardently solicits the laurels of Sandra Dee, and Cyd Charisse gets herself killed immediately at the end of her first dance. As for Phil Karlson, he is taking a nap.—J.-A. F.

Agente 003 Operazione Atlantide (003, agent secret), film in scope and color of Domenico Paolletta, with John Ericson, Maria Granada, Cristina Gajoni.—Cool, this international cinema. American agents bring about the failure in Africa of the plans of their Chinese *confrères*, thanks to Operation Atlantide. Two films of Paolletta within a month, that is amusing, and it proves that costume films and espionage films are of the same stamp. Goliath against the Chinese. The outcome is doubtful, but a long time ago the Americans (or the English at least) took Baghdad.—J.-P. B.

Agente 3 5 3, passaporto per l'inferno (Agent 3 5 3, passeport pour l'enfer), film in scope and color of Simon Sterling (Sergio Sollima), with Georges Rivière, Giorgio Ardisson, Barbara Simons, Seyna Sein, Franco Andrei.—From O to S, from 1 to 9, the directory of secret agents lengthens every week by some subscribers. Communication, unhappily, most often remains confused. Here, short stories, worse than banal, of 3 5 3 plus tearful daughter of missing archaeologist plus Organization of the Black Scorpion. Sollima the magnificent (alias Simon Sterling) leads us from Lebanese fogs to Viennese sun, or the opposite, but who sees the difference?—J.N.

Agente 001 Operazione Giamaica (001, destination Jamaïque), film in color of Richard Jackson, with Larry Pennell, Brad Harris, Linda Sini, John Bartha, Barbara Valentin.—Mellifluous succession of shabby killings and tepid seductions. Made in the anti-Bond convention, with a registered secret agent barely saved, by the final unity, from the triple bull that, for our part, we generously grant the film.—A.J.

Goliath alla conquista di Baghdad (Goliath à la conquête de Baghdad), film in scope and color of Domenico Paolletta, with Rock Stevens, Mario Petri, Daniele Vargas, Arturo Domini.—Philistine anti-Kurds cinema. A pleasant-natured Goliath takes his justiciary's face into a debacle of archisyrupy sequences. Cinema without a sling; one wishes it few gluttons. — J.-P. B.

I Pugnali in tasca (Les Poings dans les poches, Between Two Worlds), film of Mario Bellocchio. — See, in French *Cabiers* 170, *Locarno* (Bontemps) page 11, interview with Bellocchio, page 12; in next issue, *The sterility of provocation*; and *critique* in a coming issue.

Sexy magico (La Furia du désir), film in scope and color of Nino Loy and Luigi Scattini, with music hall attractions (1963).—If he has not always the ambitions of Nani, Nino is nonetheless a committed *cinéaste*. In the exploration of the Third World, from Egypt to South Africa, nothing could distract Loy or Scattini from their profound reverie. If it were necessary to examine scrupulously films of this stamp, we would say of this one that its *auteurs* were

6 Italian films

probably more interested in the magic eye than in sexy Magico.—A. J.

3 Polish films

Loïna (Dernière charge), film of Andrzej Wajda.—See *critique* in a coming issue.

Niewinnin Czarodziej (Les Charmeurs Innocents; The Innocent Charmers). See, in French *Cabiers* 120, *Journées du cinéma polonais* (Rohmer), page 34; and *critique* in a coming issue.

Walkover (Walkover), film of Jerry Skolimowski.—See, in French *Cabiers* 166-7, *Contingent 65 1 A* (Moulet), p. 59, and 168 *Cannes (Fieschi)* page 72; in next issue, interview with Skolimowski, and *critique* in a coming issue.

1 German film

Merdnach in Manhattan (Jerry Cotton contre les gangs de Manhattan), film of Harald Phillip, with George Nader, Sylvia Solar, Richard Munch, Heinz Weiss, Henri Cogan. — Jerry Cotton, superman of the F.B.I., hard at it again. With the help of a horrid brat out of Disney, he renders harmless a dangerous band of racketeers, like those depicted towards 1930 in American cinema. The originality comes neither from the story nor from the direction, although, let us recognize it, from Umgeiter to Phillip, a certain progress has occurred (the action moves a little more, and the transparencies are fewer, than in the first Cotton), but, once more, from Nader, who, though astray in the Teutonic studios, keeps his very Universal charm.—P. B.

1 English film

The Uncle (L'Oncle), film of Desmond Davis, with Rupert Davies, Brenda Bruce, Robert Duncan, William Marlowe, Ann Lynn.—All those who were awaiting another film of Desmond Davis—*auteur* of *The Girl with Green Eyes*—have been at once disappointed and reassured. Reassured, for the level of ambition on which Desmond Davis situates himself is among the most noble (he seems to devote himself to delicate painting among all of the growing generations). But precisely the delicacy that was one of the major qualities of *The Girl with Green Eyes* becomes one of the major defects of *The Uncle*. I mean that precision (of themes, ideas, gestures) is transformed into falsity as soon as delicacy is there to stop it conventionally half way, on the road of childhood. But who tries this? And

can one even try it? For certainly it would be a splendid thing to have a portrait of childhood as admirably worked as is an adolescence depicted by Godard (or Skolimowski, or Eustache), but is it feasible?—M. D.

1 Spanish film

Pistoleros de Arizona (5,000 dollars sur Pas), film in scope and color of Alfonso Balcazar, with Robert Woods, Fernando Sancho.—Iberian western, in which one sees a sharper, less ambitious than our national pistoleros, satisfy himself with five thousand shady dollars. Extreme use of conventions at every stage: scenario, direction, characterization of the protagonists, but nothing indicates whether that is intentional. Excess of nothingness if the film is being taken seriously or lack of audacity if the intention is parody, that is enough to set Balcazar in his place at the bazaar—*au bazar Balcazar*.—J. N.

1 Swedish film

All Alaska (Aimer, To Love), film of Jorn Donner. See in French *Cabiers* 159, *Venise 1964* (Comolli) page 20, and *critique* in a coming issue.

1 Czechoslovak film

Baron Prasil (Le Baron de crac), film in color of Karel Zeman, with Milos Kopecky, Jana Brejchova, Rudolf Jelinek, Jan Werich, R. Hrvinsky.—After *Une invention diabolique*, Zeman continues his experiments with the insertion of real characters into animated cartoons. In this domain, he has gained a complete mastery, and it seems that the *Pictographe* of Gance has been surpassed. One imagines very well, starting from there, how many gaudy super-productions in settings unimaginable as solid constructions might be filmed at prices defying all competition. Moreover, this Nth version of *Munchausen* does not lack interest, in bad taste as well as in refinement. People spoke of Méliès, and Zeman refers to him openly. But over the duration of a full length film, the incapacity of the actors, the poverty of the inspiration, the absence of inventive spirit in the "direction," if one can call it that, justify, image by image, the detractors of cinema who consider it as an infantile and masturbatory art. Excessive opinion, of course, but one that the tinkering of Zeman do not weaken. One must seek elsewhere the vitality of the eighth art.—M. M.

1 Yugoslav film

Sibirska Lady Macbeth (Lady Macbeth sibérienne), film of Andrzej Wajda. See *critique* in a coming issue.

These notes were drawn up by Jean-Pierre Biesse, Patrick Brion, Michel Delahaye, Jean-André Fieschi, Albert Juross, Michel Mardore and Jean Narboni.

N.Y. Openings

Morgan!, British, film of Karel Reisz, with Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, Robert Stephens, Irene Handl.

Fantomas, French, film in color and scope of Andre Hunebelle, with Jean Marais, Louis De Funes, Mylene Demongeot, Marie-Helene Arnaud.

The Ugly Dachshund, American, film in color of Norman Tokar, with Suzanne Pleshette, Dean Jones, Charlie Ruggles, Kelly Thordsen.

The Trouble With Angels, American, film in color of Ida Lupino, with Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills, June Harding, Binnie Barnes.

John F. Kennedy: Years Of Lightning, Days Of Drums, American, documentary film in color of Bruce Herschensohn.

The Girl Getters, British, film of Michael Winner, with Oliver Reed, Jane Merrow, Barbara Ferris, Julia Foster.

Russian Adventure, Russian-American, documentary film in color and Cinérama, with Bing Crosby, Bolshoi Ballet, Moiseyev Dancers.

The Rare Breed, American, film in color and scope of Andrew McLaglen, with Maureen O'Hara, James Stewart, Juliet Mills, Brian Keith.

The Boy Cried Murder, American, film in color, with Fraser MacIntosh, Virginia Hurst. (Remake of *The Window*.)

Cloportes, French, film in scope of Pierre Granier-Deferre, with Lino Ventura, Charles Aznavour, Irina Demick, Maurice Biraud.

The Pleasure Girls, British, film of Gerry O'Hara, with Francesca Annis, Suzanna Leigh, Mark Eden, Tony Tanner.

Judex, French, film of Georges Franju, with Michel Vitold, Channing Pollock, Jacques Jouanneau, Edith Scob.

A Tout Prendre, Canadian, film of Claude Jutra, with Johanne, Claude Jutra, Victor Desy, Tania Fedor.

The 2nd Best Secret Agent In The Whole Wide World, British, film in color of Lindsay Shonteff, with Tom Adams, Karel Stepanek, Veronica Hurst, Peter Bull.

The Little Nuns, Italian, film of Luciano Salce, with Catherine Spaak, Amedeo Nazzari, Didi Perego, Umberto D'Orsi.

Madame X, American, film in color of David Lowell Rich, with Lana Turner, John Forsythe, Ricardo Montalban, Constance Bennett.

Gunpoint, American, film in color of Earl Bellamy with Audie Murphy, Joan Staley, Warren Stevens, Edgar Buchanan.

You Must Be Joking!, British, film of Michael Winner, with Michael Callan, Terry-Thomas, Lionel Jeffries.

Sword Of Ali Baba, American, film in color and scope, of Virgil Vogel, with Peter Mann, Jocelyn Lane (Plus interpolated footage from John Rawlins' earlier version, *Ai Baba And The Forty Thieves*.)

Curse Of The Mummy's Tomb, British, film in color and scope of Michael Carreras, with Fred Clark, Terence Morgan, Ronald Howard, Jeanie Roland.

24 Hours To Kill, American-German, film in color and scope of Peter Benzenet, with Lex Barker, Mickey Rooney, Walter Slezak.

Caressed, Canadian, film of Larry Kent, with Robert Howay, Angela Gann, Lonnie Beckman, Carol Pastinsky, Robert Silverman.

The Sensualists, American, film of Aram Emmanuel (Peter Goldman), with Iona Luys, Anne Kirton.

Editor's Eyrie

by Andrew Sarris

The final results of our Readers' Poll on the question of Monsieur Jerry Lewis are as follows: JERRY LEWIS OUI—50.9%. JERRY LEWIS NON—47.4%. JERRY LEWIS PEUT-ETRE—1.7%. Generally speaking, Jerry ran stronger abroad than in the States. He was weakest in the New York area. By any standards, however, Jerry Lewis is a more sensible cult figure than Ronald Reagan. . . . Dwight Macdonald recently announced his resignation as film critic for *Esquire*, and wrote a long farewell column to the cinema in the process. His wit will be missed in this all-too-often witless field. As a parting shot at some of his enemies, he asks, rhetorically no doubt, "What ever happened to the *Politique des Auteurs*." One might answer that the cinema, like politics, never stands still. Besides, Mr. Macdonald's view of the *Politique* was always comparable to Stalin's view of Trotsky. As for Mr. Macdonald's historical function as a film critic, he entered *Esquire's* movie columns as Louis XIV and exited as Louis XV. ("*Après Dwight, le déluge*" might be the subhead on his last film column.) The cinema will survive Dwight's non-criticism as it survived his criticism. It is sad, however, that he chose to denounce the little film magazines which have provided him with so much of his basic research, free of charge. This shameless filching of film scholarship is not limited to Mr. Macdonald. Too many other film critics cannibalize the little film magazines for information and insights, and then ridicule these same little magazines for being too "specialized." As for Mr. Macdonald's invincible incorruptibility in the cinema, it comes quite easily. Mr. Macdonald's

connections are literary rather than cinematic. The test of his integrity is more likely to be what he writes about Mary McCarthy and Saul Bellow than what he writes about Alfred Hitchcock and Otto Preminger. It is certainly easier for Dwight Macdonald to ridicule Joe Levine's press releases than Bennet Cerf's or (gulp) Alfred Knopf's. Of course, there are certain advantages in Mr. Macdonald's disenchanted distance from the cinema, and to listen to one grubby producer complaining about Macdonald's "unconstructive" attitude is to be grateful for Macdonald's gifts of invective. Nevertheless Dwight Macdonald should have dropped the pose of the cinema's best friend at the moment of desertion. To tell his readers that he loves the cinema too much to continue reviewing it in its current phase of mediocrity is comparable to a man's telling a woman that he loves her too much to marry her. And for what hussy is dear Dwight abandoning the cinema? POLITICS! For our part, we will stick to Hitchcock and Preminger, Godard and Truffaut, and leave LBJ, De Gaulle, Ronald Reagan and George Murphy to the tender mercies of Mr. Macdonald. . . . We received a plug of sorts from the journal of the American Federation of Film Societies, but the tone of the mention was rather nasty and heavy-handedly ironic. We thank our anonymous assailant for his mention, and regret that we have offended him. There are also many attacks on the New York Film Festival, and almost any other cultural activity in which the Federation is not involved. A curious attitude for what should be a service publication, and indicative of the poisonous intramural conflicts raging

between institutions which should be united in the common cause of cinema. As long as this sniping continues, any talk of a Federal subsidy is farcical. Anyway, last season's fantasies about Federal largesse can be filed away and forgotten in the wake of the conservative sweep in the Congressional Elections. After next January, we'll be lucky if Congress doesn't close the Library of Congress for economy reasons. That is, if Ronald Reagan doesn't convert Berkeley into a concentration camp in the meantime. The possibilities of regression are endless. . . . We are running two Councils of Ten in this issue of *Cahiers du Cinema* in English. The one on Page 58 is a correct version of the erroneous Council Report we published in *Cahiers du Cinema* in English Number Five. Our apologies to the critics involved. Our translator, Jane Pease, noted long ago the built-in ambiguity of the French word "*conseil*" which means both "council" and "counsel." "Council of Ten?" "Counsel of Ten?" Again English takes two words, in this instance homonyms, to do the work of one French word.

The name of Nick Pastorino never made the masthead of *Cahiers du Cinema* in English while he was alive. He was merely our printer, and printers are supposed to be the class enemies of scribblers. Nonetheless we shall miss his inexhaustible geniality and good spirits. Our condolences go to his family. Adieu Nick.

Film Notes

Montreal Festival

(Continued from page 9)

given him the award, a bit of Canadian recognition long overdue to him.

Kent is the Vancouverite who electrified the college student world in Canada with his film *Bitter Ash*, a raw film with some explicit sex, and then went on to make *Sweet Substitute* which was shown in New York under the title of *Caressed*. Again, it concerned student life. A young man's lust leads him to marry the wrong girl and so blights his career.

The word to describe Kent's films is "gutsy." Where most Canadian films are earnest and inhibited, Kent's films are intense and raw in their expression. His greatest difficulty is with dialogue which often elicits laughter from the audience during a serious scene. This is because his lines of dialogue tend to be abrupt and self-explicatory, smacking of explaining the cliché in the situation. But this is a fault which a good script-writer could help him with and despite their laughter, his audiences applaud the final film because they respect the familiar and true elements in his contemporary stories.

When Tomorrow Dies is about a wealthy young matron in Vancouver's bourgeoisie who is neglected by her husband because of his dedication to his work. She has two teen-age daughters who are her sole responsibility.

They are nouveau riche people with old-fashioned Irish concepts of the woman's place as strictly in the home with no superfluous help from a maid whatever the circumstances. She enrolls at a university in order to "fulfill" herself and soon finds herself having an affair with the instructor. Eventually this dream collapses when she realizes that her life would be no different with him. It is a trite tale of life in suburbia but all tales of life in suburbia have this quality of déjà vue. Kent's characters may speak in clichés but they are the clichés of life. That is the way they think as well and who is to say that this makes it less true as a reflection of real life.

For the most part, the judges were reported to be looking for something "fresh" and "sincere." Judith Crist was heard to say to Larry Kent "Look, it's slick" by way of explaining to him why she hadn't favored his film. If she only realized how difficult it is for a Canadian movie maker to achieve that quality of slickness!

When Tomorrow Dies was distinguished by the presence of Patricia Gage in its starring role, a Vancouver actress



Larry Kent: *When Tomorrow Dies*, Patricia Gage.

who brought complete verisimilitude to her role. The integrity of her presence should have been the sort of accomplished element awarded the special prize for merit. That prize was surely intended for outstanding contributions to individual films rather than for encouraging young film-makers like Spector.

Don Owen's film *Notes for a Film about Donna and Gail* in the medium length category was there to please the judges with the sort of lyrical intensity that seems so fresh and spontaneous. Owen has the great courage to appear naive. He strips life down to external essentials and then says life is a mystery. His film is about the friendship of two factory girls and the interaction and power play between their personalities. One girl is the more dominant aggressive force, the other girl a passive dreamer. There may or may not be lesbian overtones. That question is left in the limbo of unresolved attitudes between them.

The great fault of the film is the nudging quality of the narrator's script, written by Owen and Gerald Taafe, which continually says it doesn't know what is going on and then proceeds to be pretty explicit in its outline. Owen has a great gift for getting instinctive performances from actors which have an acutely naturalistic effect and here he is working with two very talented girls, Michele Chicoine and Jackie Burroughs. The dreamy muddled character of Gail is a triumph for Jackie Burroughs who has made a very strong impression in the theatre scene in Toronto.

Owen shared his prize with John Spotton who made the much more conventional film *Buster Keaton Rides Again*. This is a behind the scenes film shot when Keaton made the National Film Board film travelogue *The Railroad* about crossing Canada on a Canadian National Railways hand-car. It attempts to show how Keaton and Spotton constructed some of the gags

Film Notes

in the film they were making, but it misfires because of what seems to be the cross-purposes of the two men. However, there is one touching sequence where Keaton is feted by the inhabitants of a small Canadian railway town that does capture the charm of innocent off-the-cuff sincerity.

The medium length category of films was particularly rich in worthy contenders. The audience was wildly enthusiastic for Claude Fournier's *On Sait ou Entrer Tony, Mais c'est les Notes* (roughly translated this means "We know where to begin Tony, but what are the notes"). This was a cinéma vérité reportage about Tony Roman, an extraordinarily animated yé-yé singer popular in Montreal. The tempo of the film is as frenzied as his performance and builds to a truly chaotically orgiastic atmosphere and climax. Fournier's film is not so distanced and objectively critical about its subject as was its famous predecessor *Lonely Boy* which told a sad tale of Paul Anka. Fournier's film is more sympathetic and admiring of Roman's stage personality.

The National Film Board had a good showing with Claude Jutra's intelligently conceived film about the modern techni-

ques of education, entitled *Comment Savoir*, and Mort Ransen's *No Reason to Stay* which imaginatively reconstructed the reasons behind the high-school drop-out of an intelligent boy. This was an extremely promising first film. Beryl Fox's *The Mills of the Gods*, an actuality report of the war in Viet Nam made for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in 1965, has already won several awards in Canada. It is notable for its on the spot reporting and interviews which make for a compelling impression of the simple dignity of American troops fighting in Viet Nam as well as for creating compassion for the civilian population caught in a hopelessly complicated total war situation.

The short film category was also ignored this year when it came to handing out prizes. As Wendy Michener said, "It is to laugh. The festival of Canadian films was started, you may remember, because our films were almost unknown, could not get any showings, and were not ready to compete with the best of the rest of the world. Perhaps none of the shorts was up to the standards of the great reputation-making Canadian films, like *Lonely Boy*, but any one of them was good enough to have won a

prize, and in fact three of them had already won various international awards."

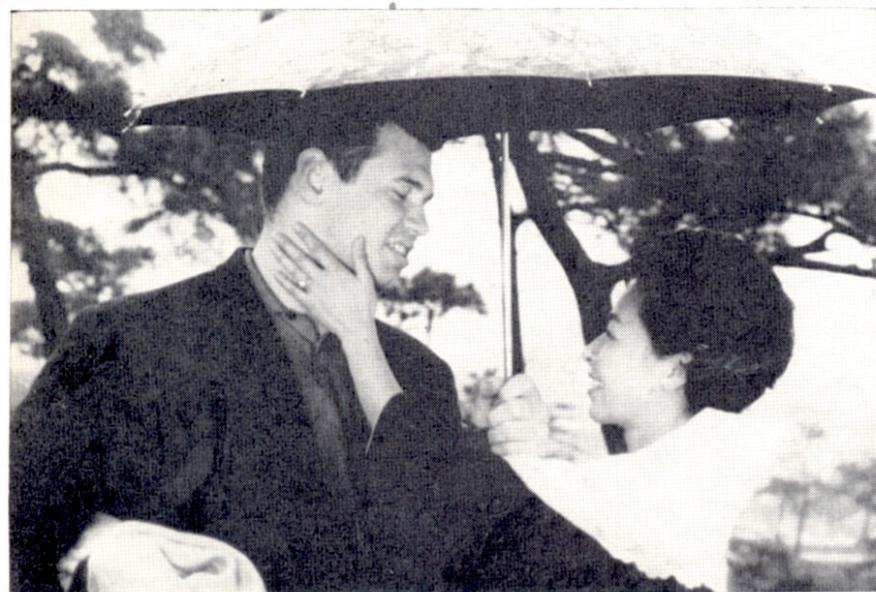
The Film Board had a superlative short in *Judoka*, directed by Joseph Reeve, a portrait of a Canadian athlete who has gone into discipline in Japan under a master teacher in order to perfect his judo. The Film Board has shown in the past that it has a special awareness for handling sport subjects and it may have been the fact the Film Board has already established excellence as its standard in this field that lost the enthusiasm of the judges for this amiable and haunting film. Rarely have slow motion sequences been used to better purpose than in depicting the lightning quick reflexes of judo technique. The slow passing of white-clad bodies in various tumblings had the quality of quick study Japanese ink brushwork. The film was also noteworthy for its subtle depiction of the camaraderie of the judo students which smacked of a medieval samurai brotherhood. The ascetic dedication to judo had left its mark on the strong masculine faces of the students and their instructor.

But if the judges wished to disregard the obvious bits of Canadian excellence under their noses, they could not overlook the crucial facts of being a Canadian (if they were at all sensitive to the atmosphere) that the Montreal Film Festival always seems to accentuate in its own peculiar way. There is always an unsuspecting English-Canadian element that encounters the rabid separatist for the first time and is left in a stunned state by the encounter—stunned by the attractiveness and ferocious intellectuality of the French as well as left speechless by the peculiar ideas which the French have about the English. For instance, at a press conference, Jacques Godbout, the director of *Yul 871* (a competing feature length film made for the Film Board) replied "the Daughters of the United Empire Loyalists" when asked what had held back mature sexual expression in French-Canadian films. That the Daughters of the Empire had ever exercised their taste in priest-ridden Quebec was news to the English there and when challenged on this point, Godbout immediately muttered, "Well, the Cercle des Fermières, then." On another occasion, a French-Canadian film editor said musingly, "I guess we French-Canadians are lucky. We have an identity to depict in our films. What are English-Canadians going to make movies about anyway? The conquest?" That English-Canadians do not regard themselves as conquerors, as members of a conquering "race" or are even aware of some far-distant event which won French Canada for the



Don Owen: *Notes on a Film About Donna and Gail*, Jackie Burroughs.

Film Notes



John Spotton: *Buster Keaton Rides Again*; Joseph Reeve: *Judoka*.

"glorious English" is another thought for the sometimes paranoid French.

It is an insoluble dilemma, for the English-Canadian confronted with this sort of thing, because his French-Canadian compatriot would rather be actively scorned than regarded with complete indifference which is the real English-Canadian crime. It has been twenty or thirty years—a whole generation—since English-Canadian children learned about the British Empire and sang The Maple Leaf Forever in school. This English-Canadian had to look up the words to that nationalistic song to find out whether or not Wolfe was actually described in it as a "conquering" hero.

No, he isn't. He is "our dauntless hero from Britain's shore." Despite itself, the Montreal Film Festival is an annual occasion for stirrings of an English-French dialogue, a little matter that would be helped if the Festival organizers would be gracious enough to provide English sub-titles with the French-language films. As it stands now, the hyper-French language atmosphere serves as an alienation device so far as the English-speaking Canadians are concerned and will merely serve to make the English-language press ignore what should be a national event.

—Joan FOX

"New Cinema" At Pezenas

At the time of the school vacation in mid-February, the Mediterranean group of the *Fédération française des Ciné-clubs*—which Jean-Pierre Piquemal animates, and which draws members from all the Southeast, from Nice to Banyuls and north to Saint-Etienne—projected during four days, to two hundred participants, French and foreign films brought together under the convenient and rather extensible label of "new cinema." Pierre Billard, responsible for the French section (Allio, Arthuys, de Givray, Lelouch, Vilardebo) explained at the time of the final debate that the selection presented in these four days did not suffice to give one a precise idea of the new cinema. I would disagree. The choice of Brazilian (shown at a ciné-conference for the first time in France), Canadian, Hungarian and even Czech films was fairly revealing of that "something else" that is in the process of renewing cinema.

The participants could see successively, and paired by country, *Oz Fuzis* of Ruy Guerra and *Le Dieu noir et le Diable blond* of Glauber Rocha; *Pour la suite du monde* of Brault and Perrault and *Le Chat dans le sac* of Gilles Groulx; *Remous* of Istvan Gaal and *L'Age des illusions* of Istvan Szabo; *Quelque chose d'autre (Something else)* of Vera Chytilova and *L'As de pique (Black Peter)* of Milos Forman. For each country, one film clearly asserted itself, the Guerra, *Pour la suite*, *L'Age des illusions*—called a revelation, and of course *L'As de pique*. A discussion of about an hour followed the projection of each pair of films; in two times three movements you were explaining that "things" (cf. Donald Meek in *You Can't Take It With You*) were happening in Brazil, in Canada, and in Hungary. In spite of a real effort to introduce a minimum of reflection, one stumbled on the classic reef of conferences, too many films in too little time, whence race against the clock, whence almost total impossibility of a methodical analysis of the works considered. One lists titles, which can be defended if absolutely necessary when it is a matter of a single *auteur*, where the points of reference are clearly recognizable. On the other hand, to link one after the other in one morning, as we did, *Pour la suite du monde* and *Le Chat dans le sac*, with a too-short interval of fifteen minutes, did not allow one really to do justice to either of the films; and that operated particularly against *Le Chat*, whose characters, verbal intellectuals, were

Film Notes

taken too much at face value by the spectators, who, consciously or not, had a fine game contrasting them with the fishers of l'Île aux Coudres. Some day (maybe at the Festival of New Cinema at Pesaro) one will dare to analyse a film, no longer to treat questions of style and of meaning in perfunctory fashion. If this New Cinema—and already Resnais, Truffaut, Godard, Antonioni—bring something radically new in relation to the eternal Hollywood it is in fact a heightened awareness of the problems of form.

When one stood back for perspective, contrasting or comparing works by countries or within the same country, two findings struck one, or rather two major distinctions asserted themselves: on the one hand Canada and Czechoslovakia, adherents of *cinéma direct*, use systematically non-professional actors or professionals able to find again the spontaneity of the non-professional, willingly having the actor improvise starting from an outline. On the other, Brazil and Hungary, by force of circumstances or by tradition rework their material completely, structure as much as possible. One will note within the same country the contrast between the over-controlled, over-framed film, à la Antonioni, and the freed film, more or less mad, even without direct sound: that is to say, Gaal and his cameraman Sandor Sara, future di Venanzo, Guerra and his cameraman Aranovich, another emulator of di Venanzo creating beforehand by the rigor of the plastic composition and of the dramatic *découpage* a formal unity, a little rigid, but useful for the European spectator who feels that he is on known ground; by contrast with Rocha and Szabo, mad for space. If Szabo affects people immediately with his subject, at the risk of their ignoring his remarkable work of stretching it out in time, of un-dramatization in the best sense, Rocha disconcerts purely and simply by his wild ideas, his camera gone mad, his rapid montages, his characters who soliloquize facing the camera, who borrowing from the Japanese theatre, from Mayakowski,

Artaud, make fun of all realism, live lyricism in its pure state.

At the essence of things, the spectators, in large part very young, grasped without discourse, and in spite of Billard that Brazilians, Canadians, Hungarians, had something in common, not so much a message as an anguish, a quest. Over the length of the conference, two films stood out, and, I think, will survive, beyond fashions: *Pour la suite du monde* and *Le Dieu Noir et le Diable blond*. Here we rejoin the history of the cinema—that simply and nothing else. Concrete engagement of the artist in the world, in his world, but slantwise, by fable, by allegory (even in the case of *Pour la suite*). The real greater than nature. Cinema again put radically in question.—L. Ms.

Festival of the Free Film

In 16 mm and in 35, about ten first works. A pleasant surprise, the 16's are better than the 35's; they are free, they have ideas, sometimes even good ones. The 35's are better made, have more means, but do not know what to do with them. I saw the adaptation of a short story of Mandiargues, the work of Frans Masereel, of Pierre Molinier, of d'Ipoustéguy; I have difficulty understanding why people for whom it is possible to make cinema freely would not make something personal, intimate, venturesome. Of course one can make a personal work filming the work of another, but that seems to me rather to be the time of reflection, or else one must be Resnais. Perhaps it is humility not to want to tell a story, to refuse to direct the actors, perhaps it is jitters. As for the *Baldaqin* produced by the research department of ORTF, it is the unintentional and complaisant caricature of a pederast's film.

The reformers, those who have a social mission, and who have no other subject than the flaws of the modern world, have grown up: they work in 35 mm. Their films are shorter, better made, less painful, less ridiculous too,

one no longer is amused even. The unintentionally comic becomes rare; one scarcely smiles at *La Luxure* (Mexico).

In cinema, the subject is always the stronger; when one kills it, it avenges itself; thus *Ludwig* (Germany), *Les Oliviers* (Greece) are sad enough to make one weep. No doubt their *auteurs* think that their intervention must be translated by fuzzinesses, by veils, by labored frames, by visual and sound effects. If one must believe the *auteur* of *Chemins de la Fortune* it is enough conscientiously to apply a songwriter's text to images deriving from the aesthetic of a Fitzpatrick to make revolutionary cinema. Today only a Chris Marker can let himself undertake an enterprise of such hypocrisy. Prizewinners were—*Le Ciel, La Terre*, the Vietnam war seen by Joris Ivens. It is far from worth the same subject in five columns. *Les Anges* of Jean Juste Peyre, the first film answering exactly to the object of the festival. The greyness of the image, the natural fuzziness of 16 mm, marvelously serve the sordid settings, the miserable human beings, dealt with here. With clear beautiful photography, the film would no longer be bearable; while in the film as made, a populist text, parodying Céline, slices for itself the larger share of interest, reestablishing the balance of the *talking* film.

The prize for a full length film was awarded to *L'Or et le plomb* of Alain Cuniot, half *cinéma vérité*, half direction, the only full length film presented. The directed half is bad; the *cinéma vérité* half is the good half. The whole will no doubt please all audiences, all precautions having been taken. Towards Voltaire—of whom it claims itself—the film is not the most honest—unless it is only awkward, but at a very dangerous level.

In a final accounting, the best film was a 16 mm, Belgian, of Bidou and Caudron: *Partir c'est mourir un peu numéro 7*, played by themselves. Starting from a chase that owes more to *L'Arroseur arrosé* than to Mack Sennett, Bidou and Caudron invent the cinema as Lumière himself must have invented it the first time. Like him, they find the point from which the camera sees at the same time the train, the station, and the travellers. Are they aware of this? one can believe so, for, when the spring of their camera is at the end of its course, they rewind it, leave the camera in the same place, and go on with their own course.

Surprised at not seeing the films of Jean-Marie Straub mentioned in the prize-list, I inquired of some members of the jury. They answered that these films lack clarity.—J. E.



Istvan Szabo:
*The Age
of Illusions.*

Film Notes

Meeting With Mai Zetterling

CAHIERS—Your sudden passage to direction, you who were an actress, seems to us . . .

MAI ZETTERLING—A thing never rises out of nothingness. For ten years I had dreamed of becoming a director, but I did not have enough confidence, and I did not think that I had enough skill. To be an actress has never been enough for me. I have always thought that I had something within me that would allow me, not only to recreate, but to create. An artist is someone who creates, and, in that sense, an actor is not entirely an artist. He waits for someone to telephone him to say to him: "We should like to engage you for this play or that film." And the actor, nine times out of ten, does not exactly like what they are proposing to him that much. He has the choice, then, only between compromise . . . and refusal. Because when I was twenty I had played the role of a little girl of fifteen in *The Wild Duck* by Ibsen, in London, for a long time people offered me nothing but roles as a little girl . . . It is the *métier* that requires that, and it is a *métier* that poses painful problems for those who have definite ideas about things. The ideal, obviously, is to play the necessary role at the necessary time, but that happens so rarely . . .

And then one morning ten years ago, I woke up saying to myself: it is today that I must make up my mind. An end to compromises, I no longer do anything but what I want to do, if I do not resolve that now, I never will resolve it.

I spoke at once to my husband about an idea for a documentary, a film on Lapland in the Arctic Circle. He laughed very hard. He thought that I had been drinking. One must say that the time lent itself to it; it was Christmas. Then I went to see my agent; he laughed hard too. Finally he tapped me paternally on the shoulder, saying, "You know, it is so difficult!" "Of course it is difficult," I said, "but that is what I want to do. So give me the name of someone whom I can go to see." All that led me to the BBC. There, they were interested. They offered me a little money to go there, telling me that another installment would come if I brought back something that could be shown. I jumped at the chance, and I found myself in Lapland, where I began to film.

The same day I had made another decision. I had set up for myself a little



Mai Zetterling: *Night Games*, Naima Wifstrand, Jorgen Lindstrom, Ingrid Thulin.

personal five year plan: I launched myself in direction, but if, at the end of five years, I had done nothing good, I would drop it all. During that time, no compromise. Obviously, that obliged me to sacrifice a great many things, no longer to earn money, and, what is worse, to spend it—considering the cost of cinema. Of four documentaries that I made for the BBC, four brought me less than they had cost me. The more since I was not used to making calculations. And to make films, when one is not accustomed to calculations, is catastrophic. Finally, I made the decision to put all the money that remained to me directly into a short film. At least the situation was clear. Fortunately, that film brought me the first prize at the Venice festival. But the money that it cost me, I will never recover. In the realm of the short film, that is an operation that cannot be made to bring in money. Then I had the idea for the fictional film that you have seen . . .

CAHIERS—Did the documentaries that you made involve characters?

MAI ZETTERLING—No. They had nothing to do with travelogues. They described social problems especially. The problem, for example, in Lapland is that the Swedes have taken their land from the Lapps, have cut down the trees and built dams—which makes life hard for the Lapps and subjects them to certain tearing strains. For on the one hand, they are tempted by all that Sweden can represent for them, with its comfort

and its modernism, but on the other hand, they absolutely need that life as nomads that has been their form of life for thousands of years. The choice is impossible. If they hire themselves as workers, that lasts only a winter, for when the spring returns, there they are seized again by their instinct, and they leave. Yes, it is a tearing struggle that is carried on within them, and whose solution they are not close to finding.

I have similarly made a film in Camargue, on the gypsies, on the occasion of a gypsy festival. They are a people that I knew already, since I live not far from the New Forest, in England, where there are many gypsies, and where I have many friends. In my film, I tried to go beyond the conventional image that people ordinarily make for themselves of them, and to show their problems and their deep love of freedom. They too are nomads.

My third documentary dealt with Iceland. A country that fascinates me, and where what one might call "do it yourself" democracy rules. For there everyone works for the country, and all the people understand one another, even the old and the young understand each other. It is a country short of labor. Therefore when, for example, fish abound, the children take off from school to go to catch them. Similarly they have five months of vacation to help with the harvest. At whatever viewpoint one places oneself, one sees that it is a country where people do not

Film Notes

think of themselves, but act first from the general interest. I like that very much, and that is why I wanted to show it to everyone.

My fourth film was on Stockholm, capital of a country where the State-as-Providence rules, and which fascinates the English. But I did not want to show only the good aspects of it; I tried, too, to show the *malaise* that rises from abundance.

As for the short film that brought me a prize, it was an antiwar film. I have very definite ideas on certain things, among them war, and I think that, if one creates something, one must put one's views into it as well. My film, which is addressed particularly to the young, was a very simple little allegory, played by two little boys. It happened in London, but might have taken place anywhere. It lasts fifteen minutes and it is without dialogue.

CAHIERS—That was your first step in the fictional film.

MAI ZETTERLING—Yes. It was my idea, my story, what I had always wanted to do. And I felt that film, as I had felt my documentaries, but at the same time, I said to myself that those little films were a good school for me, for I had much to learn concerning cinema. And, since everyone must make mistakes, better that I make mine in a short film than in a long film.

CAHIERS—In your long film *Les Amoureux*, the scenario must have been, in the beginning, a considerable task.

MAI ZETTERLING—Oh, yes! The book from which it is taken is seven volumes and three thousand pages. When people knew that I was going to adapt that, they thought me mad. Others had tried, but they had given up. There was so much material! Two or three directors could take from that book two or three completely different films, there are so many things. Finally I made my choice, and began to prune. It was hard. A year of work. I had little time left for shooting. Another difficulty: seventy per cent of the film had to be made in exteriors. And in a great many places. That meant an enormous amount of moving about . . . I had to organize myself, discipline myself, very severely, too much, no doubt. But I tried to foresee everything as best I could, and I made sketches of each shot, with the positions of the camera and so on, and that interested me a great deal, like the entire technical aspect of cinema. But it was only when I had marked out all the shooting sites that I knew exactly what balance there would be between exteriors and interiors, present and flashbacks, and so on. What I regret is the rigidity that the conditions of time and of shooting

imposed on me. There remained very little room, very little play.

CAHIERS—You must have shot more scenes than one sees on the screen.

MAI ZETTERLING—About twenty minutes. In spite of that, I think that the film is still too long by a quarter of an hour. For my producer restrained me: "But you must not cut that!" . . . I answered, "Nab'it!" . . . The misfortune is that I conceded too much; I should have nabbed more.

CAHIERS—How did you collaborate with Sven Nykvist, your cameraman, who himself has a strong personality?

MAI ZETTERLING—Everything that he does with light is marvelous. It is his passion. But movement does not interest



Loving Couples: Harriet Andersson, Jan Malmsjö.

him. All the same he did what I asked him. And the more willingly because he knew my taste for technique. As to the aspect of collaboration . . . I believe that a film must be the affair of only one person. If it were possible, I should like to do everything myself. That may be a failing, it may be a good quality . . . in any case I have a mania for perfection, and I want to know all of what is done, down to and including the buttons on the dresses.

CAHIERS—Does the fact of having been an actress give you a special viewpoint for direction?

MAI ZETTERLING—I think that it helps me, for I know the actor's problems. When one has never acted, one does not realize. Actors are very sensitive. For example, when I must reprove them for some failings, I always do that in a corner, so that nobody can hear.

CAHIERS—It seems that all the sequences in your film organize themselves starting from a certain place, which serves as a center. Did you take that from the book?

MAI ZETTERLING—Yes, but I had also to reorganize things completely.

Thus one of the volumes of the novel takes place entirely in the hospital—but it deals with only one of the girls. In volumes 4 and 5, it is also a question of the hospital, in connection with another girl. Then I organized the scenario so as to have a theme, a place common to the three girls. That constitutes a central point from which all the rest radiates. Which is not the case with the book. And I think that in a film, one must have a starting point from which one can develop.

CAHIERS—You needed a dramatic structure rather than that of a novel.

MAI ZETTERLING—Yes, but in the book, everything is very fuzzy, very vague. The novelist worked in a rather instinctive way, and it is that, too, which made his book so hard to adapt.

CAHIERS—Did you reject the conventions of time and space deliberately?

MAI ZETTERLING—Yes, a book and a film are two entirely different worlds. In my opinion, it is better not to adapt a book, but if one does so, one must dramatize time. That is already a clarification.

And it is to clarify that I used flashbacks. They actually do exist in the book, but they are scattered. I grouped them, so that people would better understand their differences as well. *Grosso modo*: one is positive, the other negative, and the third spends the day as she can. She eats bonbons. She has a stomachache. But the next day she gorges herself with bonbons again, because she has completely forgotten what happened the day before. It was preferable to group the periods of their lives, if one really wanted to grasp what sort of people they were. But even then one prunes and adapts a great deal, one is always somewhat in bondage to the book from which one starts, and that is not a good thing.

CAHIERS—Maybe it was preferable, for your first film, that you start from a book. Without its being for all that a compromise, that made matters easier for you all the same.

MAI ZETTERLING—Yes. I thought that the book was worth the trouble of being filmed, I wanted very much to do it, and at the same time I felt more sure of myself than if I had started with a scenario of my own. For my first film I needed, not to feel secure, for one never is in cinema, and especially not with this sort of film, but to have a base. And it was also easier to find a producer, starting from a work already known, and, in Sweden, already classic. Now, with my second film, I can work from a scenario that I have written.

CAHIERS—Your film seems to be an anthology of all the themes of Swedish cinema . . .

MAI ZETTERLING—People have in fact made the comparison with Bergman and *Smiles of a Summer Night*. I do not really agree, but, on the other hand, I admire Bergman very much. It is true that we have chosen the same period, 1920 — now, Bergman is fascinated by this period—and the same actors, but on the question of actors, one has not so much choice in Sweden, and as for the period, it is that in which the book is set . . . The book moreover analyzes an enormous range of problems and of sentiments, and it was inevitable that I should come upon some things of which Bergman, or others, had already spoken. In any case it is certain that my film, if only because of the novel from which it is taken, is extremely Swedish. What would you have it be?

CAHIERS—Swedish films are often based on women. Do you think that you have approached this subject from a point of view different from others?

MAI ZETTERLING—I believe so, for I am a woman, and women are biologically different from men. Moreover, Sweden being the country of women, and where they are very free, I had facilities to make my film that a woman would not have had in France, or in England or in other countries of men. Let us say that in Sweden almost half the films deal with women. In England, there are far fewer. Where are women in England? One finds scarcely anyone but naval officers there.

That said, given the differences between men and women, it is obvious and it is normal that I should have a point of view different from that of men. But I do not mean that the problems of men do not interest me; my next film will deal with exactly that, the problems of a man, his revolt and his search for freedom.

One must also see the differences

where they are. People say, for example, "This is the film of an introvert." Maybe. But that is because all Swedes are introverts. And I should like to point out, too, that I do not have in every realm what people call "feminist" views. Thus I hope that women, as they obtain more freedom, will show themselves more tolerant than men; but I think that, when everything is taken into account, men are ultimately more tolerant than women.

CAHIERS—Did you meet difficulties in Sweden concerning the subject of the book?

MAI ZETTERLING—None. Fifteen years ago, when the book was published, the scene in church aroused a stir, but I was determined to keep it, because it protests against hypocrisy in general, and particularly in marriage. You exchange oaths before God, or you do not do so. But if you believe in God, and that you are exchanging oaths before Him, you must keep them.

But I well understand that in France people do not tolerate things of that sort. In our country, where the church all but no longer exists, we can show things as a whole, their good as well as their bad side, for there are good and bad sides to everything, and even in the church. It is obvious that this cannot be the viewpoint of a country where the Church is important. Then, as for me, I make films in relation to my country, and I can only hope that they will satisfy other countries too.

CAHIERS—Had the film good critiques in Sweden?

MAI ZETTERLING—Very good. Almost too good, to the extent that nobody expects that a hundred per cent of the people will agree with you. And it must not be that everyone agrees. There must be differences, and oppositions are healthy. Moreover, if you deal with a

subject that touches people so as to affect them, that puts a finger on their vices or on their hypocrisy, you obtain surprising and exciting reactions, on the subject of things about which they think often but never speak.

CAHIERS—Your film is technically very elaborate.

MAI ZETTERLING—No doubt, but . . . Certainly I seek a new form, but the only way to find one is to make films. I hope to find better later, for this, I no longer like, I find it naive, and even technically, I do not like it. What I should like is to simplify, to clarify, while keeping the structure of things. Picasso, when he draws a face, simplifies until there remains nothing more than a few significant features. It is to that point that all the arts should tend, cinema included, and that is what I should like to attain. But that requires time. I can only hope that one day I will arrive at it.

CAHIERS—What will your second film be?

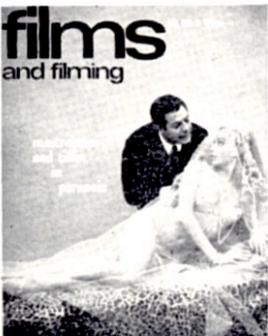
MAI ZETTERLING — Nothing is clear yet, even for me. And it is too hard to talk about a thing that one is in the midst of doing. One risks making it disappear. It will be a black and white film, shot entirely in real settings. I do not like the studio. I like to have my troupe in a real setting. Something happens; an atmosphere is created.

CAHIERS—Do you go often to the cinema?

MAI ZETTERLING—Yes. There is much to learn, even from bad films.

I limit myself to liking what I want to like, and to doing what I want to do. If this film has allowed me to make my second, that is the essential, and I will work in such a way that the second will be better. And then the third, and . . . finally, the struggle goes on. (Words taped by C. B., J.-A. F. and C. O.)

please
write
for a
free
copy
of this 68 page issue



WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS HERE, CUT AND POST THIS ADVERTISEMENT
or write your request on plain paper

films
and filming

16 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD LONDON SW1 ENGLAND

THEY'RE ALL HERE!

The world's largest collection of books and related materials on motion pictures!

Send for our 250 page catalog listing thousands of items.

The most complete list of film publications in existence. Books, magazines, annuals, directories, press-books, posters and stills. History, biography, criticism, technique.

Send \$1.00 to

LARRY EDMUNDS BOOKSHOP
6658 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, California 90028

tdr

TULANE DRAMA REVIEW

AMERICA'S LARGEST
& MOST INFLUENTIAL
THEATRE MAGAZINE

FALL ISSUE

FILM THEORY
AND THEATRE
PRACTICE

ARTICLES & INTERVIEWS

BLIN ARTAUD WEISS
BANDOLFI BERGMAN

BROOK VANDERBEEK

SONTAG ANDERSON

SVOBODA PLANCKON

\$5 YR./\$1.50 COPY

TDR/TULANE UNIV./NEW ORLEANS, LA. 70118

Coming—In the next issue of
Cahiers du Cinema in English

The third part of
François Truffaut's
Diary of his filming of
'Fahrenheit 451'
with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner

FILL IN THE COUPON BELOW
TO BE CERTAIN YOU RECEIVE
THE ENGLISH
TRANSLATION OF THE WORLD'S
MOST IMPORTANT FILM MAGAZINE
EACH AND EVERY MONTH

CAHIERS PUBLISHING CO., INC.

635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022, U.S.A.

Payment Enclosed

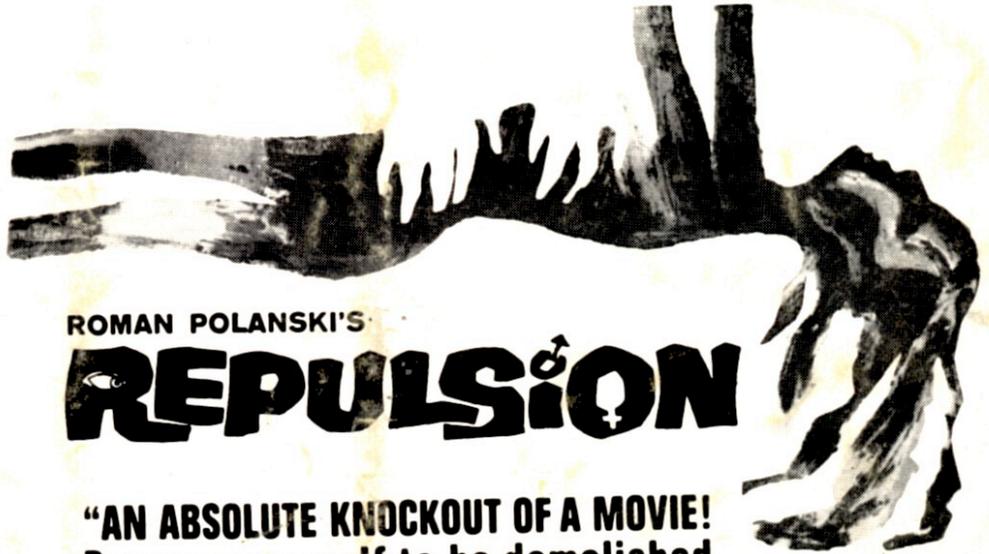
Please bill me

Please enter my subscription to twelve numbers of CAHIERS
DU CINEMA IN ENGLISH at \$9.50 per year (Domestic) or
\$10.50 per year (Foreign).

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZIP #



ROMAN POLANSKI'S

REPULSION

**"AN ABSOLUTE KNOCKOUT OF A MOVIE!
Prepare yourself to be demolished
when you go to see it and go you
must! One of the best films of the year!"**

—Bosley Crowther, N.Y. Times

**"IN THE LONG TRADITION OF CINE-
MATIC SHOCKERS! A classic chiller of
the 'Psycho' school and approximately
twice as persuasive!"** —Time

**"THE SHEER VOYEUR APPEAL OF A
NIGHTMARE! Horrors are brilliantly
filmed, the shocks are shocking, with
a supreme taste for the macabre!"**

—Judith Crist, N.Y. Herald Tribune

**"A TOUR-DE-FORCE OF SEX AND
SUSPENSE! 'Repulsion' is flawless! It
establishes Roman Polanski as a
master of the macabre."** —Life

**"A BRILLIANT EXERCISE IN PSYCHO-
LOGICAL SUSPENSE, terror and murder!
Can turn you inside out!"**

—William Wolf, Cue



ROYAL 16 INTERNATIONAL

711 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022 • 212 PL 1-4400