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Jean-Luc Godard
Andy Warhol
Ten-Best Lists



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Robert Bresson:
Mouchette, Nadine Nortier.

Number 10

May 1967

JEAN-LUC GODARD

Three Thousand Hours of Cinema, by Jean-Luc Godard (CdC #184, Nov 1966)	10
Versus Godard, by Bernardo Bertolucci (CdC #186, Jan 1967)	16
Jean-Luc Godard and the Childhood of Art, by Michel Delahaye (CdC #179, June 1966)	18
Notes on 'Two or Three Things . . .', by Jean Narboni (CdC #186, Jan 1967)	30
Jean-Luc Godard or the Urgency of Art, by Michel Delahaye (CdC #187, Feb 1967)	32

ANDY WARHOL

Nothing to Lose, Interview by Gretchen Berg	38
The Sub-New York Sensibility, by Andrew Sarris	43
Warhol's Underground, by Serge Gavronsky	46

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Defense of 'Torn Curtain':	
The Infernal Machine, by Jean Narboni (CdC #186, Jan 1967)	50
The Curtain Lifted, Fallen Again, by Jean-Louis Comolli (CdC #186, Jan 1967)	52
Anxiety Behind the Window Pane, by Sylvain Godet (CdC #186, Jan 1967)	55
The Castaways of the Bus, by Andre Techine (CdC #186, Jan 1967)	56
The Company Man, by Andrew Sarris	58
Actors and Directors, by Stephen Gottlieb	59
'NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE' (CdC #179, Jun 1966)	
Serious, Too Serious, by Paul-Louis Martin	62

ODDS AND ENDS

Council of Ten (CdC #184, Nov 1966)	4
The Best Films of the Year 1966 (CdC #186-187, Jan-Feb 1967)	5
Editor's Eyrie, by Andrew Sarris	64

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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)	Jean de Baronceili (Le Monde)	Jacques Bontemps (Cahiers)	Jean-Louis Bory (Le Nouvel Observateur)	Albert Cervoni (France Nouvelle)	Jean Collet (Telerama)	Jean-Louis Comolli (Cahiers)	Michel Delahaye (Cahiers)	Michel Mardore (Pariscopes)	Georges Sadoul (Les Lettres Francaises)
October (Sergei M. Eisenstein)	★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★
Non réconciliés (Billiards at half-past nine) (Jean-Marie Straub)	★★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★
L'Homme au crâne rasé (The Man with the Shaven Head) (André Delvaux)	★★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★
Make Way for Tomorrow (Leo McCarey)	★★	★★	★★★★	★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	
It Happened Here (K. Brownlow and A. Mollo)	★★★		★★★	★★	★★★		★★★	★★★★	★★	★
Three on a Couch (Jerry Lewis)	★	★	★★★	★★★	★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★
Porgy and Bess (Otto Preminger)	★★★★	★★	★★	●	★★	★★	★★	★★	★★	
Qui êtes-vous Polly Magoo? (Who Are You Polly Magoo?) (William Klein)	★★	★★	●	★★	★★	●	★★	★★	★★	★
Paris brûle-t-il? (Is Paris Burning?) (René Clément)	★	★★★	●	●	★★	●	●	●	★	★★
Per qualche dollaro in piu (Et pour quelque dollars de plus) (S. Leone)	●		★		★★		★		●	
Modesty Blaise (Joseph Losey)	★★	★	●	★	★★	●	●	●	●	★★
Night Must Fall (Karel Reisz)	●	★★	●	★	★★★	●	●	●	●	
Doctor Zhivago (David Lean)	★★	★★	●	●	●	●	●	★★	●	●
Martin soldat (Michel Deville)	●	★	●	●	★		●	●	●	★
Le Saint prend l'affût (Christian-Jaque)	★					●			●	
Atout coeur à Tokyo (Boisrond)		★	●				●		●	
Le Jardinier d'Argenteuil (J.-P. Le Chanois)	●	●			●	●		●	●	★
Last Command (Mark Robson)	●	●	●	●	★	●	●	●	●	●
Carré de dames pour un as (J. Poitrenaud)	●			●					●	
The Singing Nun (Henry Koster)	●								●	●
Rasputin the Mad Monk (Don Sharp)	●	●	●	●			●		●	●

The best films of the year 1966

cabiers

- 1 Au hasard Balthazar
- 2 Walkover
- 3 Non reconcilies
- 4 Masculin feminin
- 5 L'Homme au crane rase
- 6 Seven Women
- 7 La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV
- 8 Torn Curtain
- 9 Red Line 7000
- 10 Les Poings dans les poches
- 11 Falstaff
- 12 La Guerre est finie
- 13 The Naked Kiss
- 14 Fahrenheit 451
- 15 Le Pere Noel a les yeux bleus
- 16 Marie Soleil
- 17 Quelque chose d'autre
- 18 Les Amours d'une blonde
- 19 Le Chat dans le sac
- 20 Brigitte et Brigitte

readers

- 1 Au hasard Balthazar
- 2 La Guerre est finie
- 3 La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV
- 4 Falstaff
- 5 Masculin feminin
- 6 Seven Women
- 7 Les Poings dans les poches
- 8 Fahrenheit 451
- 9 Torn Curtain
- 10 Les Amours d'une blonde
- 11 Red Line 7000
- 12 Non reconcilies
- 13 L'Homme au crane rase
- 14 Walkover
- 15 Les Chevaux du feu
- 16 The Chase
- 17 Un homme et une femme
- 18 The Professionals
- 19 Les Desarrois de l'eleve Torless
- 20 Cul-de-sac

The preceding results were calculated for the *Cabiers* list by considering only the lists of the regular contributors to the magazine for the sake of a more meaningful compilation.



Robert Bresson: *Au hasard Balthazar*.



Jerzy Skolimowski: *Walkover*.

The best film

<i>Henri Agel</i>	In alphabetical order: Les Amours d'une blonde (The Loves of a Blonde), Bunny Lake is Missing, Les Coeurs verts, Les Désarrois d'élève Törless, Les Diamants de la nuit (Night Diamonds), Au hasard Balthazar, L'Homme au crâne rasé (The Man with the Shaven Head), La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Torn Curtain, Les Sans-espoir (The Hopeless Ones)
<i>Pierre Ajame</i>	1 Les Amours d'une blonde. 2 The Courtship of Eddie's Father. 3 Vivre (Ikiru). 4 La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 5 Seven Women. 6 Au hasard Balthazar. 7 Les Poings dans les poches (Fists in the Pockets). 8 Red Line 7000. 9 L'Homme au crâne rasé. 10 Bunny Lake is Missing.
<i>Alexandre Astruc</i>	1 La prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 2 Torn Curtain. 3 Bunny Lake is Missing, Red Line 7000. 5 Une Balle au coeur, La Ligne de démarcation. 7 Arabesque, The Chase, The Naked Kiss.
<i>Michel Aubriant</i>	1 Seven Women. 2 Falstaff. 3 Au hasard Balthazar. 4 Walkover. 5 Les Poings dans les poches. 6 Les Sans-espoir. 7 Les Chevaux de feu. 8 La Guerre est finie. 9 The Courtship of Eddie's Father. 10 Red Line 7000.
<i>Jean Aurel</i>	In alphabetical order: Les Amours d'une Blonde, Fahrenheit 451, Falstaff, L'Homme au crâne rasé, Un homme et une femme (A Man and a Woman), Masculin féminin, Les Poings dans les poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV.
<i>Jean de Baroncelli</i>	In alphabetical order: Les Amours d'une blonde, Au hasard Balthazar, Les Chevaux de feu, Les Désarrois de l'élève Törless, Fahrenheit 451, Falstaff, La Guerre est finie, Masculin féminin, Les Poings dans les poches, Vivre.
<i>Raymond Bellour</i>	1 Masculin féminin. 2 Seven Women. 3 Red Line 7000. 4 Fahrenheit 451. 5 Torn Curtain. 6 The Courtship of Eddie's Father. 7 La Guerre est finie, La Longue Marche. 9 Les Diamants de la nuit, Non reconciliés (Billiards at Half-Past Nine).
<i>Robert Benayoun</i>	In alphabetical order: Les Chevaux du feu, Cul-de-sac, Les Diamants de la nuit, Du courage pour chaque jour, Falstaff, La Guerre est finie, Un homme et une femme, The Loved One, Les Poings dans les poches, The Professionals.
<i>Bernardo Bertolucci</i>	In alphabetical order: Au hasard Balthazar, Les Créatures, Fahrenheit 451, Falstaff, L'Homme au crâne rasé, Masculin féminin, Non reconciliés, Le Père Noël a les yeux bleus, Three on a Couch, Torn Curtain.
<i>Jean-Pierre Biesse</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar, L'Homme au crâne rasé, Non reconciliés, Seven Women, Walkover. 6 Le Chat dans le sac (The Cat in the Bag), Marie Soleil, Masculin féminin, Le Père Noël a les yeux bleus, Les Poings dans les poches.
<i>Jean-Claude Biette</i>	1 Seven Women. 2 Red Line 7000, Non reconciliés. 4 Falstaff. 5 Au hasard Balthazar. 6 Masculin féminin. 7 Le père Noël a les yeux bleus. 8 Marie Soleil. 9 Walkover. 10 Brigitte et Brigitte.
<i>Charles L. Bitsch</i>	1 Red Line 7000. 2 Les Amours d'une blonde, Au hasard Balthazar, Fahrenheit 451, Falstaff, L'Homme au crâne rasé, Masculin féminin, Seven Women, Three on a Couch, Walkover.
<i>Mag Bodard</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar. 2 Fahrenheit 451. 3 Masculin féminin. 4 Les Poings dans les poches. 5 La Guerre est finie. 6 Falstaff. 7 Les Amours d'une blonde. 8 Morgan. 9 La Vie du château. 10 What's New Pussycat?
<i>Jacques Bontemps</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar, L'Homme au crâne rasé, Non reconciliés, Seven Women, Walkover. 6 Red Line 7000, Marie Soleil, Masculin féminin, The Naked Kiss, Torn Curtain.
<i>Jean-Louis Bory</i>	In alphabetical order: Les Amours d'une blonde, Au hasard Balthazar, Cul-de-sac, Le Deuxième Souffle, Falstaff, Un homme et une femme, Masculin féminin, Non reconciliés, Les Poings dans les poches, Walkover.
<i>Antoine Bourseiller</i>	In alphabetical order: Les Amours d'une blonde, Au hasard Balthazar, Brigitte et Brigitte, Cul-de-sac, Les Chevaux de feu, Les Diamants de la nuit, Fahrenheit 451, Masculin féminin, Non reconciliés, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV.
<i>Pierre Braunberger</i>	In alphabetical order: Le Deuxième Souffle, Fahrenheit 451, La Guerre est finie, L'Homme au crâne rasé, Un homme et une femme, Masculin féminin, Les Poings dans les poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Who are you Polly Magoo?, Walkover.
<i>Patrick Brion</i>	1 The Professionals. 2 Seven Women. 3 The Chase. 4 The Courtship of Eddie's Father. 5 Falstaff. 6 The Money Trap. 7 Bus Riley's Back in Town. 9 Dr. Zhivago.

of the year 1966

<i>Michel Caen</i>	In alphabetical order: Au hasard Balthazar, Le Corps et le fouet, Le Deuxième Souffle, Falstaff, La Guerre est finie, Harper, Red Line 7000, Masculin féminin, The Professionals, Repulsion.
<i>Michel Capdenac</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar. 2 Falstaff. 3 La Guerre est finie. 4 Les Amours d'une blonde. 5 La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 6 Les Poings dans les poches. 7 Walkover. 8 Les Sans-espoir. 9 Non réconciliés. 10 Chevaux de feu.
<i>Albert Cervoni</i>	In alphabetical order: The Age of Illusions, Demain la Chine, Le Deuxième Souffle, Les Désarrois de l'élève Törless, La Guerre est finie, Lotna, Masculin féminin, Non réconciliés, Quelque chose d'autre, Walkover.
<i>Claude Chabrol</i>	1 Un homme et une femme. 2 La Curée. 3 How to Steal a Million. 4 Doctor Zhivago. 5 Paris brûle-t-il? (Is Paris Burning?). 6 Le Deuxième Souffle. 7 Galia. 8 La Récompense. 9 Les Créatures. 10 Le Coup de grace.
<i>Henry Chapier</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar, Falstaff, La Prise de Pouvoir par Louis XIV, Seven Women. 5 Bunny Lake is Missing, Les Poings dans les poches, Torn Curtain, Walkover. 9 Les Coeurs verts, Masculin féminin.
<i>Michel Ciment</i>	In alphabetical order: Au hasard Balthazar, Cul-de-sac, Falstaff, La Guerre est finie, L'Homme au crâne rasé, Les Poings dans les poches, The Professionals, Les Sans-espoir, Seven Women, Walkover.
<i>Jean Collet</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar. 2 La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 3 L'Homme au crâne rasé. 4 Masculin féminin. 5 Le Chat dans le sac, La Longue Marche, Les Poings dans les poches. 8 Les Amours d'une blonde, La Guerre est finie.
<i>Jean-Louis Comolli</i>	1 Seven Women, Au hasard Balthazar. 3 Torn Curtain, Masculin féminin. 5 Red Line 7000, Walkover. 7 The Naked Kiss, L'Homme au crâne rasé. 9 Three on a Couch, Non réconciliés.
<i>Serge Daney</i>	In alphabetical order: Bunny Lake is Missing, The Courtship of Eddie's Father, Falstaff, La Guerre est finie, The Naked Kiss, Les Poings dans les Poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Seven Women, Torn Curtain, Walkover.
<i>Michel Delahaye</i>	1 Red Line 7000, Masculin féminin, Walkover. 4 L'Homme au crâne rasé, Quelque chose d'autre, Non réconciliés. 7 The Naked Kiss, Seven Women. 9 Marie Soleil, Le Nouveau Journal d'une femme en blanc.
<i>Jacques Doniol-Valcroze</i>	1 La Guerre est finie. 2 Au hasard Balthazar, Fahrenheit 451, Masculin féminin, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 6 Falstaff. 7 Les Amours d'une blonde, Non réconciliés, Les Sans-espoir, Walkover.
<i>Jean Douchet</i>	1 Seven Women. 2 Red Line 7000. 3 The Courtship of Eddie's Father, Torn Curtain, Three on a Couch. 6 Bunny Lake is Missing, La Longue Marche, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 9 La Guerre est finie, Walkover.
<i>Pierre Duboeuf</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar, Masculin féminin, The Naked Kiss, Torn Curtain, Walkover. 6 L'Homme au crâne rasé, Marie Soleil, Non réconciliés, Le Père Noël a les yeux bleus, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV.
<i>Bernard Eisenschitz</i>	In alphabetical order: Bunny Lake is Missing, Falstaff, It Happened Here, Harper, The Americanization of Emily, Madamigella di Maupin, Objectif 500 millions, Les Poings dans les poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Seven Women.
<i>Lotte H. Eisner</i>	In alphabetical order: Les Amours d'une blonde, Les Désarrois de l'élève Törless, Les Diamants de la nuit, Masculin féminin, Les Poings dans les poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Repulsion, Les Sans-espoir, La Vie de château, Walkover.
<i>Jean Eustache</i>	1 L'Homme au crâne rasé. 2 Non réconciliés. 3 Walkover. 4 Masculin féminin. 5 Le Chat dans le sac, La Guerre est finie, Marie Soleil, Les Poings dans les poches. 9 Torn Curtain. 10 Au hasard Balthazar.
<i>Jean-André Fieschi</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar, L'Homme au crâne rasé, Non réconciliés, Seven Women, Walkover. 6 Les Poings dans les poches. 7 Masculin féminin, Quelque chose d'autre. 9 Les Chevaux de feu, Le Père Noël a les yeux bleus.
<i>Daniel Filipacchi</i>	1 The Chase. 2 La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 3 Falstaff. 4 Dracula Prince of Darkness. 5 The Professionals. 6 La Guerre est finie. 7 La Vie de château. 8 Bunny Lake is Missing. 9 Un homme et une femme. 10 Au hasard Balthazar.
<i>Rémo Forlani</i>	1 The Loved One. 2 Mickey One. Masculin féminin. 4 Who are you Polly Magoo? 5 Morgan. 6 Les Coeurs verts 7. Les Poings dans les poches.

<i>René Gilson</i>	In alphabetical order: Au hasard Balthazar, The Courtship of Eddie's Father, La Guerre est finie, Marie Soleil, Masculin féminin, The Naked Kiss, Les Poings dans les poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Torn Curtain, Seven Women.
<i>Jean-Louis Ginibre</i>	In alphabetical order: Arabesque, The Chase, Fahrenheit 451, Falstaff, The Naked Kiss, Our Man Flint, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Red Line 7000, Seven Women, Walkover.
<i>Jean-Luc Godard</i>	See Journal in a coming issue.
<i>Sylvain Godet</i>	1 Masculin féminin. 2 L'Homme au crâne rasé. 3 The Naked Kiss. 4 Seven Women. 5 Torn Curtain. 6 Au hasard Balthazar. 7 Falstaff. 8 Walkover. 9 Non réconciliés. 10 The Innocent Charmers.
<i>Gérard Guégan</i>	1 Non réconciliés, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 3 Au hasard Balthazar, Fahrenheit 451. 5 Red Line 7000. 6 Falstaff. 7 Torn Curtain. 8 Walkover. 9 La Longue Marche.
<i>Marcel Hanoun</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar. 2 Les Désarrois de l'élève Törless. 3 L'Homme au crâne rasé. 4 Non réconciliés. 5 Cul-de-sac. 6 The Spy Who Came in from the Cold. 7 Onibaba. 8 Le Château de l'araignée. 9 Quelque chose d'autre. 10 Morgan.
<i>Jean Hohman</i>	In alphabetical order: Au hasard Balthazar, The Chase, Cul-de-sac, Le Deuxième Souffle, Fahrenheit 451, Falstaff, Masculin féminin, Les Poings dans les poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, The Professionals.
<i>Pierre Kast</i>	1 La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 2 Non réconciliés. 3 Red Line 7000. 4 Au hasard Balthazar, Brigitte et Brigitte, Fahrenheit 451, La Guerre est finie, Masculin féminin, A Noite Vacia.
<i>André S. Labarthe</i>	1 Seven Women. 2 Croquis d'Aix (TV), Masculin féminin, Non réconciliés, Le Père Noël a les yeux bleus, Walkover. 7 Au hasard Balthazar, Fahrenheit 451, Les Poings dans les poches, Torn Curtain.
<i>Louis Marcorelles</i>	1 Torn Curtain. 2 Du courage pour chaque jour. 3 Le Ciel et la terre. 4 Seven Women. 5 It Happened Here, Non réconciliés. 7 The Age of Illusions. 8 Le Chat dans le sac. 9 Walkover. 10 Goldstein.
<i>Michel Mardore</i>	In alphabetical order: Au hasard Balthazar, Le Deuxième Souffle, L'Homme au crâne rasé, Je la connaissais bien, Non réconciliés, Les Poings dans les poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Red Line 7000, Les Sans-espoir, Torn Curtain.
<i>François Mars</i>	1 Falstaff. 2 La Guerre est finie. 3 Au hasard Balthazar. 4 It Happened Here. 5 Fahrenheit 451. 6 Cul-de-sac. 7 Le Deuxième Souffle. 8 Brigitte et Brigitte. 9 Galia. 10 Un homme et une femme.
<i>Paul-Louis Martin</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar, Walkover. 3 Brigitte et Brigitte, L'Homme au crâne rasé, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Quelque chose d'autre. 7 Red Line 7000, The Naked Kiss, Seven Women.
<i>Macha Méril</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar, Vivre. 3 La Guerre est finie, Falstaff, Masculin féminin. 6 The Chase. 7 Morgan, Les Poings dans les poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Quatre heures du matin.
<i>Christian Metz</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar, La Guerre est finie, L'Homme au crâne rasé, Masculin féminin, Non réconciliés. 6 Les Amours d'une blonde, Les Chevaux de feu, Le Deuxième Souffle, Les Poings dans les poches, Walkover.
<i>Luc Moullet</i>	1 Walkover. 2 Don Quintin l'amer. 3 Au hasard Balthazar. 4 L'Homme au crâne rasé. 5 Les Sans-espoir. 6 Seven Women. 7 La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 8 The Age of Illusions, Brigitte et Brigitte, Les Poings dans les poches.
<i>Jean Narboni</i>	1 Seven Women. 2 L'Homme au crâne rasé, Masculin féminin, Non réconciliés, Walkover. 6 La Guerre est finie. 7 Torn Curtain. 8 Quelque chose d'autre. 9 Au hasard Balthazar, Le Nouveau Journal d'une femme en blanc.
<i>Claude Ollier</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar, Walkover. 3 Masculin féminin, Non réconciliés. 5 Les Poings dans les poches. 6 L'Homme au crâne rasé. 7 La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 8 It Happened Here. 9 Le Père Noël a les yeux bleus. 10 The Innocent Charmers.
<i>Michel Pétris</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar, Brigitte et Brigitte, Nous deux, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 5 Loving Couples, The Naked Kiss, Non réconciliés, Red Line 7000, Repulsion, Walkover.

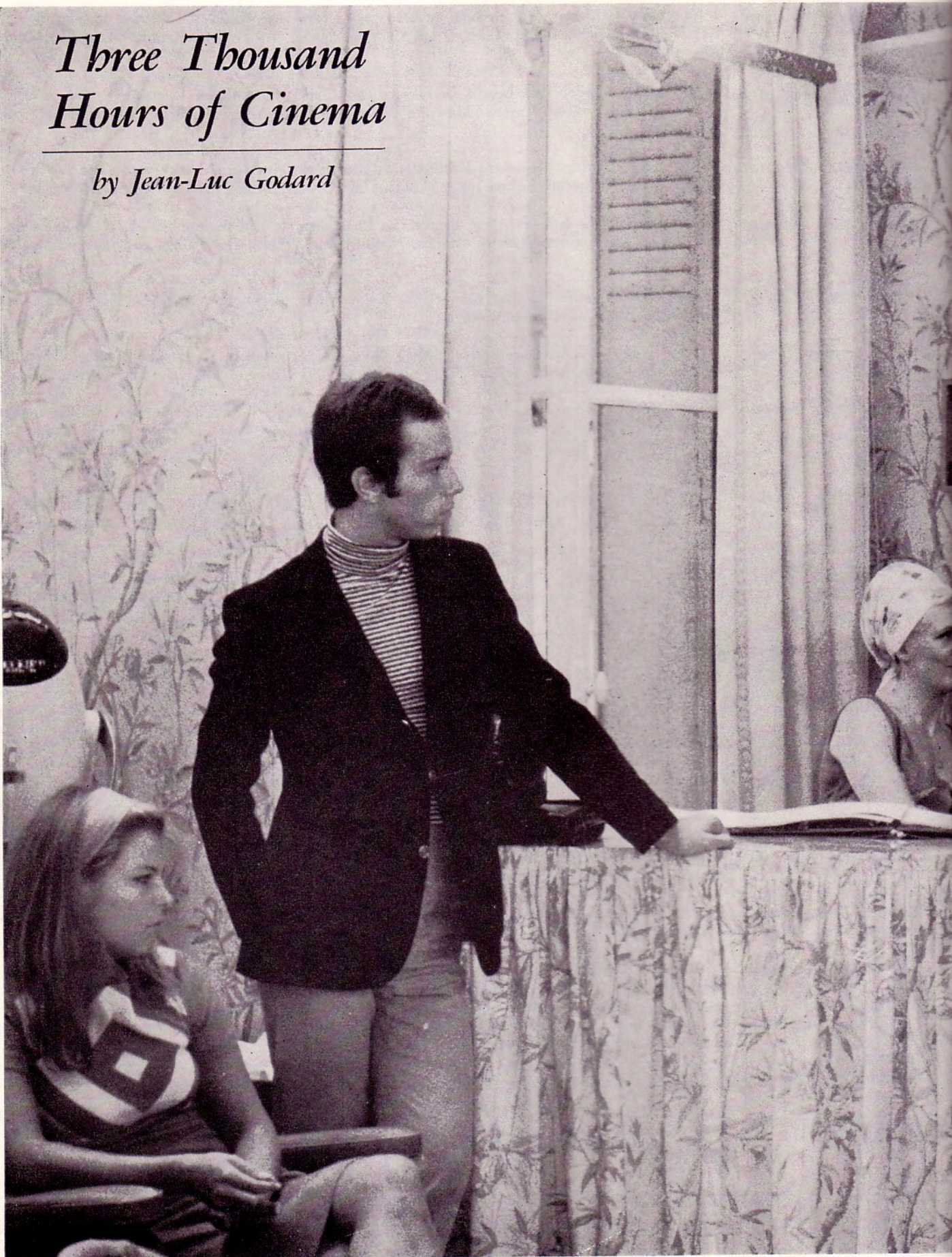
A. Astruc, R. Bellour, M. Hanoun, F. Mars, R. Richetin, A. Robbe-Grillet and C. Vilardebo point out to us that their selection is all the more relative because this year they have seen only a very few films.

<i>Claude-Jean Philippe</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar. 2 L'Homme au crâne rasé, Non réconciliés. 4 La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Red Line 7000, Torn Curtain. 7 Les Chevaux de feu, La Longue Marche, Masculin féminin, The Naked Kiss.
<i>Jean-Daniel Pollet</i>	In alphabetical order: Au hasard Balthazar, The Chase, Falstaff, La Guerre est finie, L'Homme au crâne rasé, La Longue Marche, Masculin féminin, Non réconciliés, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Walkover.
<i>René Richetin</i>	In alphabetical order: Au hasard Balthazar, Brigitte et Brigitte, Les Coeurs verts, The Loved One, Les Poings dans les poches, Three on a Couch, Le Volcan interdit, Who are you Polly Magoo?
<i>Jacques Rivette</i>	1 Walkover. 2 Les Amours d'une blonde, Le Chat dans le sac, Fahrenheit 451, L'Homme au crâne rasé, Masculin féminin, Non réconciliés, Nothing But a Man, Les Poings dans les poches, Quelque chose d'autre.
<i>Alain Robbe-Grillet</i>	In alphabetical order: Loving Couples, A Noite Vacia, Les Poings dans les poches, Repulsion, Les Sans-espoir, Who are you Polly Magoo?
<i>Jacques Robert</i>	1 Seven Women. 2 La Guerre est finie, La ligne de démarcation, La Longue Marche, Masculin féminin, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Red Line 7000, Three on a Couch, Torn Curtain.
<i>Georges Sadoul</i>	In alphabetical order according to countries: Belgium: L'Homme au crâne rasé. Czechoslovakia: Les Amours d'une blonde. France: Au hasard Balthazar. Germany: Non réconciliés. Great Britain: Cul-de-sac, Fahrenheit 451. Italy: Les Poings dans les poches. Japan: Vivre. Poland: Walkover. Spain: Falstaff.
<i>Barbet Schroeder</i>	1 Red Line 7000, Seven Women, Torn Curtain. 4 Au hasard Balthazar, La Longue Marche, Masculin féminin, Les Poings dans les poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV. 9 Une Balle au coeur, The Naked Kiss.
<i>Jacques Siclier</i>	In alphabetical order: Les Amours d'une blonde, Fahrenheit 451, Falstaff, La Ligne de démarcation, Marie Soleil, Les Poings dans les poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, Red Line 7000, Roger La Honte.
<i>Roger Tailleur</i>	1 The Professionals. 2 La Guerre est finie. 3 Walkover. 4 Falstaff. 5 Harper. 6 Seven Women. 7 Cul-de-sac. 8 La Vie de château. 9 The Bedford Incident. 10 Bus Riley's Back in Town.
<i>Bertrand Tavernier</i>	1 The Courtship of Eddie's Father. 2 Le Nouveau Journal d'une femme en blanc, Seven Women. 4 Les Désarrois de l'élève Törless, Night Must Fall, Objectif 500 millions. 7 Madamigella di Maupin. 8 Harper. 9 Les Amours d'une blonde. 10 Et pour quelques dollars de plus . . .
<i>André Téchiné</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar. 2 Walkover. 3 L'Homme au crâne rasé, Masculin féminin, Non réconciliés, Marie Soleil, Le Père Noël a les yeux bleus. 8 Falstaff, La Guerre est finie, Torn Curtain.
<i>Roger Thérond</i>	In alphabetical order: Les Amours d'une blonde, The Chase, Le Deuxième Souffle, Falstaff, Les Poings dans les poches, La Prise de pouvoir par Louis XIV, The Professionals, Un homme et une femme, Who are you Polly Magoo?
<i>Jose Varéla</i>	In alphabetical order: Au hasard Balthazar, Et pour quelques dollars de plus . . ., Masculin féminin, Non réconciliés, Le Père Noël a les yeux bleus, Red Line 7000, Three on a Couch, Walkover.
<i>Paul Vecchiali</i>	1 Au hasard Balthazar, The Naked Kiss, Red Line 7000. 4 Seven Women. 5 L'Homme au crâne rasé. 6 The Chase. 7 La Guerre est finie, Les Camarades. The Defector.
<i>Carlos Vilardebo</i>	In alphabetical order: Au hasard Balthazar, It Happened Here, Le Manuscrit trouve à Saragosse, Masculin féminin, Les Poings dans les poches.
<i>François Weyergans</i>	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: at random.
<i>Yamada Koichi</i>	1 Falstaff. 2 Masculin féminin. 3 L'Homme au crâne rasé. 4 Non réconciliés. 5 Les Amours d'une blonde. 6 Le Père Noël a les yeux bleus. 7 Seven Women. 8 Le Nouveau Journal d'une femme en blanc. 9 Torn Curtain. 10 Au hasard Balthazar.

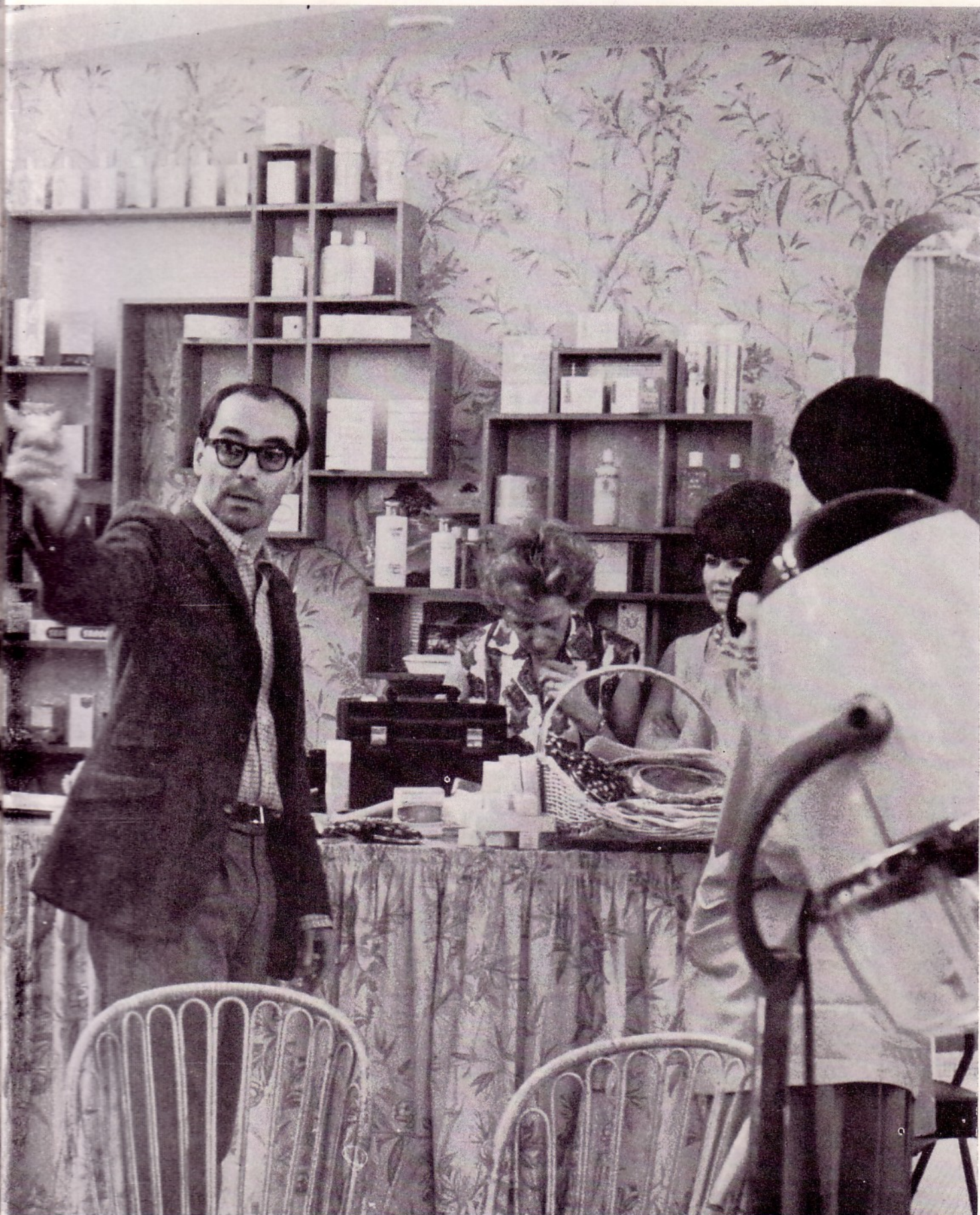
The editors of *Cahiers* decided to eliminate from their lists most of the old films released this year which otherwise would have been cited oftener: October, Vivre (Ikiru), the Mexican Bunels, and so on . . .

Three Thousand Hours of Cinema

by Jean-Luc Godard

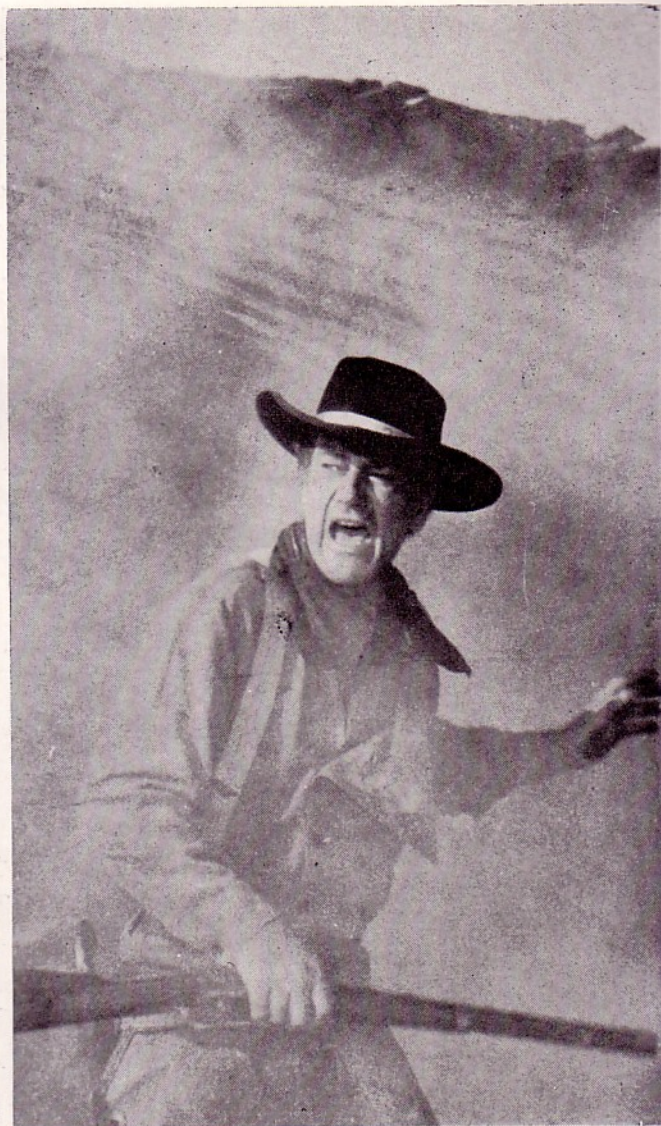


Jean-Luc Godard directing *Deux ou trois choses que je sais d'elle*.





Jerry Lewis: *Three on a Couch*.



John Ford: *The Searchers*, John Wayne.

8 AM

With Claudine to Nanterre in a blizzard. We spent an hour searching for the new university building, lost in advance among old low-rent apartment buildings and new shantytowns. We crossed long lines of children and of workers floundering like us in the mud to go to work that is not their own. Work in freedom, Himmler had written on the gates of concentration camps.

2 PM

Fallen Angel seen again. Mystery and fascination of this American cinema. How can I hate MacNamara and adore *Sergeant la Terreur*, hate John Wayne upholding Goldwater and love him tenderly when abruptly he takes Natalie Wood into his arms in the next-to-the-last reel of *The Searchers*.

5 PM

Soon traveling courts for judging motorists. After having given the justification for repression and for roadside courts, M. Gerthofer, advocate general, representing the Keeper of the Seals, announced to the participants of

the Seventh Congress of Criminology, meeting at Lille, the imminent appearance of mobile courts under the form of motor vehicles transporting prosecutors and judges. As if by chance, he forgot to transport defense attorneys as well. That name Gerthofer sounds familiar. I remember having read it in a book by Vidal-Naquet in connection with the judicial power in Algeria during the troubles. One of his assistants was mentioned there too, a Monsieur Holleaux. Is he the same as the man at the cinema center?

11 PM

With Alissa to see *The Homecoming* of Harold Pinter. Admirable dialogues, equal to those of *The Servant*, but acted and directed the wrong way. It would take Stroheim or Vigo. The boulevard stifles true theatre as the scenario does cinema.

4 PM

Conversation with Tenondji, who would accept a program of several films over several years (mine and others under my responsibility)—which I had

tried in vain to obtain from Columbia, then from Gaumont.

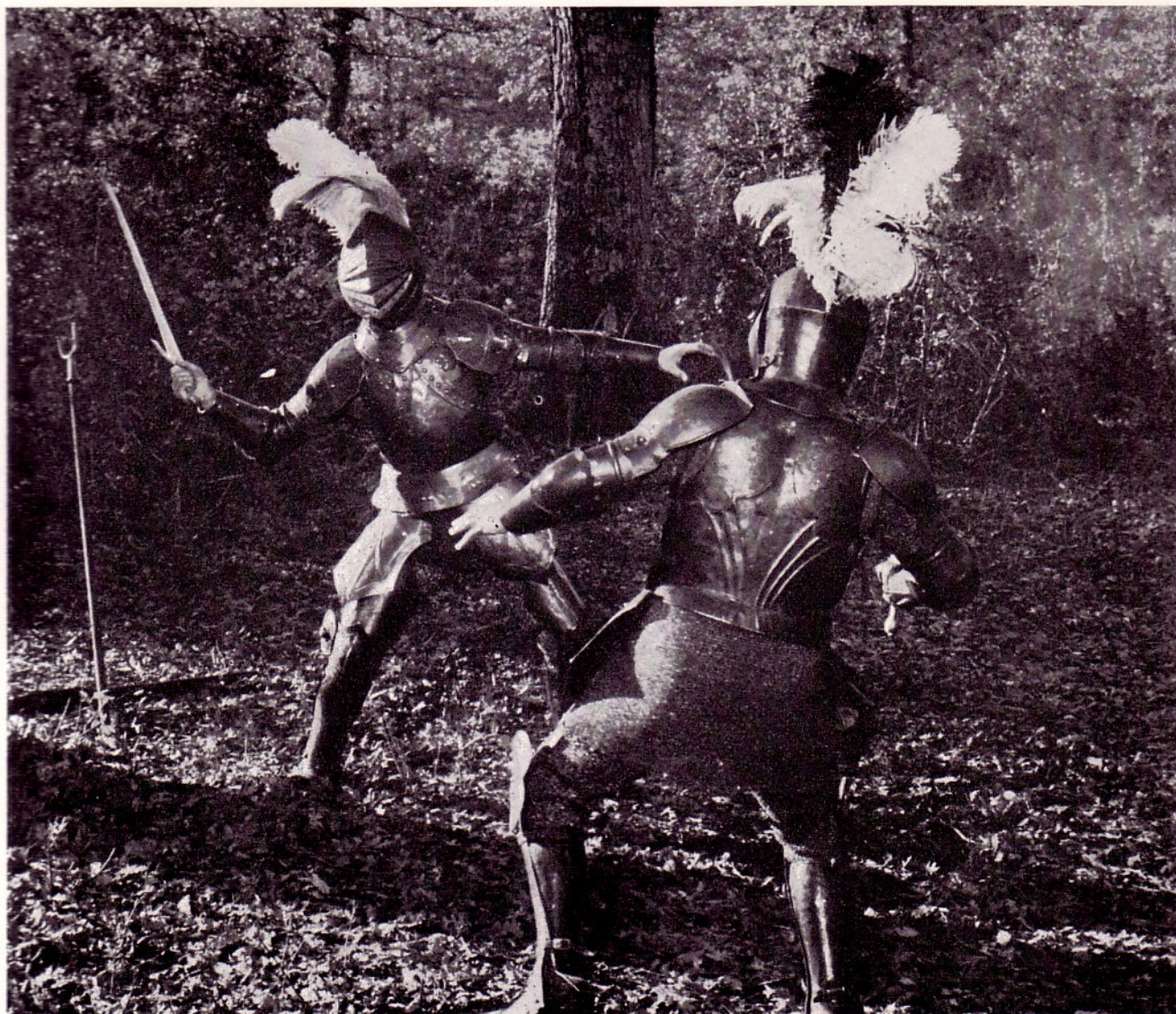
5 PM

In *Positif*, a remarkable article by Taillefer on *Harper*. A shame that one reads prose of that quality less and less often in *Cahiers*. A year ago, I had tried in vain to persuade Tavernier to publish his magnificent study on Ford here rather than there, but he preferred humiliation to offense and the *terrain vague* to *mademoiselle age tendre*.¹ Sad to find again even in the purest cinephiles the great flaw of all movie people, that morbid refusal to make common front against the enemy. Now, it is not Savonarola or Trotsky whom we lack, but Jean Moulin, and where would we find him if we cannot even make peace in the shadow of the Cinémathèque?

11:45 AM

Tati had aptly said that he filmed in 1970 and not in 1966. So one will see his film in three years. Yet happy that he does not film in 1985.

¹ Allusion to the publishers of the two magazines. JP



Roberto Rossellini: *The Age of Iron*.

6 PM

Francis Jeanson reports to me through Gilberte that Sartre has once more refused an interview with *Cahiers*. Why must image and sound be always so scorned by the powerful of this world?

10 PM

With his television program on Indo-China, Roger Stéphane has just made the second French Stalinist film. The first was *Paris brûle-t-il?* (*Is Paris burning?*)

5 PM

Had chocolate with Albertine, *Place du Trocadéro*. She wants to change the color of her hair. I told her that it would be necessary then to destroy the Renoir painting that she resembles.

Noon

La bande à Bonnot abandoned definitively. Long discussion with Robert Hakim for whom I was formerly to make *Eva*, and who does not understand my reasons. Yet they are simple. Not being a *couturier*, it is impossible for me to make a costume film. Eighty percent of western films today are ex-

ecuted by tailors on Hollywood patterns.

9 PM

Einstein and Cocteau were right. Albertine's reflection in that piece of glass in a snack restaurant, Place Saint-Lazare, had no relation to the young face that I had in front of me! She smiled at me, and that smile was different in the mirror, since the proportions of her cheeks and of her jaw are different. Albertine appeared annoyed at my discovery. I tell her that it is sweet and comforting that poets are always in the avant-garde of science, and scientists in that of poetry.

5 PM

Should I see in the obvious ill will that Comolli and Fieschi have been manifesting for five or six months toward publishing some chapters drawn from the complete works of Eisenstein (twenty-two volumes) that are at Nella Cornot's place, should I see in that already an echo of the Sino-Soviet struggle, and the seizure of power by the Red Guards in the hearts of those who

were still Camille Desmoulins and Saint-Just for me? (Thus I explain to myself their mistrust, too, toward a Fahrenheitian cinema).

1 AM

Leaving the Blue Note, Albertine and I were kissing in my car while listening to Vivaldi. Suddenly someone knocked at the window, and the car doors opened. It was the police. They made us move on.

3 PM

Telephoned to *Jeune Afrique* and made an appointment for the eventual purchase of the rights to *Séraphina*, a comic strip that tells the exploits and perils of a Pauline of the neutral countries who is pursued by spies of the S.A.R. (Soviet American Republic); it reminds me of my *Figaro-Pravda*.

1 PM

At Louis' talked with Philippe Labro about the Epstein report. He is one of those in France who best know what is underneath the Oswald affair. He spoke to me with emotion about some Americans, among them an old lady



Bernardo Bertolucci: *Before the Revolution*.

of the same sort as the one who lets herself be burned in *Fahrenheit*, who have never accepted the Warren report, and who have formed a kind of network half way between a group like *Verité-Liberté* during the Algerian war, and stamp collectors.

3 PM

To sleep. Now I am going to drag along the fatigue of my twin films during the next two at least.

10 AM

I asked Claudine, during her free hours, to give me a report on university life at Nanterre. Eventually it will serve me as background for *La Chinoise*. She accepted and asked me why I did not film *L'aiguille creuse* instead. To make her get angry, I maintained to her—and besides it is true, that the only good pages in *Colette* were written by Willy.

6 PM

I made a misake about the sound engineers for the mixing of my last films. I have engaged Maumont for *Made in USA* and Bonfanti for *Deux ou trois choses*, instead of doing the opposite. I explain. One can consider

mixed sound in two ways. Either as a new sound, when it is a question of catching, of recording, as at the taking of the shots. Or as a known sound, then a sound to reproduce, exploiting to the maximum the quality of the reproduction. For reproducing a sound, and making it pass from magnetic to optic while mixing several bands, that is to say making a single sound out of several, Maumont is the strongest, and his skill and his ear have no equal in Europe, especially with the *matériel* put in working state by Nenny. But if on the contrary it is a question simply of catching the sounds of another world that fall on you, that is to say of making several sounds from only one strip, that is to say of never considering a sound as definitive, but indeed variable, that is to say especially of mixing relations and not objects, and of knowing, for example, that there are certain noises and certain musics that begin to exist only when they are saturated—in that case, the youth of Antoine Bonfanti outstrips the wisdom of Maumont, and the heart of one the knowledge of the other. That explains why, through my

fault (for it is necessary to harmonize the techniques to the subject, the microphone as well as the lens), the sound of *Made in USA* will be betrayed by the reproduction, and that of *Deux ou trois choses* by the recording.

5 PM

To see an old Don Siegel at the *Studio Parnasse*. To go there, I passed that corner of the rue d'Assas where I lodged on my arrival in Paris, in a dilapidated *pension* maintained by a dame Melon who was for me *Maman Vanquer*. Upstairs lived Jean Schlumberger, with whom later my parents rented me a room. How many first editions I stole from him that I was going to resell with difficulty at the corner of the Point Neuf to pay my way to Hitchcock or Hawks! Sometimes, in the evenings, old *père* Gide came to visit, and they both stuffed on bread and butter in the kitchen. Memories. They are interesting only to oneself, never to other people. What I love when I read Claude Mauriac's *L'oubli*, is not what he tells and which I do not know, but it is he himself, his way of speaking of women and girls. I remember an eve-



Mme. Dovzhenko: *The Flaming Years*.

ning when we were all admiring some shots in 16mm of an unfinished film of Astruc, and in his column, the week after, Claude Mauriac made fun of what for me was the Peru of the period, the period of cinematographic specificity, the period when François loved the films of Jacques Daniel Norman, and Rivette belonged to what Bazin and Doniol called the Schérer gang. Memories. I remember Jean Schlumberger three weeks ago, too, in Brittany, at the home of one of Alissa's friends, when I saw on her night table the beautiful book that he dedicated to Madeline and André Gide, some pages of which made me want to turn those of *La porte étroite* (*Strait is the Gate*) with Alissa because, for me, she is the Chantal of Bernanos. Memories. Every scenario and every mise en scène have always been constructed by or on memories. One must change that—start from affection and new sounds.

2 PM

Kissing Gilberte quickly on the corner of the mouth in a neon light at the Porte d'Auteuil, I had the feeling of

passing through a slight and lukewarm event. She spoke to me about that invention — terrific, in her opinion — of Sartre's and Merleau-Ponty's, that of marrying the philosophic verb and the romantic adjective. In my opinion as well. We spoke with emotion and tenderness, she of Ivitch, I of the confined one of Venice, she of *La Phénoménologie de la perception*, I of the study on Cezanne and cinema in *Sens et nonsens*. Michel Foucault, Lacan, and the Marxist Alsatian would not do well to come to sit at our table. Their account would be quickly settled, I told Gilberte, who laughed, at Pesaro, in the presence of Barthes, who was playing Bartholomew the Wise, Moullet's sublime flight, Courtelinesque and Brechtian, flung at the face of the structuralist—language, monsieur, is theft. Moullet is right. We are the children of cinematographic language. Our parents are Griffith, Hawks, Dreyer and Bazin, and Langlois, but not you — and besides, structures, without images, and without sounds — how can one speak of them?

10 PM

The only film that I really want to make, I will never make because it is impossible. It is a film on love, or of love, or with love. To speak in the mouth, to touch the breast, for women to imagine and to see the body, the sex of the man, to caress a shoulder, things as difficult to show and to intend as horror, and war, and sickness are. I do not understand why, and I suffer from it. What to do then, since I cannot make films simple and logical like Roberto's, humble and cynical like Bresson's, austere and comic like Jerry Lewis', lucid and calm like Hawks', rigorous and tender like François', hard and plaintive like the two Jacques', courageous and sincere like Resnais', pessimistic and American like Fuller's, romantic and Italian like Bertolucci's, Polish and despairing like Skolimowski's, communist and crazy like Mme. Dovzhenko's. Yes, what to do?

Jean-Luc GODARD

(To be continued.)

Versus Godard

by Bernardo Bertolucci

Is everything permitted to one who loves? For example to spy through the slats of the blinds, or to seek in the beloved's garments the signs of his intimacy, or to rummage in his pockets to touch all the objects that, proofs of his betrayals, become proofs of his existence . . .

Strong in the love that I have for the cinema of Godard, I fish here in troubled waters, and I discover, precious as only the "real" can be, the "vulgarity" of Godard.

I am speaking of Godard's two most recent films, which I saw recently in Paris, their sound mixing scarcely finished, in the following order: *Deux ou trois choses que je sais d'elle* (Two or three things that I know about her); five minutes of *recreation* (those are Godard's words, or as, laughing, he said to me "*fine del primo tempo*"—end of the first part); then, *Made in USA*.

I think Godard expects a single judgement on these two films; he finished filming *Made in USA* one summer Friday and began *Deux ou trois choses* . . . the following Monday. He edited the two films at the same time, probably in two connecting cutting rooms, like two hotel rooms for an illicit couple. Another prosaic observation—the order in which Godard showed these two films lets one suppose that he prefers *Made in USA* projected last. (*Dulcis in fundo*.)

Godard must be a great devourer of newsprint; one can find the origin of his two films in last months' newspapers. The idea for *Deux ou trois choses* comes from a news item read in *Le Nouvel Observateur*: a married woman (about thirty years old), mother of two children, living in some housing development, prostitutes herself each time the desire seizes her to transform herself from mother of a family to consumer of all those products that neo-capitalism offers to Frechwomen — Paco Rabane dresses, op sun glasses, Polaroid cameras, and so on, all things whose acquisition her husband, an auto mechanic and radio ham, cannot guarantee her. As for *Made in USA*, it is the Ben Barka affair, revised and corrected by Dashiell Hammett and Apollinaire, with Anna Karina in the role of Humphrey Bogart and Godard in the role of Howard Hawks. Comes the dreaded moment, the instant of the choice that Godard—not without masochism—imposed on us to make when he decided to shoot two films at the same time and to show them one after the other. Thus his victory will be his defeat and his

defeat his victory. While "*Deux ou trois choses . . .*" is at its origin a news item, *Made in USA* is drawn from a political assassination. Let us call to our aid Roland Barthes, who enlightens us on the difference between these two terms; the political assassination is always by definition a partial information that refers necessarily to a situation existing outside it, before it, and around it, politics. The current event, on the contrary, is a total, or more exactly, an immanent information. It refers formally to nothing other than itself. But here is Godard reversing this rule scandalously; *Made in USA* keeps a structure tragically closed, while the current event of *Deux ou trois choses*, which ought to have derived its beauty and its meaning—an immanent entity resolving itself into its immediate *données*—from itself, opens like one of those strange and ineffable flowers of dreams or of hallucinations, which never stop blooming, disclosing in their petals new existences, new vegetal contexts, unforeseeable as the resonance that they were brooding over, the things it signifies and their dream duration is unforeseeable.

Now, *Made in USA*, a political film, a traitor to politics, paralyzed in its great freedom by an ideological conformity, its colors fading from the very fact of the magnificence of their enamels — never in cinema have reds, blues, greens, been so red, so blue, so green, and everything seems true to Atlantic City — which, like Alphaville, should have resembled Paris and on the contrary resembles Atlantic City really too much, just as the "toughs" who should have made one think of Franco-Moroccan gorillas are, more or less in spite of Godard, too "tough" and in the end are only "toughs" — and yet, *Made in USA*, — the one that I like the less of these two films because it is too Godardian to be able to be really good Godard, here it does have unexpected events, very violent starts, that shake its entire armature; then, its structure recomposes itself, strengthens itself again, becomes enclosed, anti-Godardian. I was alluding to the deaths of the minor characters whom Godard has Anna Karina kill, and which are the sublime moments of the film; it is as if the old man with the odd Eastern accent, or the writer who is Belmondo's double or the parallel policeman, existed first of all thanks to the bullets that they encounter, thanks to their blood, and thanks to Karina, who, after having fired, addresses long looks of comfort



to them. Godard makes them live in making them die, one by one, and, to end with, we are encircled by these poetic deaths of minor characters.

But it was with *Deux ou trois choses que je sais d'elle* — "*elle*," this is the moment to say it, is not Marina Vlady, but Paris — that I really felt the pleasure of Godard's "vulgarity." I call "vulgarity" his capacity, his aptitude, to live from day to day, close to things, of living in the world as do journalists, who know how to arrive on events at the right time, and pay for this punctuality by necessarily undergoing the effects even of the most trivial, like the duration of a match flame. This "vulgarity" is to be a little too attentive to everything, and for that we are deeply grateful to Godard. It is for us that he risks that, because it is to us and for us, that he speaks directly, to help us, men existing around him, and that is why it seems



Jean-Luc Godard directing *Made in USA*, Laszlo Szabo.

that he addresses himself always to someone who is very near him and not to eternity. Thus a monolithic current event, like that of *Deux ou trois choses*, which could be extinguished in itself, becomes "means," "vehicle," of a discourse that concerns us all. The prostitution of the women of the housing developments is only the pale reflection of the prostitution to which we have all, more or less differently, adapted ourselves, but with less innocence than Marina Vlady with her animal, peasant gentleness.

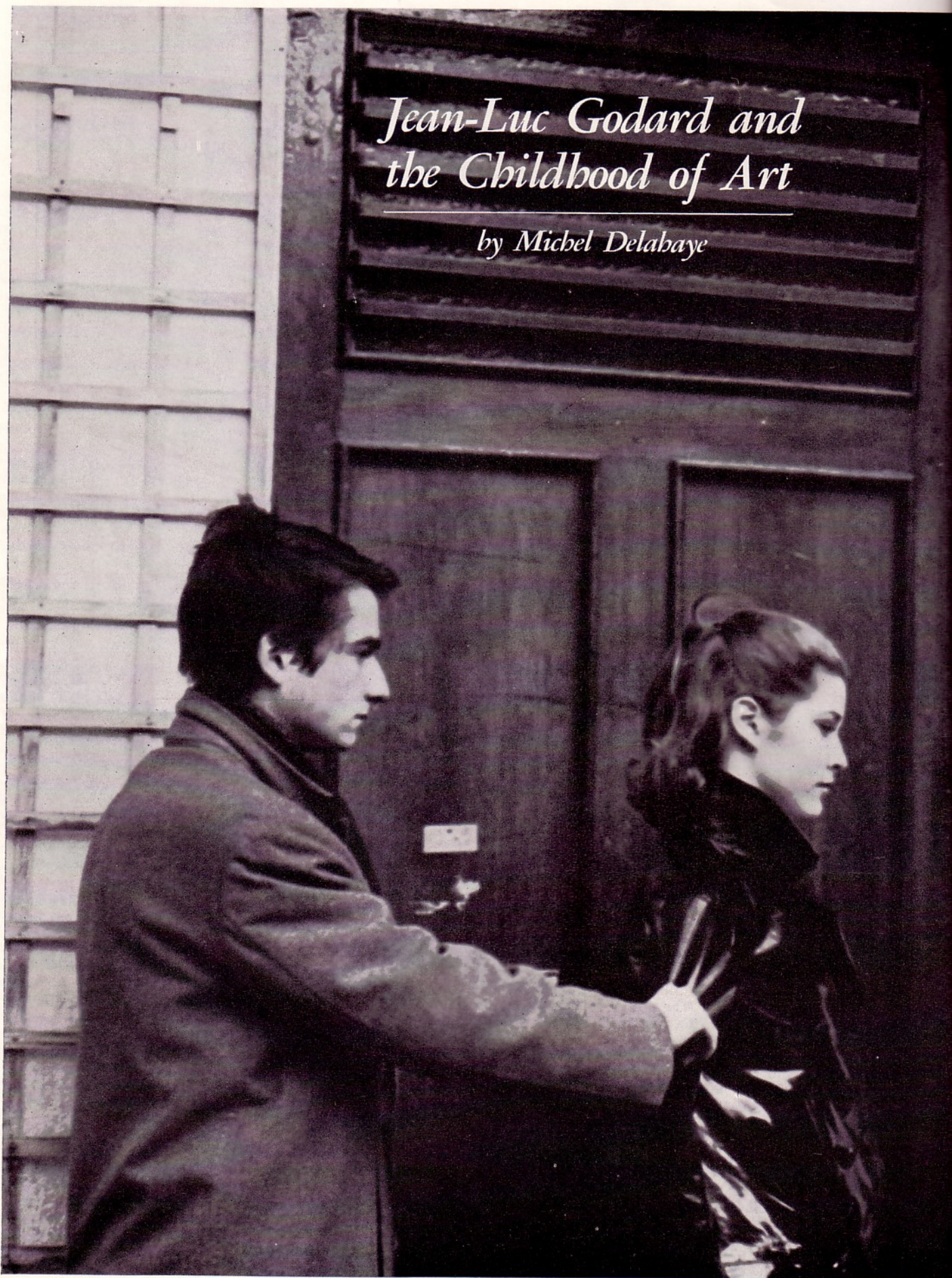
This new Godard full of anger and pity at the same time makes a single gesture and embraces innumerable souls who are behind innumerable windows of suburban buildings and whom no one would mourn if floods or the bomb were to cross them out of the world forever. The light becomes pink and blue on the resonant partitions of the

low-rent apartments. It is a light that we know already, and that resonates familiarly in us; it is the sun of work days, Wednesday or Thursday, in colonies that do not know that they are colonies (in *Made in USA*, I had forgotten to say so, everything seems to happen between ten o'clock in the morning and six o'clock in the afternoon, one Sunday in July, the bistros almost deserted, boredom for whoever remains in the city). During this time someone speaks alone in the next room, and the walls are so thin, that everything that he says reaches us distinctly, like the words of the priest behind the grating of the confessional; it is Godard who speaks a monologue in a low voice, like a speaker operated on for cancer of the throat, and who says the rosary of his reflections on cinema and cinematographic style, questions himself and answers himself, protests,

suggests, speaks ironies, explains to us that the shots, whether they are fixed, panoramic or dollied, are autonomous, with an autonomous resonance and an autonomous beauty, and that one must not preoccupy oneself too much with foreseeing a *montage*, for in every way the order is born automatically starting from the moment when we put one shot after the other, and that ultimately one shot is worth as much as another (Rossellini knows that), that if they are charged with poetry, the relationship will be born in spite of everything . . . , and when his extraordinary moral discourse is seized with a slight shaking—and that often happens—it is as if the presentiment of a tragedy were assailing us; the characters of *Deux ou trois choses* . . . will end their day with death, or by turning off the lamps by their beds, either ending not making much difference.

*Jean-Luc Godard and
the Childhood of Art*

by Michel Delabaye



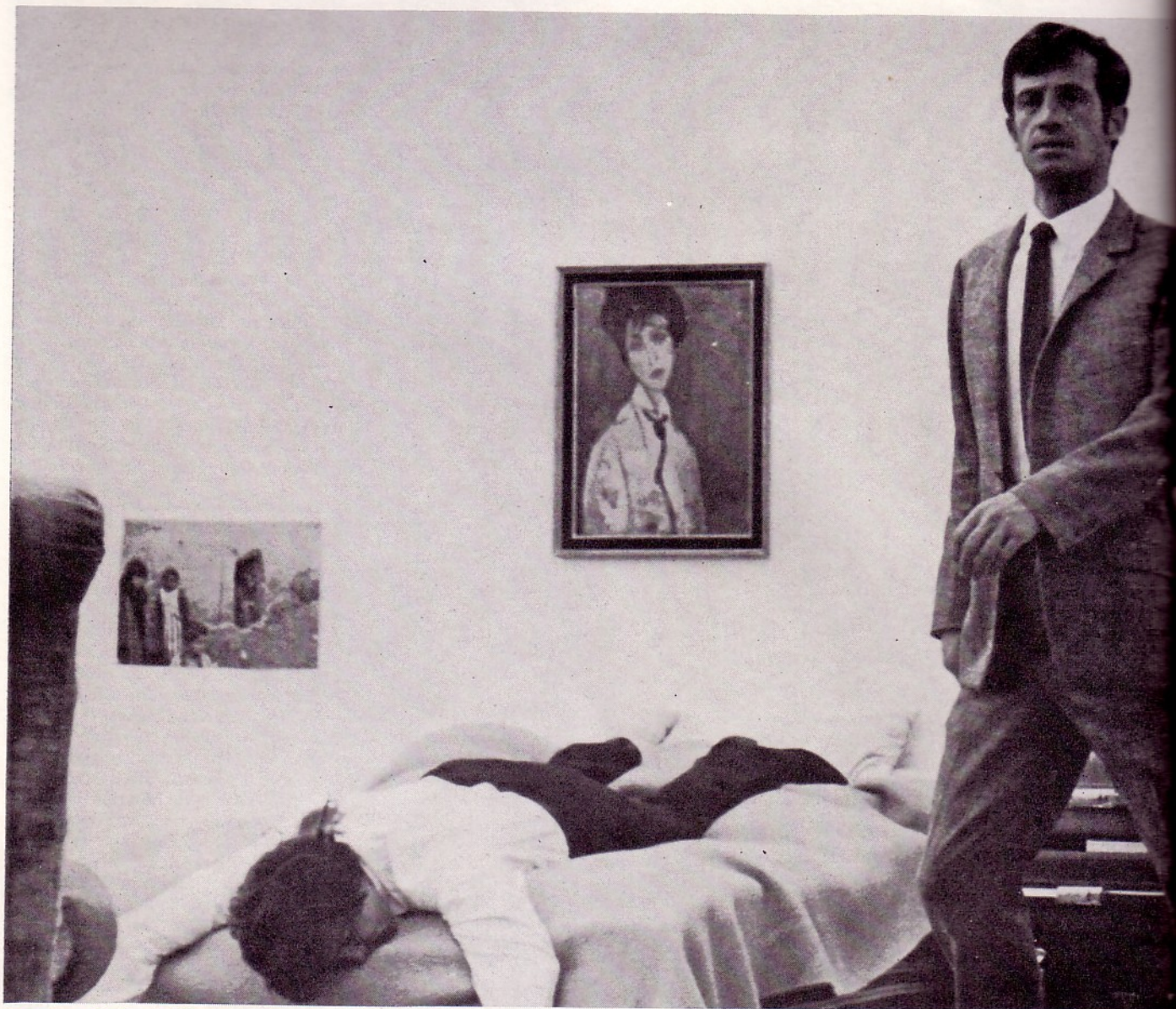


Masculin Féminin, French film of Jean-Luc Godard, *Scenario*: Jean-Luc Godard, freely adapted from two short stories of Guy de Maupassant. *Photography*: Willy Kurant. *Editor*: Agnès Guillemot. *Sound*: René Levert. *Cast*: Jean-Pierre Léaud (Paul), Chantal Goya (Madeleine), Marlène Jobert (Elizabeth), Michel Debord (Robert), Catherine-Isabelle Duport (Catherine-Isabelle), Eva Britt Strandberg (She), Birger Malmstein (He), Elsa Leroy (Mlle 19 of *Mademoiselle Age Tendre*), Françoise Hardy (accompanying the American officer in the car), Brigitte Bardot and Antoine Bourseiller (a couple talking in a café), Chantal Darget (extract of *Métro Fantôme*). *Director of Production*: Philippe Dussart. *Producer*: Anouchka Films—Argos Films (Paris)—Svensk Filminindustri—Sandrews (Stockholm), 1966. *Distributor*: Columbia. *Length*: 1 hr. 50 min.

The cinema of Godard happens to be the most hazardous, the most radical, the most beautiful cinema today. Life, work — it is the same proceeding, total quest; it is the same movement, to live and to show how to live, the same adventure. And this movement calls forth, provokes, includes, all the rest, which adds up to the other dimension of life — his style, which makes it poetry, music, art — well, everything. And everything is always at a meeting point with Godard, installs itself and finds itself as if in its own home. Everything can always enter, rise, be born. One must say that his genius is at the same time to be and to let be, to do and to let do. One must say, too, that he has begun by making and leaving clean space.

Thus *Masculin Féminin*; it is very simple, everything starts again from zero; nothing but the film of nothing but life. And it is, it becomes, at the same time journalism, television, actualized fiction or reconstituted actualities, essay, poem. . . . But let us enter the work less obliquely. The reactions to the film of the group of the filmed, who say, like the Blacks to *Moi un noir*—Not I! Rouch saw them wrongly, Godard saw them wrongly, they are everything except that. Why? An individual, a group, has always this reaction of retreat and of defense when confronted with its exact portrait. That is because one does not see and one does not know all that one is, and especially all that one's behavior implies or reveals, and because, moreover one cannot help but compare this image of the self that one has seen (that one has taken, and against which one can no longer do anything) with what one wanted or would want it to be. All that is deeply troubling. This as well —the truth that Godard extricates from

Jean-Luc Godard: *Masculin Féminin*, Jean-Pierre Léaud, Catherine-Isabelle Duport.



Jean-Luc Godard: *Pierrot le fou*, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Anna Karina.

beings is a truth drawn taut between document and fiction. These things are themselves, always and nothing but themselves, but Godard has them pass through the entire range of their behavior—actual; possible; probable; in the end hypothetical — has them actualise some of their own potentialities, has them signify at the same time what they are and what they tend to be. Thereby one sees sketched the face of what the world tends to be through them.

Thus what Godard has made, is somewhat conscience-fiction, or it is the flash-forward of a plot already being acted, or the trailer of a film still in the process of sound mixing, except that here "our next attraction" is the next (and the better) of our worlds.

It is not that Godard claims to foretell. He wants only to see exactly and to tell exactly. That is already a great deal. It is even everything; for the rest follows from it. The form to come of

a world, of a being — destiny, if you will — is already written down in his very depth. One needs only to see deeply; everything is there. It is even because he sees deeply that Godard mistrusts certain surfaces. If he inserts the opinion survey into his film (and all his films are partly inquiries), and makes use of it, none the less he invites us (that distance that often he urges us to take in relation to what he shows) to mistrust his results (thanks to which some people claim that *they* can foretell). However that may be, what he makes (and there he catches up with and goes beyond everyone) is a survey of the soul.

Here I think of a man of whom often people said (to flatter him or to reproach him) that he spoke as a prophet —Bernanos. To which Bernanos replied, justly, that he contented himself with seeing things indeed, and that it was perhaps because of that that he found himself seeing a little farther than the

things—where they led. Whether one calls that "prophecy" or "lucidity" has nothing to do with the matter; still the fact is that Godard has it. He has lucidity, intuition, which operates in gentleness, or by breaking open, those flashes that illuminate by moments the depths, the hidden aspects of beings or of things. *Vivre sa vie* was indeed made of those illuminations, to cite only one, and the one whose heroine had a look of Mouchette.

Let us go back to *Le Petit Soldat*, which opened with a quotation from *Les Enfants humiliés*, and this other convergence strikes one — youth and politics. Bernanos speaks of this a great deal (in *Les Enfants humiliés*, among others); he says of it even many things that people are only beginning to realize — but it is thus with everything of which he spoke (including nazism, touched upon in *Les Enfants humiliés*). Now, *Le Petit Soldat* is, too, the film that allows us to examine, on a limited



but exact point, what the lucidity of Godard is. As in all his films, what he caught there was the spirit, the time, the adventure — the spirit of the adventure of the time, the spirit of times of adventure — but all that was knotted together on the occasion of events apparently marginal — limited, localized actions of little groups, barely-organized, bearing a name out of adventure novels, "*La Main rouge*" (the Red Hand). That was going to be swollen later, under the name of OAS.

Le Petit Soldat — that was torture, too, wrongdoing whose equable apportionment in the film was to cause an outcry, nobody, from the right to the left, wanting to acknowledge its extension to the members of his own group. Whence the extremity and the unison in reproach. Here, another thought for Bernanos (one has so few for him, in our days), who had a long experience with fools.

Now, Godard said of torture: "It is monotonous and sad. Therefore I will

speak of it little." Thus he defined a principal aspect of his proceeding and of his vision — on the one hand, not to speak of that about which one cannot speak, on the other, to speak of that which is, in fact, the most terrible, the banality of the atrocious, and the atrocity of this banality.

Horror cannot be shown; one shows of it, and one can only show of it, either too much or too little. Enough to make a spectacle, to fascinate, to repel a little, or to inure a little, but that is not enough, or it is already too much, if it is necessary to illuminate the conscience. All the more because the horror appears there, almost always, as the more or less exceptional product of more or less exceptional beings or circumstances. It is here that Godard gambles, inscribing horror in the banal and the banal in the horror. That, one can show, and even, all the moral and material possibilities are joined here, which permit everything to be shown.

And Godard to show. On the one

hand, even what horror involves of the exceptional (torture) is inscribed in the gestures, reflexes, habits of every day (habit itself inserted in the midst of other habits: the torturer, linen and the laundress); on the other hand, in *Les Carabiniers* (starting from beings with their consciences already obscured, unlike the first, who were darkening their own consciences by justifications), how one can live horror in a habitual fashion — war.

Godard never suggests horror. He shows, indeed, fragments of it, but fragments that represent the whole of what it is. He deframes certain perspectives, but that is in order to open on others, unsuspected, dizzy, and, in all cases, to project us toward the essential — the point of escape, here equally the point of no return.

Let us follow the thread. In *Pierrot le fou* we have the happy words and gestures (and musically happy—a turn of the screw) of a couple at dawn, in the room with weapons, beside a corpse



Jean-Luc Godard: *Une femme est une femme*, Jean-Claude Brialy, Anna Karina.

(the corpse and the passer-by of *A Bout de souffle*). And *Vivre sa vie*: the concierge's wife refuses her key to Nana. No longer a room. The concierge snatches it from her; a little kiss, from his wife. It is ended. (Have we here a degree more, or a degree less, in the atrocious, which, becoming less characterized — and more insidious — characterizes a greater number of beings?) And again — Nana describing the denunciation scene to the commissioner — "I find that wretched . . ." (and the denunciation of *A Bout de souffle*). Still farther — it is Pierrot to the little garage-boy — mere establishment of fact: "You would like a car like that? Well, you will never have one." The atrocious has again lost characterization. Now it reaches its greatest extension. Mere social fact. It is everywhere. As in *Les Carabiniers*. Mere social fact. *C'est la guerre* . . . We have done nothing but change level. But the levels communi-

cate at more than one point. There are exchange mechanisms, and here is one: It is Ulysse who wants to buy the big car, with the letter in place of money. "No. No go." Still farther (again . . . echo of *Les Carabiniers*) — certain gestures, words, intonations, looks are enough (those that transfixed Piccoli in *Le Mépris*). *Une femme est une femme* (musical comedy) — the couple who tear each other to pieces. The "I do not love you" uttered intentionally (when she is thinking, "I love you"). That is one of the geneses, one of the infancies of evil — that dizziness, or that stiffening, that pushes one to prolong still a little, and still a little, the pleasure, the pain, of hurting, of hurting oneself (and *Le Mépris* — Bardot's defiance as she coldly aligns obscene words). Stiffening, defiance, hardening, complaisance (supreme vices — those of the spirit), the mechanism is diverse, but that is always the temptation of the

491st time (if one can sin seventy times seven times) — the one too many, the one that makes you cross the point of no return. And its name is, doubtless, sin against the spirit, since, in fact, the spirit dies from it — the thing that one found fascinating, over which one bent, or which one defied, someday possesses one; and the word that defines one then is, perhaps, "alienated."

One calls "alienation," too, the state of those who are more victims than authors of the obscuring of their conscience — mere result of mere social facts. Here we are again at *Les Carabiniers*, where those who undergo the mechanism of war, and start it again, have already been reduced by that of distress. Another crossing — in it our soldiers massacre concierges; the alienated are killing one another among themselves.

Distress. Here is the *métro* of *Bande à part* (and of *Masculin Féminin*) and

its song (and juke-box, café—those of *Une femme est une femme* and of *Vivre sa vie*), and, through despair, dereliction, bitterness, tenderness, in great epitomizations that condense beauties elsewhere divided, something blossoms toward joy (another thought for Bernanos, one for Dreyer, one for Bergman).

But always something blossoms. Even in *Les Carabiniers*—little transient flashes. In Ulyse's gaze on a mother-madonna blossoms a shot in which one watches for conscience; in the saying of the poem in front of the rifles, one sees the faces of the riflemen become clearer. And there are, of course, in *Alphaville*, the first shivers of Anna's conscience, on lost poems.

The two above mentioned — *Alphaville*, *Les Carabiniers* — are both fables, but made starting from elements inscribed in the spirit and the flesh of our time. Two worlds tangential to ours (a little as that of *Le Petit Soldat* was tangent to it, before being inscribed in it). different worlds, to the extent that the real, the probable, the possible, the hypothetical, are differently apportioned there, but communicating worlds; ours serves as exchange mechanism.

With *Alphaville*, here is, once more, habitual horror. Here, under a limiting form (obtained by giving a turn of the screw to some present reality)—murder (liquidation of the irrecoverables) given habitually as a spectacle, murder as social fact and rite. (A little what one finds in that other science fiction, Siniawski's *La Journée du meurtre* — or Daniel's, I no longer know, no matter). *Alphaville* is, too, the only absolutely lost world in Godard. At the outcome of Lemmy's pitiless struggle against the robots, a single just person will be saved. Of his other worlds, none that does not, in some aspect, merit being loved, even that of *Les Carabiniers*. None in which one feels oneself totally lost. People recognize one another there. People are among those like themselves. Among lost children.

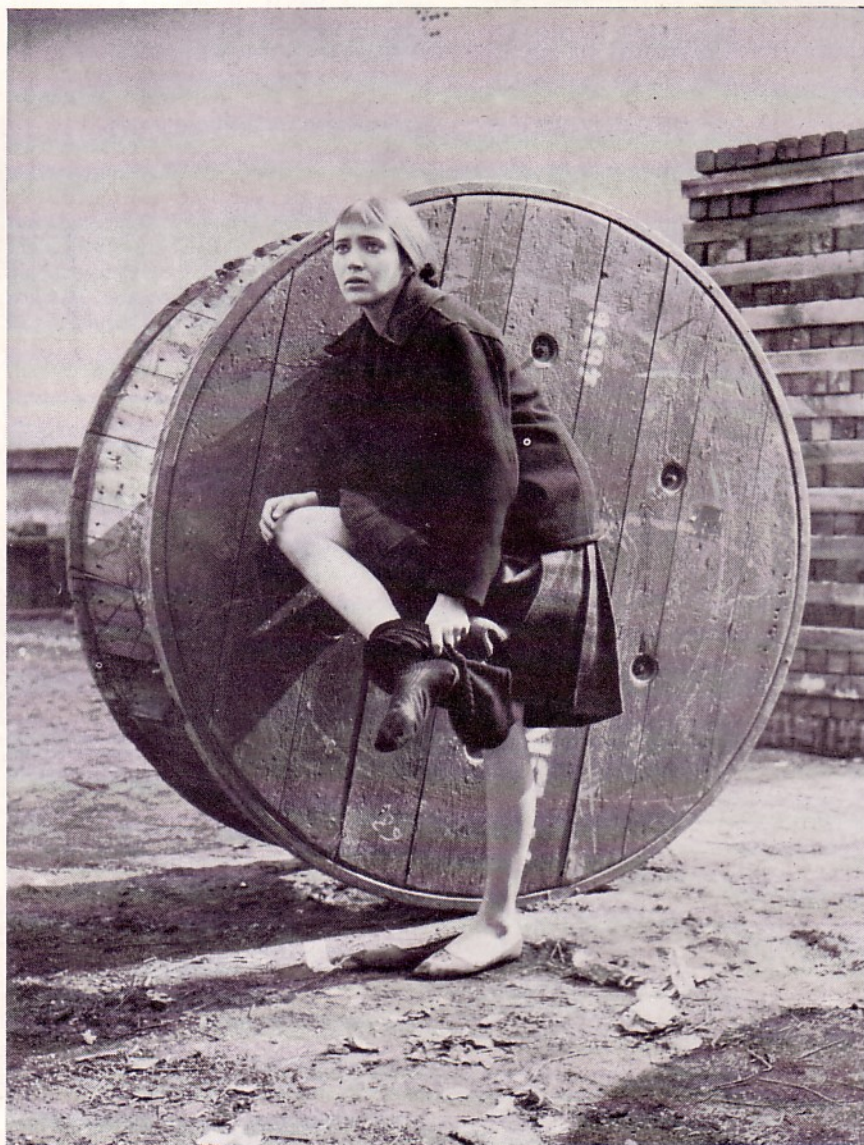
To go thus, with the same step, from hardness to tenderness, to live them and to show them, inside, outside, to take, to refuse, — and to escape the traps of complaisance (they are several, and love too, one can lose oneself in it), to live these pullings, requires much strength. I mean by that — if one must insist — that one would not know whether to range Godard on the side of the optimists, or on that of the pessimists. Those whom one designates thus are the weak, who are not able to resist the pullings. They have ended by inclining toward the side on which the pull is the stronger. They have remained thus. Stiffened. Specialized. Bernanos said of the optimist and of the pessimist that the one is a gay imbecile, the other, a sad imbecile. It remains that—temperament, experience or hypothesis — it is despair that gives its prime mover to the work of Godard.

And thus he takes his place in the line of the sombre great—Swift, Chamfort (not La Rochefoucauld, sad imbecile), Fritz Lang (*Fury* — pitiless film, in which justice, in which the victim, ending by being more odious than the butchers and their injustice had been; film of which people are barely beginning to understand all that it foretold), Louis-Ferdinand Céline, all, so far as they are of that line, provoking, exalting, invigorating, euphorizing, our weapons of the last chance, the great drastic remedy, for weathering the cape of despair. And *à propos* therapy, I think of that which certain psychiatrists sometimes practise, in despair of the case and of orthodoxy, under the code name of "kick-in-the-seat therapy."

But let us close our circle again. We had come to the lost children. It is curious; here I think of Bernanos, who said of the young (at a time when they were not yet — not to this degree — the "problem" of the world) that one day they would vomit it, this world impossible to live with, would chuck it

in the air, for — if they found their prophet, and he commanded them to throw themselves out the windows — they had the strength of character to go to the very end and to do so. And imbeciles, who are not of that tempering, can do nothing against those who are.

The young have a total approach. The beauty of youth comes from the very fact that the entire being is always ready to put himself on the stake. As do the pierrots of Godard. And *le Fou* is the most beautiful; crazy Pierrot who, disgusted, throws himself out of society, when it and he have accepted each other as best they could, crazy to the point of working out for himself (through love) a destiny of death. And the little soldier; who, to escape another destiny, thought out for himself another madness — to provoke this destiny; to throw himself out of the window. "One has only the luck that one deserves." But in all cases, it is free course given to life; one abandons oneself — to life; one abandons one's life — to death.



Jean-Luc Godard: *Bande à part*, Anna Karina.

That, adventure? And all adventures would be beautiful? . . .

All those who have risked themselves totally have, in some way, shared in the same spirit. Ugliness is that which is not inhabited by that spirit. To give free course to life — that is, too, to mime life, the true, the ideal life, that of which films or novels have made one dream. Belmondo, Bogart; the little soldier, Spanish war; the Arthurs, westerns; Pierrot, the Robinsons — who are two — Jules Verne in the midst, and Céline among them.

Robinsons. Dreams of nature. How do these nostalgias for total communication, total communion, come to one? No need for references, either to a distant past, nor to the nearer Rousseau. It is enough to walk in the streets.

Nothing but solitary people. One says to oneself that people are separated, it is strange, something should make them one. One says that to oneself, precisely, in *Bande à part*. In which Godard says, for Arthur, for Franz, what they cannot formulate, as the fantastic, very near-by. Rimbaud, Poe; *Le Bateau ivre*, Arthur Gordon Pym. Poe (whom Jules Verne loved so much) — he is met again in *Vivre sa vie* with his portrait of the artist.

Yes, one says it — they are naive. And Godard too. And those, too, who love him. There is something else of which Bernanos spoke a great deal — the spirit of childhood. And it is there that dreaming, seeing, believing, doing, loving, are the same naive movement, that gathers bursts of speed, takes problems by surprise, and finds itself at the heart of things. It is in Godard; it is that which he shows us; but in most people, it is not to be found. It is even that from which one suffers, in his work. So one breaks everything, or breaks oneself. Or, on the contrary, one withdraws into oneself, one faints. And one chooses to break nothing, to touch nothing, even. And that nothing should touch us. Us — the disquieting, pathetic little fauna of *Masculin Féminin*.

That fauna was brooding. It has come to the surface. Taken its forms. It fascinates; it frightens. Some elders say — we, at least, were impassioned, and cry out at indifference (but when they group themselves for their grand communions — they are crazy); others, who have in mind certain specific passions, cry out at depoliticization.

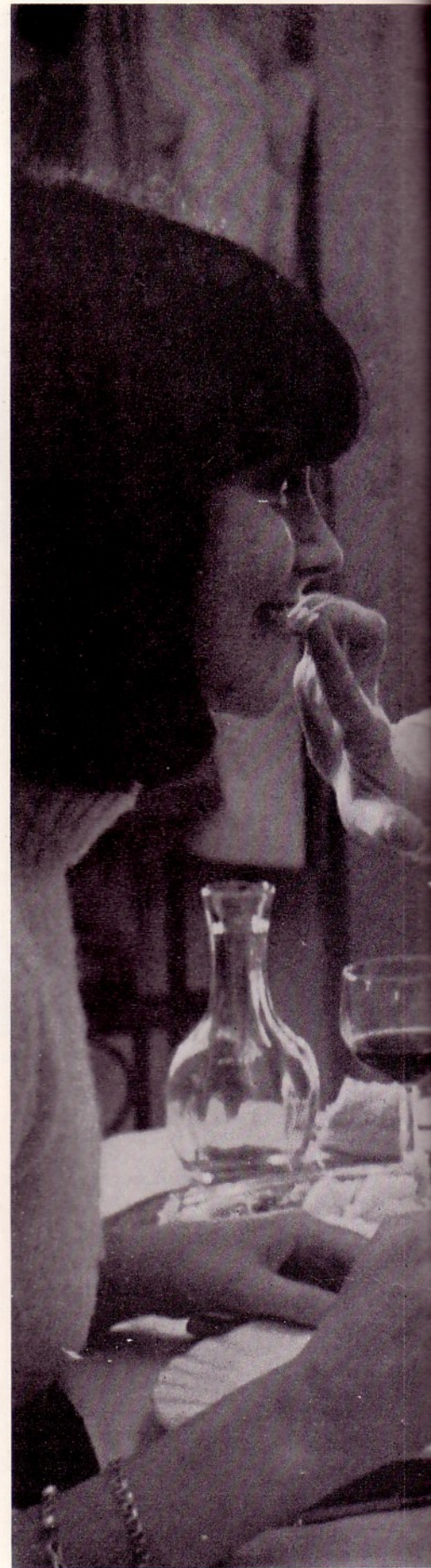
In any case they start from that — lack, emptiness (they inherited that too — from their elders), and they do not seem to want to attain any great end, except, perhaps, a certain aspect of nirvanic comfort. (And in this connection — the beatnik phenomenon under its original form grouped otherworldlies whose ambition was to attain nothingness — curious return to an old mysticism). However that may be, they are the proof that autonomy frightens society as much as revolt. In fact, the two attitudes, total, are the manifesta-

tion of one same and dangerous refusal of the world.

For everything happens as if they were born allergic to this world. As if this world were poison to them. Some react by an almost visceral revolt of the entire organism — a vomiting. People call them sick, and try to care for that sickness — delinquency. Others have decided to ingurgitate the poison. To digest it. Immunization or death. Others still have found salvation in ectoplasm. They have reduced their substance. Nothing affects them any longer. Everything passes through them. And the world has passed through them. It has emptied itself through them, as the water of the crime empties itself in a Hitchcock bathtub, with a noise of flushing, making circles.

There are, too, the sick — those who have integrated the exact measure of poison, just enough to exist poisoned, just enough for what they call living. These last, Godard put them at the start of *Pierrot le fou* — the reception. After that, useless to come back to them. But the others, it was very necessary that he come to them, and that he come back to them. It was necessary that he introduce this last metamorphosis that is, too, the last and most dangerous variation in his body of work, made of a tension, or rupture, between these two poles — apathy, revolt. The last — Léaud. Alone and lost, with his great heart and his little revolts. And not strong enough to be himself. Lost in his contretemps, trying to play at sex and at politics. Who becomes militant as one makes oneself a delinquent, and commits attempts on painting. Caught in the traffic of ideas like *le petit soldat*, or like Pierrot in the traffic of arms. But they were strong enough to be alone. Or weak enough. In any case, they had the coherence of their madness. That is Léaud's madness, and its beauty — to attempt contact. But the others do not operate on the same current.

The others were not all unknown to us. From America (where as in Scandinavia, what was brooding here manifested itself already), Godard had brought Patricia, cold little being, avid and detached, little faraway Martian, to tantalise the Belmondo of *A Bout de souffle* — who lost himself in seeking her. Sex, at least? So little. Just a small coin of exchange. A little devalued; there, with her, there was inflation. Now, it is here. And Léaud does not find himself again in it. He kills himself seeking them, the others. But they are all the more alien to him because they should be nearer to him. Because they are, in a sense, like him, and no more apathetic, in their sphere perhaps, than he, in his, is in revolt. But in their sphere, one must be able to live. They have what is necessary, they have grown an adequate shell. He, in this emptiness, cannot find his breath, he feels himself bursting out, he is not pressurized.





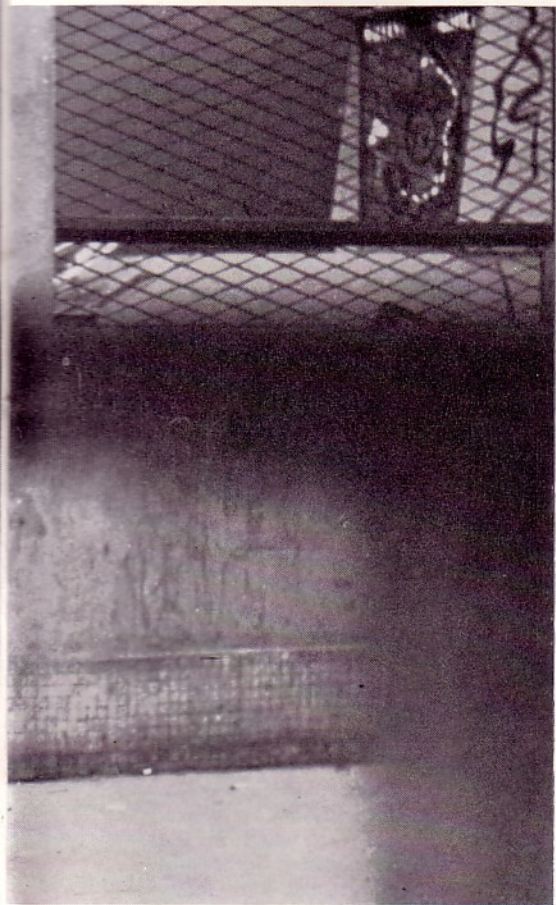
Jean-Luc Godard: *Masculin Féminin*, Chantal Goya, Marlene Jobert, Jean-Pierre Leaud.



Jean-Luc Godard: *Pierrot le fou*, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Anna Karina.

Jean-Luc Godard: *Masculin Feminin*, Jean-Pierre L 





"One cannot live without tenderness; better to shoot oneself." But perhaps the others have, in their sphere, their own form of tenderness. They must have grown one of their own, those mutants, — but what form?

On that Godard makes his most agonizing and his tenderest film, starting, as always, from an intimate penetration of the characters, still themselves, still loved, from document to fiction. Here is how the investigator has seen them — "Because of their youth, they remain natural. They are exactly at the moment when they are going to be formed, when they are still innocent and generous. Even conditioned, they keep innocence in their conditioning. They are not afraid of being judged — in evil or in good — they are neither hypocrites nor cowards."

At the same time, Godard has carried his investigations farther still, and, pitiless, he has loved them farther still. And his film is serene, just, generous, but terrible. For them, for us, for the committed, the uncommitted, everyone. In comparison, *Pierrot le fou* is the birth of a world, harmonious, that fills one. *Pierrot le fou* has aged, admirably. It is a great classic, magnificent, that makes one dream of the time when such words, such dead, still existed. Léaud did not even have his death, he disappeared. Only one thing remained for him — to learn to be no longer living. To go through what the mutants had gone through. Nor there either did he know how to set about it. From the first mutant, Patricia, there have been few Godard heroines who did not at least graze the reference to another world (even to the Bardot of *Le Mépris*, in its Jules Verne settings). The woman is radical. She loves and that is all. One day, the man does or says some trifle — all is finished. Broken. An entire love is tossed aside. It is already another world. And, in fact, one can only feel as, the most alien possible, that which is formed to be nearest; one can only feel the slightest breaking off or distortion in man-woman relationships as the very type of catastrophe — the cosmic.

Godard is haunted by all the distortions that affect communication, language. That is the lesson on speech (to live, to speak) of Brice Parain in *Vivre sa vie*; those are the words that change or disappear in *Le Nouveau Monde* or in *Alphaville*. And in *La Femme mariée*, Leenhardt speaks language completely other than ours, surviving from another age. Catastrophe (limiting case — the breaking off in the first "event" of *Masculin Féminin* — the woman kills the man to keep the child) is — would be — that other limit of distension or distortion, insidious, generalized, of all bonds, that appears (or that one feels) especially in the relationship of the couple. Antonioni, Bergman. With Godard too the moorings are broken. And it is the woman who is the reference

point from which the drift is measured (its mutants are almost always feminine). She has arrived at other waters, where the currents, the winds, the waves, their lengths, are no longer the same. One no longer reaches her. There is no longer a response. Indifference, coldness, lie (again — words)? . . . She receives, perhaps, transmits, another language (the *femme mariée*, like the woman of *Le Nouveau Monde*). Still the same flesh, but incarnating another word.

No doubt she is more sensitive than the man to the atmosphere and the flesh of the time, to what they convey — conditionings, sicknesses, poison of the century, traffics of ideas, of words, of songs — with which she permeates herself more, that she makes radically part of her. That is because she is more malleable than the man, that is to say weaker, but also more supple, which is a strength. As proof — she lives of it, he dies of it.

What is the *Nouveau Monde* that awaits us? Fabulous question. Ridiculous. And what is this parable? — But Godard satisfies himself with seeing, and he sees what portends. It is true that nothing ever portends to those who have not "the divine faculty of attention" — to take up again from Bernanos the phrase that he owed to Poe.

Attention — to receive everything from the world, and to take everything — attachment. And detachment — to be as if one were not in the world. And those two other times of which the *petit soldat* spoke — that of action and that of reflection, the two sides or phases (synchrony, diachrony, one might say, in Saussure fashion) of Godard's movement. Action — to start off the film, to compose it and let it compose itself, but in the framework (that of the film, that of life) established by reflection — always proceeding between two films — and with the elements that the latter has long since extricated. All of them in a state of readiness. Always capable of seeing themselves integrate such-and-such other element that will arise, or of doing without such-and-such other, suddenly out of date; ready to take, ready to leave it. Godard sees his film, too, with detachment. As Brice Parain said that it was necessary to live life — echo of what was the last ambition of the *petit soldat* — "All that remains for me is this one thing — to learn not to be bitter."

With Godard, detachment is, too, a reflection on the very mode of expression that engages him. Photographs in the film, cameras, films — means of making investigations, of catching the soul, of making one dream. In *Pierrot* — the address to the spectator, and the "in this moment of appearing in cinema" in *Les Carabiniers* — the childhood of cinema and that of the spectator. And, too — the post card — property deeds, appropriation of life by its substitutes (dream of the tourist or of

the crazed collector) — here the reproduction of the world leads to the linking.

Now here, in fact, the spectator breaks his link; this sequence of the postcards projects him out of the film. It is exactly that — that is one of Godard's means (one among others) for breaking the temptations of fascination, of identification, of complaisance, of making the film live and the spectacle die.

Obviously that does not always proceed without collisions, and from that it comes about that some spectators think themselves provoked. For with Godard something always comes to destroy a little harmony that was about to be born (something that, in relation to it, comes or goes to too great distance, at too great length, for too long a time, too far beyond; unless it be a lack, a sudden hole, where one expected a balancing symmetry or an antagonistic coupling; but it is that you are invited to go beyond, to accede to a superior harmony. Only, to take you there, Godard asks you to make the journey. And he does not spare you hookings and unhookings, ascents and descents. Moreover he himself flings himself into each film, abandons himself to its movement, as one abandons oneself to waves carrying one, to their currents — but to currents that he has calculated, and in which he has learned to swim. The spectator does not have to make so many calculations and efforts. He has only to make the journey of the film, not that which Godard must have made to end in the film. The spectator is in that compartment that reproduces faithfully on earth the conditions of life in the satellite. He is asked only to remain there. And to trust. That means, too, to trust in that further addition that makes a Godard film more than a film — it is art itself. And that leads one far. You did not know it, but the conditions of life in a satellite continue to be so faithfully reproduced up there, that one would swear one were on earth. You did not know it — you are in orbit.

But the finest thing is that the large audience lends itself admirably to Godard. It is reached. The large audience is simple, and it is sensitive to the simplicity in Godard. It is able to see things, quite plainly, as they are (like children, flexible, open, disponible, always ready to journey — it is rigidified adults who refuse films in the original language, films that take one by surprise, and the Russian mountains), on the other hand, as it has lived, it recognizes life in Godard. Its life. The little things, the big ones — everything is familiar to it, it catches hold of it, it lets itself be led along, and thus feels itself acceding, too, to other places that were perhaps less familiar but that now it has recognized. And Godard would justify himself — if that remained for him to do — by this single criterion — his fecundity. For, whatever he takes up, he pro-



Jean-Luc Godard: *Masculin Feminin*, Jean-Pierre Leaud, Catherine-Isabelle Duport.

okes people to rethink, and cinema with it. And he is remarkable too in that an entire youth has found in him the equivalent of what traditionally it found in literature — a mentor in living.

With this gift for things obvious that lead directly to the end, for *trouvailles* that pulverize things problematical, Godard, through the spirit of childhood, discovers the childhood of art. A little like what Stravinsky and Klee discovered — when, beyond the most extraordinary elaboration, they found again a

forgotten primitive quality. Or Le Corbusier, with his great crude rustic houses that play at city in the country; or Edouard Leclerc, who reinvents commerce, a child who plays at trade, and sows panic in the webs of dubious stages.

Godard is, too, the childhood of cinema. The recovery of the time when cinema was simple and necessary. He had first to show what was in motion, then what that told. And the awareness of cinema dissolved itself in the fascination of spectacle-story. Sometimes one has nostalgia for that age, today



when cinema, its innocence lost, knows that it is cinema. Godard has passed through that knowledge, and he has found, on the other side, the simplicity and the necessity. With him, the awareness of cinema mixes inextricably with the awareness of life. And he makes the audience enter its third age; now one says — that lives, as one said — that tells, as one said — that moves.

Buckle clasped? Or cycle traversed, which remains open? One is tempted to think of what happened with literature. What to write? What is possible

still to do, after Roussel, Joyce, Faulkner, Céline? As example Céline — all that life to end in those strange last things that have something of the novel, of the autobiography, and of the poem. And is it not a little of Godard which is defined here? Will one say to oneself now — what is it possible still to film?

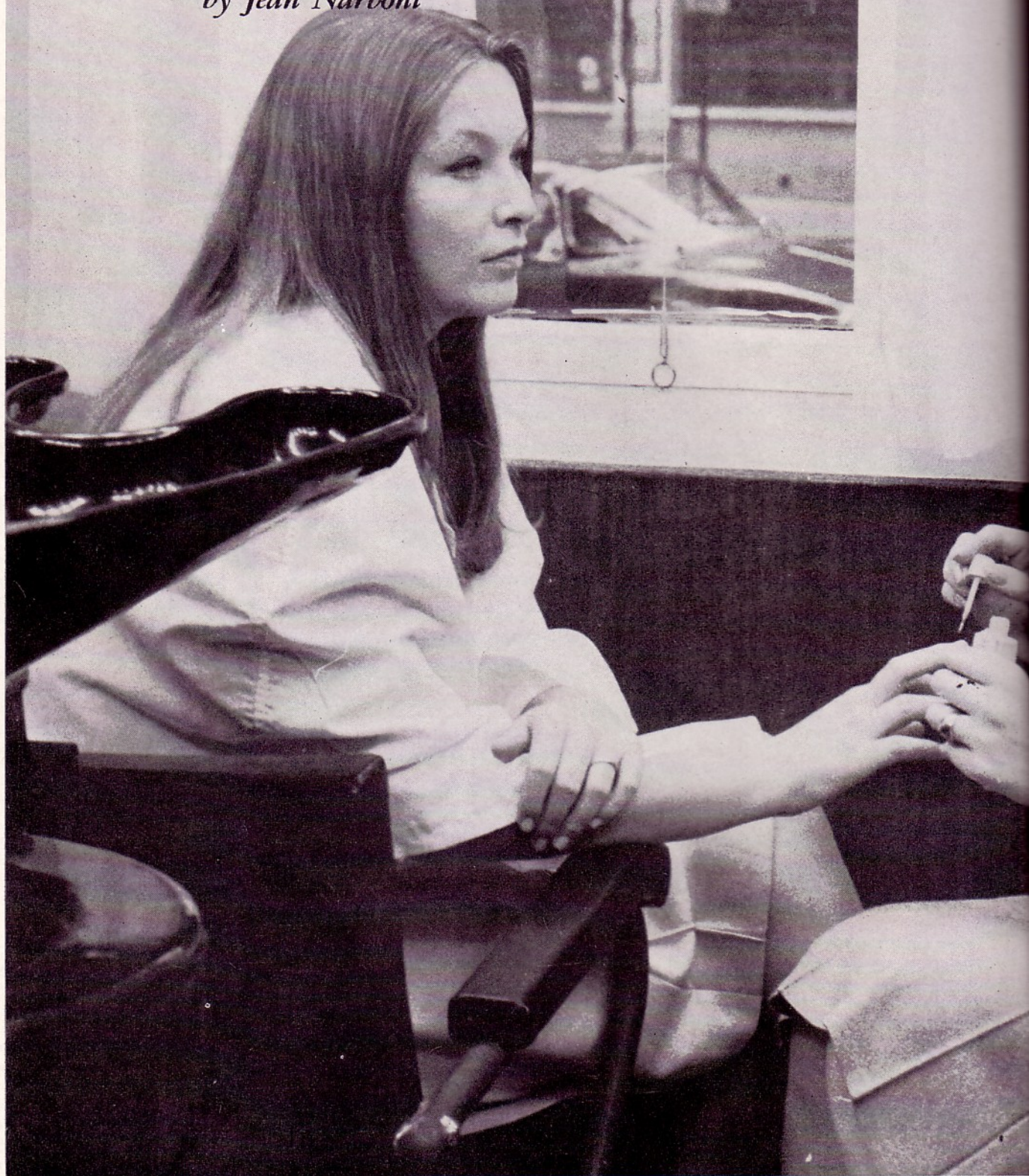
But perhaps it is the contrary — everything is beginning. For another comparison is true (to remain in literature) — the films of Godard (fragments or not, with or without intertitles) find

again the tone of the first fictions — parables, moralities, *fabliaux* . . . And then, why remain in literature? We are in cinema; cinema is life; now life, until proof to the contrary, continues.

But Godard's adventure is possible only because he lives it abandoning himself to it, after having abandoned everything, even to and including cinema. He has passed through the death of life without cinema—Brice Parain would say —now, on the other side, he is where life and cinema are one.

*Notes on 'Two or
Three Things...'*

by Jean Narboni



Jean-Luc Godard: *Deux ou trois choses que je sais d'elle*, Marina Vlady, the Sphinx (Anny Duperey).



Perhaps the most surprising minute of cinema — and justly famous — was that of an abandonment. A mysterious impulse or a premeditated act, camouflaging itself as a chance stroke of genius, the obscurity persists, all the more because the one responsible kept himself from elucidating our questions, ever. Still it is that a camera, abruptly wandering and as if weary of accompanying a modest typographer, turned its back on him, departed to sweep the walls of a courtyard, to find again, at the end of the movement, a murderer. Thus M. Lange rid the co-op of the ignoble Batala.

Perhaps, at the second of this swerve, cinema changed (Murnau in *Sunrise* had once, with genius, forseen the change). Cinema was no longer a faithful follower or a tenacious voyeur; it neither lay in wait nor hunted out; it became "the one who accompanied no longer"; it kept obscure a whole realm of gestures, of actions, and of motivations; around it and without it the music of the world existed without end and came to beat. Sometimes and as if by chance it happened that someone was found on its course, and that yielded a film. A parenthesis, a provisory game of disclosure, an affectionate encircling, a provisory face to face, a furtive meeting or rough shock, as one bumps into a person at the turn in a street.

With a little luck, one might learn two or three things — of a city, of an object, of a being.

In Godard's work we knew other forms of meeting face to face — confrontations, identities stated hurriedly, eyes lowered or turned away, sometimes boldly fixed on us (very often the fixing would prove false or incomplete, and so much the better). But the cinéaste insisted, constrained, pitiless; sometimes it happened that he made himself a policeman. Then the accused hazarded, at the end of a long reciprocal silence, one or two other confidences.

At other times, abrupt stops in the story, stair landings happily arranged, at once pause and impetus, like those moments when condensers recharge themselves in silence, permitted some, more loquacious, to address us — on language, memory, intelligence, or love . . . With *Deux ou trois choses*, no more of these similar and fecund instances. Cinema respects the flights, the evasions, even imposes on itself those non-interferences (imperatively); captures at random a face that flings a few words and leaves us, abandons that face to meet it again fortuitously in a shop, at the corner of a garage, on the bare lawn of a hospital for chronic illnesses; gropes, sketches an approach, thinks better, hesitates whether it should choose one rather than another. Sometimes renounces — "of her we will know nothing." Won by this discretion, a voice whispers all along (whispering of an entirely different nature from that of Macha Meril in *La Femme mariée*, ex-

plicable by egoistic personal motives.) A kind of cinema of secrecy or, why not, of respect (one imagines to what point it situates itself at the antipodes of that of Bresson). No longer on the watch, drawing on the quarry, or breaking and entering, but cinema as if fortuitous, ready to welcome — before the fallout and extinction — some living fragments. Then how to be astonished at the prodigality of Godard at his thirst and at his fury to film, when so many things remain to receive, but by bits and pieces. There is a strong bet to the contrary that today every preparation must weigh on him, that he dreams of the cinema in which there will no longer be situations, characters to bring to life, places to mark out, story to narrate but where one would install oneself before all things to let them speak of themselves, the time that they are willing. Is that to say that, in *Deux ou trois choses*, false disorder, fragments, particles, breaks of rhythm and of tone abound? Certainly not. It is that here the famous "found pieces," the elements annexed and added to it in the course of the story (that ordinarily they block the better to set it in motion again), are so many that they become themselves the story and its web. No longer collage, or visible seams, but a narration of collage, a story and a continuity of the "too much." One can hazard a comparison with the respiratory movement in which a widely curved line doubles and reabsorbs a series of oscillations of lesser amplitude. Here, a kind of patient, tenacious movement, slow and turning, ceaselessly coming back on itself, inserting short broken lines into a more and more closely woven lattice, catching them in a kind of spherical volume. Unique movement of stirring and of transport, analogous to the "Jupiterian dolly" of *Le Chant du Styrene*, which, exactly, struck Godard so much. Or, to risk another comparison not so foreign to the subject of the film, like that of the atom, in which the random jumps of the electrons from one orbit to another integrate themselves into a more vast gravitation. In the film is inscribed, in depth, the figure of its subject, of which one senses without difficulty that it goes very far beyond the initial anecdote. The black of a cup of coffee entirely invades the cinemascope screen, where all the meetings of the devil and the gods seem to foment. The layers of liquid turn, stretch, fray. Bubbles rise, drift, burst, flow together, agglomerate in provisional clusters. One knows what a certain writer could bring out of a cup of tea. Perhaps here too it is a question of "pure time," on its moral slope. Birth of new systems, appearance of other nebulae, planetary disorders, redistribution of galaxies. . . . Sketch and hope of another world, in which "the words would change their meanings and the meanings their words."



Jean-Luc Godard directing *Made in USA*, Marianne Faithfull.

Made in USA. French film in techniscope and Eastmancolor of Jean-Luc Godard. *Scenario*: Jean-Luc Godard, from the novel *Nothing in the Coffers* by Richard Stark. *Assistants*: Charles L. Bitsch, Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Bakka, Philippe Pouzenc. *Photography*: Raoul Coutard. *Cameramen*: Georges Liron, Jean Garcenat. *Music*: Schumann and Beethoven. *Sound*: René Levert. *Editor*: Agnès Guillemot. *Cast*: Anna Karina (Paula Nelson), Lazlo Szabo (Richard Widmark), Jean-Pierre Léaud (Donald Siegel), Yves Afonso (David Goodis),

Ernest Menzer (Typhus), Jean-Claude Bouillon (the inspector), Kyoko Kosa-ka (Daisy Mizoguchi), Rémo Forlani (the worker in the bar), Philippe Labro (Philippe Labro, journalist on Europe No. 1), Sylvain Godet (Robert Mac-Namara), Jean-Pierre Biesse (Richard Nixon), Marianne Faithfull (the singer in the bar), Claude Bakka (man who accompanies the singer) Roger Scipion (doctor of the institute), Rita Maiden (the woman who informs Paula), Isabelle Pons (newspaperwoman from out of town), Alexis Poliakoff (fellow with the notebook at the red telephone),

Eliane Giovagnoli (the dentist's assistant), Miguel (the dentist), Marc Dudicourt (the bartender), Philippe Pouzenc (a policeman), Fernand Coquet (the man working on the posters), Danièle Palmero (the hotel chambermaid), Marika Perioli (the girl suicide with the dog), Annie Guégan (the girl covered with bandages), Jean-Philippe Nierman (the policeman who takes notes), Daniel Bart (the policeman with the loading belt), Charles Bitsch (driver of the red taxi), Politzer's shadow and the recorded voice of Jean-Luc Godard. *Director of Production*: René Demoulin. *Pro-*



Jean-Luc Godard or the Urgency of Art

by Michel Delabaye

In 1966 Jean-Luc Godard shot only three films. In that he is less fecund than Sacha Guitry, who, thirty years ago (in 1936) made five, between the three of the year before and the three of the year after. But Godard has this other fecundity: his last two are twins—gag, challenge and experience. In any case, the royal Godard-independence of fabrication and of fabrication is to the production of today what the royal Guitry was to that of his time. Let us add some other intersections—the liking for beautiful credit lists; the share of auto-narration (with Guitry, prolongation of that play of amused ostentation that was the mask of his modesty; with Godard, unmasking of that very modesty); and the liking for words, with both handled in a radically different way. Thereupon, another kinship — the spirit of provocation and of subversion, already included in the very process of creation.

But the great difference is in the climate from which the two sprang and which they render. The cinema of Guitry was a cinema of between-two-wars, that of Godard is a cinema of between two worlds. Time, then, had stopped; one did not know where one was going. Now, one knows, time has become frantic. Then, it was the euphoric waste of substance and the profound but delectable sadness of terminal periods. Now, these are the turbulences in whose breast a world is in its death agony and another is being brought to birth. In blood and pain, of course. In short, we are at the end of that long transition marked by two or three things like Hitler, Stalin, Mao. It is now going to be a question, in all simplicity, of an apocalypse. In the sense in which Céline said, "The Pithecanthropes are changing their myth. Blood is going to spurt."

And with Godard blood spurts. Successor to *Masculin-Féminin* of yesterday, cultural broth in which *La Chinoise* of tomorrow has germinated, with *Made in USA* and *Deux ou trois choses que je sais d'elle*, here are the conjugate hemorrhages of blood and feelings in the troubles of the time — troubles that are the motor of these films, and radically molded.

Made in USA is a film multi-colored like a place of torture. In the colors of Pierrot, no doubt, but two or three drops more that make the vessel overflow. And in the webs (police and politics) of *Le Petit Soldat*, but whose meshes transform the motif, and whose sudden resolution — way out, escape,

makes you emerge in an air-conditioned outdoors (or perhaps it is pure oxygen, as in the Apollo cabins?) in short, plunges you into a chosen preparation.

That is no doubt because we have passed into another dimension. Into that of the bet, analogue (except for the vehicle, here 404 instead of the American Ford) to that which closes *Alpha-ville*, hypothesis (of artist, of scientist) to risk on a society, to try with this one as one did with that. Two or three things that one tries with it. One will indeed see.

Deux ou trois choses que je sais d'elle runs on the same fuel (sex and society) as *La Femme mariée* and *Masculin Féminin*. In sex and in building, nothing is right any longer. And here are the individual, the couple, the city, politics . . . all elements that this motor incorporates on its way — motor that, from two times, shifts very quickly to three movements and four speeds. Here is the entire linkage of society (the signs and links of the time sketching each other, they alone, their story), gathered up in a genre and a style that Godard perfects here, after having brushed two essays in it. In contrast, the story that *Made in USA* takes up again, Godard had already beforehand taken up again and finished (except that here he amputates it of certain things that he replaces by certain others), and in any case it is part of his style to make classic films as well. But the two films have a point in common. It is the girl with her tortures bandaged of *Deux ou trois choses*, who could have been found as well in *Made in USA* (and found, too, in all the Godards, in which it seems to us now that her place, empty, is awaiting her), victim of some settling of accounts — sexual, economic, political — with the common denominator of money, motor of universal prostitution.

If now we recall here the words of *Le Petit Soldat* on the time of reflection and the time of action (and those of Godard, saying of the cinema that it led him to life), we see that the urgency to show and to tell (in his work from the start with the incursions, lightning flash of Godard on the field of news items and other signs of the times, quickly caught by his antennas), opens on the urgency of formal subversion—economic, political. And that leads us directly to those other words of the same *Soldat*, that the O.A.S. and the F.L.N. borrowed from their common Lenin — "It is necessary sometimes to clear one's way with a poignard." Now Godard, in his twin films, makes lance

ducers: Georges de Beauregard, Rome Paris Film, Anouchka Films, Sepic, 1966. Distributor: Lex. Length: 1 hr. 30 min.

Deux ou trois choses que je sais d'elle (Two or Three Things I know About Her). French film of Jean-Luc Godard. Techniscope and Eastman Color. Photography: Raoul Coutard. Editor: Françoise Colin. Cast: Marina Vlady (Juliette), Anny Duperey (Marianne), Roger Montsoret (Husband), Raoul Levy (John). Producer: Anouchka Films, Argos Films, Les Films du Carrosse, Parc Film.

and poignard of every blade (and even, in *Deux ou trois choses*, of American needle-heels). No doubt that is because it is necessary to incise wounds and abscesses — to empty the body of a venom — unless it is necessary to empty it of all blood for some total transfusion, or to empty it — why not? — of all life. Now that one knows that civilizations are mortal, one can think that it is necessary sometimes to aid their passing. Another bet. For what better or what worse?

In the time of poignards, must one make oneself partly a poignard? Or, let us say, in the time of the blind, one who blinds — possible mood of "blinding"? Then people will take one for their guide. As blind men are taken for guides in the nocturnal rhymes of Emmanuel Delahaye or (to take from Luc Moulet the diurnal side of the same idea) as the two Brigittes take the blind man for their guide when they want to cross the transparencies of the television urn. Thus, the best means of brightening the lantern of a populace stupefied by the continuous and inflationary outpouring of sound-image — information and publicity included — is (by an operation of the homeopathic kind — unless one considers the luminous beam of the projection apparatus as the instrument — laser scalpel — of a brain washing) the sound-image itself.

We had the first stage of the operation in *Cahiers 9* when Elia Kazan said, after having talked about television, "At that rhythm, nothing has meaning any longer." . . . Whence, "What ought an artist to do if it is not that — to force them to see, to force them to feel, since they do not want to or cannot discern any longer by themselves . . . It seems to me that what a artist should do is—stop! come! stop! look! just look at that! just feel that! . . ."

To treat the malaise by the malaise — that idea permits one to situate sex, too, in the work of Godard. Our world tends to place itself under the sign of sexuality (dream of a lost paganism), but comes only to a morbid obsession. For we are badly freed (or badly chained) in relation to that other dream — that of angelism, which the Judeo-Christian neurosis imposed on us. Now, Godard is of Christian background, but within that milieu, exactly (Protestantism), which, starting from a puritanism *sui generis*, ends paradoxically by realizing a certain kind of equilibrium between refusal and acceptance of the world as it is, sexed. Thereupon, one observes that the precise explanation of sexuality is the work only of cineastes of Protestant background. Ingmar Bergman or, with us, Roger Leenhardt, when, in *Rendez-vous de minuit*, he condemns filth by the device of frank obscenity. Let us specify that the censors made quick work of bringing the episode down to the level of the filthy, by the same operation that made them bring down to the same level *The Silence of*

Bergman — projected uncut, by contrast, in Protestant countries.

But in the realm of sexuality, Godard provokes us doubly. In the face of our obsessions, by his puritanism (his fierce depiction of the "civilization of the backside"); in the face of our ambitions, by truly expressing sexual love and by expressing the necessity of this expression. Puritanism and frankness go hand in hand. In actions and in words. Let us think of *Le Petit Soldat* when, in the face of the girl's reticences, he cuts matters short — "One must not give men one's arm when one does not want to have anything to do with them." Here now, in *Deux ou trois choses*, is the test on frankness and inhibition in sexual expression that the boy makes the girl take. And that sends us back to the lessons and exercises in language that one finds in all Godard films, all haunted by the lie.

If one reflects that it was Christianity that, with its crazed dream of angelism, set the world on the way of what we have called progress and history, that is to say (the angel ending by becoming the beats) of materialism, one sees what power of subversion the operation of frankness possesses. For lying and hypocrisy (with which indeed it was necessary to fill the ditch that had dug itself between the two poles neither of which was livable), have become the very constituents of this world, a world which would not long resist frankness of actions and of words. It is strange that it is a dream of paganism — conscious and deliberate — that one finds, moreover, in Picasso (who takes, he too, as object a criminopolitical action *Guernica*) beyond the precise decomposition and recomposition of the world that his poignard-scalpel effects, demiurgic instrument of the monstrous and marvelous teratology.

It is no less strange to note that Picasso too for a long time provoked much hatred and contempt. But one must note too reactions of another order, naive or reasoned regret to see that the world of Picasso, cut out of ours, risks cutting itself off from it.

Now, exactly, cinema—a fundamentally realistic art, an art that compels one, at every stage, to struggle against the weight of things and of people — by its very nature and its operation, can only catch one doubly to the real — at the same time that it figures it, or transfigures it. That is what Jean-Pierre Lefebvre refers to (French *Cahiers* 186) when he links "the harshness of life, the harshness of reality, of the concrete, the harshness of cinema itself." And that is what Godard illustrates when he says that people have seen painters or writers become insane, but not cinéastes. "Cinema keeps one from becoming insane." It keeps one from becoming insane, and it cannot itself become insane, as one sees at time with some people whose art, through reflecting itself (for in its shame of knowing itself naked it has





Jean-Luc Godard: *Made in USA*, Daniel Bart, Sylvain Godet.



Jean-Luc Godard: *Made in USA*, Ernest Menzer, Anna Karina.

covered itself with mirrors to reflect that image) ends in no longer reflecting, supreme obscenity, anything but itself. Angelic delirium of pure, therefore vicious, circles; it is, in the way of Byzantium or of Babel, the semantic apo-

calypse. Thus cinema, whose realism preserves one from the opposite excesses of running away and of becoming ensnared, is the art that can best enunciate, denounce, break down the hypocrisy at the root of angelic materialisms.

It is, too, the realism of cinema that sets the spring of its most beautiful movements. That, taking reality as its base, cinema tends to separate itself from a skin, and one has the most brilliant flight. That it returns with the



same skin, and the impact is no less brilliant. Godard, precisely, is the separation and the return, ceaselessly, under all possible rhythms and amplitudes. That is to believe, at moments, that one is being wrenched away from the world,

but scarcely does one say that to oneself, than one is brought back, with the same movement, in a Kamikaze dive, as if the pilot wanted to crush the base from which he has just taken off.

Exactly; these movements that shake the apparatus in all its structure — and us with it — even to making it verge on disintegration, are, perhaps, experiments, attempts, tests, in view of another reintegration. It is a question of testing the vessel, or its contents, in order, starting from one, to modify the other. In the limit (*Alphaville*), "To change the words of one's meaning, or the meaning of one's words." For one must begin with language, as one sees through all Godard's reflections on language, and in addition the little exercise of linguistic teratology given us in *Made in USA*, by a very Briggittian truck driver, an exercise that founds by the absurd the following one, that already mentioned, of *Deux ou trois choses*.

Of these two exercises, one can say that the first takes us out of reality, and the second brings us back to it. But is it not the reverse as well? In short, there we have one of the exchange movements that never stop animating the common field of the work and of reality, that common field whose messages are perceived by the same antennas. For it is the same antennas that allow one to receive the real and the cinematic (besides, one verifies every day that he who cannot catch the one cannot catch the other either). And the world is lived, and made, by those who catch.

Among them, some are able to transmit as well. Then they describe what is in motion, or try to explain it. Sometimes they are journalists, rarely sociologists; sometimes scientists, rarely philosophers. Some others, creators, are able to draw too from this reality a work that gives it form and goes beyond it. Now Godard is one of those who traverse ceaselessly in both directions the different degrees of this scale, ceaselessly alternating the different times, of reception and of transmission. Let us note here that the year 1966 (which goes from *Masculin Féminin* to *Deux ou trois choses*) is precisely the year in which the world began to become aware of a certain number of messages (that were picked up only by two or three Ostrogoths with particularly acute antennas). Thus, the world began to become aware of the wants of youth, and youth, of its wants. What it wants — the death of this civilization — of which it happens that, happily or unhappily, the United States is the last pillar. Thereby, we come back to *Made in USA* and to *Deux ou trois choses*, the two steps of the ascent that goes from *Masculin Féminin* to *La Chinoise*.

The ascending operation is performed here with the aid of precise decompositions and formal recompositions. The fashioning and variegations of the two

works are no more arbitrary than those of the place of torture. Godard extricates, scours off, cuts free, the essential he draws from it significant fragments (some of which one finds again from film to film, differently placed and framed), and those fragments are enough connected for each person to be able to recognize in them his reality, and enough disconnected for discontinuities to establish themselves, margins that the imagination must populate, animate, as it animates (living them, recreating them, starting from their rules — precise, let us not forget) the words of a myth, made or being made.

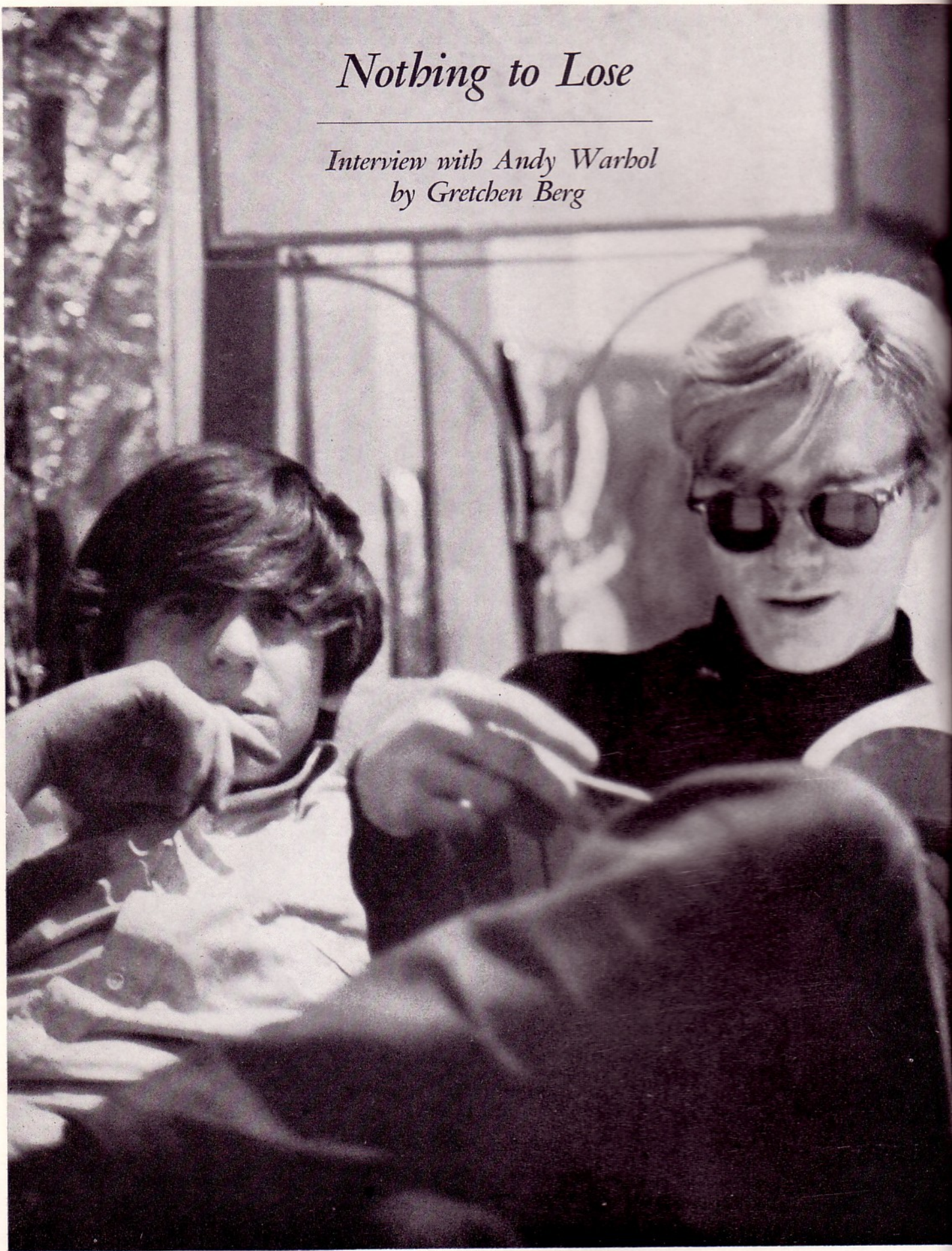
That is the simple and fundamental operation of every spectator who participates in the work that one gives him. An operation that is here all the more elementary because Godard never expresses anything but the simple and the fundamental. And complex at the same time, of course, as one sees in the cup of coffee of *Deux ou trois choses*, which, in one same movement (very much *Vertigo* and very much Victor Hugo) expresses, from the microscopic to the macroscopic, the entire cosmos, ourselves included, who live the action of contemplation — and the opposite. Of this first and universally understood vision, we have there the first great equivalent in cinema. For each person to see it and to understand it as he sees it. To accept it and to accept himself within it. There as elsewhere. For elsewhere too Godard's ideas, the big ones or the little ones, share in the obvious and simple nature of that one. Obviously, one can always refuse. Very well. So, one refuses to enter, to play the game. Thereupon, one comes out furious. Damn! The game has continued without one. Oh, but that is precisely the affront — one wanted to play. Only, at another game. All right, then, but in those cases one anticipates. One must know what one wants. And make it known. Rules on the table. But useless to blame the game or the players. Rules on the table, one says — I play bridge, not poker. But one does not sit down at the poker table with the idea of applying the rules of bridge, chucking the mess, telling off the players, and declaring that their game is stupid. One can, yes, prefer another, for their game is not the only one. Only it, that game, is itself and not another, and if one does not want to play it, one goes to the table next to it.

Godard is not the only one, and he has not done all, said all, all alone, all the time. Only he is himself, Godard, and that is not too bad. It is like Claude Lévi-Strauss said (who, besides, does not much like Godard, nor Jung, nor Picasso — who he admires all the same): "To those who say to me that there is something else, I can only reply — Very well, it is all yours. I ask only that one not rush into dogmatism. One does what one can, where one can."

—Michel DELAHAYE

Nothing to Lose

*Interview with Andy Warhol
by Gretchen Berg*





ANDY WARHOL—I'd prefer to remain a mystery, I never like to give my background and, anyway, I make it all up different every time I'm asked. It's not just that it's part of my image not to tell everything, it's just that I forget what I said the day before and I have to make it all up over again. I don't think I have an image, anyway, favorable or unfavorable. I'm influenced by other painters, everyone is in art: all the American artists have influenced me; two of my favorites are Andrew Wyeth and John Sloan; oh, I love them, I think they're great. Life and living influence me more than particular people. People in general influence me; I hate just objects, they have no interest for me at all, so when I paint I just make more and more of these objects, without any feeling for them. All the publicity I've gotten . . . it's so funny, really . . . it's not that they don't understand me, I think everyone understands everyone, non-communication is not a problem, it's just that I feel I'm understood and am not bothered by any of the things that're written on me: I don't read much about myself, anyway, I just look at the pictures in the articles, it doesn't matter what they say about me; I just read the textures of the words.

I see everything that way, the surface of things, a kind of mental Braille, I just pass my hands over the surface of things. I think of myself as an American artist; I like it here, I think it's so great. It's fantastic. I'd like to work in Europe but I wouldn't do the same things, I'd do different things. I feel I represent the U.S. in my art but I'm not a social critic: I just paint those objects in my paintings because those are the things I know best. I'm not trying to criticize the U.S. in any way, not trying to show up any ugliness at all: I'm just a pure artist, I guess. But I can't say if I take myself very seriously as an artist: I just hadn't thought about it. I don't know how they consider me in print, though.

I don't paint anymore, I gave it up about a year ago and just do movies now. I could do two things at the same time but movies are more exciting. Painting was just a phase I went through. But I'm doing some floating sculpture now: silver rectangles that I blow up and that float. Not like Alexander Calder mobiles, these don't touch anything, they just float free. They just had a retrospective exhibition of my work that they made me go to and it was fun: the people crowded in so much to see me or my paintings that they had to take the pictures off the walls before they could get us out. They were very enthusiastic, I guess. I don't feel I'm representing the main sex symbols of our time in some of my pictures, such

All the photographs of Andy Warhol and his stars are by Gretchen Berg.

as Marilyn Monroe or Elizabeth Taylor, I just see Monroe as just another person. As for whether it's symbolical to paint Monroe in such violent colors: it's beauty, and she's beautiful and if something's beautiful, it's pretty colors, that's all. Or something. The Monroe picture was part of a death series I was doing, of people who had died by different ways. There was no profound reason for doing a death series, no "victims of their time"; there was no reason for doing it at all, just a surface reason.

I delight in the world; I get great joy out of it, but I'm not sensuous. I've heard it said that my paintings are as much a part of the fashionable world as clothes and cars: I guess it's starting that way and soon all the fashionable things will all be the same: this is only the beginning, it'll get better and everything will be useful decoration. I don't think there's anything wrong with being fashionable or successful, as for me being successful, well . . . uhhh . . . it just gives you something to do, you know. For instance, I'm trying to do a business here at the Factory and a lot of people just come up and sit around and do nothing, I just can't have that, because of my work.

It didn't take me a long time to become successful, I was doing very well as a commercial artist, in fact, I was doing better there than with the paintings and movies which haven't done anything. It didn't surprise me when I made it; it's just work . . . it's just work. I never thought about becoming famous, it doesn't matter . . . I feel exactly the same way now I did before . . . I'm not the exhibitionist the articles try to make me out as but I'm not that much of a hard-working man, either: it looks like I'm working harder than I am here because all the paintings are copied from my one original by my assistants, like a factory would do it, because we're turning out a painting every day and a sculpture every day and a movie every day. Several people could do the work that I do just as well because it's very simple to do: the pattern's right there. After all, there're a lot of painters and draughtsmen who just paint and draw a little and give it to someone else to finish. There're five Pop artists who are all doing the same kind of work but in different directions: I'm one, Tom Wesselman, whose work I admire very much, is another. I don't regard myself as the leader of Pop Art or a better painter than the others.

I never wanted to be a painter; I wanted to be a tap-dancer. I don't even know if I'm an example of the new trend in American art because there's so much being done here and it's so good and so great here, it's hard to tell where the trend is. I don't think I'm looked up to by a large segment of young people, though kids seem to like my work, but I'm not their leader, or anything like that. I think that when I

and my assistants attract a lot of attention wherever we go it's because my assistants look so great and it's them that the people are really staring at, but I don't think I'm the cause of the excitement.

We make films and paintings and sculpture just to keep off the streets. When I did the cover for the TV Guide, that was just to pay the rent at the Factory. I'm not being modest, it's just that those who help me are so good and the camera when it turns on just focusses on the actors who do what they're supposed to do and they do it so well. It's not that I don't like to speak about myself, it's that there really isn't anything to say about me. I don't talk very much or say very much in interviews; I'm really not saying anything now. If you want to know all about Andy Warhol, just look at the surface: of my paintings and films and me, and there I am. There's nothing behind it. I don't feel my position as an accepted artist is precarious in any way, the changing trends in art don't frighten me, it really just doesn't make any difference; if you feel you have nothing to lose, then there's nothing to be afraid of and I have nothing to lose. It doesn't make any difference that I'm accepted by a fashionable crowd: it's magic if it happens and if it doesn't, it doesn't matter. I could be just as suddenly forgotten. It doesn't mean that much. I always had this philosophy of: "It really doesn't matter." It's an Eastern philosophy more than Western. It's too hard to think about things. I think people should think less anyway. I'm not trying to educate people to see things or feel things in my paintings; there's no form of education in them at all.

I made my earliest films using, for several hours, just one actor on the screen doing the same thing: eating or sleeping or smoking; I did this because people usually just go to the movies to see only the star, to eat him up, so here at last is a chance to look only at the star for as long as you like, no matter what he does and to eat him up all you want to. It was also easier to make.

I don't think Pop Art is on the way out; people are still going to it and buying it but I can't tell you what Pop Art is: it's too involved; it's just taking the outside and putting it on the inside or taking the inside and putting it on the outside, bringing the ordinary objects into the home. Pop Art is for everyone. I don't think art should be only for the select few, I think it should be for the mass of American people and they usually accept art anyway. I think Pop Art is a legitimate form of art like any other, Impressionism, etc. It's not just a put-on. I'm not the High Priest of Pop Art, that is, popular art, I'm just one of the workers in it. I'm neither bothered by what is written about me or what people may think of me reading it.

I just went to high school, college didn't mean anything to me.

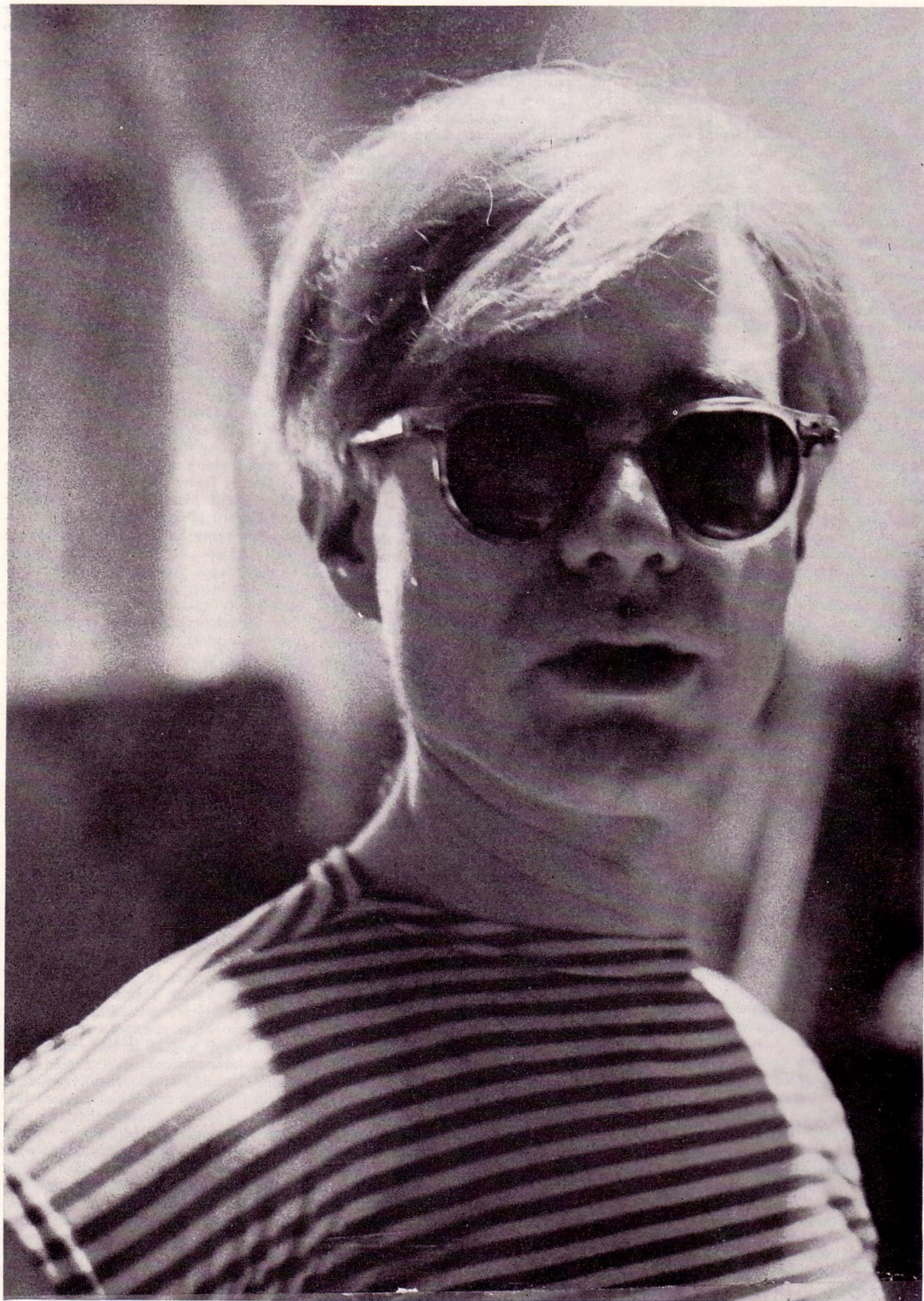
The two girls I used most in my films, Baby Jane Holzer and Edie Sedgwick are not representatives of current trends in women or fashion or anything, they're just used because they're remarkable in themselves. Esquire asked me in a questionnaire who would I like to have play me and I answered Edie Sedgwick because she does everything better than I do. It was just a surface question, so I gave them a surface answer. People say Edie looks like me, but that wasn't my idea at all: it was her own idea and I was so surprised: she has blonde short hair, but she never wears dark glasses . . .

I'm not more intelligent than I appear . . . I never have time to think about the real Andy Warhol, we're just so busy here . . . not working, busy playing because work is play when it's something you like.

My philosophy is: every day's a new day. I don't worry about art or life: I mean, the war and the bomb worry me but usually, there's not much you can do about them. I've represented it in some of my films and I'm going to try and do more, such as *The Life of Juanita Castro*, the point of which is, it depends on how you want to look at it. Money doesn't worry me, either, though I sometimes wonder where is it? Somebody's got it all! I won't let my films be shown for free. I'm working principally with Ronald Tavel, a playwright, who's written about ten movies for me; he writes the script and I sort of give him an idea of what I want and now he's doing the films as off-Broadway plays.

I don't really feel all these people with me every day at the Factory are just hanging around me, I'm more hanging around them. (Oh, those are great pants, where did you get them? Oh, I think they're so great.) I haven't built up a defense against questions that try to go below the surface, I don't feel I'm bothered that much by people. I feel I'm very much a part of my times, of my culture, as much a part of it as rockets and television. I like American films best, I think they're so great, they're so clear, they're so true, their surfaces are great. I like what they have to say: they really don't have much to say, so that's why they're so good. I feel the less something has to say the more perfect it is. There's more to think about in European films.

I think we're a vacuum here at the Factory: it's great. I like being a vacuum; it leaves me alone to work. We are bothered, though, we have cops coming up here all the time, they think we're doing awful things and we aren't. People try to trap us sometimes: a girl called up here and offered me a film script called *Up Your Ass* and I thought the title was so wonderful and I'm so friendly that I invited her to come up with it, but it was so dirty that I think she must have been a lady cop. I don't



Andy Warhol in the Factory.

know if she was genuine or not but we haven't seen her since and I'm not surprised. I guess she thought that was the perfect thing for Andy Warhol. I don't resent situations like that but I'm not interested in subjects like that, that's not what I'm pushing, here in America. I'm just doing work. Doing things. Keeping busy. I think that's the best thing in life: keeping busy.

My first films using the stationary objects were also made to help the audiences get more acquainted with themselves. Usually, when you go to the movies, you sit in a fantasy world, but when you see something that disturbs you, you get more involved with the people next to you. Movies are doing a little more than you can do with plays and concerts where you just have to sit there and I think television will do more than the movies. You could do more things watching my movies than with other kinds of movies: you could eat and drink and smoke and cough and look away and then look back and they'd still be there. It's not the ideal movie, it's just my kind of movie. My films are complete in themselves, all 16mm, black and white, me doing my own photography, and the 70 minute ones have optical sound which is rather bad which we will change when we get a regular sound tape-recorder. I find editing too tiring myself. Lab facilities are much too tacky and uncertain, the way they are now. They're experimental films; I call them that because I don't know what I'm doing. I'm interested in audience reaction to my films: my films now will be experiments, in a certain way, on testing their reactions. I like the film-makers of the New American Underground Cinema, I think they're terrific. An Underground Movie is a movie you make and show underground, like at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque on 41st St. I like all kinds of films except animated films. I don't know why, except cartoons. Art and film have nothing to do with each other: film is just something you photograph, not to show painting on. I just don't like it but that doesn't mean it's wrong. Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising* interested me, it's a strange film . . . it could have been better with a regular sound track, such as my *Vinyl*, which dealt with somewhat the same subject but was a sadism-masochism film. *Scorpio* was real but *Vinyl* was real, and not real, it was just a mood.

I don't have strong feelings about sadism and masochism, I don't have strong feelings on anything. I just use whatever happens around me for my material. I don't collect photographs or articles for reference material, I don't believe in it. I used to collect magazine photographs for my paintings, though.

The world fascinates me. It's so nice, whatever it is. I approve of what everybody does: it must be right because somebody said it was right. I wouldn't judge anybody. I thought Kennedy was great but I wasn't shocked at his death:

it was just something that happened. (Why do you look like a cowboy today, with that neckerchief?) It isn't for me to judge it. I was going to make a film on the assassination but I never did. I'm very passive. I accept things. I'm just watching, observing the world. Slavko Vorkapich was just telling you how to make movies his way, that's why I sold my ticket after going to the Museum of Modern Art to his first lecture.

I plan to do some more films soon, in 35mm: perhaps an autobiography of myself. My newest film is *The Bed*, from a play by Bob Heide that played at the Caffé Cino, in which we'll use a split screen, one side static of two people in bed and the other, moving, of the lives of these two for two years. All my films are artificial but then everything is sort of artificial, I don't know where the artificial stops and the real starts. The artificial fascinates me, the bright and shiny.

I don't know what will happen to me in ten years . . . the only goal I have is to have a swimming pool in Hollywood. I think it's great, I like its artificial quality. New York is like Paris and Los Angeles is so American, so new and different and everything is bigger and prettier and simpler and flat. That's the way I like to see the world. (Gerard, you should get a haircut, that style doesn't suit you at all). It's not that I've always been looking for a kind of Los Angeles paradise; I wouldn't be taken over by Hollywood, I'd just do what I always like to do. Or something. (Oh, hi, David.)

My *Hustler* was shot by me, and Charles Wein directed the actors while we were shooting. It's about an aging queen trying to hold on to a young hustler and his two rivals, another hustler and a girl; the actors were all doing what they did in real life, they followed their own professions on the screen. (Hello, Barbara.) I've been called: "Complex, naive, subtle and sophisticated —" all in one article! They were just being mean. Those are contradictory statements but I'm not full of contradictions. I just don't have any strong opinions on anything. (Hi, Randy.) It's true that I don't have anything to say and that I'm not smart enough to reconstruct the same things every day, so I just don't say anything. I don't think it matters how I'm appreciated, on many levels or on just one. The death series I did was divided into two parts: the first on famous deaths and the second on people nobody ever heard of and I thought that people should think about them sometime: the girl who jumped off the Empire State Building or the ladies who ate the poisoned tuna fish and people getting killed in car crashes. It's not that I feel sorry for them, it's just that people go by and it doesn't really matter to them that someone unknown was killed so I thought it would be nice for these unknown people to be remembered by those who, ordinarily, wouldn't think of them. (Oh, hi, Paul.) I wouldn't have

stopped Monroe from killing herself, for instance: I think everyone should do whatever they want to do and if that made her happier, then that's what she should have done. (There's something burning here, I think. Don't you smell something?) In the Flint heads I did of Jacqueline Kennedy in the death series, it was just to show her face and the passage of time from the time the bullet struck John Kennedy to the time she buried him. Or something. The United States has a habit of making heroes out of anything and anybody, which is so great. You could do anything here. Or do nothing. But I always think you should do something. Fight for it, fight, fight. (There is something burning here! Danny, will you please get up? You're on fire! Really, Danny, we're not kidding now. Now will you get up? I mean, really, Danny, it's not funny. It's not even necessary. I *knew* I smelt something burning!) That was one of my assistants; they're not all painters, they do everything: Danny Williams used to work as a sound man for the film-making team of Robert Drew and Don Alan Pennebaker, Paul Morrissey is a film-maker and Gerard Malanga, a poet. We're going into show business now, we have a rock and roll group called The Velvet Underground, they practice at the Factory. I'm in their act, I just walk on in one scene. But anybody who comes by here is welcome, it's just that we're *trying* to do some work here . . .!

I think the youth of today are terrific; they're much older and they know more about things than they used to. When teen-agers are accused of doing wrong things, most of the time, they're not even doing wrong things, it was just other people who thought they were bad. The movies I'll be doing will be for younger people; I'd like to portray them in my films, too. I just tore out an article about the funeral of one of the motorcycle gang leaders where they all turned up on their motorcycles and I thought it was so great that I'm going to make a film of it one day. It was fantastic . . . they're the modern outlaws . . . I don't even know what they do . . . what do they do?

I think American women are all so beautiful, I like the way they look, they're terrific. The California Look is great but when you get back to New York you're so glad to be back because they're stranger looking here but they're more beautiful even, the New York Look. I read an article on me once that described my machine-method of silk-screen copying and painting: "What a bold and audacious solution, what depths of the man are revealed in this solution!" What does *that* mean? My paintings never turn out the way I expect them to but I'm never surprised. I think America is terrific but I could work anywhere — anywhere I could afford to live. When I read magazines I just look at the pictures and the words, I don't usually read it. There's no mean-

ing to the words, I just feel the shapes with my eye and if you look at something long enough, I've discovered, the meaning goes away . . . The film I'm working on now is a 70-minute aria with the Puerto Rican female impersonator, Mario Montez, called *Mr. Stompnato*. I think the questions usually asked me in interviews should be more clever and brighter, they should try to find out more about me. But I think newspaper reporting is the only way to write because it tells what's happening and doesn't give anyone's opinion. I always like to know "what's happening."

There's nothing really to understand in my work. I make experimental films and everyone thinks those are the kind

where you see how much dirt you can get on the film, or when you zoom forward, the camera keeps getting the wrong face or it jiggles all the time: but it's so easy to make movies, you can just shoot and every picture really comes out right. I didn't want to paint anymore so I thought that the way to finish off painting for me would be to have a painting that floats, so I invented the floating silver rectangles that you fill up with helium and let out of your window . . . I like silver . . . and now we have a band, the Velvet Underground, who will belong to the biggest discothèque in the world, where painting and music and sculpture can be combined and that's what I'm doing now.

Interviews are like sitting in those Ford machines at the World's Fair that toured you around while someone spoke a commentary; I always feel that my words are coming from behind me, not from me. The interviewer should just tell me the words he wants me to say and I'll repeat them after him. I think that would be so great because I'm so empty I just can't think of anything to say.

I still care about people but it would be so much easier not to care . . . it's too hard to care . . . I don't want to get too involved in other people's lives . . . I don't want to get too close . . . I don't like to touch things . . . that's why my work is so distant from myself . . .

The Sub-New York Sensibility

The Chelsea Girls has made the move uptown from the Film-Makers' Cinematheque to the Cinema Rendezvous where, ironically enough, many family-type flicks have premiered or returned for the kiddies over the years. Needless to say *The Chelsea Girls* is not for the kiddies, nor for adults of kiddycar coyness. Functional voyeurs will be bored to distraction. Warhol doesn't exploit depravity as much as he certifies it. Most pornography is anti-erotic because of the crudity of its certification, but *The Chelsea Girls* isn't even pornographic. The flashes of male Caucasian nudity depress the viewer with intimations of a pitiful passivity. Warhol has refined the old Hollywood tease into a kind of tepid torture in which organisms talk away their orgasms.

I am not sure the version of *The Chelsea Girls* finally seen at the Cinema Rendezvous is the same film that played at the Cinematheque. The running time was originally reported at four hours; it is now three and a half. The "ending" seems to have been changed somewhere between the Cinematheque and the Rendezvous. All the reviews I have read pro and con seem to be vague about details. Part of the problem is the studied unprofessionalism of the presentation. Neither Andy Warhol nor the Cinematheque provided press sheets, credits, synopses, etc. The reviewer is left to his own recollections. Many of his predecessors have proclaimed that they have been put upon, or worse still, "put on." Is *The Chelsea Girls* a "put-on?" I would say it's probably no more a "put-on" than *Lawrence of Arabia*. Lawrence may have an advantage around the edges, but *The Chelsea Girls* has more conviction at its core.

Andy Warhol presents his material on

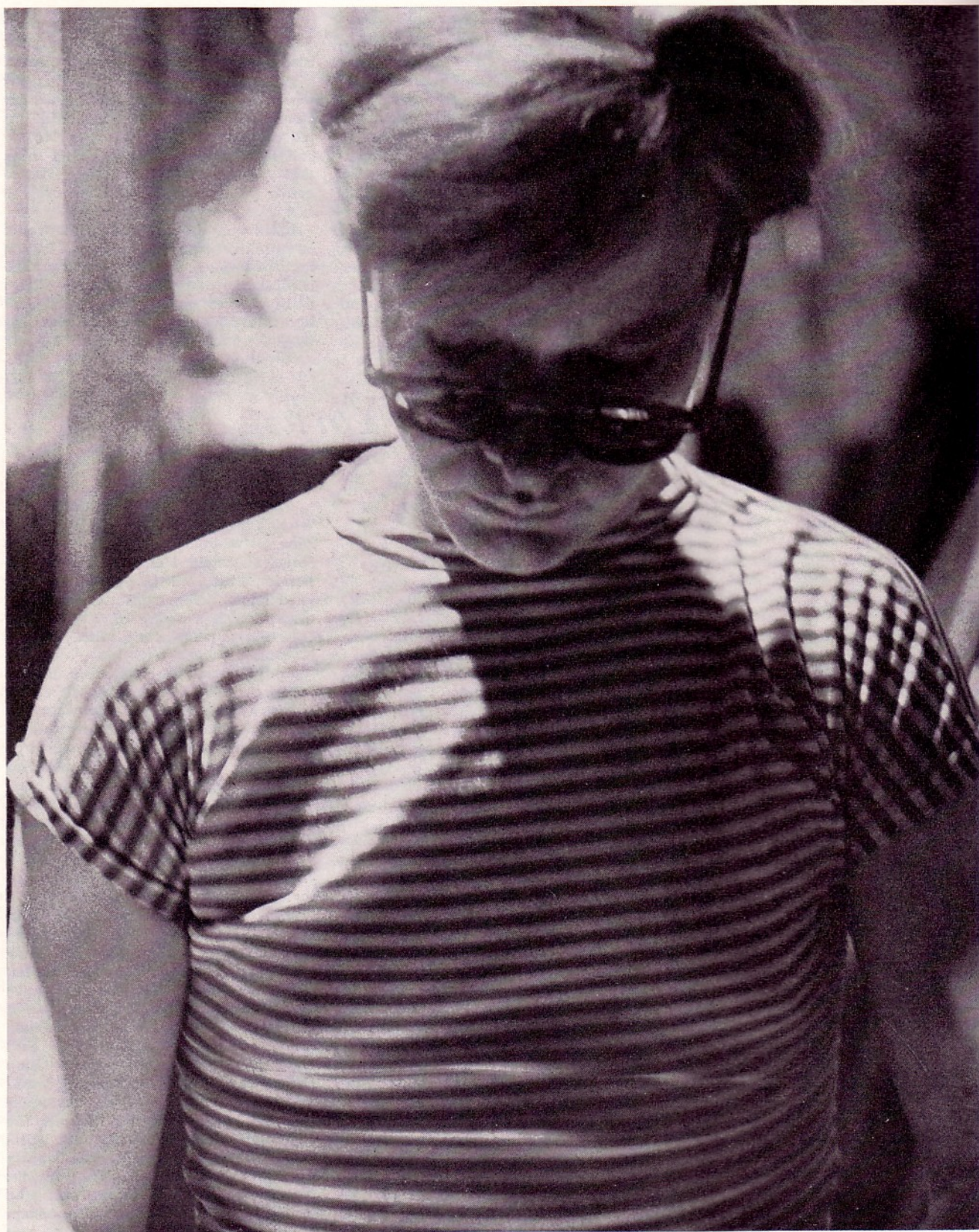
two screens simultaneously, and uses the double screen to develop the most obvious contrasts. One screen is usually synchronized with a sound-track while the other is silent. One screen is in black-and-white. One screen may show "girls" while the other shows "boys." The quotes around "boys" and "girls" are applied advisedly. The only polarities Warhol projects are homosexual and sadomasochistic. No one in Warhol's world is "straight" or "true," and the percentage of deviation is a flagrant exaggeration even for the fetid locale. Fortunately, *The Chelsea Girls* is not concerned with deviation as a clinical subject, nor with homosexuality as a state of fallen Grace. Some of the more sophisticated Establishment reviewers write as if everything that happens south of 14th Street comes out of Dante's *Inferno*. Warhol is not bosh, but neither is he Bosch. The Chelsea Hotel is not hell. It is an earthly, earthy place like any other where even fags, dykes and junkies have to go on living 24 hours a day. This is where Warhol has been heading through the somnambulism of *Sleep* and the egregiousness of *Empire*—toward an existential realism beyond the dimensions of the cinema. Warhol disdains the conventional view of film as a thing of bits and pieces. Perhaps "disdains" is too strong a term for an attitude that is at best instinctive, at worst indifferent. As his scene segments unreel, the footage is finally punctuated by telltale leaders and then kaplunk blankness on the screen. This indicates that each scene runs out of film before it runs out of talk. If there were more film, there would be more talk. If there were less film, there would be less talk. How much more gratuitous and imprecise can cinema be? Goodbye

Sergei Eisenstein. Hello Eastman Kodak. Besides, what with the problems of projection and the personalities of projectionists, each showing of *The Chelsea Girls* may qualify as a distinctly unique happening.

Andy Warhol displays some disturbing flourishes of technique. His zooms are perhaps the first anti-zooms in film history. Unlike Stanley Kramer's zooms (in *Judgment at Nuremberg*) which go boi-ing to the heart of the theatrics, Andy Warhol's zooms swoop on insensational details with unerring inaccuracy. With a double screen, the gratuitous zoom is a particularly menacing distraction to the darting eye. (Is that a girl's bare thigh? No, it's a close-up of the kitchen sink.)

A less conspicuous addition to Warhol's abacadabra arsenal is the traveling typewriter shot which consists of a slow horizontal camera movement from left to right, culminating in a rapid return shot from right to left. What does it mean? Nothing that I can figure out. Warhol has been experimenting with jazzy effects ever since one of his Camp Parties on film. The most glaring weakness of *The Chelsea Girls* is its attempts at art through cinematic technique. The color LSD frames don't work as hallucinations; the close-ups and camera movements don't work as comments. Nonetheless a meaningful form and sensibility emerges through all the apparent arrogance and obfuscation.

Richard Goldstein's excellent critique in the Sunday World Journal Tribune gives the impression that Warhol's vision is as glossy and pop-eyed as Richard Lester's. I don't find Warhol as courant in this way at all. *The Chelsea Girls* is actually closer to *Nanook of the North* than to *The Knack*. It is as documentary that *The Chelsea Girls* achieves

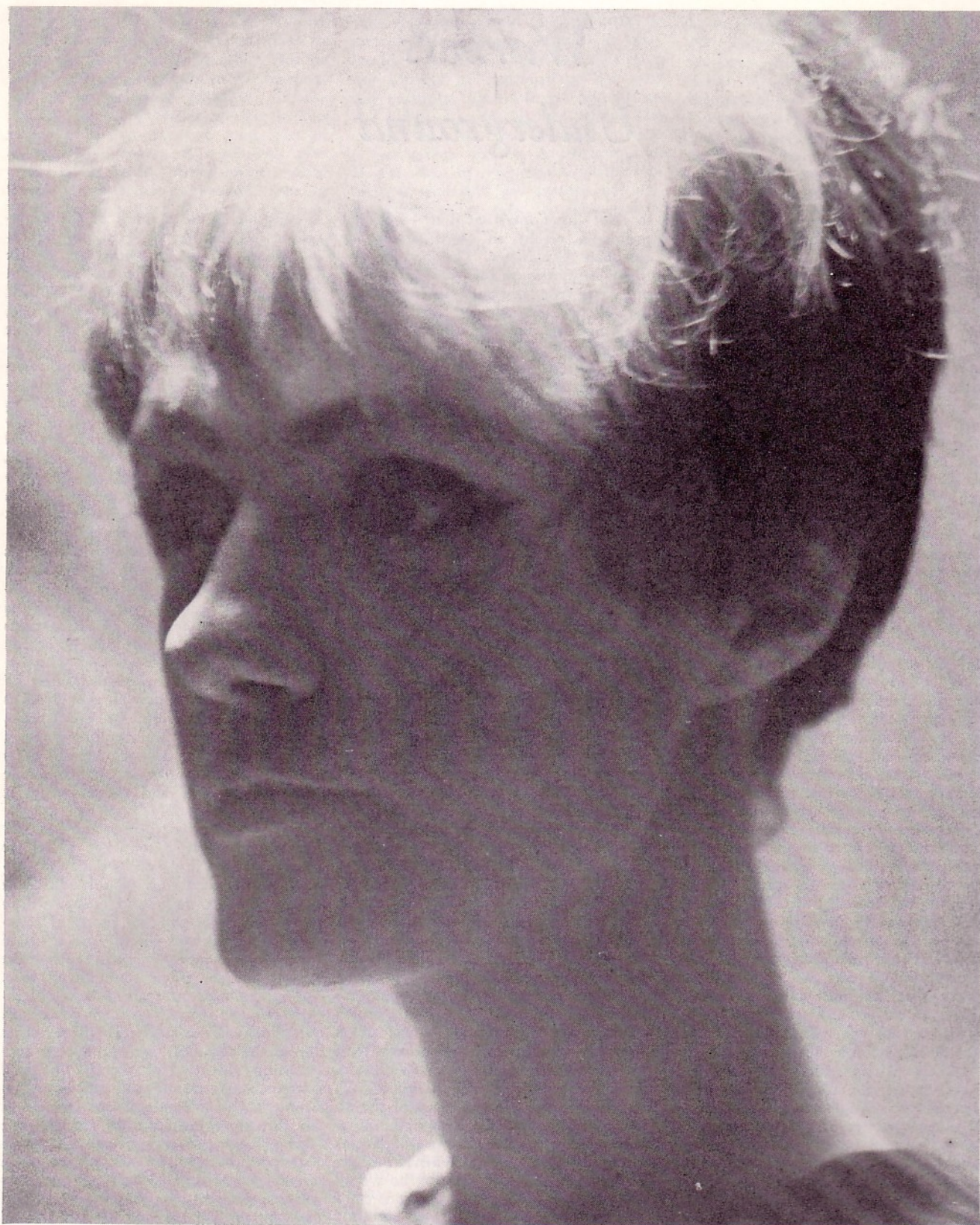


its greatest distinction. What Warhol is documenting is a sub-species of the New York sensibility, a sensibility that Paddy Chayevsky only mimicked in the party scene in *The Bachelor Party*, a sensibility that Clifford Odets only hinted at in *Sweet Smell of Success*, and let's not even mention such contorted Village vilenesses as *Two for the Seesaw*, *A Fine*

Madness, and *Penelope*.

When the "Pope" of Greenwich Village talks about sin and idolatry, when a creature in drag "does" Ethel Mer- man in two of the funniest song numbers ever, when a balding fag simpers about the Johnson admenstruation, when a bull dyke complains about her mate getting hepatitis, it's time to send

the children home and scrap Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour*. Warhol's people are more real than real because the camera encourages their exhibitionism. They are all "performing" because their lives are one long performance, and their party is never over. The steady gaze of Warhol's camera reveals, considerable talent and beauty.



The Pope character is the closest thing to the late Lenny Bruce to come along in some time, and his Figaro repartee with a girl called Ingrid is an extraordinarily sustained slice of improvisation. The film begins with the beautiful blonde Nico on the right screen, the Pope and Ingrid on the left. The film ends, with Nico on the left, the Pope

on the right, and I felt moved by the juxtaposition of wit and beauty. Warhol's people are not all this effective. Marie Menken, particularly, is a big bore, but they are There and though I wouldn't want to live with them, they are certainly worth a visit if you're interested in life on this planet.

—Andrew SARRIS

Andy Warhol and Ingrid Superstar, who appears frequently in *The Chelsea Girls*.

Warhol's Underground

Camus once said that the best way of comprehending total reality would be to film the life of a man. This would suppose that an audience stops living in order to observe the endless production of one man's existence. Camus then added that this would be impossible despite such an ideal public since even with an ubiquitous camera on the subject, night and day, there would still be countless other necessary inclusions, such as people, known and unknown, who would not be accounted for. Only God, Camus concluded, is capable of presenting every phase of reality: artists are unfaithful by definition.

Is Warhol God? After all, he has, in his own way, tried to realize the moment, or viewed in another way, immortalize the infinite in the repetition that is involved in looking at a solitary action. Just as Francis Ponge, the contemporary French poet, believes a durable language can be found by describing the material objects he has known since childhood, and believing further that the material objects around him constitute the only metaphor for infinity, so Warhol has labored at the distillation of reality through the overexposure in time of a number of highly banal actions: eating, kissing, cutting. By taking such aspects of man's life, he has given them a possible magical quality: that is, if we were to extrapolate the metaphysical idea from the conceptualization of that idea. Much as God is the greatest materialist, so Warhol implies a new materialism in his work: a negation of existential suffering in the exteriorization of man's abject nature in its confrontation with the simplified elements that constitute his environment. Again, if we were to study this from a point of view other than the cinematic one, it might be a rather hypnotic performance: Warhol, for whatever reason, conscious or not, comical or tragic has succeeded in challenging a certain sacredness that we have heretofore attached to the position of the subject-object relationship. By focusing on a membrane or a muscle or the Empire State Building, he has caused us to redefine our *problematique*; to force the eye to recommit itself to a truth that had sunk out of sight. If one considers that the alternative is either socialist realism or Hollywood constructs, Warhol is about as right as both in his dialectic.

However, given such ambitions, there remains a positive reaction of observing an egoist operating in a void. The existential refusal of most of the New York underground filmmakers, a refusal

to treat either intellectual or emotional problems, results in an unsatisfactory cinematic experience. There is a profound emptiness on this screen that does not come from the agile fabrications of the director's mind. On the contrary, one emptiness rivals another. If there is a coolness about the edges, on those endless shorts, it must be attributed to the nonchalance with which all matter is taken. This is avowed by Warhol himself thus confusing the viewer and especially the critics who have to accept him at front value and in their inability to do so, seek alternative explanations to fill the vacuum.

This detachment is most strikingly visible in Warhol's style: the particular rhetoric of his films. His technique is a rebellious one, and comprehensible in the underground movement by its glorification of an infantile rejection of a technical proficiency it has never acquired and which it deems to be that of the big bad Hollywood giant. Withdrawal in the face of the machine is not an original act. Others, not in the movies, have revolted with equal and often greater passion, from the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. This reaction is particularly understandable in America which seemed at times to be enveloped in a mystic adoration of the machine. Automation is the perfect solution to the dehumanization of society. This puritanical hardness has become hard edge pop art. It is the tight skin of the drum or the woman's smile. The enrichment of life has too often been shaped into an American version of the bonsai tree: a commitment to the destructive elements. This is then adapted to the cinema by the acceptance of failure and its reaction: a fantasy world of adulation. The struggle on the screen is never intended to reveal either strong desires or spiritual forces. From the moment the camera is focused, there is a willful abstinence on the part of the director to interrupt the flow of nothingness. With no control over the means at his disposition, Andy Warhol blithely goes on, turning out reels as he would spaghetti. He is like the illiterate child who plays with the letters on an IBM electric. No conventions, save perhaps the most restrictive one: the academic adherence to the lines of his own signature. Warhol does have his style and so far, he has been religiously faithful to it.

Esthetic rejection of past modes of expression has always been an integral part of the revolutionary creed of every authentic literary or artistic movement; there is no reason to believe that such

a rejection is not a mark of the avant-garde in whatever field it may be encountered. There are, however, certain classic rules to the art of revolution! Tzara, Aragon, Desnos, Pound, Pollock, Brauner, MacLow and Ginsberg had, prior to vomiting, eaten their fill of the past. Before the revolt they had mastered the invalid forms. Before rejection, there had been a cultural impregnation of the traditions of the past. The paradoxical consequences of this mobility from past to present is that, as these artists burned yesterday's books and manifestos at Fahrenheit 451, they were doing so within the confines of the very language they were expanding. There is an elegance in the fiery protestation of Aragon. A lucidity in Breton's *Nadja*. A world of erudition in Pound's *Cantos*. The point is that, given the liberating influence of a movement like Surrealism, the emission of unconscious threads of thoughts, through automatic writing, still meant something. The significance was in the predictability of the cultural revolution so that even as they spoke and derided the world about them and shocked their contemporaries, now, at a certain distance, we are quite capable of understanding the rationale of that decision and incorporating it within a logical development.

Does Warhol conform to this pattern? Pattern, according to what I believe would consist in a substantial reprocessing of the past that would allow the artist to back away and create, within an eventually significant frame of reference, an authentic vision. Such a vision would, by necessity, visually redefine the comic and the tragic condition of man, using the most unexpected means of expression. As far as Warhol is concerned, the answer is negative. He is revolting from the technical perfection of a non-existing threat: Hollywood. The real threat comes from Japan and from Europe. (I leave England out because it is still emerging from its feudal state: its pictures one admires most often in terms of its past. Its heavy proletarian myth fabrications become tedious as does its directorial arm: *Georgy Girl* being a most characteristic poverty-blend of this sort.) In Japan and in Europe, the most gifted film-makers have condemned their past products since they had failed to entertain the fundamental problems of our times: problems that had already been examined by painters, musicians and writers. Their style and their thought are a perfect rejoinder to the helpless nature of the spoiled children of the factory that Warhol runs.

But now Warhol films *The Chelsea Girls*. What are we to expect? Has he forsaken his Chardin period? Has he evolved in any direction other than that which he has been following in the past? I doubt it. What we get in this latest film, that has won long lines of curious line-makers, is a nihilistic portrait of a second-order society, done with characteristic artlessness. Rather than focusing three hours on one subject, he has focused eight hours on a number of different scenes; the result is the same in the old works. His attitude has not changed since he deals with humans in the same way he dealt with objects, thereby attesting to both his consistency and his limitations. At whatever level one wishes to analyze *The Chelsea Girls*, one is bound to be disappointed. It is not the Coney Island of the Mind; it is not Vice and Virtue; it is not American society corrupted by the Atom Bomb or napalm in Viet Nam; it is not queendom versus square-dom.

Even more bewildering on this aspect of stylization in Warhol's work, is a recent interview by one of the performers in *The Chelsea Girls*, over WRVR, Riverside Radio Station in New York. According to this speaker, Warhol should not be credited with any of his previous ventures since in all of them he had not been acting alone. Either someone had written the scenario or someone had operated the camera. His latest is consequently his first. How does Warhol operate? Well, according to the friend of the factory, Andy just doesn't give a shit! He loves himself, like we all do, and he would do anything to retain the glory he is basking in. We have so much money, claimed the young man, that we are beyond good and evil! What about the picture itself? Andy just gave us each one half hour and we had to freak it out as best we could since the whole thing was so boring anyhow. That is about as close as I can get to paraphrasing Rene Ricard's verbal communication.

Let us assume that Warhol has more to do with the films that bear his name than Ricard pretends. The assumption seems warranted since there is such a continuity in his work.

The most evident point of interest, upon first viewing of *The Chelsea Girls* is the haphazardous division of the screen in two usually unsynchronized segments, each one showing a reel that may or may not correspond to its contiguous partner. At times, we may even wonder if Jonas Mekas' romantic hand has not rearranged things so that clarity would emerge from the mobile duality of action on the left and stillness on the right, or color on one side and black and white on the other. It must have been great fun to match the sequences: a form of rudimentary art. But this stunt dissipates its energies and loses its virtue by dint of repetition. The novelty wears off when it is apparent

that the reels could just as well be viewed independently. (A sort of cinematic happening.) Together they give the illusion of spaciousness. But why not multiply this to four simultaneous and different rooms in the Chelsea? The conclusion is that this double exposure is less artistic than it is psychological. It is a form of *voyeurisme*. Each room lacks a wall and the camera becomes the omnipresent guest, spotting people on the bed or in the kitchen.

The technical gimmicks continue throughout the film. Apart from the two reels, Warhol has other ways of abusing the camera. There are moments when he zooms in and others when, arbitrarily, he zooms out! The sound does the same. Sometimes it is clear and sometimes it is garbled. The colors are sometimes interesting, though again, after *Red Desert*, it is difficult for an amateur to excel in the use of that color either symbolically or esthetically. The LSD sequence may be red but there is no justification for that color other than the pleasure of Warhol's group. The point that one has to make, when appreciating the technical efforts in this film, is that it is very difficult to succeed using a medium which is mocked by the user.

There are, nevertheless, a number of qualities that need to be mentioned. The first is the feeling of truth that one receives from this odyssey into boredom. Far from revealing, as would a nude picture, erotic sequences, Warhol is terribly close to the prudish when he allows his performers to act out their homosexual loves. Their existence is deadening. Their lives are not one long orgy. It is a penis and a quarter in close to four hours of film and the rest is lolling about doing nothing, nothing, pawing a little, all with evident hesitation, without harmony or desire. Was it the camera's eye that forbade them to act as they normally would? I doubt it. It is true that there are no actors in the film. That these people have not the slightest idea of what acting means. But this is again a sign of truth that is observable in *The Chelsea Girls*: no scenario, no actors (only one inspirational figure—Ondine). The debutantes and the queers are quite true to themselves: gauche, inelegant, restrictive in thought and emotion. It is a truth, moreover, that applies not just to the film itself but to Warhol's qualities as a director. There is no pretense (save the fooling around with the above-mentioned technical child's play) to fabricate something that does not exist; to illustrate the depth of degeneracy. In this artless film that really parallels the rhythmic modes of existence of a certain group of people, thought, touch, love are all expressed in a minor key. The truth of the tedium is thus the initial paradoxical quality.

The second truth, and much more interesting to me, is the function of the sub-dialogue. If Nathalie Sarraute were to see this film, she might be amused

at the way her tropistic theories have been incorporated into the work of individuals who most likely have never heard of her. The performers force themselves to talk normally. There are disconnected snatches of conversations since the reels operate independently of each other; the noise that is talk is ever-present. That noise constitutes one of the only ways of reaching an understanding: of expressing an emotion prior to its formulation in physical terms. The silences are themselves very significant. They indicate equal actions: moments when the performers, using their normal radar-like perceptivity, do not feel threatened by the conditions in which they find themselves. The kitchen sequence is practically all silence, whereas the mother and her son is nearly all disynchronized talk. A telephone conversation between a lesbian and her friend, an endless peroration by Ondine, another monologue by the semi-nude red-skinned LSD captive: in monosyllabic English, these performers speak a universal language that acts as a tyrant by the very fact that all that is expressed is couched in the most common denominators, testifying that the flaccid areas of human relationships pictured in this film are parallel to the actual lives of these individuals. We are burdened by the lightness of the matter conveyed in the conversations and yet we are equally made aware of the existence of a nether world of the individual that travels to the surface via the verb.

Somewhat related to this preoccupation with dialogue is the success, on Warhol's terms, of the humorous element. There are a number of different types of humor. There is the evident play between lesbians and homosexuals: the references and the jokes, as well as the sophomoric, though probably accurate parody of pornographic novels where a type of sado-masochism is an expected backdrop. There is a technical joke that Warhol perpetuates on the screen with his gimmicks. There are also the allusions to serious things. This is perhaps more titillating. In *The Ice-man Cometh*, everyone is always dreaming of doing something in that famous bar; in *The Chelsea Girls*, Johnson, Viet Nam and other topical subjects are frequently mentioned. However, this has only to do with the sound of the words that are those of the press and TV and which give us the musical key of today's conversations. The performers are not involved in the problems that are discussed; the talk is merely a reflection of the way significant issues are adulterated. There are other instances of humor: comical scenes such as the transvestite singer, torching himself into the favors of the males lounging in bed; or the visual reference to *Giles Goat Boy*; or the eating of an orange, or the appearance and disappearance of a lady under the kitchen sink, apparently joining one room to another, or Nico, perpetually clipping her bangs as the cam-



era focuses on pieces of furniture as if they were parts of her body.

Lastly, I would say that Warhol has succeeded in measuring the destiny factor of his subjects. The very fact of length and the immaterial existence of these peripheral individuals, attached to fetishes like the whip, gives one the sense of the movement of destiny itself, disemboweled and yet functioning. The irrevocable boredom that the film imposes on the viewer is equal to the impassioned attitude of Sartre in *No Exit*. Whereas Garcin and the two women are imprisoned and slowly come to that realization, Warhol still has his performers pretending, although he, by

placing them in those narrow cubicles, has already conceded that their lives are, like those of Dante's creatures in Hell, forever doomed to being the same: unfeeling and inactive. This oppressive feeling that is conveyed by the screen does manage to divulge one unalterable dictate: the inner life of the performers is as dull as their pretended improvisations. The lackluster qualities of this moribund vision of the end of the world is the seal of authenticity and that which saves this film.

If we were only able to listen to Warhol and appreciate what he says! When he speaks, and he is disarmingly charming about it, it is always with

forthrightness, and without the slightest concealed meaning. It is as glossy and true as Madison Avenue copy. We are taken in so often that when we are free, we seek, perversely, to be taken in, to be given a chance at elucubrations endless and fruitless. Yet Warhol is simply stating his position about making it, making his films, making a world for himself and his friends. In our search for meaning, ascribing to others the depth we lack, or to others the imaginative values that we do not possess, we have come to expect from the least interesting story a most extraordinary product. The put-on has been mistaken for the content; indifference for



will. Since our film-makers are inept in expressing significant ideas, since they are unable to be challenged like Resnais has been challenged by the inventions of his time, everything finds its resolution in a basic English rhetoric that perpetuates the weakening of our discriminating taste. Warhol's elevation from sub-culture to cultural hero, his marvelous presence, represents a fantastic admission of New York's complete inability to match the unprecedented filmmaking activities of the rest of the world. That the crowd stands in line to see *Chelsea Girls* with as much patience as it does *Blow Up*, attests to its intel-

lectual permeability and to its sense of democracy! New York, which is supposed to have the most sophisticated public of any town, is ready to commit itself to the most outlandish judgments that tell more about the judges than about the intrinsic qualities of the thing being judged.

Commanded by this esthetic salivation complex, those who have praised *Chelsea Girls*, have done so as a subconscious testimonial to our failure to produce a valid art: universal in its truth and general in its visual commitment to the most stimulating problems of our time. —Serge GAVRONSKY

Gerard Malanga, Rene Ricard,
and International Velvet, all of
The Chelsea Girls.



Alfred Hitchcock: *Torn Curtain*, Julie Andrews.



Defense of 'Torn Curtain'

The Infernal Machine

As long as it works, every proceeding of magic or of sleight of hand determines its own ends and means; and then it matters little if it is the dove that comes out of the handkerchief or vice versa. Questioning himself on the statue of Tiresias in *Le Testament d'Orphée*, Cocteau, master at those games, said of the soothsayer of Thebes, "One puts paper into his mouth, and from it come novels, discourses, words, poems." As for the infernal machine of *Torn Curtain*, it is as if on the contrary Hitchcock inserted fears, obsessions, calculations, and from it came serpentines, garlands, ribbons. Ribbons of film, or those flickering red ribbons that represent a fire in the background of a ballet scene. No more need for real flames (if not to burn, at least to create a panic). The scientist has only to shout "Fire!" for everyone to follow.

Arabesques without great consequence? No doubt the leaden skies of *The Birds* or the wan false hopes of *Marnie* troubled us in quite a different fashion. But is it really limitation of ambition or impoverishment in Hitchcock to want today to renew the bond, through his films, with the fantastic round trips and adventurous itineraries, no less authentic a vein of his work, from *The Lady Vanishes* to *The Man Who Knew Too Much*? Does not the credit list of *Torn Curtain* indicate at the very start a possible path for the film (nearer, in its tone, to others called more "ambitious"), a path that is within one's rights to suppose here or having been too quickly and definitely abandoned, intentionally relinquished? Proposing, bordered by indistinct and diffuse flames, a series of drawn faces, kneaded, deformed, like those of aviators subject to centrifugal force, faces like one or another kind of clay, slowly modelled, melted, in the fires of potteries. A kind of grimacing nocturnal version of a dream of which the film is the diurnal face and in some way depressurized and cold. As with those thread-like statues of Giacometti, people as thin as pins, whose beauty comes as much from what remains to them as from what has been taken away from them, as much from their peremptory presence as from the void hollowed about them and which they had to survive, *Torn Curtain* affects me by this

emaciation, this melting, this loss of substance imposed on characters and on situations (though a knife broken under a clavicle and an opened kitchen stove reach us with real blood and with noxious effluvia that can be more directly marked out).

So the spy who did not know enough, goes out into the cold (Hitchcock insists on that; although he fools the Communist scientist, Newman knows less than he. Thus too, the director, who, deluding us, yet in any case knows no more.) Foiled scientist, impelled by sheer personal motives of ambition, he plunges himself into an egotistical calculation. Its waters, one guesses, will be frozen quickly, even to covering the entire film with a glaze, with a light frost, appropriate for deforming imperceptibly but decisively the slightest acts and gestures. Whence its strange surrealism, its too offhand pace, this deceptive lightness, this falsely easy, hoaxing aspect, slightly sneering, appropriate for certain dreams, and those not the least disquieting (the clearest example is the scene of the bus, which bathes in a bizarre atmosphere of play, unmotivated, ambushed at every moment, by the risks of a fall—of a rude awakening?) The somnambulistic pace of the story. Its unfolding, staggering a little, vacillating, somewhat jerky rather than flowing then suddenly jammed, as certain words are for aphasiacs (the blackboard scene, and especially that of the post office). So the game is disquieting; the gag is off the mark; laughter is born, a little displaced in relation to its cause and to the nature of that cause. Choreography contends with tricks in duplicity (a fraction of a second will be enough for the turning ballerina to see better than the policemen); romantic inconsistency and mathematical calculation make very false alliances. Into the film have slipped anxious or malicious witnesses of ourselves, of our incredulity; a Polish countess does not succeed in understanding that leaving East Berlin should be a problem, when for her there is only the problem of entering the United States; the castaways of the bus comment on the spectacle or approve it noisily with their applause. But all, more or less, will be subjected to the laws of nightmare. Eternal Hitchcockian soothsayer, with three surprising mouths; he swallows dramas, he sends out images, he designates them as such. From them is born fear, oppression, death.

—Jean NARBONI

The Curtain Lifted, Fallen Again

That mouth which opens inordinately to cry out, and from which comes no audible sound, plaint, cry, and which howls nevertheless — by gesture, in the act of crying out without a voice — that mouth which therefore cries out with silence, is the mouth of Melanie's mother in *The Birds*, the mouth, too, of the murdering country-woman of *Torn Curtain*, faces surfeited with fright, when each woman sees death in the face — death of the Other, neighbor, spy — and, with death, all the menace and mystery of the world rising in a single whole. This world, silent and at the same stroke revealed in a cry in the unbearable silence, is the world that one cannot avoid seeing; the face of that Medusa whose gaze one does not meet with impunity, that eye of death — that mirror? — to which the power, tragic and magic, is given of changing living beings into dead statues. One evokes and conceives that Death only as the death of other people, absolute, irreducible otherness; and yet it is enough to be witness of it for its destination — like the mirror — to tilt towards one, for the time of a mute cry.

What else are we taught by the like faces, convulsed, the knotted throats, the fixed eyes of those women transported — all at once and without any other movement than that of lips on emptiness — into the hieratic attitude of Possession — Possession magical and physical, by the flesh as much as by the spirit, since it is one same travesty of a grin that indicates time suspended by fright and ecstasy? Taut faces whose succession goes far into the past (perhaps to that of Patricia Hitchcock in *Strangers on a Train*), and of which there are three in *Torn Curtain* — that of the farm woman, that of the countess, that of the ballerina, congealed by the image itself. As if it were to women (mothers, companions, travelers, seers), rather than to his masculine heroes, that Hitchcock accorded intentionally the formal privilege of being mirrors of Death — witnesses (therefore compromised, guilty as well as victims), intermediaries and mediatrices of Death, with the hero as with the spectator (the one then being the double of the other, and the two making only one)?

Silent things; things doubly shown, doubly present.

Torn Curtain places itself entirely under the seal of silence. All the kinds of silence — questions left without responses (the scientifico-police interrogations); advances or retreats in covert words (Newman's lies and pretenses to Julie Andrews); dialogues in half-words (the scientific discussions); silences of hearing (the chatter of Gromek, which

occurs outside Newman's hearing); and even to the frank and beautiful silences of the two explanations, the one sentimental and moral, between Paul and Julie, of which Hitchcock plays at riding himself — everyone has understood, except the person concerned — and which he makes convey a certain mystery by filming it at a distance; and the other, scientific, in which the noise of chalk and the learned grunts constitute a dialogue clearer than all speech . . .

That about which Hitchcock speaks to us and of which he makes a game in *Torn Curtain* — is it not thenceforth language itself, its vicious circles, its false pretenses, its traps and snares, its dramas? That was the subject of *Marnie*, too; but here speech, question, response (and the language of silences) are at the center of the circle; scarcely any action, any longer, but a constant commentary on action (scene of the bus); a verbal representation of dramas (the countess' monologue); a double game of words (Newman's "treason" consists first of being silent, then of speaking; the quite opposite "loyalty" of Julie Andrews, of speaking — to protest, of being silent, then of speaking again); a substitution of words for actions as vectors of suspense (scene of Albert; quest, set to a rhythm of questions and of silences); finally a use of the word as power (that, again, of the magic formula) of liberation, of escape (Newman's "fire!" at the theatre). Prey to transfers, confusions, phantasms, mirages, secrets, and so on, which constitute the thread of their adventures, Hitchcock's heroes are always betrayed by a world — that of the film — in which everything is the sign of something else, in which is brought about, nearer and nearer, a perpetual shifting of meanings which at the same time frees signs (making them deviate from the familiar toward the mysterious, opening them to all possibilities) and imprisons the hero in as many symbols. World on a double foundation (with multiple readings); that, of course, of the spectacle (which is the systematic turning aside of meanings), of a totalitarian *mise en scène*. The famous passivity of the Hitchcock hero (which finds in Newman a perfection verging on caricature) is only that of a blind man whom a hand at once friendly and inimical guides from trials to triumphs.

Spectator and hero are both involved that is to say they undergo various anguishes, fears, emotions, felt by each in the course of the film's round trip) in a systematic discovery of the powers of cinematographic language, a veritable lesson in reading, with its exercises, its codes to decipher, its catch-questions, among them, for example, in *Torn Curtain*, the "political implication" of the film.

Is it the same Hitchcock who said to Truffaut (in *Le cinéma selon Hitchcock*): "The audience is not interested in politics in the cinema; how do you explain

that almost all films in which it is a question of politics, of the iron curtain, have been failures?", and who has always cared so much about the audience and success — is it the same Hitchcock who filmed *Torn Curtain*? Is that probably because, from iron curtain to torn curtain, there is, as one says, a "world" — that of the dream?

What is Newman's "problem" in *Torn Curtain*? What preoccupies him, moves him? Not so much the famous "secret" to be stolen (that is an accomplished action from the middle of the film), nor his justification in the eyes of his fiancée (which scarcely preoccupies him, and which, too, is established toward the middle of the film); but his escape. East Germany, as Hitchcock shows it, is like those magic circles (the symbol-letter pi indicates that several times) which it is easier to penetrate than to leave. From the beginning of his "mission," Newman meets "contacts" who are neither to guide him, nor to help him succeed (besides, no one knows his aims), but who, already, prepare his escape; the first drama (the killing of Gromek) is provoked not by the conquest to be made, but by the flight to be assured; and the mechanism of suspense will bear only on the accomplishment of this flight (all the last third of the film).

A strange flight; as always with Hitchcock (*North by Northwest*, *Psycho*), one flees in the interior of a prison whose walls move at the same time as the prisoner. Infinite flight of nightmares, frantic unrolling of obstacles that link to and generate each other like metamorphoses of a single obstacle, of the same pursuer. The bus of the flight (which could as well be motionless, so much the setting that unreels about it takes on itself to arrange surprises for it, making dangers appear and stealing them away like a succession of mental images, of dream scenes) even substitutes itself for the protagonists for the first half of the escape (and Hitchcock said to Truffaut that he conceived this bus as an actual character of the film); it is at once their means of escape and their prison, at once protection and source of dangers; it presents (like the boat of *Lifeboat*) a small scale model of the universe, theatre within the drama, film within the film (with its characters, the comic ones and the anxious ones, its gags, its fears); itself finally duplicates itself (as a good Hitchcockian hero), is pursued by its double (which moreover is, if one can say so, the "innocent" one of the two, the simple, the true, but also the "bad" one. Thus the road unfolding (in a dream time, passing flexibly from drawing out to accelerating; the very time of suspense) from Leipzig to Berlin, is found less in East Germany than in Hitchcockland. Not imaginary or imagined country — but the site of images, of the dream, and of dream representa-



Afred Hitchcock: *Torn Curtain*, Paul Newman, Wolfgang Kieling.



Alfred Hitchcock: *Torn Curtain*, Gisela Fischer, Julie Andrews, Paul Newman.



tion, of the projection and of the constitution of phantasms in the setting. Through the images that Hitchcock chooses to show of it, this Germany, land of fears and of secrets, finds itself related by the mirror of the dream to America according to Hitchcock; the isolated farm, the green fields, Karl Marx University or the post office of the Friedrichstrasse continue the fields, the U.N. corridors or the restaurant of *North by Northwest*, the farm or the school of *The Birds*.

Identity not only of aspect (colors, white and totally unrealistic lights), but of function; these are the very marking stakes and beacons of fear, the same privileged screens of projections of themselves, against which the fugitives collide. Analogous identity of the logic of fear (which organizes the political incidences of the film; the Germans' fear of being betrayed, the others' of being taken, the countless of staying) and of the logic of dream; the suspense being at once their conjunction and their expression.

For example, this double logic imposes some inversions in relation to the classic Hitchcock scheme. Ordinarily, the Hitchcock spies ("bad" by definition) operate in America and steal secrets from the Americans. It is the contrary here; America goes to the "bad" (by definition, this time, the Communists), and the spy is American, while the secret is Communist. The "good" American is at the same time the "bad" spy; he betrays, steals, causes some deaths; the Communists (automatically "bad" for the Western-American audience), remaining until the end within their rights and doing nothing but defend themselves. Irony, perversion, very Hitchcockian, but also a systematic confusion of significance, which makes the political "message" of *Torn Curtain* much more ambiguous than an entirely political logic would impose. That this funambulists Germany, mysterious beyond an iron curtain which is the very screen of the spectacle, comes to double perfectly Hitchcock's Americas, I will want for supplementary proof only these words of the author, twice said (so much it satisfied him, no doubt) — first the chief of police, then Professor Lindt offer a Havana to the American scientist-spy — "They are ours now." One smoke, for Hitchcock, is worth another.

—Jean-Louis COMOLLI

Anxiety Behind the Window Pane

Torn Curtain is at first the expectation of a grin-like contraction. To do violence to a young American, completely a member of the happy society,

with her smooth face free of the slightest worry, to humiliate her, to disquiet her, to corrupt her, until at last in her eyes so unbearably blue and clear should appear the shadow of an anxiety that will be transformed suddenly into insurmountable panic. Perhaps then the film tells us the stages of the birth (of the rebirth) of a soul. Like *Naked Kiss* (on the woman's side), *The Searchers* (on the man's), *Wild River* (on both sides, as in the end with the films cited above, salvation purposely going on an equal footing).

At the very start Hitchcock shows us his cards, refusing the facility of a plot that would rest solely on the identity of the characters, choosing and assuming his actors with their mythologies. (Julie Andrews, symbol of the average American woman — from *Mary Poppins* to *Hawaii*, including *The Sound of Music* — and Paul Newman, student of "the Method" and so classified as "a problem role man"). Within the framework of these well defined types, Hitchcock interests himself only in variations and modulations, so small as they may be, at first isolating each character, then re-setting him in a wider field so as to list the inventory of an entire latent series of possible relations, making them crop out exactly the necessary amount, and in a manner subtle enough to escape all systemization (it is to this extent that is not unwarranted to think of *Au hasard Balzac*).

Come, pass, cross one another, and pass again, then, in isolated or mingled waves, an entire series of characters who mark out the work with islets of solitude, of sadism, of cruelty. Thus Grombeck, unsuccessfully dissembling under a frightening enough mask of genial cynicism some secret humiliation contracted across the Atlantic, inquiring with factitious eagerness about the current use of certain Anglo-Saxon idioms or the existence of such-and-such a pizzeria at the corner of 88th Street, as many images which, recalled thanks to the presence of the foreigners, from the very body of his wound. Or again Karl, who, under his courteous exterior, dissembles a very confused sentiment for Miss Sherman.

And Lindt, prey to a continual auto-contemplation, interests Hitchcock only for a few seconds in which everything is going to reel around him, when, yet at ease, warm in his familiar surroundings, he realizes that he has been fooled; all his system collapses, the calling again in question of his own person is inevitable. It is this distress that Hitchcock wanted to catch. For each character, at any instant can arise the unexpected event that breaks the too perfect mechanism and compels them to emerge from their egocentricity, from their incapacity to envisage the presence of another, which would endanger the obsession that they were pursuing yet imperceptibly.

Behind these steel greys, these metallic greens, inserted in networks of rigid horizontals and verticals, defining thus a perfectly homogeneous space that fills the entire screen, can suddenly erupt some debauch of more or less insidious live colors, exigent, totalitarian, like the red of the scarf and of the cheeks and of the lips of a Polish countess who comes to tell us her misfortunes and her hopes or, at the turn of an abrupt movement, the venomous black flash of a dancer's glance three times repeated. The entire film is made thus of jumps that are collisions and refusals; the story seems here to pursue a logical progression, there to let itself breathe in the wide unexpected gaps, in order to free itself then of all traditional narrative constraints, and to pursue in new colors, forms and sounds a more solitary, intimate, and especially a more threatening dream.

For Hitchcock as always unfailingly touches the most sensitive points. In the scene of Grombeck's murder, to know who is going to kill whom is hardly important. What counts is the dream potential engendered. Encountering this woman with the mysterious washed-out face, whom Newman has never seen and with whom, ignoring her language, he cannot speak, only two forms of relation (of "language") were possible — love and murder. Hitchcock shows both and simultaneously. The very decomposed killing reproduces in its different phases all the episodes of the sexual act, with in particular the long final expiration and the attempt to remove every stain from the clothing. A very erotic scene, and of the rarest poetry, which recalls that of *Accatone*, where — certainly more physically — the supporter of a "cinema of poetry" shows two men fight, shows them too in the course of embracing. But Hitchcock goes farther still, and the scene acquires all its strength because it refers us to the opening of the film when, under the sheets, Paul Newman and Julie Andrews give themselves up to activities perfectly traceable, but devoid of the slightest eroticism. By this comparison, Hitchcock wants to prefer the authenticity of one face to truth and of the other to candy pink realism, affirming, in the same stroke, the existence of a second film that crops out more and more violently. Thus on a different plane, one finds these two levels again in the post-office scene. Certainly, at every instant, the police can appear, but the true "suspense" is elsewhere. What counts is this enervation, this leveling to the rawness of nerves, this tragic exasperation manifested by the frantic quest for that Mr. Albert, an expectation that collides against a wall of indifferent, politely hypocritical gazes, or of scorn.

Then the "suspense" would be only that frantic desire to fall on a friendly gaze which, instead of being silent or of returning undecipherable signs,

would be the place of a moment of repose, of warmth, where at last simple, easily markable relationships of pleasant companionship could be pursued. But it is precisely that form of relationship that Hitchcock criticizes. That is what he shows us again with an incredible efficacy, in two adjacent scenes — that of the interrogation of Julie Andrews and that of the "revelation." Cross-examined, pressed with questions by Lindt and his colleagues, Julie Andrews lets her gaze wander from one face to another, trying, like Lila Kedrova at the postoffice, to decipher the code of each of her interlocutors. But nothing responds; relationships, even or especially with Newman, are so perverse that the mystery remains complete. The impression of solitude is complete, and Julie Andrews seems naked, contemplated without her knowledge by a band of voyeurs. Each person maintains his point of view, fundamentally alien to each other. With the following scene, appearances change completely. Fallaciously and more sadistically still, Hitchcock is going to transform the contracted mouth of Julie Andrews to a smile, her tears of bitterness to tears of joy, making her find again, at the end of a Hollywood kiss (in a purposely "typical" setting) at the top of a little green hill, the momentarily forgotten image of a far-off America, pink and pale blue. She has finally found that faultless glance that satisfies itself with sending back to her her own image. But it is a caricature clearly designated as such. Not happiness, not fulfillment, but derision of it.

Like the Hawks of *Red Line*, Hitchcock plays on the convention that he uses in order to make people believe that it is the place of the relationships, but which he undermines treacherously, and designates as the most inauthentic that exist. After relationships of perversity, Julie Andrews finds only inauthenticity. From that to say that the first named are the only true ones? In any case, Hitchcock shows us that the space in which things would be only what they are, or what one would wish that they be, does not exist, or if it exists, that it could only be impure.

—Sylvain GODET

The Castaways of the Bus

As early as the credit list monstrous faces writhe on a background of threatening sky. The obsolete device of double exposure is reinforced by the crudity of the grimaces. No artifice is spared the spectator. The contrivances are avowed. The gates of the grotesque nightmare can open frankly. For those few faces glimpsed rapidly in a mixture of smoke

and clouds not only evoke some spells, but at the same stroke situate them in the arsenal of tricks and snares. It is not the free disarticulation of the animated film or the schematic folklore of the comic strip. It is the spectacle of the conjurer, at once derisory and fabulous. The two characters drawn along in the adventure are "manipulated," as one says of marionettes or of puppets. They possess no human dimension and defy all psychological mapping. They acquire no destiny in the course of the ordeals through which they pass, for dramatization is replaced by magic. Which involves a perpetual recourse to metamorphosis. For the space of the film, contrived, is supercharged with snares, with behind-scenes, and with duplicate buses. The possibility of emerging from this multiply faceted world is ceaselessly brought again into question, because it escapes all deduction, all attempts at logical resolution. The irrational makes quick work of upsetting the weak historical and geographical coordinates. When it is cold, water freezes in the glasses of the passengers of a boat like a child's plaything, and it is enough for the chilly occupants to huddle under the covers and to adopt a playful behavior to escape reality. Not only do the accessories participate in an entire mythology of fairy tales, but the outlined figures as well; the spy with the clean and shaven face linking himself more to the innocent hero than to the professor, his companion recalling, feature by feature, some Mary Poppins; this ballerina celebrating the fire with malevolent smiles, or that paint-daubed old madwoman with the face of a sorceress awaiting escape with the same somnambulistic anxiety with which one awaits the awakening. But by dint of looking at the fire on the stage one ends by drawing it into the body of the theater; the bridge is crossed, and the most complete disorder reigns — "disorder" in the sense in which Cocteau employed it. It will be enough to knock on a red door to find oneself in a basket and on the North Sea. What then are all the simulacra? According to the tradition of popular tales, it happened often that highway bandits demanded the purses of travelers passing through the forests. Here the bus, or rather its exact copy, has replaced the horse as the iron curtain has the mirror. In order to get to the bottom of this story of fire and ice it is enough to open the famous basket; no hero emerges, but crepe paper and streamers . . .

It is the ultimate unconstraint that Hitchcock demonstrates, the unconstraint that animates and adorns statues with tinsel, and that one finds in the gardens of *Testament d'Orphée* or of *All These Women* — the echoless voice of the Poet.—André TECHINE



Alfred Hitchcock: *Torn Curtain*, Paul Newman, Carolyn Conwell, Wolfgang Kieling.

The Company Man

Torn Curtain is the 50th film of Alfred Hitchcock's delightfully deceptive directorial career. This ultra-commercial package of Paul Newman, Julie Andrews, Hitchcock himself, and a spy subject has done boffo business around the country even though the reviews have ranged from mixed to mildly unfavorable, and there is a general feeling that Newman and Andrews have been somewhat wasted in routine roles. It is possible also that so-called cult criticism of Hitchcock's mystical mise-en-scene has made audiences and reviewers concentrate so much on the implications of each image that they miss the plot flowing by. Like Edgar Allan Poe's *Purloined Letter*, Hitchcock's meanings are in full view on the surface of the screen. Hitchcock's direction, such as it is, is not mere decoration but the very shape and substance of his story. We further stipulate that *Torn Curtain* is basically a Hitchcockian plot even though Brian Moore receives sole credit for the script.

The opening credits of *Torn Curtain* show a succession of faces writhing in anguish against a background of fire. The faces seem to swirl in a red sea of suffering; the pain is palpable. A strangely serious visual overture to be composed in an age of painless Pop and batty Camp. Dissolve to a cruise ship sailing up a Norwegian fjord against an icy-blue sky. Immediate temperature contrast with opening credits. A series of establishing shots determine that the ship's heating is being repaired, further that the grotesquely bundled-up passengers in the dining room are members of an international scientific conference. In the midst of this comic discomfort, a character later identified as Professor Karl Manfred (Gunter Strack) glances with concern at an empty table for two. Hitchcock achieves this mood of malaise with one of his patented crisp reverse cuts. We already sense that this table for two should be occupied by Paul Newman and Julie Andrews. Who else could cause such concern? Our suspicions are immediately justified by a quick cut to a stateroom where, as one suspiciously ingenuous young reader of the New York Times remarked, Harper is in bed with Mary Poppins under a pile of bedclothes and overcoats. Cut to badges on coats hanging on chairs. Newman's badge identifies him as Professor Michael Armstrong, presumably the All-American Male. Julie Andrews is simply Sarah Sherman, an innocent young girl enjoying an assignation before breakfast and a honeymoon before marriage.

We are already many degrees Fahrenheit away from the world of James

Bond where no one ever sweats or shivers. Hitchcock has taken us from fire to ice, and in the process he has denoted a fundamental disorder in the world he has created. As far as we can ascertain, Newman and Andrews are the only Americans on the cruise ship, and They Are Not Where They Are Supposed To Be. In some subtle way, they have broken the rules of the community around them by circumventing its suffering. Indicative of how Hitchcock's form comes full circle is the fact that the very last shot of the film shows Newman and Andrews escaping once more into the sanctuary of a blanket, the couple's cocoon, the warp and woof and womb from whence the Ugly, Quiet, and Innocent Americans emerge periodically to bring chaos and confusion abroad. And make no mistake about it, *Torn Curtain* is at least partly a parable of American meddling in the world.

When there is a knock on the door, the audience is immediately apprehensive that the worried-looking scientist has come to check upon the indecorous behavior of his colleagues. Fortunately, it is only a bellboy with a radiogram. There is almost a sigh of comic relief as Newman reads the apparently meaningless message, but then our hero inexplicably denies that he is the intended recipient. Suddenly we sense that Newman is hiding something from Andrews, and in that moment, she becomes both the temporary protagonist and the audience's point of view.

We are subsequently launched into a succession of commonplace incidents infected with the intrigue of Hitchcock's reverse cuts. A cryptic radiogram is dispatched by Newman, a book is picked up in a shop specializing in religious tracts, a luncheon date is canceled, a fake flight to Stockholm is announced. Newman is up to something, but what? Julie Andrews feels rejected, rebuffed, and humiliated, but she perseveres to the point of following her man to East Berlin where, as it turns out, he is apparently defecting to the East Germans.

If we could forget the espionage trappings for a moment, it would seem almost as if Newman were clumsily arranging an assignation with another woman, and Andrews was checking up on him. There is never really any meaningful communication between Newman and Andrews, and there is a classic one-take sequence in a hotel room that would inspire rapturous essays for its meaningful use of color if only it had popped up in an Antonioni film.

Nonetheless Julie Andrews is emotionally released by elaborate camera movements all the more expressive because Hitchcock is too adept at montage to require camera movement for merely mechanical assignments. Hitchcock's economy of expression makes him infinitely superior technically to such non-montage directors as Kubrick and Fel-

lini, whose camera movements often degenerate from gratuitousness to monotony from sheer overwork. In fact, Hitchcock is about the only director alive today who could tell a story replete with emotional relationships without using a line of dialogue.

Of course, the audience inevitably disbelieves in Newman's defection. Yet the discomfort persists. The East Germans are too sympathetically civilized to seem stock villains. Hansjoerg Felmy, the canny catalyst of *Station Six Sabara*, plays the security chief with warm charm and cool competence. Wolfgang Kieling's Communist watchdog, Gromek, is a gem of a cameo characterization as the gum-chewing fan of Warner's gangster movies and a former inhabitant of 86th Street. These people have not initiated the intrigue. They are merely reacting to it with justifiable suspicion. All the other characters in the film, Communist, non-Communist, and anti-Communist alike, belong to a world of fixed, even orderly ideologies and duties. Newman and Andrews have disrupted this world; they have torn the curtain, and human blood, not theirs, has been spilled, but for what purpose? We soon find out. Newman tells an Allied agent that the bogus defection is designed to obtain a secret from the enemy. Newman's funds had been cut off in Washington because he was unable to calculate the ultimate formula of the anti-missile missile. An East German scientist (Ludwig Donath) has the secret, and Newman intends to pick the scientist's brain by cajoling his curiosity. Newman is certainly no patriot. Otherwise there would be an obligatory scene of his superiors imploring him to pose as a defector for national security, and there is no such scene even implied. Newman goes it virtually alone, endangering friendly agents and innocent bystanders in the process. He is simply a conniving petty bureaucrat out to steal a trade secret from the enemy, in this case the East Germans, but it could just as easily be a rival company. Paul Newman is the organization man par excellence, using unscrupulous means to achieve dubious ends, and Julie Andrews is the perfect company wife, smug, superior, completely confident that enough money can compensate for anything. That Newman, particularly, is anti-type-cast makes Hitchcock's statement on Americans of the '60s come over more forcefully.

The most admired scene in the film, and rightfully so, is the one in which Newman and a woman accomplice kill Gromek, slowly, tortuously, painfully, with a knife, a shovel, and finally by sticking Gromek's head in a gas oven, a sequence culminating morally with Newman's palm stained with Gromek's blood. This is the only murder in the movie, and it constitutes Hitchcock's comment on the Bond casualness about killing, and perhaps also on the perversion of a genre that Hitchcock



Alfred Hitchcock: *Torn Curtain*, Lila Kedrova.

and Fritz Lang so often transcended with their noble art.

—Andrew SARRIS

Actors and Directors

Torn Curtain is Hitchcock's *Anatomy of a Murder*, it is his *Flight of the Phoenix*, it is his movie about actors.

Hitchcock, who has worked so well with Cary Grant, James Stewart and Joseph Cotten, who lists Actors' Studio actors as a pet peeve, is not going to let himself be short-changed by an Actors' Studio alumnus. Hitchcock has cast Newman as an actor.

In a *Torn Curtain* interview Hitchcock said: "Actors are children, and I love them. But as soon as they stop shooting, they go into their dressing rooms and continue their love scenes. They can't help it. They're all so attractive." *Torn Curtain* begins with an actor and an actress in bed, hidden underneath the blankets, while a romantically ineffective East German scientist with Hitchcock's physique is kept waiting for lunch.

At the airport in East Berlin, an actress-type thinks the photographers are meant for her. When she finds out they are waiting for Newman, it is one actor upstaging another. Beware an actress spurned: she never forgets.

A Hitchcock self-portrait is the considerate and restrained head of the East German Secret Police.

Hitchcock reveals the actor's response to Hitchcock's soul: The East German watchdog catches up with Newman after Newman has "done" the museum in nothing flat. The watchdog asks: "You don't like our museum?" Newman says: "I've seen better."

The mangled murder of the watchdog is what actors do to the director and his artistic plans, when given the chance. While the murder is going on, the watchdog says: "This is ridiculous. I'm a professional. What are you doing?"

The scientist Lindt, another Hitchcock

self-portrait, is tricked into telling Newman what a scene means and discovers that the actor is misusing the insight. "Stop, you can't leave this room," Lindt screams, betrayed, beaten.

The "unscheduled" bus is filled with an assortment of actor-types, phlegmatic and hysterical. The bus is escorted by the East German Police who collectively stand for the director. When the bus stops, the actors wildly flee trying to escape the director. He opens fire with a machine gun. Hitchcock dream come true. Later it is revealed that the only casualty is "one person hit in the foot." The director doesn't really harm his actors.

The lady looking for a "sponsor" who noses out Newman and Andrews, is an actress who thinks they can get her a part in a Hollywood movie.

A remarkable scene occurs in the theatre. Gradually the police walk not run to take up their posts. Their attitude is soft or neutral not hard. The head of the Secret Police enters with two aides. His demeanour indicates well-meaning concern. The claustrophobic actor yells "Fire!" In the middle of the confusion the Chief of the Secret Police is shown with his arms raised above the crowd, trying unsuccessfully to reach Newman and Andrews. This is the moment in the film that touched me most.

Without a torn curtain you have a camera that receives no light. You have two actors underneath a blanket, impervious to the needs of a photographer.

—Stephen GOTTlieb

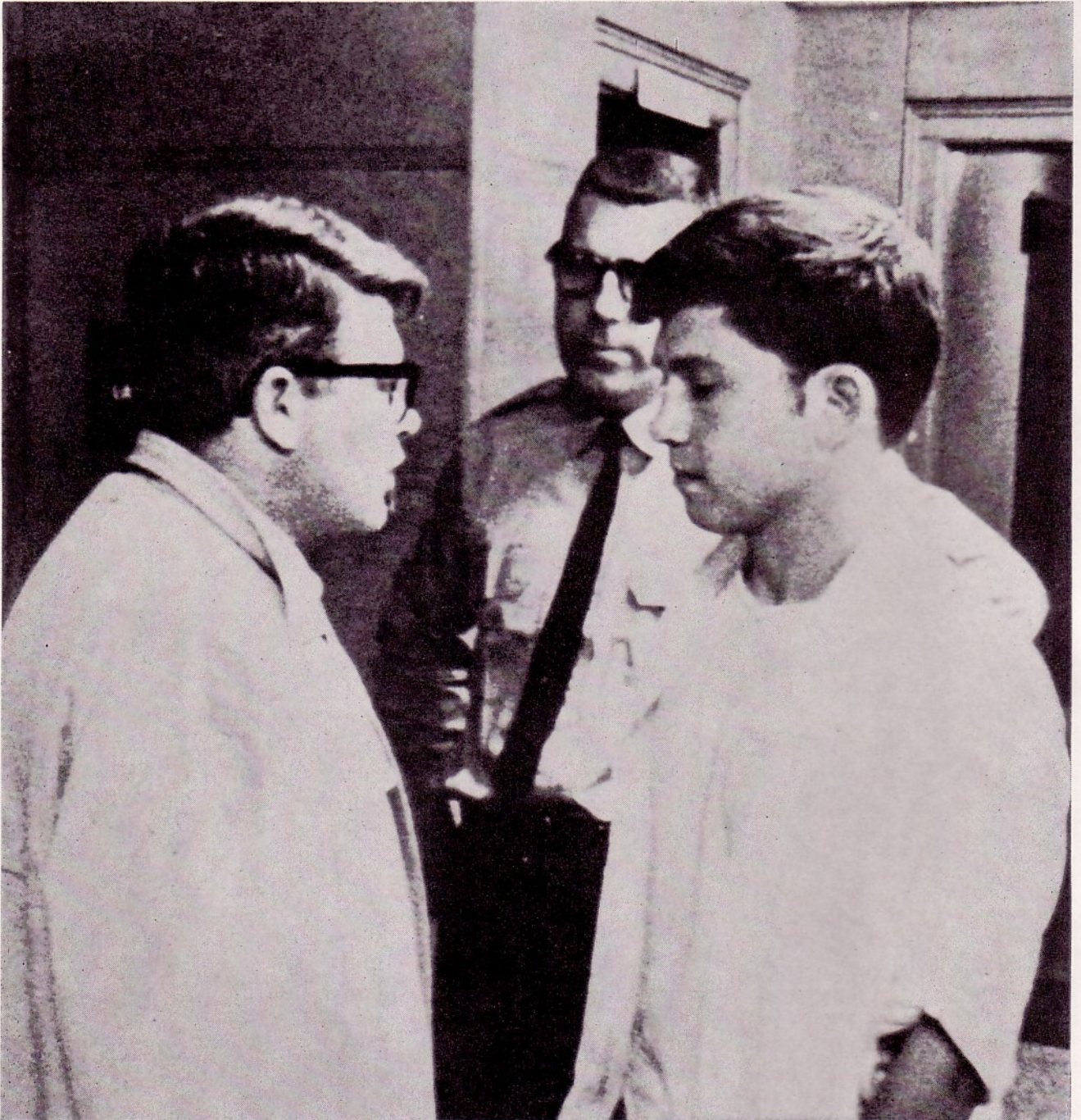
Torn Curtain (Le Rideau déchiré): American film in Technicolor of Alfred Hitchcock. *Scenario:* Brian Moore. *Photography:* John F. Warren. *Camera-man:* Leonard South. *Music:* John Addison. *Decors:* Hein Heckroth, Frank Arrigo, George Milo. *Costumes:* for Julie Andrews: Hal Saunders. *Sound:* Waldon O. Watson, William Russell. *Assistant to Hitchcock:* Peggy Robertson. *Assistant director:* Donald Baer. *Editor:* Bud Hoffman. *Cast:* Paul Newman (Michael Armstrong), Julie Andrews (Sarah Sherman), Lila Kedrova (Countess Kuchinska), Hansjoerg Felmy (Heinrich Gerhard), Tamara Toumanova (ballerina), Ludwig Donath (Professor Lindt), Wolfgang Kieling (Gromek), Gunter Strack (Professor Manfred), David Opatoshu (Jacobi), Gisela Fischer (Dr. Koska), Peter Bourne (Professor Hengstrom), Mort Mills (the farmer), Carolyn Conwell (the farmer's wife), Erik Hoiland (the hotel employee), Peter Lorr (the taxi driver), Alfred Hitchcock (sitting in the lobby of the hotel in Stockholm, a child on his lap). *Director of production:* Jack Corrick. *Producer:* Alfred Hitchcock, 1966. *Distributor:* Universal. *Length:* 2 hours.



Alfred Hitchcock: *Torn Curtain*, Julie Andrews, Lila Kedrova, Paul Newman.



Serious, Too Serious



Don Owen: *Nobody Waved Goodbye*, Claude Rae, Peter Kastner.

Nobody Waved Goodbye (*Départ sans adieu*). Canadian film of Don Owen. Scenario: Don Owen. Photography:

John Spotton. Music: Eldon Rathburn. Cast: Peter Kastner (Peter), Julie Biggs (Julie), Claude Rae (The father), Charmion King (The mother), John Sullivan

(The probation officer). Production director: Tom Daly. Producer: National Film Office, 1965. Distributor: Alci-france. Length: 1 hr. 20 min.

The new cinema was born, according to Narboni, at the intersection of the *nouvelle vague* and of Italian neorealism (*Cahiers* 178, pp. 58-9). It attends more to describing structures than to telling stories; it aims more at a sociological and historical reality than at characterizations. Thus, from spectacle, cinema becomes a reaction to a set of données in relation to which the cinéaste defines himself at the same time that he designates his art. So the new cinema can lend itself to reviving frontier phenomena — among them the youth that these cineastes are still near, Don Owen, like other young directors, looks at adolescence, calls it in question. But it is no longer a matter of a five-and-ten-cent-store adolescence.

The film shows clearly that the adolescent lives in the ambiguity of two contradictory worlds, that of play and that of work. On one hand the world of childhood, built on the lie, on the other a distant and frozen world, which seems true, but which, perhaps, contains another lie. Peter goes towards a would-be serious age, and his project is to make himself more serious, more adult, than he can be. Of childhood he keeps the taste for sacrilege, the spontaneity, the naïveté. But people make him understand that adulthood proposes respect, the sense of responsibility and of the reasonable. In the midst of this tragic tension, the adolescent wants to be a hero of freedom, but he does not succeed at it, since he questions and is questioned in turn. Because people still decide for him, his decisions are errors. Nevertheless, he is no longer like the child, excused by his naïveté, and he finds himself already accused, brutalized.

The marvelous moments of the film are those in which Peter and Julie abandon their project of being adults and amuse themselves in a group, loiter at night, sing on the subway platform, go about on a Vespa or in a small boat, moments of playing truant. In the end people will pardon Peter for cutting his classes, for failing his examinations. People will not accept his wanting to earn money and to live with Julie; "he is too young for that." Peter and Julie cannot assume the responsibilities that people are still unwilling to grant them; the world of work and that of married life are still forbidden to them. This "people" is the sneering reality of families, of moral advisors, of employers. In this world, the adolescent is even more ill at ease than in the awkwardness of love or of the first arguments with his friends, more awkward than in his very awkwardness. The adolescent is an out-of-the-way being whom sheer dailiness wounds.

This wound is felt in a painful conflict that Peter and Julie experience in hyperbolic fashion. It develops first in the framework of school, then in that of Peter's family, then with the police, with Julie's mother, then in the search

for work, in the need for earning money. But the extreme point of outburst of conflict is that in which Peter and Julie oppose each other. Julie expects a baby; she has become a woman; and according to the thought that Faulkner attributes to Gavin Stevens in *The Hamlet*, "Women are not interested in the romanticism of dreams; they are interested only in the reality of facts." The romanticism of dreams would be to set off in a car and with money of one's own. The reality of facts is that Peter has stolen both the money and the car. That is what Julie does not accept, alone at the edge of the highway, while Peter escapes toward prison, toward another dream of freedom.

The honesty of the film, its beauty, is precisely that of placing itself outside adolescence. Peter is accused and excused. He is judged. Here adolescence is not the plaintiff; it seems that Don Owen condemns it through the adult world that is already in it. Peter is a tainted being because he cheats, but it is society that cheats in him. Product of the lower middle class, he has the cowardice, or that kind of courage, of despair. *Nobody Waved Goodbye* is a determinist film that shows that the reality of the feelings must pass through an economic reality. The art of Don Owen is not one of reconstruction but of unrealization. The camera progressively un-realizes Peter's intention, without for all that granting values to society—which is seen as a base of lawful nonsense. *Nobody Waved Goodbye* is the story of a failure; Peter sinks into the greenish night, and it is at this ending that the tragic poetry of the new

cinema begins. He carries off with him his dream of freedom that is ours too. The desire to detach himself from all the determination in which he is set, to flee before all reserve and all constraint, is a negative freedom, what Hegel calls the "freedom of the void." It is a fanatical freedom.

In this film, the indictment is contemporary with the plea for the defense; the accused is the pair adolescence-society. It is this double point of view that characterizes the very style of Don Owen. Plaintiff against adolescence, he demonstrates, defines, brings facts. Being a lawyer, he lies; that is to say, he is a poet, he sings. The film is related by its theme to *Black Peter*, to *Père Noël a les yeux bleus*, indeed to *Masculine Feminine*, or even to *Adieu Philippine*. But by its style, which is here thought and form, it differentiates itself entirely from these related works. Cinema is no longer expression, but painting of revolt. It is a kind of impressionism that disproves in time the facets of a phenomenon. The elements are juxtaposed in discontinuity. Opposite to Forman, who stretches his ideas-sequences to esthetic uneasiness, Don Owen passes in a spiral over an entire world, over a reality, trying to extricate its meaning. It is a phenomenology that tries to describe the essence of adolescence. The cineaste has gone beyond revolt in cinema itself, and Don Owen can turn around to consider what no doubt he has been. One would like to see Peter's adventure extended; perhaps it would be the tale of freedom found again.

—Paul-Louis MARTIN



Don Owen: *Nobody Waved Goodbye*, Peter Kastner, Julie Biggs.

Editor's Eyrie

by Andrew Sarris

James Leahy writes us in part as follows: "If you haven't gone to press, I wondered if, to keep my publisher and the Chicago Daily News happy, you'd be able to insert the following blurb with my article: 'This article originally appeared in shortened form, in the Panorama Magazine of the Chicago Daily News on January 28th, 1967. James Leahy's book, will be published by A. S. Barnes, New York, in the Fall of 1967.' Many thanks."

Many thanks from us here at Cahiers du Cinema in English for James Leahy's article on Joseph Losey's *Accident*, which appeared in CdCIE Number 9. We look forward to reading Mr. Leahy's book on Joseph Losey. Indeed, it is heartening to note all the books on individual directors now becoming available in English. Curiously, the one director who has been most completely and lovingly covered is also one of the most controversial. I speak of the Alfred Hitchcock who has been superlatively studied and/or interviewed by Francois Truffaut, Robin Wood, Peter Bogdanovich, Eric Rohmer & Claude Chabrol, and Jean Douchet. Francois Truffaut's book-length interview with Alfred Hitchcock will be published in English by Simon & Schuster later this year. I have beheld the lavishly illustrated French edition, and wish it well on its perilous pilgrimage to edify the Hitchcockians and to enlighten the Hitchcockians. If Truffaut can't bridge the credibility gap between the two factions, nobody can.

Ernest Callenbach of Film Quarterly has raised a collateral issue by citing Truffaut's work on Hitchcock and Donald Richie's on Akira Kurosawa as models of shot-by-shot technical analysis. Both books are indispensable to any personal or institutional library with the slightest pretense to film scholarship. (*The Films of Akira Kurosawa* by Donald Richie is published by the University of California Press in Berkeley and Los Angeles, California.) There is a big difference between them, however. Truffaut's analysis of Hitchcock deals all its cards face up. An English-speaking reader, especially, understands all the nuances and associations involved. By contrast, Kurosawa represents to the Western reader and moviegoer a fragmented expression of an alien culture. As *Our Man in Japan*, Donald Richie writes from a privileged position. Who can question the relevance of his background information down to the last

tedious biographical detail? If Richie had not written a book on Kurosawa, it is doubtful that anyone else would have been qualified to do so. Everything Richie touches upon is automatically exotic and potentially meaningful. At a time when Japanese films are out of fashion in America, Richie's dense volume may serve as a useful frame of reference. Certainly, CdCIE hopes to say more on Kurosawa and the Japanese cinema in later issues. For the present, let us make room on our shelves for both Truffaut-Hitchcock and Richie-Kurosawa.

Books on individual directors arouse in me a feeling of fraternity not merely because I have written one myself (*The Films of Josef von Sternberg*, The Museum of Modern Art, New York), but also because each directorial dissertation represents one more pillar in the Pantheon of Auteurs. Under this ecumenical spell, I can't feel hostile to even such immediate competition as Herman G. Weinberg's *Josef von Sternberg* (Cinema d'Aujourd'hui, No. 45, Editions Seghers, Paris, to be published in English later this year by E. P. Dutton). There is always room for more than one interpretation of the giants in the Pantheon.

Variety's Hollywood Production Pulse of May 3, 1967 takes in a great deal of British and other European produc-

tion. Anyway, 63 productions are listed, including *A Dandy in Aspic* credited to the late Anthony Mann. Laurence Harvey is completing the shooting interrupted by the death of one of Hollywood's least appreciated action directors. Anthony was less highly regarded in America than Delbert or Daniel, a case of outdoorsy adventurous being taken less seriously than indoorsy realistic. Samuel Fuller is in Acapulco directing *Twist of the Knife* with Barry Sullivan, Arthur Kennedy, Burt Reynolds, Sylvia Pinal, Ignacio Lopez Tarso and Francisco Reguera. Obviously a low-budget assignment.

There are a great many unfamiliar names in the directorial ranks: Herb Lederer (*Armageddon* 1975), Jerry Paris (*Never a Dull Moment*), Michael O'Herlihy (*The One and Only Genuine Original Family Brand*) Franco Indovino (*Catch as Catch Can*), John Boorman (*Point Blank*), Paul Almond (*Isabel*), John Danischewsky (*Avalanche*), Arthur Nadel (*Clambake*), William Hale (*Journey to Shiloh*), Alan Rafkin (*The Winning Position*), Robert Altman (*A Spoonful of Love*), Oliver Drake (*They Ran for Their Lives*), Gerard Schnitzer (*Sail to Glory*) and Fred Sturgis (*Dark of the Sun*). Most of the above projects sound routine even by sleeper standards. (Genevieve Bujold, however, should

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be anything but routine in *Isabel*, and the same can be hoped for Angie Dickinson in *Point Blank*).

The best commercial prospects are *Star* (Robert Wise and Julie Andrews), *Camelot* (Joshua Logan and Vanessa Redgrave), *Charge of the Light Brigade* (Tony Richardson and Vanessa Redgrave), *Valley of the Dolls* (Mark Robson), *Finian's Rainbow* (Francis Ford Coppola), *The Trip* (Roger Corman), *Meanwhile, Far From the Front* (Jack Smight and Paul Newman), *Pretty Polly* (Guy Green and Hayley Mills), and *The Ambushers* (Henry Levin, Dean Martin, Janice Rule and Senta Berger).

The culturally ambitious projects seem to be *In Cold Blood* (Richard Brooks), *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* (Stanley Kramer, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Sidney Poitier, and guess who's coming to dinner?), *The Graduate* (Mike Nichols, Anne Bancroft, Dustin Hoffman and Katharine Ross), *T.P.A.* (Theodore J. Flicker), *Petulia* (Richard Lester, Julie Christie and Kim Hunter), *Bye Bye Braverman* (Sidney Lumet) and *Work Is A Four Letter Word* (Peter Hall).

Byron Haskin merits a look with Suzanne Pleshette in *The Power* as does Mario Bava with Catherine Deneuve in *Diabolik*. Don Weis is more dubious with Phyllis Diller in *Did You Hear the One About the Traveling Saleslady?* Clive Donner (*Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush*) and Seth Holt (*People*

Who Make No Noise Are Dangerous) are both worth waiting for in this age of long titles. The cast of *Mr. Sebastian* (Dirk Bogarde, Susannah York, John Gielgud and Lilli Palmer) almost makes the question of David Greene's direction academic. There are those who would mention also *The Extraordinary Seaman* for John Frankenheimer. This observer prefers to contemplate the potentialities of Stella Stevens in Brian Hutton's *Sol Madrid*. Also the provocative coupling of Petula Clark and Fred Astaire in *Finian's Rainbow*.

FOCUS! is the name of a new movie journal in Chicago, and I use the word movie advisedly. The editors and contributors seem to like movies rather than cinemah. This sort of thing can get you into trouble in many places, but we here at CdCiE can only applaud. The subscription rate is two dollars for twelve numbers. Inquiries should be addressed to Focus! c/o doc films, university of chicago, faculty exchange, chicago ill. 60637. The lower-case lettering is part of the magazine's style.

TAKE ONE is a lively, skeptical Canadian Film Magazine published bi-monthly by Unicorn Publishers, Post Office Box 1778, Station B, Montreal 2, P.Q. The subscription rate is \$1.50 for 6 issues.

CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN is a quarterly recommended not only to admirers of horror films, but to movie enthusiasts who like to keep up with

some of the more obscure output of the film industry. Subscription rates are \$3.00 for 6 issues; \$5.00 for 10 issues in the U.S.A. and Canada. Elsewhere: add \$1.00 more. Inquiries may be directed to Castle of Frankenstein, Gothic Castle Publishing Company, Box 43, Hudson Heights Station, North Bergen, New Jersey 07048.

Unfortunately, the mortality rate among film magazines is extremely high. Recent cloak and dagger revelations about Ramparts and Encounter indicate the amount of money required to subsidize so-called free thought. Needless to say, neither the C.I.A. nor any well-endowed philanthropists have ever contributed to the coffers of Cahiers du Cinema in English. We do the best we can, but we could do a lot better with an extra million or so, that is with no strings attached, and what a grand illusion that is.

If the fate of film magazines seems too esoteric a matter for serious concern, the demise of the World-Journal-Tribune can be added to the evidence of economic concentration in the communications media. Everything is being engulfed by bigness, and little magazines are foredoomed almost by definition. Film enthusiasts need their little magazines as the magazines need the enthusiasts. There is a point at which triumphant vulgarity ceases to be amusing and becomes oppressive. That point has arrived.

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