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Burt Kennedy: Welcome to Hard Times, Janice Rule and Henry Fonda.

ELIA KAZAN	
Preface to an Interview, by Michel Delahaye (CdC #183, Oct 1966)	8
A Natural Phenomenon, Interview by Michel Delahaye (CdC #184, Nov 1966)	12
Biofilmography, by Patrick Brion (CdC #184, Nov 1966)	36
JEAN RENOIR	
My Next Films, Interview by Michel Delahaye and Jean-Andre Fieschi	
(CdC #180, July 1966)	40
Boudu Saved From Drowning, by Andrew Sarris	53
ERNST LUBITSCH (La Revue du Cinema, Sept 1948)	
Chez Ernst, by Jean-Georges Auriol	54
'FAHRENHEIT 451' (CdC #184, Nov 1966)	
The Auteur, the Masks, the Other, by Jean-Louis Comolli	56
The Paradox of Communication, by Paul-Louis Martin	58
The Fall to the Ceiling, by Michel Delahaye	58
FILM NOTES AND ODDS AND ENDS	
Council of Ten (CdC #183, Oct 1966)	4
Joseph Losey and 'Accident,' by James Leahy	5
Four French Films, by Molly Haskell	7
Editor's Eyrie, by Andrew Sarris	60

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LE CONSEIL DES DIX (Council of ten)

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Fig.		Michel Aubriant (Candide)	Jean de Baroncelli (Le Monde)	Robert Benayoun (Positif)	Jacques Bontemps (Cahiers)	Jean-Louis Bory (Arts)	Albert Cervoni (France Nouvelle)	Michel Delahaye (Cahiers)	Jean-Andre Fieschi (Cahiers)	Michel Mardore (Pariscope)	Georges Sadoul (Les Lettres Francaises)
Mai Zetterling	Ikiru (Vivre; To Live) (Kurosawa Akira)	*	***	*	***	****	***	***	****	•	****
*	Fahrenheit 451 (François Truffaut)	***	***	**	**	***	**	***	*	***	***
*** **	Nattlek (Jeux de Nuit; Night Games) (Mai Zetterling)	**	*	**			**	*	*	**	*
	The Chase (Arthur Penn)	***	**	*	**	•	-	*	**	**	**
**	Nevada Smith (Henry Hathaway)	*		•	**	*	**	**		***	
Suillermin	Demain la Chine (Claude Otzenberger)		**		*	**	***	•		*	*
Tree (Jacques Benard)	The Blue Max (John Guillermin)	**	*	*	•		**	**		*	
	Morgan (Karel Reisz)	•	**	*	•	*	***	•	•	*	**
	Khartoum (Basil Dearden)	*	*	*	*	•		*		*	
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	How to steal a million (W. Wyler)	*	*	*	•	*	**	•	•	•	*
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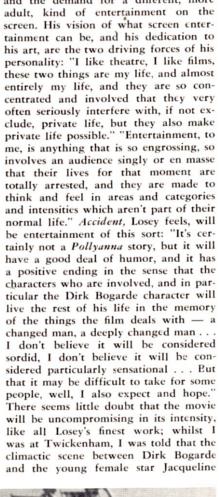
# Film Notes

# Joseph Losey and 'Accident'

While Modesty Blaise has been playing the New York theatres, its director, Joseph Losey, has been hard at work shooting his new film, Accident. With a script by one of Losey's favorite screenwriters, Harold Pinter (The Caretaker, The Pumpkin Eaters, and The Servant, the latter for Losey), and starring two of Losey's favorite actors, Dirk Bogarde (The Servant, King and Country and Modesty Blaise), and Stanlev Baker (Chance Meeting, The Concrete Jungle, Eva), Accident is probably Losev's most ambitious project since Eva, which has been shown in the United States only in the brutally mutilated Hakim version, which Losey has repeatedly disowned. The destruction of this film, which Losey likes best of all his work, is obviously a great personal tragedy for Losey; he admits: "I suppose it will remain an obsession for all my lifetime."

During August, I managed to snatch several conversations with Losey during intervals in the shooting of Accident, and spent some days on the set at Twickenham Studios, near London, and on two of the locations, at Esher in Surrey, and at a restaurant in Chelsea. It is characteristic of Losey that during a period when he was working at full pressure on a very demanding subject, he was willing to give up moments when he might have been relaxing in his dressing-room, plus a generous part of his weekend, to talk about the cinema, and to answer my questions about his work. Although he says he cannot be fully articulate about everything he is trying

to do as, if a film-maker produces a successful work, he is being articulate through it, and not through words, he feels talking about the cinema is: "necessary to develop a new audience." He is very aware of the changes in viewing habits which are currently taking place, and the demand for a different, more adult, kind of entertainment on the screen. His vision of what screen entertainment can be, and his dedication to his art, are the two driving forces of his personality: "I like theatre, I like films, these two things are my life, and almost entirely my life, and they are so concentrated and involved that they very often seriously interfere with, if not exclude, private life, but they also make private life possible." "Entertainment, to me, is anything that is so engrossing, so involves an audience singly or en masse that their lives for that moment are totally arrested, and they are made to think and feel in areas and categories and intensities which aren't part of their normal life." Accident, Losey feels, will be entertainment of this sort: "It's certainly not a Pollyanna story, but it will have a good deal of humor, and it has a positive ending in the sense that the characters who are involved, and in particular the Dirk Bogarde character will live the rest of his life in the memory of the things the film deals with - a changed man, a deeply changed man . . . I don't believe it will be considered sordid, I don't believe it will be considered particularly sensational . . . But people, well, I also expect and hope.' There seems little doubt that the movie like all Losey's finest work; whilst I was at Twickenham, I was told that the climactic scene between Dirk Bogarde





Joseph Losey: Accident, Dirk Bogarde, Michael York, Jacqueline Sassard.



Joseph Losey.

Sassard-a scene of great dramatic tension - would be shot behind locked doors, with all visitors banned from the

Accident is based on a novel by Nicholas Mosley, set in Oxford, about the relationships between two dons (Stephen, played by Dirk Bogarde, and Charlie, played by Stanley Baker), their families, and two aristocratic students (William, played by Michael York, and Anna, played by Jacqueline Sassard). Pinter himself (who was an actor before he won fame as a playwright), his wife, Vivien Merchant (a prominent performer in the British theatre, and on TV), and guest stars Alexander Knox (who has worked with Losey in three previous films) and Delphine Seyrig (the delightfully unassuming star of L'Année Dernière à Marienbad and Muriel, both directed by the highly intellectual French director Alain Resnais, one of the filmmakers whom Losey most admires) also have important roles. The score is by Johnny Dankworth (The Concrete Jungle, The Servant, Modesty Blaise), and the film is being shot in wide-screen and color. This is the first time Losey has felt really happy about working in color: "I previously abhorred color, but my experience on this film is such a delight in terms of color; the results I'm getting are precisely what I want, and with the exception of 2 or 3 shots out of what will now already accumulate to about 350 set-ups, there is nothing that isn't sheer pleasure, so that, though this film was conceived as a black and white film, and I didn't want color, and it was insisted on by finance, I can no longer think of this film as having been possible in anything but color. If I could be sure of getting color like this, and if the color continues

# Film Notes

to be controllable, then I think that I would like to make every picture in color, but I'm still worried about what will happen to the prints when it comes to putting them out in mass quantities."

Losey describes Accident as being about how characters in their lives "do settle, and stay settled all their lives, then something may happen that suddenly jumps them out of it, and they leap ahead or leap backwards suddenly and without any warning." The setting, Britain's oldest university, is significant in as much as the film treats of a group of people "who, from the point of view of knowledge, not just a smattering of knowledge, but a fairly profound knowledge of all sorts of aspects of life from morality and ethics and philosophy through physics and mathematics and psychology still don't really know what to do with it, still don't have many answers." As Nicholas Mosley says in the novel, through the character of Stephen, Oxford "is a very old place there for the very young"; the teachers "are not seen much as persons any more; rather as guardians, priests in a jungle. We begin to look like this; knowledgeable and deathly. What we guard is true. But no one asks us what it is." Losey says further of his characters: "They live in a kind of backwater, and then an accident occurs, and the accident may be a catastrophe, it may be a death there are accidents happening all the time, which we all have to overcomethen, at a certain moment, depending on how you feel, what your courage is, what the situation is, what your character is, you either say or don't say, or do or don't do something which may have an extraordinary effect on somebody else's life, or on your own, in terms of what you become, what you don't become, the course your life takes; it's about this complicity each one has in other people's lives."

Losey, on the set, directs with infinite calm and patience, always guiding gently; when something goes wrong that should have been avoided—a carpenter noisily dismantling a set which is no longer needed during a tense rehearsal of a crucial sequence, for example—his expression is one of weariness rather than of anger. He seems both relaxed and alert at the same time, never overlooking a detail. Sometimes his face lights up in a boyish smile, perhaps when he is making a quiet joke at his own expense, and he momentarily seems to shed forty years. It was only at the weekend, when the pressure was off, and he seemed really tired, that I realized the strain movie-making imposes. It

is this combination of dedication and what is almost reticence or shyness, coupled with his formidable intellect, that enables him to make great films, and to win the loyalty of those who work with him. As Stanley Baker says: "It wasn't until I worked for Joe that I began to understand the total involvement of being in films . . . He's a man of great perception. He understands people as much as he understands the technical side of film-making. I have a very strong feeling that he really understands me, for example, and I'm sure that anyone who has worked with him and is interested feels the same way . . . If you watch him, he really listens to every word everyone says, and thinks before replying." Dirk Bogarde's comments confirm this view: "Working with Losey means that I have to do my very best, and, when I think I can find no more in myself, he will find it." Bogarde, who directed some parts of The Servant, also speaks of the immense care Losey takes when preparing a script for shoot-"Joe was ill during The Servant for a short time, and there was absolutely nothing to do except interpret his notes. These covered every movement of camera and action, and every shade of dialogue."

Losey clearly subscribes to what is known as the auteur theory: that if film is an art-form, the director is the creative artist: "I believe that everybody should make his particular contribution: the designer, the writer, the composer, the actor, the cameraman, everyone must be free and encouraged to make their own contribution within an overall frame-work and control and discipline which obviously comes from the director. And I also for that reason believe in teams, because the more one works with people the more one can deepen one's work." He feels that his English films, particularly those from Chance Meeting onwards, represent a new, and more important period in his work: "One develops as an artist, or one goes backward, and I hope I've developed through my life and also through my work, so, of course, there should be a deepening in the films, because there's been a deepening in my own experience, and there's a heightening of craft, I hope." His five Hollywood films were, he feels, too tied to conventional Hollywood forms-the melodrama, the re-



Joseph Losey directing Carole Caplin and Jacqueline Sassard in Accident.

# Film Notes

make, the problem movie: "I feel that, by not being specific, not dealing with a specific problem, one makes a film much richer, and of much greater social impact. I haven't changed my general attitudes at all toward life and toward things, but I don't any longer feel that it is necessary for me to offer solutions. I'm more interested in getting people to think about problems."

Losey is often challenged that he makes films that are unduly pessimistic, and contain unnecessary violence. He counters: "I don't regard my work as being unduly pessimistic, because I think pessimism is an attitude that sees no hope in human beings or life in general, that has no compassion therefore, and to have compassion, I strongly believe, you have to examine the worst, the most tragic, the most crucifying aspects of life as well as the beautiful ones, and also things that corrupt life, distort it, destroy it." Losey, like Thomas Hardy, who (with Conrad) is one of his two favorite English writers, is proud to be one "Who holds that if way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst,/Who feels that delight is a delicate growth cramped by crookedness, custom, and fear." In direct opposition to the Hollywood tradition Losey adds: "We've had enough heroes, and this is not the problem. The problem is how to believe in life, and how to believe in human beings, and how to believe even in various forms of human existence, recognizing that they are archaic, selfish, barbaric, and circumscribed by an enormous clutter of decep-

On the subject of violence, he says: "I don't like violence, I don't like physical violence, but the world we live in is violent, and all of us are violent within ourselves, and I hope most of my films have interior violences of some sort which come from pressures." One of the technical crew on Accident, who has worked with Losey several times before, told me that Losey's personal detestation of violence is so strong that he will not allow his young son to play with guns. Of Modesty Blaise, for example, which Losey made in reaction against the fashionable "sex 'n Violence" cult, Losey says: "I believe, with a little bit of perspective, it will be seen to make its own comment on a particularly empty and hideous era of our century." In it, he tried to "make clear the utter callous, cold-blooded acceptance of violence which is typical of our society, of our audiences, of our critics, and of our leaders. And to show that there is no value put on human life, and that killing is indiscriminate." One of the things that pleases Losey most about the film is the fact that in both Britain and America, it seems to have appealed most to the audience for whom it was designed, younger people, both inside and outside college. He is saddest that the score has passed more or less unnoticed: "I think it is one of the most remarkable film scores that I know, and it has had not one word of appreciation."

Modesty Blaise Losey regards as having been a purgative work; in style and character, possibly even in theme, Losey dreamlike poignancy and inevitability—evocative of something past and lost—indicative of Losey's intense compassion for a certain kind of waste. It was this kind of poetry and rhythm, designed to offset the harshness of the subject matter, that the Hakims destroyed by making certain cuts, and mutilating the sound-track of Eva, and which one has felt to be to some extent lacking in Losey's possibly more expert, but somehow less intense subsequent films. Whilst watching the shooting of Ac-



Joseph Losey: Accident, Jacqueline Sassard, Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker.

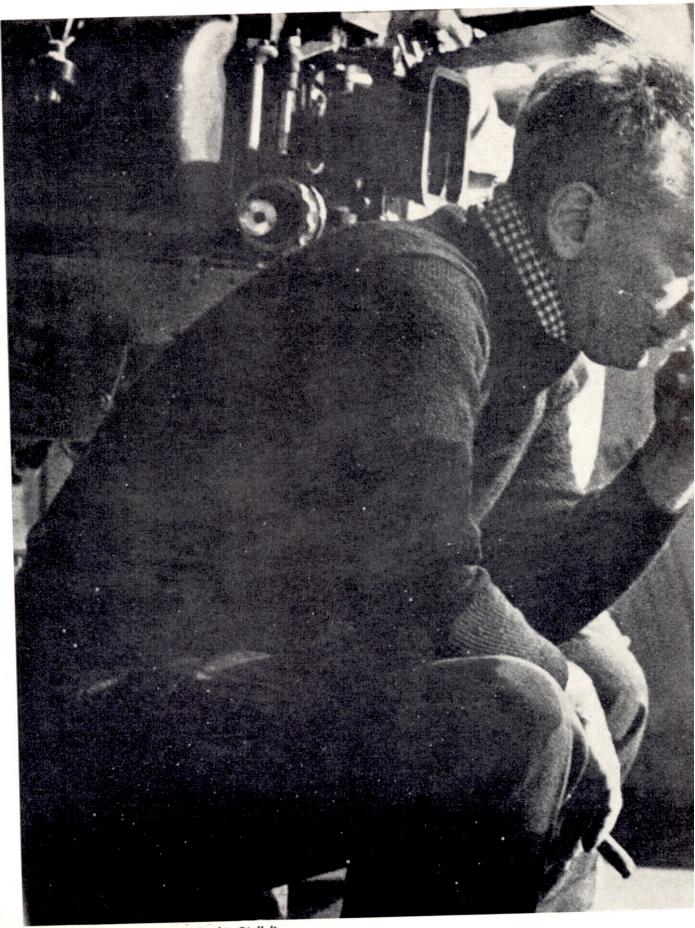
believes Accident will be different from his previous films, a new departure for him, and incidentally for Dirk Bogarde and Stanley Baker, both of whom play characters rather different from those they have created for Losey previously. Obviously it is difficult to make judgements about a work in progress, but, having read the script and watched shooting, I feel that Accident is possibly broader and more complex than anything Losey has attempted, even including Eva. Most exciting of all, though, was the impression I gained of the poetic rhythm which Losey was building into the structure of the picture. This poetry was not something purely visual, but a rhythmic balance of camera-movement, sound-track, acting, and juxtaposition of sequences. The scenes be-tween Dirk Bogarde and Delphine Seyrig, for example, which in terms of theme and psychological motivation represent an extremely callous incident, took on, as they were shot, a kind of cident, I felt I was seeing the synthesis of the technical perfection of Losey the craftsman, and the intensity and concern of Losey the artist, into a deeply exciting whole.

-James LEAHY

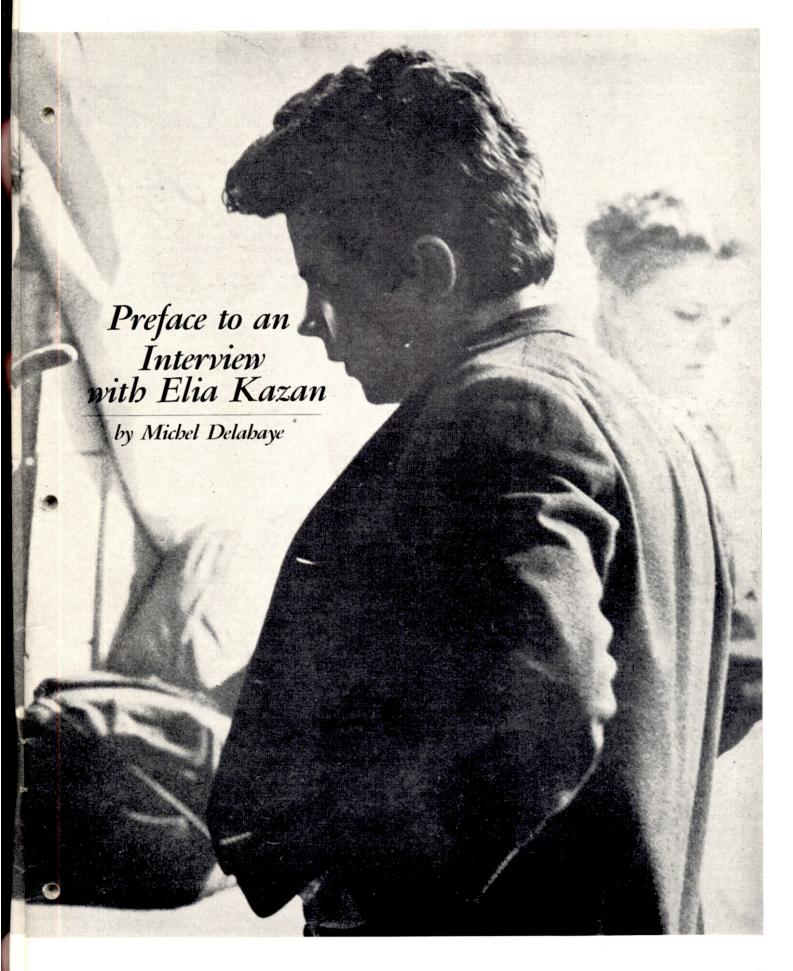
## Four French Films

The Museum of Modern Art recently exhibited four French films all of which have achieved a certain reputation in France and none of which would have been seen in this country in regular outlets. Though they represent varying degrees of artistic success, each is of undeniable interest to the film enthusiast.

Le Pere Noel a des yeux bleus (1966) is a forlorn and sometimes (Continued on page 62)



Elia Kazan: America, America, Stathis Giallelis.



When I was in New York, it was for New York, and it was for Kazan. New York was indeed there, prodigiously exciting, but not Kazan. I-must add that he was not forewarned. I waited (and visited New York, and Juleen Compton, and her films, Stranded-French Cahiers 165 and 166-and The Plastic Dome of Norma Jean, but we will speak of that at another time). One day Kazan materialized in his little office on Broadway at 46th Street (to which one has access through a film theatre, as formerly with the office of French Cabiers), an office all covered with photographs or drawings of those whom he knew or trained, particularly those actors whose talents he unceasingly illuminated, educated, and channeled-Brando, Dean, and the others.

Kazan thinks, speaks, and mimes at the same time. No problem of expression. But each thing in due course. Thus, no more than he thinks about writing when he makes movies, he is not thinking about movies today when he is writing. Now, what I actually wanted was a movie interview. An interview? Why, he was quite willing. Only it had to be immediately (he was leaving New York again that very evening), and without its being concerned with movies. We would have another interview, longer, more complete, more everything, a little later, in London, once the novel was finished, when he would have started to think about movies again. I said yes, and made notes of the words (except for mine, and some trifles) that follow:

. . . It is called The Arrangement. It comes to 200,000 words. I am not far from the end, since only the last two chapters remain for me to write; I expect to have them finished in two weeks. From now until then, I do not want to think about anything else. Afterward, we will see . . . I say "novel," but in fact it is only superficially a novel. Ultimately it talks about me. I am the subject. Although not everything in it is me. I mean, the feelings are mine, my feelings about America. At this moment in my life, I have drawn up a balance sheet, a focusing of what that life has been. It is, too, my life as an American, my thoughts as an American, and my thoughts on America. It is a balance sheet, but also a reevaluation. I do not mean that it is a question of writing criticism. Or what people call that. I am inside it; I am not outside, but I express a precise point of viewthe point of view, sixty years afterward, of the emigrant. . . Yes, it will be somewhat like America, America. For it will reflect the memory of my father and of my uncle, that is to say, the precarious line between two memories, sixty years-more exactly sixty-five years - afterward, the point of view of people who look, who seek, and who, at the end of sixty-five years,

find what they were seeking. Did they come there for right reasons? For true reasons? . . .

It is obvious, in fact, that the book will have relationships with movies. When I was in the process of writing the script of what was to become America, America, I was so full of my subject, and I had so many things in my head that I could say, that I soon found myself starting a script of about a hundred pages, which I had to throw away because I was very dissatisfied with it. For I was too close to my subject; I had done nothing but explore my material and revive my memory; many things had emerged from it, but nothing sufficiently precise.

Later, I set about it again, and I began everything again starting from nothing.

It had settled, decanted. The less important things had blurred away; only what was important remained. It was starting from that, from what remained, that I set to work again, and that I wrote the film that you have seen. But that means, too, that the subject was so vast that not everything was said, even of what was important. So vast, even, that I could have made with the same material seen from a different angle, or departing from a different episode, another film, in the same spirit no doubt, but very different. That other film remains to be made, and perhaps I will make it. The story will be set six or seven years after that of America, America. I will start it next summer - if all goes well - for everything is already written, or almost, at least in the form of notes, and many things are already prepared. I hope that it will go well, and that the film will be popular. You know-I have not had too many commercial successes in my life. How many? . . . Two? Three? . . .

... Splendor in the Grass? Yes, that's true, people have not understood it so well, nor liked it, in America, and you have verified that yourself. The reason? Puritanism! It is one of the things that people dare not confront, look in the face, neither in America nor elsewhere. They do not want to see, or they forget. Yesterday, lived experiences meant nothing to those who lived them, and today . . . People forget yesterday's experiences, without always knowing what today's mean. In any case, at least people have seen Splendor in the Grass here, and in Europe, and it was not really a disaster, but the other one, Wild River — oh that, what a catastrophe! . . . People have not even seen

. . . That is true; my films. the disasters included, are shown again sooner or later, and people can discover them at last, or see them again. Viva Zapata, for example. That remained a failure too! When I think about that . . . Well, in Europe people have not forgotten Zapata, and people remember it, especially in countries where there is an agrarian problem. Even here in the

United States I have met people who have asked me, "Where can one see Viva Zapata again?" . . .

But Wild River! . . . It has never even reached the level of Viva Zapata. Perhaps you are right; later people will see it again, and it pleases me very much to see that there are people who like that film, and some of my others, but the fate of Wild River, all the same, disappointed me so much! . . . All the more because it is very American, that film, very patriotic, but nobody has seen it. People have only said to me, "Those are things that no longer exist in Amer-What does that mean? Yet there was indeed a revolution in America, at that time, and that was extremely important.

America, America had a strange fate, too; it was very well received by the critics, but nobody wanted to see it. Another disaster. Useless to tell you now that my situation, from the financial point of view . . . Well, I will pass over that. The most stupid thing, with America, America, is that it received an Academy Award nomination the very day when everything began to go downhill. So the honor did not have the impact that it should have had on the launching of the film. The audience, for its part, did not understand the film very well. To people, it was a question there of - I do not know exactly what, but no doubt they saw in it some sort of patriotic documentary. Or then what?

. . But you know — almost all my films have been flops, except two, On the Waterfront and East of Eden. No, three with Streetcar . . . So, you understand, I meet with some difficulties now in setting something on its feet. But what is the matter with people? They like to be IN the motion picture theatre, I think, and they like what remains inside the theatre. If you go out, they no longer like it. That is it, I think.

Yet I must have shown something accurately and forcefully with America, America, for after the release of the film, people wrote to me. People who had looked at it quite simply, and who wanted to let me know their impressions. And they said to me - What you have shown is the truth. In your film, I recognized my father's story. . . . Others, older, recognized themselves in it, or recognized in it their brother or their sister . . . But, you know, with most people it is sport or sex that they want in the cinema, and violence besides. They are habitués. But me, I live as I live, and I want to do what I feel like doing. And I do it. So, that is all right. The only difficulty is money, obviously, but in the long run, I get there all the same. . . . Fifteen or twenty years ago, people suddenly discovered me, people discovered my good films and my bad, all of them, and they discovered that all my films spoke of this country, of the life of this country and of nothing else, that they described it or criticized it . . .

But when I say "criticize," I mean specifically (since I said a little while ago that my aim was not criticism) that that is in the spirit in which one can criticize one's father, or one's mother, or one's children. They are people whom, first, one loves or one admires. Then one can say to them, yes, you are admirable, but you do bad things. In my films, it is that way. With that ambivalence between attack and love. So, at a certain moment, people suddenly said to one another, Hold on! One must see that fellow's films; he speaks very ably about America . . . But since that time fifteen years ago, my work has evolved. It has become more personal. What I tell now is solely what I see, or think, or live; it is no longer at all what someone else has written. I have come nearer and nearer myself, at the same time that I came nearer still to America; and the outcome was America, America. . . . And this book, now. The strongest thing that I have done on America, and that will help to understand America. America, America, even then, was made in that aim, but that was a beginning. My book will help understand the end.

The central character of my new America, America is, in the novel, an old man dying; he was the young lad of America, America. He has become cynical; he tells all that has happened to him.

In this book I want to render America, and to render, too, the ideal of this country. For it is not an empty land. There is a great ideal, and there is freedom. But all that is constantly in danger. Then one must say-Yes, there is a great ideal; yes, it is constantly in danger. . . . Why The Arrangement? I like that title very much. One traces out oneself a path in life; one wants to follow that way, and one must, only . . . Thus my character has traced himself a path, but he sees the world too, and he lives in the world, and to live in it he had to come to an arrangement . . . In my book, I go into detail on the idea, and, at the same time, on the relation that has been worked out between the idea and the way in which one sees things and lives them, and I examine the possibility of the arrangement. The arrangement is the link between the ideal that one has, and that one wants to follow, and the world, in which one must live. But the arrangement, of course, can be a good or bad arrange-

Refuse the arrangement? That is quite as dangerous. A breach is formed. Things remain separated, and one lives in hypocrisy, or in illusion, in unawareness . . . You see, I believe that in France there is a gulf, a growing gulf between the way in which people pretend to live, and the way in which they live actually . . . What one must seek before everything else, is to live and to move forward. As for me, I move



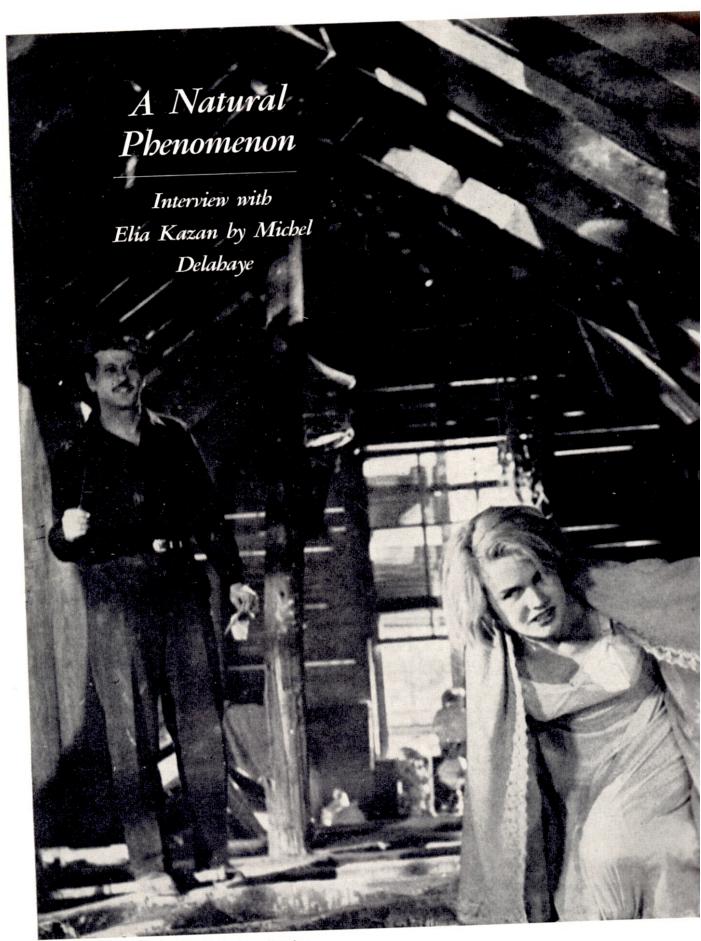
Elia Kazan: America, America, Stathis Giallelis.

forward by talking to people and by talking about them. I do not move forward quickly, for I have many difficulties to surmount, I told you that, but in the end I move forward, and in relation to my next project, I hope that the book that I am finishing will make some things easier.

It is enough to hold fast and to take one's time. One arrives. Sometimes, indeed, I say to myself that everything would be better if cinema were aided more, but I think that too much aid . . . I believe that to be aided, that too is dangerous. And then — I will

never in any case be able to make a film a week like Godard! . . .

There is someone, Godard. I have never seen a film of his from which I do not recall something. Each time, something rises and strikes you. And always he innovates. The Married Woman, for example; there, it is the film that becomes an essay. But that is absolutely fascinating! . . . Yes, there is always something in his work that makes it stimulating . . . and more than that, fecund. Yes, that is the exact word!—fecund. (Conversation taken down by Michel Delahaye.)



Elia Kazan: Baby Doll, Eli Wallach, Carroll Baker.



"Elia Kazan has come to Paris for the opening of Splendor in the Grass. We could not miss the opportunity to have an interview with one of the oldest friends of Cabiers." Thus we presented (French Cabiers 130) our first interview (by Jean Domarchi and André Labarthe) with Elia Kazan — of whom one had been able to read previously (French Cahiers 69) an autobiographical text, L'Ecrivain au cinéma. Since Splendor in the Grass there have been Wild River and America, America. But Kazan is still in purgatory, no more accepted in Europe than he is in America, still jolted about by his flair for misunderstandings and maledictions. It is the aim of the present offensive once more to stress the importance of this youngest of the grand old men and oldest of the grand young men. Our efforts join those, notably of Roger Tailleur, who has just devoted to Kazan one of the rare books in cinema worth the trouble of reading (and rereading), one of the best that has ever appeared (Editions Seghers). But however necessary they may be, these efforts are never anything but secondary assistances to a thing that already, in any case, asserts itself: a prodigiously stimulating and fecund body of work that ceaselessly follows and asserts its way, more and more. It is merely a question of time.

But everything is a question of time with Kazan, and time is a question of everything. It is the measure of the entire body of work, as it is of each film, time which from confrontations to confrontations - victories or defeats wears, restores, enriches. Time that makes everything move.

Time - equally the price that one must pay if one wants to leave, at each age, the toga praetexta of the one before, to destroy a world that risked shutting one in, in a reassuring but debilitating enclosure; the price that one must pay if one wants, beyond these necessary transitions to a further stage, to preserve one's roots and one's fidelities, to resist the opposite fascination of annihilation.

It is, too, the price that one charges others (as they charge it to you) at every change and every permanence, whether one wants to keep, or to change, oneself or another - for the better or for the worse.

This perpetual movement, from progressions to preservations (and which at each of its stages secretes the antagonistic reaction), it is that very thing that all puritanisms, of moral, social, or political order, deny - all orders established on the permanence of involutions or revolutions. From that the reactions of all orders and provenances that the work of Kazan has always provoked - work that always emphasizes, unseasonably to the fashions, movement and permanence, in the same way that it incites you to judgment through a process that implies the annihilation of all reassuring forms of judgment.

People will overlook, I hope, these unexemplified generalizations, since on the one hand, I am brief, and on the other, the examples are there, abundant - those that we have already given, those that we give here. And the films are there. Notably these last three, which now I stress, and which form the most astonishing trilogy of cinema: Splendor in the Grass, Wild River, and that America, America that gathers together and extends all the elements of the earlier films, and which is, on this level as on all the others, a summation.

For America, America is the story of the birth of a man (with, in filigree, the birth and the stages of a work), through the very process of the birth of a nation and of the birth of a man to that nation. It is, too, the birth of an idea - freedom, which always returns with Kazan on the thread of its different ways, in-

dividual and collective.

America, America is the modern incarnation par excellence of the tale of apprenticeship, in which one passes through the physical and moral trials that forge a being for his final form, adventures or transformations of intermediary forms, from better to worse, that one must take, before being born -sound or weak.

America, America is the final form the most extensive and the most open - taken by the story - always the same - that Kazan tells, the story, if there is one, that best deserves to bear that title of The Greatest Story Ever Told.—Michel DELAHAYE

CAHIERS-And shall we begin with the actors? It seems that, little by little, you have guided them from exteriorization toward a certain interiorization.

ELIA KAZAN-I believe that that is true. In the films that I was making twenty years ago, I had, I chose, more flamboyant actors. They were the engines of the film, and the film was the vehicle of their expression; it was always a question of expressing, of exteriorizing what there was in them, and the free course that I left to this flamboyance made me tend sometimes almost toward opera. But, little by little, I lost interest in this expression as such, and in fact I almost turned against it. I began, too, to restrain my actors, in proportion as I saw things in a truer, calmer fashion.

At the same time, I became more and more interested in what happened to them, to the actors, human beings, characters, in the way in which they reflected or reinforced something, be it unconsciously, in the way in which they let something grow in them, come out from them. Now, ten or fifteen years afterward, I see the gap that separates me from the first manner, when my actors were moved by the most violent feeling of life, which they rendered directly and unconsciously. Now I no longer feel people through an acting technique. Life is not like that. People ordinarily do not know or realize the why and the how of their beings, whence they originate and whither they lead them. In any case, very few people know exactly what they want, and there are fewer still who can go straight to what they want. That is why I direct my youngsters in a more supple, more complex way, I abandon myself more to imprecision, to the nebulous, and I accept more readily the ways of contradiction. I believe that that is the only way to approach the true.

CAHIERS-Your films themselves are made more and more on the complexity

and contradictions of life.

KAZAN-At the start, my films were always written by scenarists, sometimes theatre men (Tennessee Williams, William Inge). Even then I worked on them myself, but little by little I collaborated more and finally I began to write my stories myself. I was in at the birth of the film, instead of being, as before, the conductor of cadences and solos. In Streetcar, there are entire scenes that I would do differently today. I would have them happen much more calmly, unconsciously, and that would take much more time as well. I still think that dramaturgy is essential in theatre, but one must rethink the thing completely when one approaches the screen. That too is why, as I grew older, I felt more and more acutely the difference between theatre and film, and, little by little, I lost interest in the theatre.

CAHIERS-But the fact is that you originally acquired much from the theatre. Perhaps something of it still remains today in your films . . .

KAZAN—I agree absolutely. I took something from the theatre and that something is still there. But in that let me be more specific about some points. The essence of the Stanislavsky method, and the fundamental interest that it had for us, in the way in which we learned it as students and in which we used it later, dwelt in the action. That is to say, when someone felt, experienced something, our feeling - and our theory was that this emotion would never become of the theatre, unless it were expressed as a need, a hunger. And it is of this need, of this hunger, that suchand-such a precise action sprang incarnated as expression of this hunger. The play became a series of progressions, each of which consisted of the fact that a person did a certain thing that responded to a certain want. We stressed the word want, and we did our best to emerge on the word do. In short: To do. To want. To do . . .

We sought to attain the infinitive: To conquer, to love . . . infinitives emerging on To want and To do. The result was that our performances in the theatre, especially in the form in which I expressed myself there at the start, were extremely violent, violent and amusing. But today when I observe life, I see it takes much less direct paths, circuitous paths, subtle and subter-

ranean. Moreover, when the actor is aware of his aim — because the director has pointed it out to him or he has analyzed it himself - he cannot but distance himself from life to the extent to which, in life, people are uncertain ultimately as to what they want. They oscillate, wander, drift, in relation to their aim - or they change their aim. In short, they want this, then that, but ... but that is life, and it is even there that the poetry of life dwells, in these contradictions, these sudden deflections, these aspirations that spring up and disconcert. In short, while then I had a unilinear approach to life, I interest myself more and more in the complexity of things.

CAHIERS-In fact, complexity became the very subject of your films. Your characters confront one another in that they represent, some of them, a more or less simplified view, and others, a more or less complex view of the world. That is even the entire subject of Splendor in the Grass and of Wild River.

KAZAN-Yes, and that responds to another thing that happens perhaps everywhere in the world of artists. In the thirties, when I was a student, there prevailed in our milieu a kind of puritanism, which manifested itself in the belief that the course of things in the world that we saw, as concerned words as well as politics and society, was the only right one, almost. Now this puritanism - whether under its Soviet or its American form — has broken down. We absolutely no longer believe in it, the young especially. They doubt their parents, they doubt the established moral code, they doubt the State, they doubt their country, they doubt themselves, and things are infinitely more complex now than they were then.

But in the thirties, the period when I was forming myself — still a young man and a young actor — we were certain about what the values were, certain that America must progress, even in the end to leaving the control of the country and of all its institutions to artists, and in particular to Communist artists. For America would become a Communist state, and at the time, I myself was a member of the Communist Party. Then, when I turned against the CP - and I turned against it very soon and very violently - I began to question myself very severely, and I asked myself - what are the values that I possess? What is the real sound that they ring? How do they stand on their feet? How, and by what right, could they be respected? I discovered then that none deserved it. But that was a real search. For years, I questioned everything and everyone, and especially, starting from the moment that I began to doubt, I began to watch people. Starting from there, I lost the habit of thinking in the mode of judgment. I stopped saying to myself, "This person is good; this person is bad." That

is grotesque! absurd! infantile! . . . I said to myself then that the facts did not follow that line, and that, perhaps, the scale of values was a little more

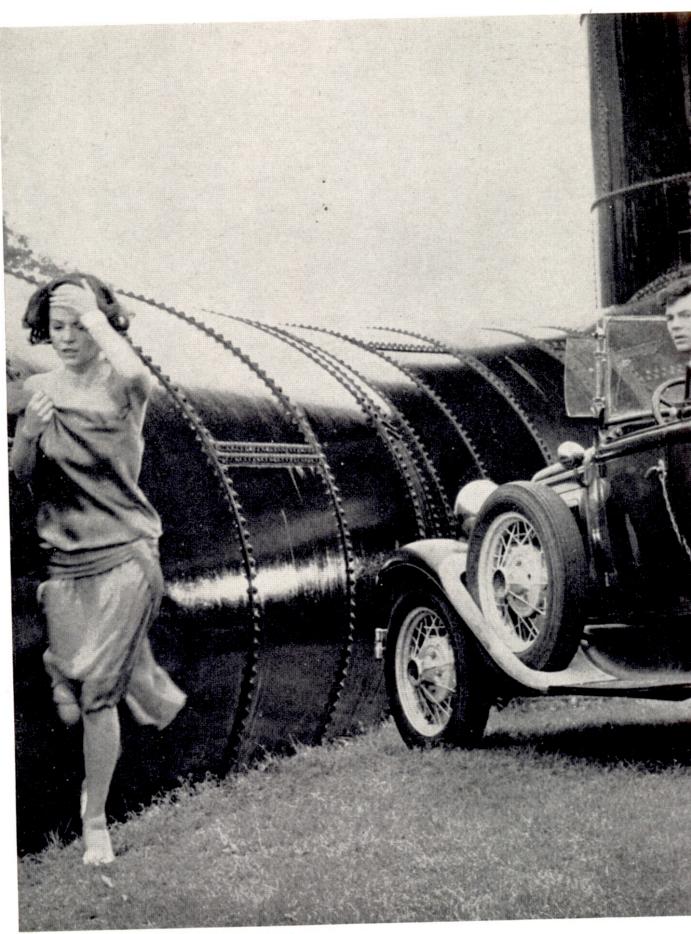
subtle. In the course of the thirties, I lost little by little that habit that we had of saying "This person is reactionary; this person is progressive." That is nonsense. All the more because a thing can always evolve and change itself into another, in its nature or in its functioning. There are derivations or mutations, but everything changes and continues to change. In the period after the war, as you know, things continued to go that way; there was this way, and that other way, but nothing else. It was then that I began to make films against puritanism. East of Eden was an antipuritan film. The character whom everyone could believe a good son and a good boy ended by turning into a monster, from egotism and complacency, while the one of whom everyone could say that he was a very bad boy ended by showing that he possessed in depth more of real goodness than the first.

And I think that I went much farther in Baby Doll, for in that film, the business man — the man conspicuous for his material possessions - the middle class citizen, the one who is a model for the community and who is liked by everyone (and who himself is, in a sense, worthy of being liked), that man is insulted in all possible ways, beginning with his wife, who refuses herself to him, then sleeps with another man in his own house. Moreover this man is, in reality, a lyncher.

But there is something laughable in the way the French and the English treat the ridiculous things about us; they make all the Whites who oppose the Blacks into the Wicked, into the Villains. That is in fact very far from the truth, as I discovered when I went down to the South. From all other aspects they are often discerning men, charming fascinating, born story-tellers, closely linked to the land and to the men who live by it, to the animals, to the tree and the rivers, and they understand the way in which life evolves. It is that kind of man who was to be in Wile River later, and who really appeared fo the first time in Baby Doll. I though for a long time that I had made, with Baby Doll, what one could call a blac comedy, but now I know that I wa orienting myself particularly in the d rection that I have just told you! For the characters, grotesque, absurd, as the all are, in another sense, true, huma Because in the film there are not Goo and Evil, justice and injustice, but a that at the same time, mixed with the people, and capable of taking sever directions - which is the very way which that happens in life. Sometimes gesture is enough to reveal this passage from one world to another. In Ame ica, America, for example, when the be takes his coin, tosses it and catches



Elia Kazan: A Streetcar Named Desire, Kim Hunter, Marlon Brando.



Elia Kazan: Splendor in the Grass, Natalie Wood.



again, you say to yourself immediately—that is an American gesture. He has just grasped the style; an American is in the process of being born before our eyes. We are in front of a new table of values.

Everything that this boy undertakes is motivated by this sole aim — to bring his family to America. He arrives at his ends by means that seem bad, yes. But who can say whether they are good or bad? Do the categories mean anything? Is there a Value that lets one ask those questions?

CAHIERS—In the confrontation of Wild River—the two worlds incarnated by the old lady and the young emissary — we see each in the end understand the motives of the other and enrich himself by this understanding.

KAZAN—Exactly. And this old lady, who is the incarnation par excellence of Reaction, who combats social progress, is heroic, and stupid in a sense, but humanly, who knows? . . . One can never say. That is the complexity of life, the very thing that made me change, too, the behavior of my actors. For it is not only a question of the subject; it expresses itself at all levels, even in the casting.

Hold on, indeed - there is a thing that has struck me. It is La Guerre est finie. I like Resnais' work; it never leaves me indifferent, and often interests me very much. Only, something in the film put me ill at ease. It is the actor's shirt - Yves Montand's - always clean, from the beginning to the end. After all, he makes love with the girl, completely dressed, and when he gets up, his shirt is absolutely as before! . . . Then, I said to myself - well! Just look at that! . . . All the same, that is an idiotic objection, infantile . . . and I protested, I grumbled . . . Yet Resnais has felt certain things in a rather desperate and confused situation very well indeed, and that is what I liked in the film. But at the same time . . . I could not keep from coming back to that man's shirt, and I said to myself — but after all, is that how one wears a shirt when one is a man in his situation? And he? Does he always conduct himself as he is supposed to be? That defines the part of the film in which there is nothing. Another point that struck me and amused me - the sex scenes. You see the thing-the girl's legs separating gently, progressively, like that . . . What is that supposed to represent? Either you are frank about sex, or you are not. But let no one say that this is the way that things happen! It is not a virgin with her beautiful legs separating for the first time like a flower - for that is the tone of the scene. Yes, I suppose that it must be hard for Resnais to imagine what she was going to be in those circumstances. I do not know, but a man is there who decides to take her, so one can think that there will be a certain aggressiveness on the

part of one or the other. I mean — I do not know exactly how that would have happened, but it seems to me that, in a way, the life has been taken out of this scene, and that a schema, a pictorial schema, has been substituted for it. Life, in any case, would have been full of contradictions and of diverse interests, and if he had sought to render what really happens, instead of thinking about his schema . . .

CAHIERS-A little while ago you mentioned the gesture with the coin, in America, America. That makes me think of some other details - the old woman on her chair, in front of whom Natalie Wood passes when she comes out of the clinic; the road that is being tarred in Wild River, exactly in front of the house into which the old lady is moving - followed by the shot in which one sees two cars pass each other on the road (in both cases the detail is there to emphasize the painful aspect of the situation), and, in America, America, the handshake between the boy and the woman, through which the difference of the two worlds is revealed. Now the question is - in this kind of detail, what is the share of preparation and that of improvisation?

KAZAN-In fact, that is really what I wanted to show. But in the scene in Wild River, there are the feet, too the heaviness of steps that stick . . How does that come to me? During the periods of shooting, I have the habit of working between 8 and 9 in the morning to begin what has not yet been written nor photographed - the behavior of the people and what there is behind it. I examine what I have, and if I am not satisfied with it, I try to find the thing that, in the simplest way, will make appear the very essence of such behavior, in such a situation. In Splendor in the Grass, when the girl leaves the clinic, I wanted to obtain a strong feeling of relief. Fifteen years ago, I would have shown her face, and then I would have added a sigh, an Ah! . . . or a Whew! . . . anyway something of that sort. While by showing an old woman, and the young one who merely glances at her in passing, from the mere fact that the old woman is there and that the young one looks at her, you hear her say to herself, Thank God I have not become like that! I am delivered from all that! I am free! . . . In short, where before I would have relied on Natalie Wood's acting, today I leave it to the audience to take part in the acting itself, that is to say, to experience, starting from what it sees, something analogous to what Natalie Wood experiences.

Another thing (I am still on the same subject — anyway I believe so, and no matter) — I no longer believe now in easy respect from another person, but in another's respect painfully acquired. I believe that it is not easy really to love someone in life, but if you perse-

vere on and on, finally in spite of his flaws, in spite of your own prejudices, in spite of your aversions, in spite of the way life goes, you end by loving that person. For what he is, what he will be, everything. You do not see his goodness or his badness, where he is wrong or where he is right; you value him as a human being, for his vividness, and not for his perfection, for his humanity, and not for his conduct. In a sense, it is the details that lead back to that, which I seek, details that will be able to reveal what a human soul is, instead of pointing out to you - this fellow is right, or - this fellow is wrong.

CAHIERS-And the tarred road?

KAZAN-I thought of that the night before, and I said to my assistant, Get a tar spreader and put it in front of the house tomorrow, so that people will see the road in the process of being made. And I wanted a great deal of smoke, so that the audience would smell the odor of the tar. You know, that was one of the most familiar odors for Americans between thirty and forty years old. Now they use concrete, but at that time it was old black tar, and it gave off one of the most memorable odors of all. Today that odor brings with it, or, really, makes an entire era spring up again around it.

Ordinarily, that is how things come to me. But it depends on the period in which I work, In general, it comes at the moment when I am in the process of immersing myself in the work, of imposing myself upon it as a creator, and not while I am conceiving it or while I am preparing it. Then, the details are still nothing, but when one approaches the shooting, one begins to think about them, and sometimes, even, one introduces into a scene something that came to him the day before. For my part, I have this kind of idea especially at the moment when I begin to work on the scene on the set, where it seems to me that nothing else exists any more, where I no longer think except of one thing - to render everything in the truest, most exact way possible. For example, that moment in East of Eden, where Jimmy Dean defies his father; he is on a swing - you remember that? - and he swings, back and forth. I thought of that the night before. I wanted everything in him to express to his father - I could not care less what you think of me, you will not be able to reach me, you will not be able to touch me, you no longer control me, you no longer have me in hand; look I am escaping you, you think that you have me, but you do not have me, you have me, you do not have me . . . You feel the movement? the swinging? I had only to put it in concrete

CAHIERS—And the handshake?

KAZAN—That was prepared beforehand. I worked much more and much longer on America, America than on

my other films. On the script too. That was the first film that I wrote entirely, all alone, the first film that was entirely mine, that is why I worked particularly hard on it.

CAHIERS—About that scene in Wild River of which we were speaking a little while ago, in a ciné-club someone said you were exaggerating in the accumulation of details. What have you to say to that?

KAZAN-There is no exaggeration; there is the truth, that is all. But I believe that the audience grasps the idea of the scene, and that is the essential thing. I made that scene with what I am, with what I love, and perhaps that is where I am at fault; I love vividness, I love to make it possible for the audience to feel something with all their senses, with all their memories, with all their associations and their experiences. And I do not like tenuous experiences. Because, too often, we go through things at flying speed. Bam! Poof! It is past, finished; nothing has reached us. And it seems to me that what an artist should do is stop! come! stop! look! just look at that! just feel that! That is not a fleeting moment that leaves no trace; it is an experience, and human experience means something. What is there ought not pass - poof! - like a breath in front of your nose. It ought not pass through your body as if you were transparent! It is something that happens, that is in the process of happening, to that person, there, in front

The audience now, especially the American audience, sees television, it is a habit, eye in the corner, all the while talking, in back, in front, or yacking . . . Then what you show them means nothing at all, if you do not succeed in provoking them. One must almost shock them, give them a turn, if one wants to make them aware that something deep can happen, is in the process of happening. It takes that for the audience, they need that, otherwise it will be -Well! nothing is happening . . . hold on! pass me the beer! . . . and there is the war, and the boys who get themselves killed, and the civilians who get themselves killed, now in Vietnam, but that passes, everything passes . . . a form of habit, a form of distraction; that is television. Then one must provoke them, shock them, so that they feel that people, today, are bleeding, dying. Otherwise, if you merely show, they will say - well, still television . . . so pass me the beer, and let us change channels, we will try something else. You know, at that rhythm, nothing, in the end, has meaning any longer.

What ought an artist to do if it is not that — to force them to feel, since they do not want to or cannot discern any longer by themselves?

CAHIERS—One of the things that explain the commercial disaster of Wild River is that you are among those who go "too far" (and what is more, within

a framework — scope, color, actors — that the audience tends to associate with a conventional form of spectacle). The love scenes, for example, about which people have said — there too — that you were exaggerating. What shocks, there, comes from that, to the audience, either one goes very far and one is being "sexy" (even if being "sexy" lets you do without going very far), or else one is not being "sexy," and then one must not go very far. But if one goes far—and as far as you do—without for all that being "sexy," then, at once, the audience feels itself completely lost.

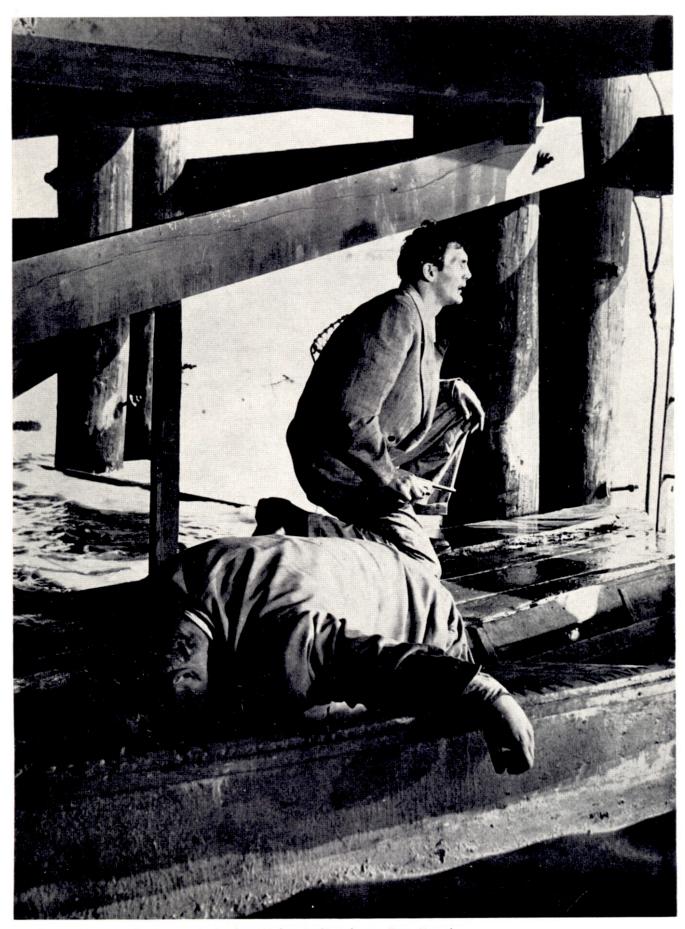
KAZAN-That is it, I think. But, in relation to that scene, I add one detail; the first time that the hero embraced Lee Remick, I directed him as I felt him. He is an intellectual, and, consequently, he feels himself above life, he lives a distilled life in which things never affect him too much. In fact, he is a little bit of a snob, and in the bottom of his heart, he thinks himself superior to this very common girl. Starting from there, what I tried to render is that love is the first equalizer, the first thing that makes them equal. That is why, if you remember, I made them go on the floor. I made him go there, with her, and one sees there, on the floor, something like two animals . . . They are down, at the bottom, brought back to the base of things, so that his mind, more educated, more subtle than that woman's, at that moment no longer makes any difference. Is that sexy? In any case, my intention was not "sexy"; it was to break and to lay low his snobbery.

Hold on—let's take Truffaut. He is extremely sensitive, and I really do like his work, which is very exciting, especially *The Four Hundred Blows*. Now, *Jules and Jim* interested me greatly, but in that film he did something that I would not be able to do, because I do not believe that it is true. I do not believe that after four years of war these two friends could meet each other again on the same level, united by the same bonds, their faces unchanged, and their attitudes.

What! . . . Four years have passed, four years of a horrible war, and the men reappear in quite as good health as before, quite as plump, quite as courteous, quite as friendly as before, without any physical mark, without any moral tension . . . I don't believe a word of it! It is like the other man with his shirt—I just don't believe in it! That is an attitude before life it is theory preceding facts and simplifying life.

CAHIERS—Again people have said still about Wild River—that the photog raphy too was exaggerated, was false What do you think of it?

KAZAN—I feel that the photography was very good, especially in the exterior scenes. But I am not as fond of the photography of the dramatic scenes sho close up in interiors. I said to myself—his face is too orange, it looks too



Elia Kazan: Panic in the Streets, Jack (then Walter Jack) Palance, Zero Mostel.



Elia Kazan: East of Eden, James Dean, Jo Van Fleet.

pleasant-especially that of the hero. For Clift-who is dead now, and who was a great artist-at that time Monty Clift's skin was in very bad condition, and consequently he used too much makeup. Therefore the colors were at once too crude and too healthy. So I said to the cameraman-this man is an intellectual; he has never seen the sunlight before coming here; he has come down here among us straight from his office. Thus I want him to have the air of a bureaucrat, to have a touch of the bureaucrat about him. But that did not work very well . . . Ch, I do not want to blame anyone; merely, I failed and I regret it. All the more because I would have liked very much to get the contrast between his pallor and the wholesome glow of the girl.

I have never really made a success of color, up to now. At least according to my own criteria. Yet I approached each of my color films saving to myself,this time, I am going to make something magnificent. And I have tried everything. I have even gone to the point of painting the entire set to try to deaden the colors, to leaving just a few splotches. of them, here and there, but whatever I did, I never completely succeeded. The only film in which I approached what I call a success was East of Eden, in which the colors were really beautiful, not prettily so. Now, before starting to work again in color, I am going to wait till I have studied the question thoroughly. I do not want to dash into battle before having prepared everything, tried everything, experimented on everything, and very carefully. Before beginning my next film, I am going to make a great many tests, which I am preparing at present. I will make them in 16mm, and then have the film enlarged to 35mm, so as to obtain gradations and study their quality. That is what I seek: the gradations.

The trouble is that color has imposed itself on cinema as an amusement value, and that people are used to having pretty colors before everything else. Moreover, color is a very difficult thing to control technically. The material is manufactured by Eastman Kodak or some other large corporation, and it is manufactured as determined by what most directors want. There are the laboratories, too. I cannot control them; they do things their way; they develop the film following certain norms established in practice; they have orders, they follow them; they are not there to please me, they are there to please the people who are going to make the next two hundred films. So, no matter what your argument or your protests, you may as well beat the wind or strike out with your fists, nothing can be done about it. No doubt they will end by saying-Yes, yes, of course . . . and then, as soon as they are all alone, they will always do a little more, or a little less, than what you asked, and afterward you can go chase yourself . . .

CAHIERS—We will come back to the actors, but taking another track. Some people say that one must employ professional actors; others, that one can do nothing with them and that it is better to take amateurs.

KAZAN-It is very difficult to work with actors. Because the life that most of them live is a life of cafés. There are the school, the café, the stage, the café, the studios . . . Life cannot leave its marks on their faces. They do not live the despairing life that human beings live. They are for the most part childish, spoiled, plump, their faces have not been distorted or illuminated . . . in short, they do not bear on them the marks of life lived. It is very rare to find an actor who has that, and still more rare to find one who can play that. Let us take Brando who is the best actor with whom I have ever worked. At the time when I made On the Waterfront, he was a much better actor than he is now. I do not mean that talent can be lost, like that, all at once. Only at the time he was an unhappy young man, anxious, who doubted himself, and he was solitary, proud, oversensitive. He was not someone particularly easy to get along with, and yet he was a wonderful and lovable man, because one felt that nothing protected him from life, that he was in the midst of it. What is, terrible with an actor is that it is hard for him to prevail over success. For, as with all artists, success is more difficult to prevail over than failure. They all use success to isolate themselves, to keep aloof from experiencing life, so that the more success an actor has, the more he acquires the look of wax fruit; he is no longer devoured by life. Now, most of the characters that he has to play must be. That is why I must always find new actors for my films, among those who do not have-or not yetsuccess, among those who still have a passion, an anxiety, a violence that they will almost always lose later. For I have never employed stars, even if my actors sometimes became stars after that. In Wild River, Lee Remick was not yet a star, and Monty Clift had lived a terrible catastrophe beforehand, and he was miserable. When Natalie Wood made Splendor in the Grass, she was at the end of a career, and people said generally that she was finished, washed up . . . Since then she has indeed come up again, but one had to see her then, she was in despair. In short, I try to catch my actors at the moment when they are still, or again, human. And if you have a human actor, at that moment, you can slip your hand inside, touch him and wake him.

But a star . . . Success protects them; their space is different; they float, distant from everything. Nothing that happens touches them. And I was forgetting Jimmv Dean; he was a beginner in East of Eden. He had never yet acted. He was just a young fellow who prowled about the front offices. But he had

violence in him, he had a hunger within him, and he was himself the boy that he played in the film.

I never choose actors by having them read the script. I do it after having talked with them, a great deal, to discover what they are really like. And when I have discovered that the essence of the acting that I want to obtain exists somewhere within them, at that moment I know that I can use them.

CAHIERS—To what extent do you think that what there is in an actor (an actor who is suitable for you, whom you have chosen) should be provided to express itself, or left free to express itself, or yet, quite simply, used in its own, in proportion as it comes?

KAZAN-I am convinced that what there is in the actor, starting from the moment when it is there, somewhere in him, (and even if it is protected, covered over, buried), you can go after it, you will end by obtaining it. In A Face in the Crowd, for example, my actor had the first part of the film in him. But not the second half. Nothing to be done. It was no longer anything but a facade, a mask, and the interpretation became superficial. Yet the first half he had done magnificently, as a man of talent, and quite simply as a man. Only, that second half-he did not have it in him. I tried everything; nothing to be done, even on the days when he was drunk. No use to force, to push; you will never get a thing from someone who does not have it. An interpretation must be built starting from that and from nothing else - from what lives within a man and which should nurture the role. The current must pass through the actor. The river that is the story of the acting has its own current; you must feel it there in order to be able to capture it. In Splendor in the Grass, the boy-Warren Beatty-was new then, and I think that he has never been better since. There was a girl, too-the sister-who was wonderful. But I knew her personally beforehand, I know what was in her-but you would never have guessed it by looking at her. You had to know that there was something inside. I knew it; I caught it.

If one examines what one can do with an amateur, one quickly discovers that it is very limited. But sometimes one must use them, and I have done so. Only I think that America, America would have been better if I had had a professional actor endowed with the same qualities that my young amateur had in him. But that special form of virility that was his, no actor could give me. That young man had gone through the Greek civil war; his father had been wounded and had died in his arms. That boy, at fifteen, found himself the head of an entire family, and he acquired a kind of hardness, of avidity, of force of soul. And he was unshakeable; impossible to make him deviate from his road. It was with such qualities that he succeeded in protecting his family and in allowing it to survive.

But, on the other hand, he had serious limitations, because he was not an actor. You see, on the one hand you gain, on the other you lose; it is for you to establish your own balance. As for me, I tried to obtain the thing that seemed primordial to me-the life that he had in him that should pass into the role. That is what I want, and it matters little to me whether I have it with a professional or with an amateur. At the same time, I am very flexible, very detached, very careful, too, not to use what would not be suitable. That is another trouble with stars — they distrust the story that you are telling. The character is already familiar to you, and, thereby, the story itself is familiar to you; you know in advance that some things can or cannot happen, and that spoils everything. Thus, I would have liked La Guerre est finie better if I had not already seen Montand somewhere. He is a good actor, and I have nothing against him, but I think that this story of resistance, very special, would have been infinitely richer for me if I had not already seen that face. I do not defend that at all as a theory; I do not trust theories, they do not interestome. I only say my taste, the way that I am, my own feeling of life.

CAHIERS—At the start you mentioned Inge's name. Even when he works with mediocre directors, his scenarios always succeed in giving the films that result from them a certain personality...

KAZAN-William Inge has a real talent, but that talent is more that of a miniaturist. That is his true field. I do not mean at all that this is a form of talent less worthy than another, only, that this is the special form that his talent takes. He keeps everything and everything serves him - his childhood memories, his parents, his mother, the house, the home town, the people whom he has known, the fellows, the girls . . . And all that is put to use through a quite authentic talent and an exceptional sensitivity. But his talent is so linked to what is banal, ordinary, that a slight lowering of tension or a very slight share of failure is enough for his work iself to appear banal, ordinary. Does that answer what you were asking? In any case, that is what I think.

Inge is someone who can easily come off well starting from anything, but he is very perceptive, sometimes astonishingly deep. I think that the best thing in Splendor in the Grass was not so much the love story or anything else, as the portrait of the mother, at the end, when she says "I have done my best . . . How can I have done wrong? Tell me . . ." That was the result of a very deep vision. But, you see, that is not a big effect, it is one of those little effects that one can quite well let pass without noticing. Yet it truly expresses reality, and not only that of the mother, but that of the entire era behind it,

an entire style of life, seen through a certain America, static, anchored in the past and refusing change.

CAHIERS—Two questions now on two directors about whom some people think that they have certain points in common with you either because of their relations with the theater, or because you have influenced them, or, quite simply, because they have met you at certain points — Richard Brooks and Arthur Penn.

KAZAN-I hope indeed that I have influenced no one. For I do not believe in schools; I believe in individuals. The more a man is himself, the more he is unique, the more he is true, the more value he has. I have not seen the movie that Brooks made from Sweet Bird of Youth, but I originally staged the play in the theater, and since he used some of the players I had on the stage the acting that they gave him can not have been very different from what they had given to me. If certain directors have been influenced by me, or say so (I do not know whether that is true or not), in any case, that does not particularly interest me. People say that about Martin Ritt, who was my assistant in the past, but, to tell the truth, I have not liked his films very much. In any case, I do not believe that to take something to oneself can give one anything. I mean-in one way or another, one must come to write one's autobiography. That I believe. At least it corresponds to the way in which I feel things. And the sooner one rids oneself of influences, even of good ones, the better.

When I was young, I admired Eisenstein immensely, and most of all Dovzhenko. He was my God. To me he was the greatest innovator in cinema. But I do not try to make films like him, and my films, I do not know what value they have, but they are no one's but mine. If ever anyone has been influenced by me, I hope that he will rid himself of this influence.

CAHIERS—A few years ago, Cahiers had already asked you if you had seen the Poème de la mer of Dovzhenko (with which Wild River has a point in common) and, at the time, you had not seen it.

KAZAN—I still have not seen it. The film of Dovzhenko's that, in the past, most influenced me was Air City—Aérograd— that struck me enormously. I saw it again recently in Paris. There are quite simply admirable things in it. Those two men, for instance, one of whom is going to kill the other, and who begin to recite a poem together. That absolutely antirealistic thing. They stand beside each other and begin to recite the poem facing the audience... That is magnificent.

I think that another great innovator is Godard. He has brought some astonishing contributions to cinema. And all his films are extraordinarily stimulating. There is another too whom I like, Jean





Elia Kazan: East of Eden, James Dean, Lois Smith.



Elia Kazan: Baby Doll, Carroll Baker.

Vigo. On the contrary, I am not very interested in the work of American filmmakers. The one whom I like best is John Ford, and his best films are films like Young Mister Lincoln and The Long Voyage Home, into which he has put his form of poetry, that is to say a poetry of the ordinary, of everyday people, a poetry that springs from a combination of the hardship that is at the depth of life and the beauty that at the same time emerges from it. But there again, I do not think that I shoot my films like him. Except that I do not use the dolly at every end of the field

either. Ford puts the camera on the ground. One point, that is all. That is a fashion come from television — all the takes must move and swing! Go there in one direction, go there in the other . . . Those tricks distract me; they disperse the attention; I no longer see the essential, the content.

CAHIERS—I remind you of the other half of the question — Penn.

KAZAN—I think it still remains for him to find himself and define himself. I do not believe that he really belongs to a cinema in which someone prepares for you the script that you then have to direct. In *The Chase*, I think that he was submerged by Mr. Sam Spiegel who is himself a very intelligent man but not at all in the same way as Penn There is something there that does not hold together. No director should have several faces. One cannot have the fact of a producer, the face of an *auteur*, an one's own face. One cannot glue every thing together. But Penn is a man of great qualities. Until now he has not, think, found the opportunity to expreshis special gifts, but sooner or later he will find his own way. I do not much like *The Chase*. Moreover, the film sin



plified the Bad Guys, the Villains, considerably. I have been in Texas a great deal myself, and I worked there when I was a young man. I have traveled over it up, down and across. So, yes, I know very well that there are people there who are violent, full of hatred, but not all of them! and not all the time! And I know too there are people like them in Paris. No — nothing is so clear cut. Confronted with wicked people, you should say to yourself — this could be me. You must say that to yourself. You don't have the right to say—look at that fellow; he is someone of a different

species, he is an evil man! No! That makes no sense! You just don't do that! One must say to oneself—that could be me, that could be me. People must not play the superior being. Now, I think that in *The Chase* everything was seen starting from a superior and snobbish point of view. I do not believe that that was really Penn's fault. Only, something did not work. The machinery was too heavy. There was a script to respect, and it was Lillian Hellman; there were the actors; there was Spiegel . . . In the midst of all that he was only an executor responsible for transmitting.

CAHIERS—These questions were perhaps not very exciting for you; in any case they were fruitful, for they brought you back to speaking of the simplification of life, that is to say, of its complexity. That is why I come back to that here by connecting the matter with the audience — for there, too, you trouble, you disturb people. Indeed, on the one hand you give them all the elements necessary for understanding reality, and, on the other hand, they feel the richness and the complexity of these elements as a hindrance to judging. Everything happens as if you were for-

bidding them judgement at the same moment when you seem to permit it to them. How can they judge the old lady of Wild River? And the boy of America, America? Is this a pleasant character with unpleasant aspects or the opposite?

KAZAN-That is exactly it, and I would not want to say it otherwise. That is what I want to do. And what judgement can you bear on Baby Doll? And on the characters of Splendor? And that boy of America, America . . . Is he good, is he bad? And what do those words mean? Have they so much significance? . . . My films are not judgements; they are events, and an event happens. . . So I do not want to give them ready-made judgements. No. When I show someone, I want to say to them - look! That might have been you! That might have been me! That is the way in which things happen.

The theatre, I think, does not prepare people for life. It represents a simplification of life that makes things easier to digest. One prepares the audience to receive them. But one must not prepare them. Or rather, one must prepare them for life, but harshly. One prepares them for carrying on their lives, harshly or violently. One must illuminate them, widen life for them, through its real events. But in no case will you arrive at that if you bring people to say to themselves - I am there, good, very good, and I know everything, but that fellow, down there, he is a filthy slob ... even if you bring them to say that in a slightly more subtle way.

So, perhaps I trouble people, but that is because I do not want to let them alone. And it is all the same to me whether they are contented or not! I do not mean that I rejoice if my films are not successes. Oh no! Very much the contrary. I would like very much for them to be successes, but I am not willing to pay any price to get it. The fact that America, America did not do well was very painful to me. I would have wanted so much for people to see it. If only it had had a minimal success! . . . But no, not even that. Nobody wanted to see it. On the other hand, if I were to do it again, I would not want to change anything. Except certain things that I could improve, but I would not change the pace, or the tone. And especially I will not change my way as a result of such reactions. What I like is to render certain experiences of life, as I see them, as I think it is necessary to render them. What I like is to do that in movies. But if I cannot do movies, I can write a book. And that is exactly what I did. It came to me after the failure of America, America. I felt down and out. I said to myself - I would do better to write a book. I set to work at it. That is the book about which I spoke to you in New York. The Arrangement. How would you translate that into French?

CAHIERS—L'Arrangement . . . KAZAN—Well — so I wrote the

book, which is a very full book, very rich, very long, very frank. Very candid too. And everything is in that book, about what I think of America, of a certain sector of American life. I hope that people will read it.

Happily my standard of living is . . . low. I mean that I have no need for a Rolls Royce, no need for prestige, no need to have my name in the newspapers — I have had my fill of that — I want simply to do what I want. I hope that people will see what I do; I hope that people will like what I do.

Someone has said - I no longer remember who - that the work of art should correspond to nature, should present itself as a natural phenomenon, and that one should first be able to say - this phenomenon is (1). And if it is like a phenomenon, like an event, it is certain that two people will very well be able to see in it two different things. It is like the mountain for the painter. It is, that is all. But that same mountain means one thing to Cezanne and another totally different thing to another painter. Each one imprints on it his own vision. But who is to say which of the two mountains is true?

What people reach in my films, they reach through me. Ultimately it is I whom they reach. They see life, but through my way of seeing it and of rendering it. If I do that honestly, they will be able to say — That is indeed he. That is the man. That man. That is the way he sees things. That is true. But others will say too — I do not like that. I do not like that at all, I do not like that filthy slob. I want never again to see any of his films! Then . . . good! That is all right with me! These are for, those are against . . . That is normal.

CAHIERS—This Arrangement that is the subject of your book, and about which you have already spoken, is the subject too of all your films — the arrangement that is brought about — or that must be brought about somehow or other — between the ideal and the reality.

KAZAN-You would have to read the book. Everything is in it. It is the truest thing that I have done until now. It is everything that I see and feel about the America of today. I love my country, as you know, and my feelings often go towards it. At the same time, I have some other very violent feelings, and some fears. Not about politics, or other things of that kind, but about the essence of the civilization that we express, and I have - I hope - shed some light on that. But those things are still too close to me at this moment for me to be able to talk about them. The book is written; they are in it . . . I show in that book that many things in American life are arrangements — in the bad sense of the word. They do not correspond to the truth; they do not respond to the true bonds between people; they are arranged bonds. Relationships adjusted so that they will be viable, endurable. Here I am speaking of the gulf that there is in America between the professed moral code and the actual moral code. In a word — America pretends to have a certain morality, but, in fact, it has another.

CAHIERS—In Splendor in the Grass the father — within the puritanical moral code — says to his son that, besides the serious girls, there are others with whom one can amuse oneself. Yet gulfs of that kind between what one is presumed to do and what one does, exist, not only in America.

KAZAN-For my part, I study this phenomenon as I know it, where I know it, in the country that is my own, that I love but which worries me. At the same time, each person will be able, through the phenomenon that I describe, to make the comparisons that he wants to make. That is like puritanism. Through the form that it has taken in America, one can very well discover the form that it has taken elsewhere, the one that perhaps one has known. Puritanism — puritanisms — are a simplification of life. There are simplifications everywhere. That is why Splendor in the Grass can provoke in certain countries the same kind of reaction that it provoked in America.

CAHIERS—You provoked that kind of reaction very early. With On the Waterfront, for example.

KAZAN-Yes, Certain films of mine have been detested, but that one particularly. In the case of Waterfront, it was the left that detested it. In the case of Baby Doll, it was the right . . . With Viva Zapata, there, they were in agreement. The communists hated the film, and the right hated it too. All protested but what have you done there? . . . Streetcar had already brought me some troubles with censorship, Baby Doll, still more. The Catholic Church attacked the film very violently, and Cardinal Spellman condemned it. And he did that in the greatest cathedral in America. It was a shame! a slur! I was dishonoring America! And he forbade people to go to see it. Yet the film is very gentle and very simple, it says just what it must, but not more. Only, as you say, it troubles, it disturbs. And when one troubles professed values - officially professed by a group, by a society - people no longer know at all where they are. They do not want to see life as complicated, as confused, as it is. They do not want to confront it as it is. Look at Dostoyevsky. He was a great man because he troubles people, he mixes up their thinking. I believe in confusion because confusion is true. I do not mean dramatic confusion - you must show clearly

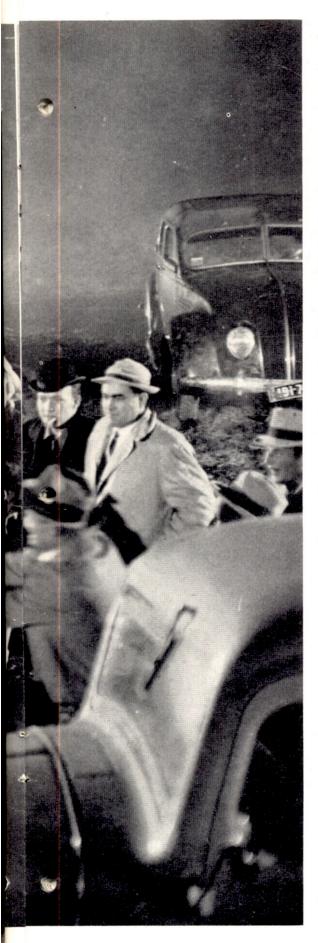
<sup>1)</sup> Diderot: Every composition worthy of praise everywhere and in everything is in agreement with nature; I must be able to say, "I have not seen this phenomenon, but it is." (French Cahiers editor's note).



Elia Kazan: Pinky, Jeanne Crain.



Elia Kazan: Wild River.



what you want to say — but confusion, contradiction in values.

Another thing - When I was a young man and went to California for the first time, to make films - to work on the first film of my life - I met a man, a producer, who had some influence on me. He is dead now. I was very much to the left, then. Now, I talked to that man, who was very much to the right, and I found myself admiring him, in some sense, at the same time that I detested him for his political views. And I could not make the connection between the two, and I did not stop saying to myself - you ought not to like that man! But there is something wrong, there, when one comes to say to oneself - you ought not to like that person; you ought not to esteem him! One should not say that. That is why I think that my spontaneous reaction was truer than the other.

CAHIERS—With On the Waterfront and Viva Zapata, there is a third film, a little of the same family since it represents another kind of struggle for a liberation — Man on a Tightrope. Which of the three do you prefer?

KAZAN-But why do people detest On the Waterfront so much? That I have never been able to understand! . . . The most violent attacks! The hatred ... All the same I have the right to say what I think. What there is in On the Waterfront, I saw, I studied, I made investigations. And I was not the only one at that task. We spent months at it. We verified, we checked . . . All the same we did not lie! I am quite willing for people to have different views from mine, but I am still waiting for someone who knows the New York docks as well as I do to come to prove to me that I invented out of whole cloth this or that thing that I showed. Many reactions were provoked by the priest, I know. Why? It seems that people were indignant because I showed him as a man who had goodness.

But as for Man on a Tightrope, I think that that was a failure. For everything concerning the personal lives of the characters, the love stories, was not really very successful. But what concerned the exterior adventure - the caravan, the passage of the frontier that part was rather good. Certainly not as good as it could have been, but not a failure. In short, I think that I succeeded at the part of the film that I really felt, where I could bring to a successful conclusion what I wanted. Because there was the script that I had not worked on myself. It was even then that I gave up that system. Afterward I never took it up again. The script was by Robert Sherwood. He had done it completely, and had never even talked to me about it beforehand. I came into the affair late and without preparation. Finally . . . There remains at least the passage of the frontier, of which I think that it was at once amusing, interesting, and dramatic, and I think that starting from things like that, one could have made a good film.

CAHIERS—It seems that, of these three, it is On the Waterfront that you prefer.

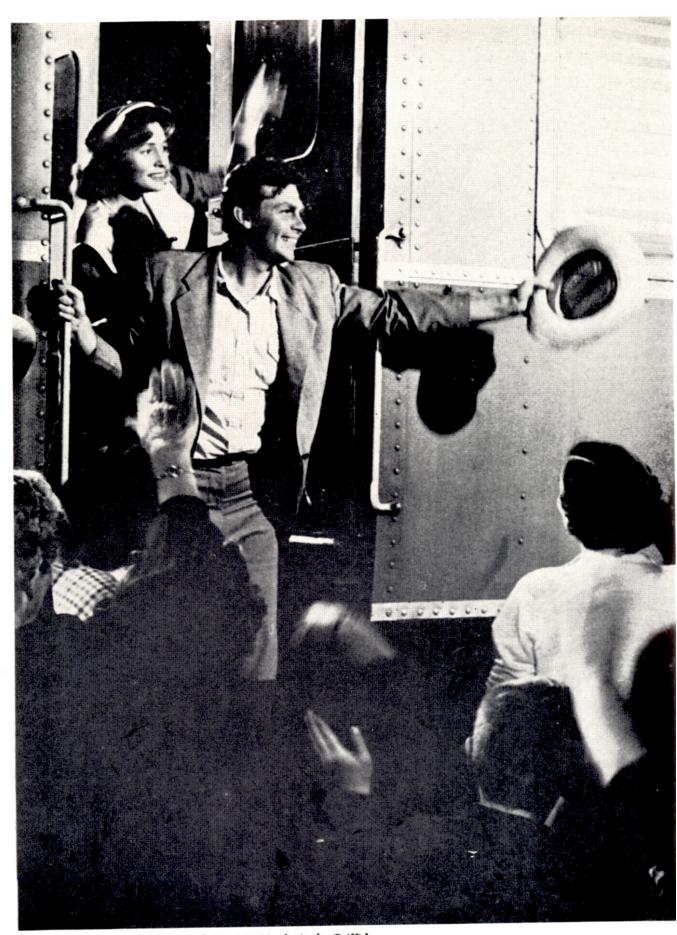
KAZAN—No! Zapata! I love Zapata! I think that that was a fine film. Of all the films that I have made, it is certainly one of those that are most dear to me. And the ending is very fine—the moment when he comes down from the mountains, and later—when they throw his body, and one hears the noise of the falling body. I love that... I have always liked that film very much. But I like On the Waterfront very much

CAHIERS—America, America is a kind of summation of all your films. One finds again in it Waterfront, Zapata, East of Eden, Splendor in the Grass...

KAZAN-Yes, that is correct. There are similar situations in America, America. And there is, too, antipuritanism, which represents a very strong, very important current in me. You see, I am not, it seems to me, a very comprehensive personality. I am not very catholic, I do not have very diverse tastes, I cannot make films of very different kinds, and even, in a sense, I always make the same story (a little changed), again, and again, and again the same . . . That is all that I can do, it is what I know, it is what I have . . . I am not many people at once. You see, I could not make a great spectacle, then a comedy, then after that . . . you know, like Wyler. He makes a comedy, then he makes Ben Hur . . . He makes a great many things. Me, I can come off more or less in my own register. Yet I develop, anyway I think so. I change, but as if the same thing were changing, the same current, hollowing out its way, in proportion to different progressions. But I hope that I develop, that I improve. That I improve my style, too. Only I am not a magician, I cannot do this, do that . . . I cannot make The Bible, for example, and I will never be able to make a comedy-even if, as it happens, sometimes in my films there is, I hope, a certain amusement. No, I can only remain myself. Perhaps, in a sense, my films are boring. Because it is he, always he, always the same damned Kazan! And with America, America . . . Well! Commercial films are not my way.

CAHIERS—Now let us take two other films of yours—A Streetcar Named Desire and Baby Doll. Both render somewhat the same atmosphere — the South, sex, madness . . .

KAZAN—Yes, but Baby Doll renders the atmosphere of the South in a truer way. In any case, A Streetcar Named Desire was shot in the studio, while Baby Doll was shot in real exteriors. But Streetcar is a beautiful theatre piece that I shot without softening it, without deepening it, filming it as it was because there was nothing in it to change. But I never set out to do that again either, and I no longer



Elia Kazan: A Face in the Crowd, Patricia Neal, Andy Griffith.

believe in it. But I admired, and I still admire, the author of the play, Tennessee Williams, for whom I have much

affection personally as well.

Baby Doll, on the contrary, had no theatrical antecedents. It is a thing that exists by itself and is like no other. It is, too, I think, the best film that anyone has made from Williams. And I was really able to put into it the atmosphere of the South, moral, social. It really corresponds to the way that the South folded in on itself, or developed. One interesting detail, for example-the Negroes. They are different now; they struggle, they organize marches . . . But at the time, they had no other outlet, to preserve their self respect, than to laugh-remember the Negroes of Baby Doll who laugh at the slightest pretext;-than to make fun of the whites whom they found vain and ridiculous.

CAHIERS—Another pair now — we have already talked about them, East of Eden and Splendor in the Grass, both on adolescence.

KAZAN-Both, too, on puritanism. But in Splendor in the Grass, the two principal characters are much less active, they do not rebel because they are submerged in an environment that dominates them. In East of Eden, on the contrary, the boy rebels against his father, then after that forgets, and ends by forgiving him. For he forgives him. East of Eden is more personal to me; it is more my own story. One hates one's father; one rebels against him; finally one cares for him, one recovers oneself, one understands him, one forgives him, and one says to oneself, yes, he is like that . . . one is no longer afraid of him, one has accepted him. But Splendor in the Grass is a sadder story because puritanism makes the youngsters weak. They lose something of their life. In a sense, it is a more true to life story, for it responds more to things that actually happen. Look at the end. They lose each other; they can no longer be together. Puritanism has wounded them, has cost them something, has killed something in them. The cost - there is something in which I believe a great deal. One must never believe that things happen without one's having to pay for them. Even in victory there is a price to pay. You gain one thing, but you also lose another. In the film, both gain, in a sense, but the price has been frightful, and this price is the point at which one is most sensitive.

CAHIERS—In Splendor in the Grass, the young couple are victims of an environment, of a mesh; while the couple in Wild River, more mature, are able to face up to situations, in spite of the intermittent cowardice of the man in front of the woman. But to what extent do you think that the couple of Splendor appear as victims?

KAZAN—The couple in Wild River are, as a matter of fact, conscious, while the couple in Splendor are not con-

scious of the currents that drag them along, not conscious either of what they represent. They are not in a position to deal with reality. But can one say that one is purely and simply a victim? To shift everything to parents, society... That can be a form of resignation, of complacency. My book develops certain things about that. I refer you to it. I cannot say everything.

CAHIERS—And between Wild River and A Face in the Crowd, the point in common is that you describe certain aspects of American life in relation to politics.

KAZAN-I like very much the first part of A Face in the Crowd, but the second much less, as I told you. But not everything was the fault of the actor. We had not created a character as deep as we should have. It is because of that too that the film disappointed me. However, I am proud of that film, such as it is, because all the same it responds to reality. It is the first film that shows the power of the means of communication. The film shows, too, the moving nature of success, and of the one who sustains that success. And what it describes-the fact that a personality of little scope, but pleasant and stirring, takes the place of real intelligencesthat fact represents the danger of democracy - one runs the risk of seeing a personality take the lead in a country, not because of his appropriate qualities and capacities, but solely because of his vividness. In spite of its imperfections, the film says a great many truths about America, in a way that is often amusing, striking, from a script very brilliantly written by Schulberg. At least in relation to the first part. As for the second . . . I believe that everyone was a little mistaken. He is a fine author, Schulberg. He is at present in California. He is the moving spirit of a group of young Negro writers; he works with them, he wants to make them able to express what they feel, on the subject of the racial situation in the United States, the conflicts, Watts, and so on. I am thinking at this time of a film on the Puerto Ricans that I am going to try to make. That is one of the things on which I am working. The film would be shot in New York and in Puerto Rico.

CAHIERS—You said that the character in A Face in the Crowd should have been deeper. So you seem to attribute your failure to the fact that you did not show sufficiently — at least in the second part of the film — the complexity of reality . . .

KAZAN—Correct! That is what I think. In the last part the character is too naive. He is an imbecile. And he becomes "The Villain." It is exactly that in which I do not believe. Exactly that which I refuse to make. We set about it badly. It would have been necessary to make a much more complex character, much more intelligent, much more

devious, that is to say, thereby much more formidable.

CAHIERS—Your first film, now—A Tree Grows in Brooklyn. Do you think that you put something personal into that?

KAZAN—Yes, I think so. And particularly into the way in which the personality of the drunken father is treated, that of the puritan mother, of the child.

... A very old scene of mine, that one—the puritan mother who says that life must follow a certain path... The father is a bad man to the extent to which he is a drunkard, a man without value. Yet he gives the child more things, and more human ones, than the mother does.

CAHIERS—Were you conscious of saying personal things?

KAZAN-That came to me quite simply because I was separated from my wife, because my wife and I had had conflicts; and, also, I put into the film many of the feelings that I had then for my children, whom I had lost at the time, and for whom I languished. That was the personal note of the film. But I was not totally conscious of all that. I did not enjoy working on that script that someone else had written. At the same time, I did not dislike it. I felt a kind of fraternity toward it, in a certain way, I felt myself near it, and I think, too, that I had . . . When I see the film again now - this is sentimental, but I think that, yes, in it there is much of the nostalgia that I had for my children, of my impulse toward them.

CAHIERS—You were the first who really worked in New York, and you refuse to work in Hollywood. What do you think of the New York — Hollywood opposition in its present form?

KAZAN-I do not think that an art can be organized like a commercial enterprise. In Hollywood, the entire organization aims at manufacturing amusement. Without any doubt, there are people of fine quality who work there, often conscientiously, and sometimes with talent. It is not they whom I question, but the whole of the organization. In New York, everything is smaller, and poor. You do not have facilities, but the mentality is different. In New York, you see, if you work starting from your apartment, you must indeed go to the corner of the street to buy yourself a pack of cigarettes, and you see something - life is there all around, you are inside it. In California, you are in a protected atmosphere, and at the end of a year, or two or three, you have lost contact with America, and even with everything that happens. Even Watts does not reach them. They do not see it. They have heard of it or they have seen it on television, but they do not have contact with it. Any more than with anything else.

In New York, yes, everything is more expensive. But there are ways of re-

solving the question. The question is first - to shoot in New York, not only in a studio, but everywhere that the film should be shot. One can succeed in that, it is feasible. Here, the demands of unions or cells of isolated technicians are greater, but you can form a small crew; that will let you gain time, and the expense will be less. And then, one can go away from New York, go where the expenses will not be so terribly high that you are strangled by them. It must surely be possible to make films somewhere else in America. In any case, the important thing is the small crew. I have seen Godard shoot, and it made me so envious. Everything was held in one small room. And his little crew was there, working around him, and Coutard did his lighting himself, tinkering right and left, fastening the lamps, lighting them. It was obvious that the budget was low but that the expenses were too, and that he did what he wanted to because he did not have to endure the strangling grasp, the necessity of success.

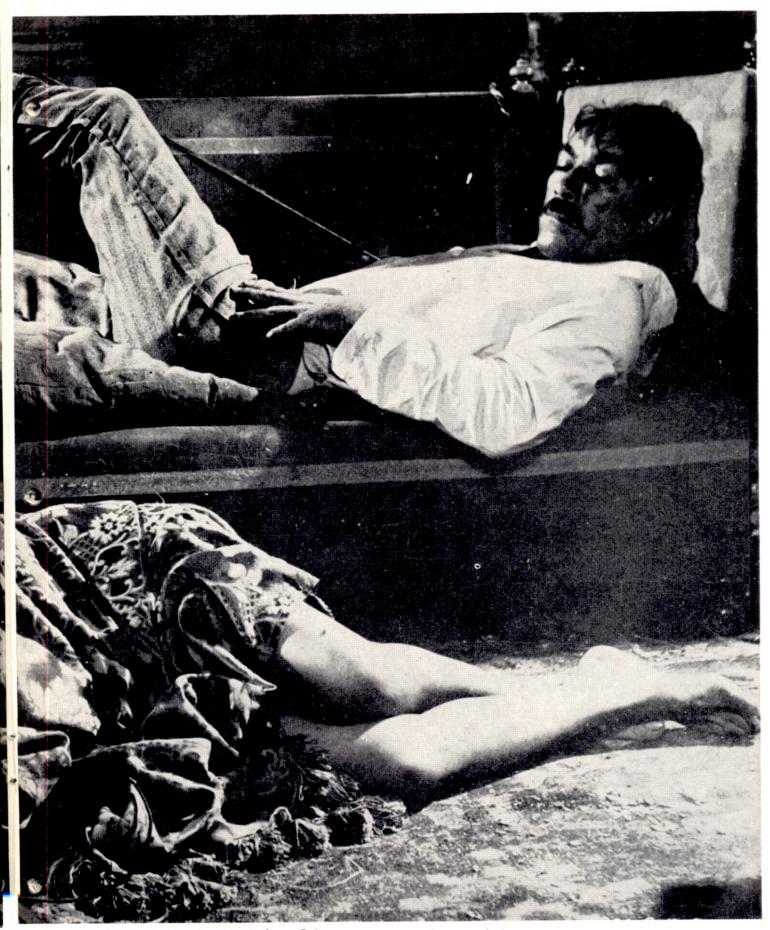
That is what affects me now; when my films make a little - but not much - money people say - Well! He is not commercial! But I do not want to be commercial! That is not the aim of my life. Only, I have all the big crew on my shoulders, and that represents obligations - it is all the more necessary to make money because it is necessary to pay for all that. I have been in Calcutta, too, to see Satyajit Ray shoot. He too had a small crew, and I envied him too. He has perhaps twenty people with him, that is all. And he arranges matters with his little world, in the small studios of Calcutta, or around it, in nature. One can put up a showing with that; it is not the big machine, as in California, where you have a crew of building contractors, where, on the simplest film, you have some hundred and twenty men. That is no longer a shooting; it is a safari! No. That does not interest me. I am not the commander of an army. And then that does not work. The proof - I do not have success. I fail. I am not commercial.

I had some successes in the past—two or three—but my best films, among them the last ones did not make money. I no longer have the choice. I can no longer work here, I have a strong impression of that. It is the organization, the men, the material, everything. In the Hollywood organization, everything is connected. The method of work; the aim of work. Nothing in all that is right for me.

The cameraman whom I had for America, America, Haskell Wexler, was a man new to the field. It was his first job as a professional cameraman. He has made Virginia Woolf since. He is an excellent cameraman. He made The Loved One, too. But to me The Loved One is like a Hollywood film.

My aim, today, is to have small crews





Elia Kazan: Viva Zapata, Anthony Quinn.

and lower budgets. One day I asked Ingmar Bergman with whom he made his films. He told me — with eighteen friends. He too made me envious. I know very well that in the past Hollywood made some fine things, particularly the musicals, which I like very much. Only things have changed, and in any case, that atmosphere is not right for me.

I need to work in the very setting in which my films unfold, as I have always tried to do, so that everything in the environment stimulates me. A Face in the Crowd was filmed in the middle of Arkansas, and Baby Doll is full of things that I saw every day when I was in Mississippi. The wind, even, the rain, the dust, all that helps you, inspires you, and makes things alive. Wild River too was shot exactly where it should be, in Tennessee. And the river was there, and the trees were there, the fruit was there, and the people were there. Everything stimulated me and stimulated the others too. Each day we extracted some material from all that was there. And America, America. It is obvious that part of its value comes from its being a documentary on the near East. Were it only because of the faces, which are, too, the poetry of the places. For the faces of the people, on the boats, had their truth. They were Rumanian refugees, Bulgarian - people come more or less legally from beyond the iron curtain, people who, after passing the frontier, had been put into refugee camps. And those faces, themselves alone, say more, it seems to me, than many words. No extra's face would have given me that. Those professional extras grown old and fat in the work, plump, glutted. People who have lived nothing, and who have not even an idea of what the people whom I had have lived. All that they have known how to do has been to save money. And they have become cynics. Despair and cynicism are all that remain to them. They are still human, certainly, but that can no longer be seen, can no longer express itself. Let someone try; he will find it an experience.

CAHIERS-But in New York there is another form of despair, another isolation. To take the young directors and the young technicians of today - all react violently against Hollywood, against America, but this devastating, uncontrolled reaction leads them finally to be against everything. Against life, even, one would say; they flee it, that is the marijuana, the LSD. Film making itself is no longer anything but a form of escape. People bend their efforts to filming dreams, phantasms, obsessions, contrivances . . . Do you think that with all that anything can really spring from New York?

KAZAN—It seems to me that the films to which you allude are the product of a very small group, very special and very isolated, who represent nothing and who mean nothing, except a

fashion, a caprice, another form of snobbery, sometimes touching, sometimes idiotic. The fascination that LSD and other drugs exert on them, the fact that they use stimulants to bring themselves out of themselves, that is certainly revealing of something, it is not without significance, but until now they have always been unable to give form to this significance themselves. And the Hollywood - New York opposition is not situated there, for they would need to have something to oppose to Hollywood, which is not the case. Quite simply, what they do has scarcely any human interest. The great human dilemmas absolutely do not concern them. They are elsewhere, in a very narrow little world, very special, in which people cultivate sadistic or homosexual obsessions. For example, I have seen Scorpio Rising. But that is banality pure and simple. It is crap. Highly valued, but crap. Boring, moreover, and snobbish. To show boys who sleep with other boys has no special interest. Or then that would have to reveal something profound. But first they would have to know the real problems, those boys. If they revealed something true, something human, to me, at that moment, ves, I would be interested in what they were doing. Only, until now, I have seen absolutely nothing more than one boy in the process of having relations with another boy. What interest has that? What does one of those beings in those films reveal to me? I see in them only the expression of a world in which snobbery and phoniness prevail. There are Andy Warhol too, and many others, all those who make what they call "cellar movies" - no doubt to change the name "underground movies." Those films that are shown in cellars. To show for hours boys or girls in the process of playing with each other does not seem to open extraordinary horizons.

Sometimes I happen to see certain films and say to myself - hold on! I had not thought of that! I had overlooked something! The day when they will make me say that, then yes, I will recognize that they have seen a thing that I had not seen. But until now, in spite of what the English magazines write about them - and Sight and Sound! - that has not really been the case. There is, too, the cinema of the Maysles brothers. They are excellent reporters. And there is Ricky Leacock. He is without any doubt a great photographer, and even an artist of the camera. But never yet have I seen a film by those people that makes me feel reality more deeply. It is certain that if one considers this cult of drugs, sadism, and homosexuality, one must indeed think that involuntarily, or unconsciously it reveals something. It reveals sickness. And the study of those sicknesses would surely be interesting. But it is not the sick who will be able to do that. Indeed they reveal, in a sense, their alienation, their despair, their solitude, and so on. But they are not capable of giving them a form that would provoke interest, which would transform them into events. When an attitude is lived and shown as an event, through that event you can discover that attitude. But you will discover nothing starting from an attitude statically and complacently described. This attitude, in itself, will never be able to provoke anything. They want to act on the reality? On America? But how could they? They have no contact with it, they are cut off from everything. What will they change? To whom will they speak? There one has only the very narrow expression of a group of sick snobs. Because they are snobs. And because they are sick. When I say that, of course, I think too that it is painful to be sick. They have troubles, those little boys and those little girls; they are in distress. I would be quite willing to interest myself in their troubles, in their distress, but to interest myself in their phantasms, of that I am incapable! Especially those that they have with LSD. One can tell what one wants to, but that kind of trick does not go very far. It reveals nothing to you, and those who practice it have nothing to reveal, except that they have escaped into a world in which they have had, for a certain time, strange sensations, sometimes agreeable, sometimes not at all agreeable. What more do you know of a being after that? Not much.

Now I must say to you that it is scarcely possible to know exactly what can spring up in New York, and how. I said to you a little while ago that it was necessary to film outside Hollywood, that the solution could surely be found, notably thanks to the small crew. Perhaps among those disturbed young New Yorkers there is someone with enough lucidity to confront reality. And enough talent to take something from it. That is possible, I hope, but I can say no more about it.

CAHIERS—When you shot in New York, had you any special difficulties of a human, a technical, or an administrative order?

KAZAN-Yes, and one of those difficulties was that it was unhead of to let film-makers do what they wanted in the city. Now they are much more flexible. Instructions have even been circulated to the police to be more understanding or cooperative with film-makers. In any case, I never had insurmountable difficulties anywhere. One can always make some arrangement. And to begin with - one must talk to people, if they have worries. And one can always talk to them. One can always at least calm them, and sometimes even one can make them share one's enthusiasm. In any case, you have only to go ahead. They will not stop you. Waiting, for Waterfront, yes, I had difficulties. And especially because I had trouble with a great many gangsters. who did not like at all what I did. I even needed a kind of bodyguard, a man who did not leave me and who watched what happened. There were also a great many young toughs who prowled around us or who played the fool on the docks. Nor did they much like what we were doing. Once a young fellow flung himself on me, and there was the beginning of a brawl. But that got straightened out, and in any case it did not mean much. Those were rather like children's games.

It was with America, America that I had the most difficulties, in Istanbul. There were thousands of people who were furious at me because I showed the sordid aspect of the port of Istanbul, the degraded life of the workers, men heaped together like animals, or working like beasts of burden. Officially, the government did nothing against

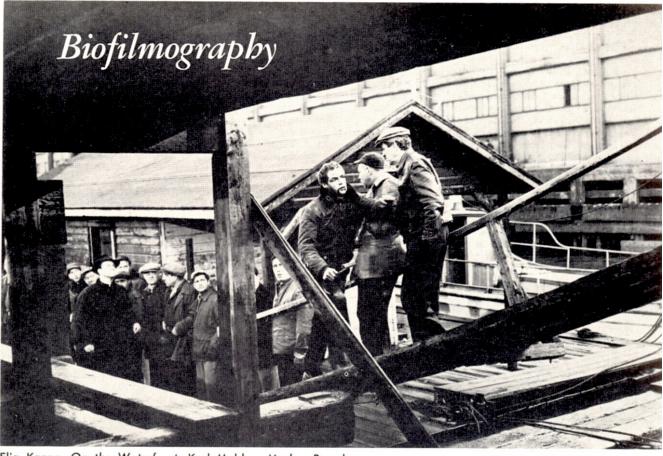
me, but I had constantly on my back, every minute of the shooting, a kind of censor who never stopped saying to me - you must not do this, you must not do that. And a great many people kept coming up, who hated me and created the worst difficulties for me. They ended by making work impossible for me. The government declared itself unable to protect me and finally people told me that I had better leave the country. That was the worst crisis I had faced on a film. I had some trouble with Baby Doll, but that was less serious. For a week or two, it didn't go well, but finally it was settled. I did just one thinginvited everyone to come to see us. They said to one another — if he invites us, he has nothing against us. So they came, they watched us work. Those whom it interested watched us a long time; sometimes they came back. Those whom it bored stiff cleared off. The difficulties were settled.

CAHIERS—Your coming film, I think, will be another America, America?

KAZAN—Yes, but first I am going to publish the book. Tomorrow I am leaving again for New York, where I am to correct the proofs. I have just learned that they are ready. I want to clear that out of the way immediately. But before doing that continuation of America, America, I am going to wait a little. A year or two, I do not know. Meanwhile, I am going to try to make another film. I am in process of writing it. When you arrived, I was in the midst of pounding on the typewriter. I am going to start back to work. (Conversation tape-recorded by Michel Delahave).



Elia Kazan: Man on a Tightrope, Gloria Grahame, Fredric March.



Elia Kazan: On the Waterfront, Karl Malden, Marlon Brando.

Elia Kazan was born September 7, 1909 in Constantinople, Turkey. His parents, Athena Sismanoglou and Georges Kazanjoglous, were of Greek origin. In 1911, his father left for Berlin, where he brought his family; then he returned to Constantinople. Two years later, in 1913, his father left for the United States as a rug importer, and he had his family come there. Elia Kazan followed the curriculum first at a New York public school; then the entire family left for New Rochelle. Elia Kazan studied then at the Mayfair School, at New Rochelle High School, at Williams College. He worked as a waiter to pay his tuition. A student at Yale Drama School, he left for New York and started out as property man for the Group Theatre. Then he was by turns actor, assistant, property man, and director.

### Theatre

1932 Played in Chrysalis of Rose Albert Porter.

1933 Played in Men in White of Sidney Kingsley; stage manager of Gentlewoman of John Howard Lawson.

1934 Joined the American Communist party; played in *Gold Eagle Guy* of Melvin Levy; directed *Dimitroff*, play of which he was the author.

1935 Played in Waiting for Lefty, Till the Day I Die and Paradise Lost, three plays of Clifford Odets; directed The Young Go First of Peter Martin, Charles Scudder and Charles Friedman. 1936 Left the Communist party for ideological reasons; played in *Johnny Johnson* of Paul Green; directed *The Crime*, with Martin Ritt and Nicholas Ray as actors.

1937 Played in Golden Boy of Clif-

1938 Directed Casey Jones of Robert Ardrey, with Van Heflin and Charles Bickford.

1939 Played in *The Gentle People* of Irwin Shaw; directed *Quiet City* of Irwin Shaw and *Thunder Rock* of Robert Ardrey.

1940 Played in Night Music of Clifford Odets and Liliom of Ferenc Molnar with Ingrid Bergman.

1941 Played in Five Alarm Waltz of Lucille S. Prumbs.

1942 Directed Cafe Crown of H. S. Kraft, The Strings, My Lord; are False of Paul Vincent Carroll, The Skin of our Teeth of Thornton Wilder, with Tallulah Bankhead and Montgomery Clift.

1943 Directed *Harriet* of Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, and *One Touch of Venus* of S. J. Perelman and Ogden Nash.

1944 Directed Jacobowsky and the Colonel of S. N. Behrman, with Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern, Sing Out, Sweet Land of Jean and Walter Kerr with Alfred Drake and Burl Ives.

1945 Directed Deep Are the Roots of Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow, with Barbara Bel Geddes, Dunnigan's Daugher of S. N. Behrman, with Richard Widmark and Luther Adler.

1946 Produced Truckline Cafe of Maxwell Anderson, with Karl Malden and Marlon Brando.

1947 Directed All My Sons of Arthur Miller with Ed Begley and Arthur Kennedy and A Streetcar Named Desire of Tennessee Williams, with Jessica Tandy, Kim Hunter, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Ruby Bond.

1948 Founded the Actor's Studio with Cheryl Crawford then Lee Stras-

1948 Directed Sundown Beach of Bessie Breuer with Nehemiah Persoft and Martin Balsam, Love Life of Alan

Jay Lerner with Nanette Fabray. 1949 Directed *Death of a Salesman* of Arthur Miller with Lee J. Cobb and Cameron Mitchell.

1952 Directed Flight into Egypt of George Tabori with Jo Van Fleet and Paul Lukas; appeared before the House Un-American Activities Committee and cleared himself by denouncing, often with their authorization, his former comrades of the Party.

1953 Directed Camino Real of Tennessee Williams with Eli Wallach, Tea and Sympathy of Robert Anderson with Deborah Kerr and John Kerr.

1955 Directed Cat on a Hot Tin Roof of Tennessee Williams with Barbara Bel Geddes and Ben Gazzara.

1957 Directed The Dark at the Top

of the Stairs of William Inge with Teresa Wright and Pat Hingle.

1958 Directed JB of Archibald Mac-Leish with Christopher Plummer and Raymond Massey.

1959 Directed Sweet Bird of Youth of Tennessee Williams with Paul Newman and Geraldine Page.

1964 Directed After the Fall of Arthur Miller with Barbara Loden and Jason Robards Jr., But For Whom Charlie of S. N. Behrman with Salome Jens and Jason Robards Robards Jr. and The Changeling of Thomas Middleton and William Rowley with Barbara Loden.

This entire section relevant on the one hand to the theater and on the other to Kazan's political activities has been reduced to a minimum. All those who would seek more complete information should refer to the remarkable book on Kazan by Roger Tailleur published by Seghers, Paris (number 36 in the collection Cinema d'aujourd'bui).

#### Cinema

#### I) ROLES

1934 Pie in the Sky of Ralph Stelner. 1940 City for Conquest (Ville Conquise) of Anatole Litvak.

1941 Blues in the Night of Anatole Litvak. (In regard to this film, Elia Kazan had bought the rights to stage it on Broadway, but, not having succeeded in doing so, he then resold them to Warner Brothers.)

Since East of Eden, Elia Kazan has been the producer of all his films. In 1950 he founded his own production company, Newtown Productions Inc. (1545 Broadway, New York 36), of which he was the president and the treasurer, while Floria Lasky was its secretary. Four years later he founded Athena Enterprises Corp. (same address as Newton), of which he is president, while Charles H. Maguire and Floria Lasky are vice president and secretary respectively.

#### II) DIRECTION

1937 The People of the Cumberlands. 20 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producer: Frontier Film. Scenario: Elia Kazan. Photography: Ralph Steiner. Cast: Nonprofessional.

1941 It's Up to You. 2 h. Director: Elia Kazan. Producer: Department of Agriculture. Scenario: Arthur Arent. Music: Earl Robinson. Cast: Helen Tamiris.

1945 A Tree Grows in Brooklyn (Le Lys de Brooklyn). 128 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producer: Louis D. Lighton (20th Century-Fox). Scenario: Tess Slesinger, Frank Davis from the novel of Betty Smith. Photography: Leon Shamroy. Decors: Lyle R. Wheeler, Thomas Little, Frank E. Hughes. Music: Alfred Newman. Editor: Dorothy Spencer. Assistant: Sol Wurtzel. Special Effects: Fred Sersen. Costumes: Bonnie Cashin. Cast: Dorothy McGuire (Kathy Nolan), Joan Blondell (Aunt Sissy), James Dunn

(Johnny Nolan), Lloyd Nolan (Detective McShayne), Peggy Ann Garner (Francie Nolan), Ted Donaldson (Neely Nolan), James Gleason (McGarrity), Ruth Nelson (Miss McDonohough), John Alexander (Steve Edwards), J. Farrell McDonald (Garney), P. S. Pully (Christmas tree salesman), Charles Halton (Mr. Barker), Art Smith (ice cream man), Ferike Bozos (Grandmother Rommely), Lillian Bronson (Librarian), Peter Casanelli (Barber), Adeline de Walt Reynolds (Mrs. Waters), George Medford (Mr. Spencer), Mae Marsh and Edna Jackson (the Tinmore sisters), Vincent Graeff (Henry Gladdis), Susan Lester (Flossie Gladdis), Johnnie Berkes (Mr. Grackenbov), Alec Craig (Warner) Al Bridge (Charlie), Joseph J. Greene (Hassler), Virginia Brissac (Mill Tilford), Harry Harvey Jr. (Herschel), Robert Andersen (Angie), Erskine Sanford (Undertaker), Martha Wentworth (the mother), Francis Pierlot (the priest), Norma Field, George Meader, Al Eben.

1947 Sea of Grass (Le Maitre de la prairie) 131 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Second crew: James C. Havens. Producer: Pandro S. Berman (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). Scenario: Marguerite Roberts, Vincent Lawrence from the novel of Conrad Richter. Photography: Harry Stradling. Decors: Cedric Gibbons, Paul Groesse, Edwin B. Willis, Mildred Griffiths. Music: Herbert Stothart. Editor. Robert J. Kern. Assistant: Sid Sidman. Special effects: A. Arnold Gillespie, Walter Newcombe. Costumes: Walter Plunkett. Cast: Spencer Tracy (Colonel Jim Brewton), Katharine Hepburn (Lutie Cameron), Melvyn Douglas (Brice Chamberlain), Robert Walker (Brock Brewton), Phyllis Thaxter (Sarah Beth Brewton), Edgar Buchanan (Jeff), Harry Carey (Dr. Reid), Ruth Nelson (Selena Hall), Robert Armstrong (Floyd Mc-Curtin), James Bell (Sam Hall), Charles Trowbridge (George Cameron), Russell Hicks (Major Harney), Morris Ankrum (Crane), Robert Barrat (Judge White), William Phipps (Brandy), Trevor Bardette (Andy Boggs). 75 days of shooting.

1947 Boomerang (Boomerang). 88 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producer: Louis de Rochemont for Darryl F. Zanuck (20th Century-Fox). Scenario: Richard Murphy from the article of Anthony Abbott (Fulton Oursler) "The Perfect Case." Photography: Norbert Brodine. Decors: James Basevi, Chester Gore, Thomas Little, Phil D'Esco. Music: David Buttolph, Alfred Newman. Editor: Harmon Jones. Assistant: Tom Dudley. Costumes: Charles Le Madre. Special effects: Fred Sersen. Cast: Dana Andrews (Henry L. Harvey), Jane Wyatt (Mrs. Harvey), Lee J. Cobb (Chief Robinson), Cara Williams (Irene Nelson), Arthur Kennedy (John Waldron), Sam Levene (Woods), Robert Keith (Mc-Greery), Taylor Holmes (Wade), Lester Lonergan (Cary), Lewis Leverett (Whitney), Philip Coolidge (Crossman), Barry Kelley (Sergeant Dugan), Richard Garrick (Mr. Rogers), Edward Begley

(Harris), Karl Malden (Lieut. White), Wyrley Birch (Father Lambert), Joseph Stearn (Rev. Gardiner), Guy Tomajan (Cartucci), Lucia Seger (Mrs. Lukash), Dudley Sadler (Dr. Rainsford), Walter Greaza (Mayor Swayze), Helen Hatch (Miss Manion), Joe Kazan (Mr. Lukash), Ida McGuire (Miss Roberts), George Petrie (O'Shea), Clay Clement (Judge Tate), Ben Lackland (James), Helen Carew (Annie), John Carmody (Callahan), E. J. Ballantine (MacDonald), William Challee (Sonte), Edgar Stehil (Colonel), Jimmy Dobson (Bill), Lawrence Paquin (Sheriff), Bernard Hoffman (Tom), Lee Roberts (Criminal), Pauline Myers (Criminal), Jacob Sandler (Bartender), Herbert Rather (Investigator), Fred Stewart (Graham), Anna Minot (Secretary), Anthony Ross, Bert Freed Royal Beal. 49 days of shooting.

1947 Gentleman's Agreement Mur invisible). 118 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producer: Darryl F. Zanuck (20th Century-Fox). Scenario: Moss Hart, from the story of Laura Z. Hobson. Photography: Arthur Miller. Decors: Lyle R. Wheeler, Mark Lee Kirk, Thomas Little, Paul S. Fox. Music: Alfred Newman. Editor: Harmon Jones. Assistant: Sol Wurtzel. Special effects: Fred Sersen. Costumes: Charles LeMaire, Kay Nelson. Cast: Gregory Peck (Philip Green), Dorothy McGuire (Kathy), John Garfield (Dave), Celeste Holm (Anne), Anne Revere (Mrs. Green), June Havoc (Miss Wales), Albert Dekker (John Minify), Jane Wyatt (Jane), Dean Stockwell (Tommy), Nicholas Joy (Dr. Craigie), Sam Jaffe (Prof. Libermann), Harold Vermilyea (Jordan), Ranson M. Sherman (Bill Payson), Roy Roberts (Calkins), Kathleen Lockhart (Mrs. Minify), Curt Conway (Bert Mc-Anny), John Newland (Bill), Robert Warwick (Weisman), Louise Lorimer

(Miss Miller), Howard Neyley (Tingler),

Victor Kilian (Olsen), Frank Wilcox

(Harry), Merlyn Monk (Employee),

Wilton Graff (Headwaiter), Morgan

Farley (Employee). 65 days of shooting.

1949 Pinky (L'Héritage de la chair). 102 min. Directors: Elia Kazan, John Ford. Producer: Darryl F. Zanuck (20th Century-Fox). Scenario: Philip Dunne and Dudley Nichols from the novel of Cid Ricketts Sumner, Quality. Photography: Joe MacDonald. Decors: Lyle Wheeler, J. Russell Spencer, Thomas Little, Walter M. Scott. Music: Alfred Newman. Editor: Harmon Jones. Assistant: Wingate Smith. Special effects: Fred Sersen. Cameraman: Till Gabbani. Script supervisor: Rose Steinberg. Costumes: Charles LeMaire. Cast: Jeanne Crain (Pinky), Ethel Barrymore (Miss Em), Ethel Waters (Dicey), William Lundigan (Dr. Thomas Adams), Basil Ruysdael (Judge Walker), Kenny Washington (Dr. Canady), Nina Mae McKinney (Rozelia), Griff Barnett (Dr. Joe), Frederick O'Neal (Jake Walters), Evelyn Varden (Melba Wooley), Raymond Greenleaf (Judge Shoreham), Dan Riss (Stanley), William Hansen (Mr. Goolby), Arthur Hunnicutt (Chief of police). Elia Kazan replaced John Ford after ten days of shooting (on the exact reasons for this replacement, see *Positif* No. 79).

1950 Panic in the Streets (Panique dans la rue). 96 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producer: Sol C. Siegel (20th Century-Fox), Scenario: Richard Murphy from the story of Edna and Edward Anhalt. Adaptation: Daniel Fuchs. Photography: Joe MacDonald. Decors: Lyle Wheeler, Maurice Ransford, Thomas Little, Fred J. Rode. Music: Alfred Newman. Editor: Harmon Jones. Assistant: F. E. Johnston. Costumes: Charles Le-Maire, Travilla. Production manager: Joseph Behm. Cameraman: Till Gabbani. Special effects: Fred Sersen. Script supervisor: Stanley Scheuer. Cast: Richard Widmark (Dr. Clinton Reed), Paul Douglas (Captain Warren), Barbara Bel Geddes (Nancy Reed), Walter "Jack' Palance (Blackie), Zero Mostel (Fitch), Dan Riss (Neff), Alexis Minotis (John Mefaris), Guy Thomajan (Poldi), Tommy Cook (Vince), Edward Kennedy (Jordan), T. T. Tsiang (Cook), Lewis Charles (Kochak), Ray Muller (Dubin), Tommy Rettig (Tommy Reed), Lenka Peterson (Jeanette), Pat Walsh (Pat), Paul Hostetler (Dr. Gafney), George Ehmig (Kleber), John Schilleci (Lee), Waldo Pitkin (Ben), Leo Zinser (Sergeant Phelps), Beverly C. Brown (Dr. Mackay), William A. Dean (Cortelyou), H. Waller Fowler Jr. (Major Murray), Red Moad (Wynant), Irvine Vidacovich (Johnston), Val Winter (Commissioner Quinn), Wilson Bourg Jr. (Charlie), Mary Liswood (Mrs. Fitch), Aline Stevens (Rita), Ruth Moore Mathews (Mrs. Dubin), Stanley J. Reyes (Rerfield), Darwin Greenfield (Violet), Emile Meyer (Beauclyde), Herman Cottman (Scott), Al Theriot (Al), Juan Villasana (Hotel proprietor), Robert Dorsen (Coast Guard lieutenant), Henry Mamet (Anson), Tiger Joe Marsh (Bosun), Arthur Tong (Lascar boy).

1952 A Streetcar Named Desire (Un tramway nommé Désir). 122 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producer: Charles K. Feldman (Warner Bros.). Scenario: Tennessee Williams from his play. Adaptation: Oscar Saul. Photography: Harry Stradling. Decors: Richard Day, George James Hopkins. Music: Alex North, Ray Heindorf. Editor: David Weisbart. Assistant: Don Page. Cast: Vivien Leigh (Blanche du Bois), Marlon Brando (Stanley Kowalski), Kim Hunter (Stella), Karl Malden (Mitch), Rudy Bond (Steve), Nick Dennis (Pablo), Peg Hillias (Eunice), Wright King (Collector), Richard Garrick (Doctor), Ann Dere (Nurse), Edna Thomas (Mexican woman), Mickey Kuhn (Sailor).

1952 Viva Zapata! (Viva Zapata!).
113 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producer:
Darryl F. Zanuck (20th Century-Fox).
Scenario: John Steinbeck from the story
of Edgcumb Pichon "Zapata the Unconquered." Photography: Joe MacDonald. Decors: Lyle R. Wheeler, Leland
Fuller, Thomas Little, Claude Carpenter.

Music: Alex North. Editor: Barbara Mc-Lean. Special effects: Fred Sersen. Costumes: Charles LeMaire, Travilla. Cast: Marlon Brando (Emiliano Zapata), Jean Peters (Josefa Espejo), Anthony Quinn (Eufemio Zapata), Joseph Wiseman (Fernando Aguirre), Arnold Moss (Don Nacio), Alan Reed (Pancho Villa), Margo (La soldadera), Harold Gordon (Don Francisco Madero), Lou Gilbert (Pablo), Mildred Dunnock (Senora Espejo), Frank Silvera (Huerta), Nina Varela (Aunt), Florenz Ames (Senor Espejo), Bernie Gozier (Zapatista), Frank de Kova (Colonel Guajarado), Joseph Granby (General Fuentes), Pedro Regas (Innocente), Richard Garrick (old general), Fay Roope (Diaz), Harry Kingston (Don Garcia), Ross Bagdasarian (Officer), Leonard George (Husband), Fernanda Eliscu (Fuentes' wife), Abner Biberman (Captain), Phil Van Zandt (Commanding officer), Lisa Fusaro (Garcia's wife), Belle Mitchell (Nacio's wife), Will Kuluva, Ric Roman (Overseer), Henry Silva (Hernandez). Starting from this date Kazan had full control of the scenarios and the editing of his films.

1952 Man on a Tightrope. 105 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producers: Robert L. Jacks, Gerd Oswald (asst.) (20th Century-Fox). Scenario: Robert Sherwood from the story "International Incident" of Neil Paterson. Photography: George Krause. Decors: Hans H. Kuhnert, Theo Zwirsky. Music: Franz Waxman. Editor: Dorothy Spencer. Assistant: Hans Tost. Costumes: Charles Le-Maire, Ursula Maes. Lyrics: Bert Reisfeld. Cast: Fredric March (Karel Cernik), Gloria Grahame (Jama Cernik), Terry Moore (Tereza Cernik), Cameron Mitchell (Joe Vosdek), Richard Boone (Krofta), Paul Hartman (Jaromir), Pat Henning (Konradin), Alexander d'Arcy (Rudolph), Hansi (Kalka), Dorothea Wieck (the "Duchess"), Adolphe Menjou (Fesker, police commissioner), William Castello (Czech captain), Margaret Slezak (Mrs. Jaromir), Edelweiss Malchin (Vina Konradin), Robert Beatty (Barouic), Philip Kenneally (Sergeant), John Dehner (the "Chief"), Gert Froebe (Czech policeman), Fess Parker (American soldier at the frontier post) and the Brumbach Circus.

1954 On the Waterfront (Sur les quais). 108 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producer: Sam Spiegel (Horizon Film Productions/Columbia). Scenario: Budd Schulberg from his novel and from a series of articles by Malcolm Johnson. Photography: Boris Kaufman. Decors: Richard Day. Music: Leonard Bernstein. Editor: Gene Milford. Assistant: Charles H. Maguire. Cast: Marlon Brando (Terry Malloy), Eva Marie Saint (Edie Doyle), Lee J. Cobb (Johnny Friendly), Karl Malden (Father Barry), Rod Steiger (Charley Malloy), Pat Henning ("Kayo" Dugan), James Westerfield (Big "Mo"), Leif Erickson (Inspector Glover), Tony Galento (Truck), Abe Simon (Barney), Tami Mauriello (Tillio), John Hamilton

("Pop" Doyle), John Heldabrand (Mott), Rudy Bond (Moose), Don Blackman (Luke), Arthur Keegan (Jimmy), Barry Macolum (J.P.), Mike O'Dowd (Specs), Martin Balsam (Gillette), Fred Gwynne (Slim), Thomas Handley (Tommy), Anne Hegira (Mrs. Collins), Rebecca Sands (Stenotypist), "Tiger" Joe Marsh, Pete King and Neil Hines (Three guards who try to control Johnny Friendly), Vince Barbi, Nehemiah Persoff, Joyce Leal.

1955 East of Eden (A l'Est d'Eden) 115 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producer. Elia Kazan (Warner Bros.) Scenario Paul Osborn from the book of John Steinback. Photography: Ted McCord (Warnercolor/Cinemascope). Decors James Basevi, Malcolm Bert, George James Hopkins. Music: Leonard Rosen man. Editor: Owen Marks. Assistants Don Page, Horace Hough. Costumes Anna Hill Johnstone. Color consultant John Hambleton. Dialogue director Thomajan. Cast: Julie Harri Guv (Abra), James Dean (Cal Trask), Ray mond Massey (Adam Trask), Burl Ive (Sam), Richard Davalos (Aron Trask) Jo Van Fleet (Kate), Albert Dekke (Will), Lois Smith (Ann), Harold Gor don (Mr. Albrecht), Timothy Care (Joe), Mario Siletti (Piscora), Lonn Chapman (Roy), Nick Dennis (Rang any).

1956 Baby Doll (La Poupée d chair) 114 min. Director: Elia Kazar Producer: Elia Kazan (Newtown Pro ductions/Warner Bros.) Scenario: Eli Kazan from the plays of Tennessee Wi liams "An Unsatisfactory Meal" an "Twenty-seven Wagons Full of Cotton Photography: Boris Kaufman. Decor Richard and Paul Sylbert. Music: Ker yon Hopkins. Editor: Gene Milford Assistant: Charles H. Maguire. Costume Anna Hill Johnstone, Florence Tran field. Production Manager: Forrest Johnston. Continuity: Roberta Hode Cast: Karl Malden (Archie Lee Meig an), Carroll Baker (Baby Doll Meig an), Eli Wallach (Silva Vaccaro), M dred Dunnock (Aunt Rose Comfort Lonny Chapman (Rock), Eades Hogs sheriff), Noah Williamso (County William Iimmy (Deputy sheriff). (Mayor), John Dudley (Doctor), Ma eline Sherwood (Nurse), Will Lest (Sheriff), "Black" and "Blue" (the ty dogs) and with gatherings of the i habitants of the town of Benoit, M sissippi.

1957 A Face in the Crowd (Ibomme dans la foule). 126 min. Il rector: Elia Kazan. Producer: Elia Kaz (Newtown Productions/Warner Bro Scenario: Budd Schulberg from his sto "Your Arkansas Traveller." Photog phy: Harry Stradling, Gayne Resh Decors: Richard and Paul Sylbert. Is sic: Tom Glazer. Editor: Gene Milfo Cameraman: Saul Midwall assisted James Fitzsimmons. Lyrics: Tom Glaz Budd Schulberg. Assistant: Charles Maguire. Script girl: Roberta Hoo

Costumes: Anna Hill Johnstone. Production manager: George Justin. Women's costumes: Florence Transfield. Special assistant: Charles Irving. Cast: Andy Griffith (Lonesome Rhodes), Patricia Neal (Marcia Jeffries), Anthony Franciosa (Joey Kiley), Walter Matthau (Mel Miller), Lee Remick (Betty Lou Fleckum), Percy Waram (Colonel Hollister), Rod Brasfield (Beanie), Charles Irving (Mr. Luffler), Howard Smith (J. B. Jeffries), Paul McGrath (Macey), Kay Medford (First Mrs. Rhodes), Alexander Kirkland (Jim Collier), Marshall Neilan (Senator Fuller), Big Jeff Bess (Sheriff Hosmer), Henry Sharp (Abe Steiner), P. Jay Sidney (Llewelyn), Eva Vaughan (Mrs. Cooley), Burl Ives (Himself), Bennett Cerf, Faye Emerson, Betty Furness, Virginia Graham, Sam Levenson, John Cameron Swayze, Earl Wilson, Walter Winchell, Mike Wallace, Granny Sense, Harold Jinks, John Dudley and 700 inhabitants of Pigott, Arkansas.

1960 Wild River (Le Fleuve sauvage). 105 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producer: Elia Kazan (20th Century-Fox). Scenario: Paul Osborn from the stories "Mud on the Stars" of William Bradford Huie and "Dunbar's Cove" of Borden Deal. Photography: Ellsworth Fredricks (DeLuxe Color-Cinemascope). Decors: Lyle Wheeler, Herman Blumenthal, Walter M. Scott, Joe Kish. Music: Kenyon Hopkins. Editor: William Reynolds. Assistant: Charles H. Maguire. Costumes: Anna Hill Johnstone. Color

consultant: Leonard Doss. Cast: Montgomery Clift (Chuck Glover), Lee Remick (Carol), Jo Van Fleet (Ella Garth), Albert Salmi (Hank Bailey), Jay C. Flippen (Hamilton Garth), James Westerfield (Cal Garth), Barbara Loden (Betty Jackson), Frank Overton (Walter Clark), Malcolm Atterbury (Sy Moore), James Steakley (Mayor Maynard), Hardwick Stuart (Sheriff Hogue), Robert Earl Jones (Ben), Bruce Dern (Jack Roper).

1961 Splendor in the Grass (La Fièvre dans le sang) 124 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producers: Elia Kazan, William Inge (asst.), Charles H. Maguire (asst.) (Warner Bros./N.B.I. Pictures). Scenario: William Inge. Photography: Boris Kaufman (Technicolor). Decors: Richard Sylbert. Music: David Amram. Editor: Gene Milford. Assistants: Don Kranze, Gene Callahan. Costumes: Anna Hill Johnstone. Choreography: George Tapps. Continuity: Marguerite James. Cast: Natalie Wood (Wilma Dean Loomis), Warren Beatty (Bud Stamper), Pat Hingle (Ace Stamper), Audrey Christie (Mrs. Loomis), Barbara Loden (Ginny Stamper), Zohra Lampert (Angelina), Fred Stewart (Del Loomis), Joanna Ross (Mrs. Stamper), Jan Norris (Juanite Howard), Gary Lockwood (Toots), Sandy Dennis (Kay), Crystal Field (Hazel), Maria Adams (June), Lynn Loring (Carolyn), John McGovern (Doc Smiley), Martine Bartlett (Miss Metcalf), Sean Garrison (Glenn), William Inge (Minister), Charles Robinson

(Johnnie), Phyllis Diller (Texas Guinan), Buster Bailey (old man at the country club), Jake La Motta (Man who brings oysters), Billy Graham and Charlie Norkus (Two boys who fight with Bud at the parking lot).

The film that Bud sees in the theatre is Glorious Betsy (1928) of Alan Crosland, with Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel.

1964 America, America. 174 min. Director: Elia Kazan. Producers: Elia Kazan, Charles H. Maguire (asst.) (Warner Bros./Athena Enterprises Corp.) Scenario: Elia Kazan from his story "America, America." Photography: Haskell Wexler. Decors: Gene Callahan. Music: Manos Hadjidakis. Editor: Dede Allen assisted by Peter Grivas. Costumes: Anna Hill Johnstone. Special effects: Film Opticals Inc. Production assistant: Burt Harris. Lyrics: Nikos Gatsos. Cast: Stathis Giallelis (Stavros Topouzoglou), Frank Wolff (Vartan Damadian), Harry Davis (Isaac Topouzoglou), Elena Karam (Vasso Topouzoglou). Estelle Hemsley (Grandmother Topouzoglou), Gregory Rozakis (Johanness Gardashian), Lou Antonio (Abdul), Salem Ludwig (Odysseus Topouzoglou), John Marley (Garabet), Joanna Frank (Vartuhi), Paul Mann (Aleko Sinnikoglou), Linda Marsh (Thomma Sinnikoglou), Robert H. Harris (Aratoon Kebabian), Katherine Balfour (Sophia Kebabian).

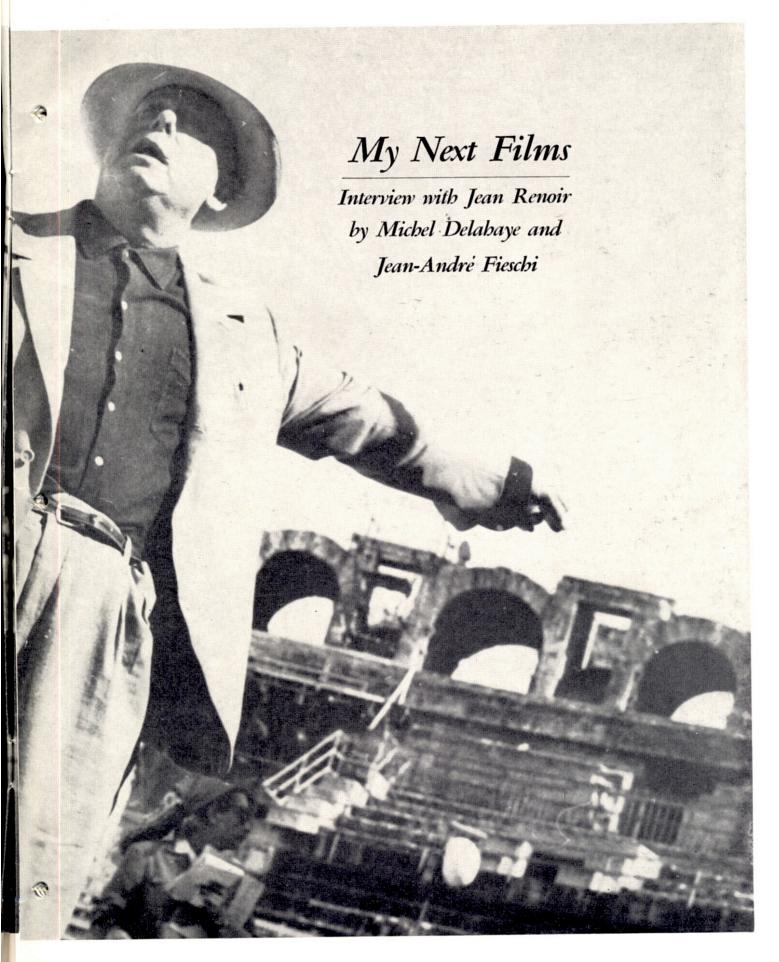
-Patrick BRION



Elia Kazan: Panic in the Streets, Barbara Bel Geddes, Richard Widmark.



Jean Renoir, directing Julius Caesar in the Arena at Arles.



CAHIERS—This film that you are preparing is a series of sketches . . .

JEAN RENOIR—It is a story composed of separate little stories.

CAHIERS—You have never worked in this form before.

RENOIR—I started to once, but I didn't finish. I shot *Une Partie de Campagne* with the idea that its story would take up only one-half or one-third of a movie. And then unfortunately *Une Partie de Campagne* came out somewhat longer than anticipated. This time I hope that I will be able to control myself and to keep my different stories short enough to have them all contained in the film. I have five of them.

CAHIERS—Are they linked to one another?

RENOIR—They are linked to one another, not by a plot, not by mechanical, or technical, or visual means, but quite simply by a general idea. How could I express that idea? Perhaps by quoting a proverb to you—"The jug that goes to the well once too often ends up being broken." And that general idea can be defined thus—from time to time, there are people who have had enough, enough of being persecuted, or bored, or bullied, or scorned, and then, in one way or another, they try to put a stop to it. They revolt.

But my revolts are not necessarily great revolutions. They are small revolts, revolts in a glass of water. However, I have one great one too. In short, there are great and small. It is mixed.

So you see that these stories are linked, but there is no connection properly speaking between each story. No connection, I mean, in the mechanical sense of the word. In any case, I do not foresee one at the moment . . .

But perhaps as I work, the necessity for a mechanical connection will come to me. It's possible . . . I am still working on the script and, until I begin shooting I don't know . . . I do not know because I add a great deal when I shoot. I add, or I cut; in any case, I change. I strongly believe that the true meaning of a film is discovered only as one shoots it, and, sometimes, after one has shot it. In any case, not before. So, now I know that I have the hope of a meaning for this film, the hope that it will mean something, and perhaps even something interesting . . . but I do not know exactly what, since I have not shot the film.

Nevertheless I must start with some framework since cinema is a profession in which material necessities and technical preparation count for a great deal. Indeed, I am compelled to start from a scenario. I have that scenario, but, in that scenario, I do not have connections between the different stories. To be precise, no visible connections. The connections are only connections of ideas.

Each story is self-contained. With different actors, a different atmosphere,

different places, each story exists in itself. When you open a book of tales by Maupassant, for example, the tales are joined together only by the mind of the author. It is a little the same thing here. For the moment I am about at this point. Or perhaps a little bit farther . . . I told you — a vague general idea, which is revolution.

CAHIERS—And behind that idea, what are you going to put?

RENOIR—Revolution . . . You see, that is a word that has perhaps gone out of fashion, but when I was younger, when things seemed turned upside down, it was an expression that was used, and that I used a great deal. For example, we were in the regiment, and the recruits had not swept the room. Then the older men said, "What is this? . . . The recruits haven't swept the room? But it is the revolution!"

CAHIERS-And the actors?

RENOIR—I haven't chosen them yet. The film really doesn't exist yet from a practical point of view. All that I have is this scenario, and I have asked my old partner Braunberger to help me work it out, but it's still not completed. So, the cast of the film, in the present state of affairs, corresponds to my dreams, and not to reality. But, if we want to speak of my dreams, I can tell you that I have one sketch, for example, or rather one little story . . . I do not know why, but I do not like the word sketch. Perhaps I am wrong, but . . . that's a word that says nothing to me. CAHIERS—Let us say short story.

CAHIERS—Let us say short story, then?

RENOIR—Short story, little story, storylet . . . So I have one that I would like very much to see acted by Simone Signoret, I have another that I would want to see acted by Paul Meurisse, and I have another that I would want to see acted by Pierre Olaf and Colette Brosset, I have another that I would want to see acted by Robert Dhéry, and I have another that I would want to see acted by Oskar Werner. Those are very nearly, not the cast, but the dreams. The dreams of a cast.

CAHIERS—What leads you to dream of them?

RENOIR-It seems to me that they would be good in the roles. And then too, it helps me with the roles to think of the actors. It all clicks at the same time. And I believe that it should all click at the same time. You know, that is still my old idea; I mistrust plans terribly. And I believe, I believe as firmly as anyone can that all the inferior aspects of our civilization—which has superior aspects, of course, which has great beauties - I believe that all its petty sides, all that is rotten in this civilization of the twentieth century, comes from the plan. That is what is rotten-the plan. The blueprint. The architect's blueprint. That's why there's no architecture; it's because people make blueprints . .

I believe that great architecture con-





Jean Renoir: Toni (1935), Charles Blavette, Jenny Helia.



Jean Renoir: The Human Beast (1938), Simone, Jean Gabin.

sists in making buildings, and saying to yourself after that - what are we going to do in there? Here, well, we will put the dining room perhaps, it has the pleasant look of a dining room, and then we will put the bedroom at that other place . . . But everything is already built, and little by little everything adapts itself, and matter adapts itself to mind; it combines with it after the event. In other words, vive Sartre, and vive the idea that existence comes before essence! . . .

Oh, yes, I believe very much in that. Because today absolutely everything is foreseen. Just think-I know people who, in a house that is to be built soon, and for which all the plans are made, have a plan completely prepared in advance showing the places to put the armchairs, the straight chairs, and the tables! I find that extraordinary! It comes down to making yourself a framework, in life, but how is life going to enter that framework? It's a destructive framework. But too many things today start off from that - the blueprint. The blueprint plan.

CAHIERS-Will each of your stories operate on a different principle, a different tonality?

RENOIR-I hope that the tone will not be different to the point of giving the impression that each story belongs to a different film. I hope that there will be a unity of style. In any case, I'll do my best to see to that, I'll try. But, aside from that, the meaning of the story. its tone - I mean the particular meaning of each story, within the grand meaning, will be different, I hope.

And the differences can go very far. For instance, I have one story that is quite simply the story of a man's revolt against the electric floor waxer.

He has a wife who loves beautiful floors that really shine, and who waxes. waxes . . . with a fine electric floor waxer. So, he will revolt against the electric waxer. You see, that is not wicked, but note, it is extremely important, because people today are stupefied with household gadgets, with vacuum cleaners and all the rest; it gets into your head, it is abominable. So, there it is - you have here a minor story starting from a thing of that kind.

And I have another story, for example, the one that ends the film, which is a revolt against war. One sees in it people who no longer want to make war, who have had enough . . .

But this film that I would like to make, I would want, also, for it to illustrate something that I believe is very important - that there are no degrees in the events that affect us. Every event is important. Or no event is important. There are no categories, no degrees.

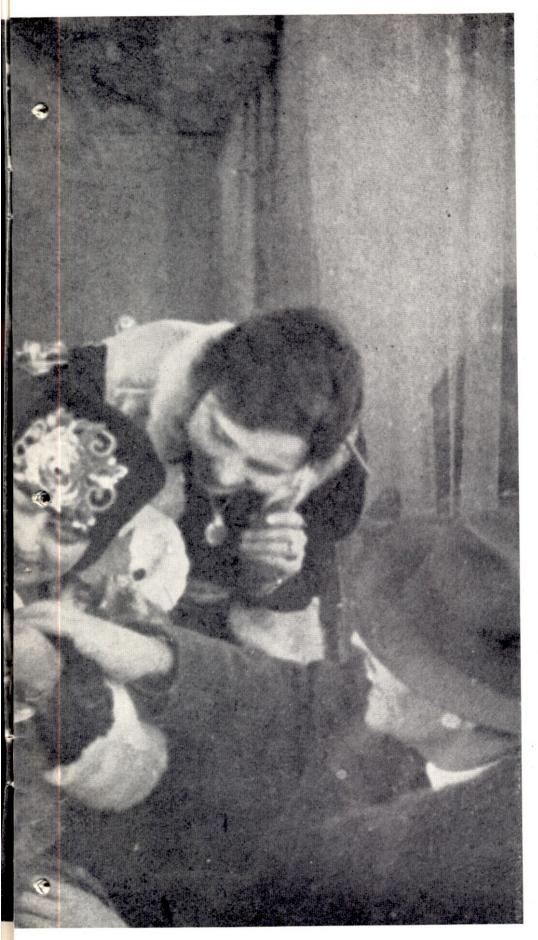
Today's journalists assign importance to events according to the number of people who are affected. People say: such and such an event is important because there were six thousand victims. Very well. But if there is only one vic-



Jean Renoir: Lower Depths (1936), Louis Jouvet, Jean Gabin, Paul Temps, Vladimir Sokoloff.



Jean Renoir: The Little Match Girl (1928).



tim, and I am that victim, the event, with that single victim, is as important to me as the event with six thousand victims is to its six thousand victims. Proportions in quantity, in my opinion, are not so important, and I do not believe in ranks, either. If you will, the death of Einstein is not more important than the death of a Mexican laborer digging ditches in Los Angeles, because to the family of that Mexican ditchdigger, to the people about him, he is equally important. And even perhaps for the equilibrium of the world . . . we know nothing about it; perhaps he will leave a gap as important as Einstein's; one does not know, how do you expect one to judge?

This mania for assigning ranks, for giving numbers — this person is number one, that person is number five . . . I don't believe it is true. Each person is number one, for certain people in a given milieu, in certain circumstances, and then he becomes number five or number one hundred thousand in other circumstances. There are no degrees.

But there are some people who affect to ignore degrees in order "to be democratic." In my opinion, that is equally false. They are the people who say, Oh! Pardon me! that - ditchdigger, is he not? - is more important than that Einstein! . . . It seems to me that there is a kind of demagogic aspect to that judgement that makes it false. For equality is absolute, and suddenly, the ditchdigger can be, in certain circumstances, more important than Einstein, but Einstein will be more important in another realm. Only, what we do not know, is the importance of realms. The realm of the ditchdigger is perhaps more important than the realm of Einstein . . . and yet, I do not think so, for in saying more important, I continue to establish degrees. Let us say — as important . . . or as unimportant.

We forget one thing, that relativity exists not only in time and space. Everything, everything, absolutely everything, is relative. We are surrounded by relative truths, and indeed there are only relative truths; everything depends on the circumstances, on the moment . . . Then, to come back to my little stories, between that of the floor waxer and that of the people who do not want to make war, I rank neither of them above the other. It is always a question of catching life, a certain aspect of life through two moments, differing no doubt, but related all the same. without my wanting to establish a hierarchy within this relationship.

CAHIERS—To catch life — with you that is also to catch in the instant the voice, the sound . . .

RENOIR—Yes, I do not like dubbing, for I still belong to the old school of people who believe in the surprise of life, in the documentary, who believe that one would be wrong to neglect the sigh that a girl utters in spite of herself in such-and-such a circumstance, and



Jean Renoir: Diary of a Chambermaid (1945), Irene Ryan, Paulette Goddard.

which is not reproducible. Or if it is reproducible, it becomes what I said to you a little while ago — it becomes a blueprint; it becomes a plan.

I believe that cinema, and moreover every art, is made of happy chances, in large measure; then obviously there are people who have luck and who find themselves channeling those happy chances more often than others do. But if this chance has been planed and determined by an auteur, in my opinion, that is much less good. The auteur — is he not the fisherman with his line? It is not he who creates the fish, but he knows how to catch it.

Now I believe, you see, that starting from the moment when one must follow an exact plan . . . For dubbing, one is indeed compelled to follow an exact plan. The expressions, the intonations of the voice that one tries to restore during the operation of dubbing, whether that occurs before, in the case of the playback, or whether it occurs afterward - that is a plan, that is a frame, a limited frame in which one cannot move. Note that I believe in the frame, but on condition that those frames be forgotten. For example, in ancient architecture . . . Let us take the case of Greek temples, which are very beautiful. It was very easy, the Greek temples, for the artists who worked on the architecture and on the sculptures of those temples. They did not have to make a plan, given that the plan was the same, for the whole world, and all the time. Thus one had a plan that was so immutable that one ended by forgetting it, and it was as if there were no longer a plan. That plan was modified only for natural causes. Because, for example, there was a rock in the middle of the terrain, which required one to give a certain curve to such-and-such a wall in order to go around that rock; but that was for real causes, it was not the genius of an architect who decided to make a curve because it would be good. In other words, I mistrust my own ideas enormously when I plan, and I mistrust other people's ideas. I have the impression that what we find around us, and especially what other people, what the richness of personality of other human beings brings us, I believe that that is more important than our petty pride of auteur.

CAHIERS—The theme was there. There were only variations . . .

RENOIR—Naturally! And you have the same thing in all music until, let us say, Bach and Vivaldi, and you have the same thing today in music when it is classical, as it is still pursued in many countries, for example in India.

And you have the same thing in literature. La Chanson de Roland was recounted a million times, probably, by a million different troubadours. They were in a frame, which was the frame of La Chanson de Roland, but they were absolutely free, within that genre. And they were auteurs. The gross error to-

day is to believe that the attribute of an *auteur* is due to the invention of the story. I do not believe so. I believe that the attribute of an *auteur* is due to the way in which one recounts the story.

One has an equivalent today: it is the convention of certain American genres like the western. Westerns are good because they always have the same scenario. That fact has helped the quality of the Western enormously. And people very often take to themselves the right to scorn the western because it recounts the same story all the time. In my opinion, that is a virtue, that is an advantage, that is in any case a help.

CAHIERS—On that, and in passing — would you agree with this definition of originality that Bresson gave us the other day — originality is to try to do as everyone does and not to succeed at

RENOIR-Absolutely! That is a very good formula . . . Besides, you can see that, very simply, in clothing. In the clothing of people who say that they are artists, for example. And first that word - "artist." There are people who use that word artist, and who define themselves through it - which is already extremely dangerous - but there are also people who dress as artists. As for me, the artists whom I knew in my youth, about my father, were dressed as petits bourgeois . . . Or else as grands bourgeois when it was M. Degas, who was very rich, but they were not dressed as artists.

CAHIERS—Since it has just been a question of India — James Ivory, who took some of your courses at the University of California, a little overawed at first, but always full of admiration, spoke to us about you. He had India revealed to him through The River, and now he directs Anglo-Indian films, among them the very fine Shakespeare Wallab . . .

RENOIR—Oh! I have heard of him . . . Yes, yes . . . And he is right not to try to make films solely Indian, because I believe that there is a thing too, which comes in spite of itself and does not belong to a plan, and that is, Lord, it is what one is, it is one's own personality, and I believe that it is better to concentrate it on objects that are near one, and that one can absorb readily.

But I will tell you that my courses had no interest.

CAHIERS—Why do you say that? RENOIR—Because I do not believe that one can teach cinema courses. As for me, I believe that the only possible cinema course consists in looking at films . . . What else do you expect? That is the way that one learns to make them, it seems to me. Just as I believe that, for a painter, the only good school consists in looking at paintings, and in saying to himself — "Hold on! I would like very much to do that, but if I did it, I would do it slightly differently."

CAHIERS—Of what did these courses consist?

RENOIR-Well, since most of the boys - or girls - who were there wanted to do mise en scène, I tried to get them to understand my ideas, starting from the direction of the actors. I limited myself to that, almost. And I tried to convince them of the excellence of what people call the Italian method, which you know, certainly, and which Molière practiced, and Shakespeare . . . Louis Jouvet, among others, had actors rehearse that way. It consists in reading the text as one would read the telephone directory, forbidding oneself all expression. One waits for the expression that one will give to a word to come a little in spite of you. It is another struggle against the plan. And from time to time one has fantastic results. An actor who reads a text and who gives a meaning to the text immediately - one is sure that the meaning is false. It is necessarily false, it is necessarily a cliché, it is necessarily a banality, because one is not going to find something original that way, immediately. Then one opens a drawer, one takes out something that one has already used, and one applies it to this line, to this text that one reads. If one forbids onself that, if one rereads, rereads, rereads a text, at some moment, I do not know how it happens, I could not explain it psychologically, at some moment there is a kind of spark that spurts from the actor, or from the actress, and that is sometimes the beginning of the discovery of a role.

So, I had them work that way. We took a text from a book or from some play or other — very short — and, obviously, we replaced the neutral knowledge of the role as a whole by a close study; given that we had a class with limited time, and that therefore we could not do what one does with a troupe that prepares a play, and that can read the text for two months, until the spark about which I was speaking to you a little while ago rises, or flashes, or — what does a spark do? Yes — flashes, shines, spurts . . .

CAHIERS—Have you yourself always practised this method?

RENOIR-Oh! when I could.

CAHIERS—However with actors like Michel Simon . . .

RENOIR—But it was with Simon that I practised it in the first place. And he lent himself to it, and I am even convinced that Simon believes in only that method.

CAHIERS—Do you think that all actors can lend themselves to it?

RENOIR—I believe that actors, the great actors, do not do so on the stage (nor do directors), do not do so during official rehearsals, but I am convinced that the great actor's personal work on a text comes down to that, comes down to absorbing that text, forbidding himself to give it a meaning at the start, basing himself only on the sonority of the words. And note, that is the same as in everything, is it not? One must

wait until the things are built. The things must exist, at least a little, before one discovers the meaning of those things.

CAHIERS—But Ivory had a strong impression that what you were talking

about, through the actors or quite another thing, was the whole of cinema. While saying, too, that it had nothing to do with courses planned in advance.

RENOIR—Well, personally, I could not do anything but unplanned courses,

given what I am and what I think. It is very difficult to teach in a concrete way; so I prefer to base myself on the analysis of that Italian method, in order to start from there on other considerations about cinema in general. Note that



Jean Renoir: The Rules of the Game (1939), Roland Toutain, Jean Renoir.

I went perhaps even too far in that direction, because . . . because there is the famous question of technique, and I wanted to convince those young people that one must scorn technique. If you will — that a camera is made in

order to serve you, and that you are not there to serve the camera. You know, in many productions, the camera is exactly like the god Baal. Yes, the god Baal, to whom one throws little infants. It is entirely that . . . but on the other hand, as there is no absolute truth, one says that, and people are in danger of concluding that one need not know one's *métier* — which is not true, one must know it very well, one must



know it to the depths, in order to be able to forget it.

I believe even - in contradiction to what I said to those students, - that one can even imagine that techniques — being if you will the existence can determine styles, can determine the base, even . . . well, I apologize for repeating a comparison that I have repeated a million times — but it helps me to understand the question - it is the history of impressionist painting. We were arguing about that with friends. and someone put forward this idea that I adopted, and that I keep - that the impressionist adventure is attributable in part to the invention of color in tubes. Before that time, before 1865, let us say, painters' colors were in little pots, in little bowls - which were difficult to carry about. When one had the idea of putting colors in lead tubes, well! one could put those tubes in one's pockets or in a box, carry them about, and go to paint from nature. So, that is, perhaps not the principal reason for the rise of impressionism, but it is one of the reasons that certainly helped the rise of impressionism, a purely technical reason - even purely material, mechanical.

CAHIERS—But when you spoke to those young people, as you said a little while ago, about the way in which it was necessary to scorn technique, did they not have difficulty letting themselves be convinced?

RENOIR—I do not believe so. In any case, for the moment, that went well enough. Because there is something of which I have been convinced for a long time, from a time well before I taught those courses — that is that one convinces no one.

People are convinced not at all by arguments. They are convinced by the sound of a voice. For example, the people who followed Hitler — I am convinced that it was not at all what he told them that convinced them. I am convinced that it was the strange personality of that little fellow.

CAHIERS-The magic side?

RENOIR—The magic side! I believe that conviction is magic. Then people believe that one convinces with arguments, with logical reasons. That is not true. Logic has never convinced anyone. Absolute truth is absolutely invisible.

CAHIERS—And the dialogues of Socrates?

RENOIR—Oh! But I am sure that that is the same thing. The magic side was there. Because Socrates' reasons are excellent, but in reality one can very well, if one enjoys doing so, one can very well reply to them, one can very well oppose them. But I am sure that what there is in what we know of the dialogues of Socrates and which convinces us, is probably a kind of magic in the writing. Besides, there is that with all writers . . . It is by the magic side that one reaches the reasoning side.

That is obviously a paradox, but paradoxes are true. In any case, they have at least as much chance to be true as do logical truths.

This question of technique for technique's sake, it is a formidable question, so people do not dare speak of it.

But I am sure that one convinces no one, - I come back to that, - one always has purely personal arguments. Thus (one must always come back to little things to understand the big ones) one has an argument with a friend, and, truly, one proves to him, but one proves to him that he will be wrong to leave his wife, for he is leaving his wife for a mistress who is absolutely the portrait of his wife - as always happens. Most men who leave a woman do so in order to find again another woman who is exactly the same. Exactly. The appearance is perhaps slightly different, but in reality it is the same woman. I maintain even that a man loves only one woman in his life. That woman presents herself to him under different aspects, there will be ten identities, but it is the same woman. Then why change, is that not so? So one convinces a friend that he is wrong to change in order not to change, and he says to you, yes, you are right, that is true, that is the truth, in effect, all women are the same. He is convinced. Then the next day he leaves his wife. Because the next day he does what he wants to. People convince no one. As for works . . . In America people asked me twenty times "Do you believe that cinema can influence politics?" Then I reply that I believe that cinema can influence customs. But not politics. Cinema can determine a turn of the mind, but cannot initiate action. For example, people have done me the honor of imagining that La Grande Illusion had had a great influence, and they have told me so. I reply - that is not true! La Grande Illusion had no influence, for it was a film against war, and war broke out immediately afterward! But, that movies influence customs - yes. For example, people reproach the world today with being violent. It is obvious that movies can only assist violence, or can only assist gentleness. It is obvious that the literature sprung from the Catharists1 in the Middle Ages, helped give a certain gentleness to the end of the Middle Ages - which was a period of great gentleness. People were not cruel at the end of the Middle Ages; people became cruel when they knew too many things. The Renaissance was cruel. But we have drifted a long way from your ques-

CAHIERS—One last question: have you seen any films lately, in today's cinema, that you think reflect faithfully the customs of our time?

RENOIR—English cinema, in my opinion. I have seen some films in England that I believe reflect the customs of our time and are extremely important. For example, the first film with the Beatles. To me, that is a very important film, which indeed reflects the unconscious desire for change of the English nation.

CAHIERS—But can one obtain a just reflection of a period if one wants to obtain it too deliberately?

RENOIR—I believe that everything at least in that film which is excellent is entirely a chance. It is what we were saying a little while ago; essence is affirmed only by existence. (Interview tape recorded.)

1 Provencal poetry—J.P.



Jean Renoir: The Rules of the Game (1939), Julien Carette, Renoir.

#### Boudu Saved From Drowning

#### by Andrew Sarris

Jean Renoir's Boudu Saved From Drowning is a film of unexpected freshness despite the fact that it has taken 35 years to cross the Atlantic. Looking at Michel Simon's aggravatingly accomplished tramp ("un clochard reussi") bedevil a book-selling benefactor and his household, I was struck by the prefiguration of today's peevish black power-white liberal confrontations. Michel Simon is an irritating actor even on his best behavior, but when his brash Boudu wipes off shoe polish from his hand with milady's bedspread he is well nigh intolerable. Boudu belongs to that incorrigible tribe of troublemakers Shaw described in Pygmalion as the "undeserving poor." They are always with us, these lowly wretches who lack humility, who make too much noise in the streets, who defile our cultural monuments and scrawl obscenities in our temples, who show disrespect to upper and middle class humani-

Boudu himself goes so far as to spit into a book of Balzac. When a customer asks for a first edition of Les Fleurs du mal, Boudu answers that the shop sells books, not flowers. Later when he is scolded for spitting on Balzac, Boudu can't remember any bloke by that name. Hopeless. Simon-Boudu reveals no redeeming qualities. None whatsoever. Yet after he has drawn a winning lottery ticket and married the maid and set down the river to respectability wih a silk topper, he reaches out of the rowboat to pick a water lily and overturns his entire middle-class existence in one motion. He floats in the womb of the river downstream until he reaches a point on the shore from whence he can find his road. He passes a scarecrow and pulls it over the fence for its old clothes, and in the process props it across his back like a cross, but only for an awkward instant. Renoir never milks his effects. His exquisite evocations float across the screen like forgotten features of the landscape. A full appreciation of Boudu depends to some extent on an appreciation of Renoir's total career as a river of personal expression. It helps also to remember the '30s when bands used to play in outdoor casinos and young girls in long dresses would lean on the bandstand in the shimmering sunlight. The sky was not yet the menacing realm of air raiders, and people went to the country and believed naively in Nature, and no one really expected a lasting Depression. This was the world of my parents, and I can still remember them venturing out in their Pierce Arrow Touring Car to go dancing, and I can even remember

the rotogravure section in the Sunday papers, and the long, slim silhouettes of the international fashions. evokes these childhood memories with just one or two shots of a destination Boudu will never reach since Boudu is less a character than a bundle of impulses forbidden to the bourgeoisie. Freedom, earthiness, ifresponsibility, even impulsiveness itself are denied to people and classes that yearn for or settle for mere respectability. But ultimately there is no dramatic conflict between Boudu and his benefactors. They are all part of Renoir, part of his joyful sadness, part of the feeling he existence in a matter-of-fact manner. There is little in his shot sequencing of what aestheticians like to call dynamic progression. Boudu meanders along like its eponymous protagonist, indeed like the shaggy dog and soulmate Boudu loses at the beginning of the movie and never finds. There is no sense of urgency in Renoir's style, no tricks of tension, only an insistent inevitability that engulfs all the gags and irritations and beauties. Even back in 1932 Renoir was beyond mere technique. His camera simply breathes with life. His compositions flow across abstract space into behavioral reality. When Michel Simon sprawls across a table, the entire screen seems to stretch to accommodate the physical release. Many scenes seem to go on too long. A minute here, a minute there, Renoir waiting all the while for his creatures to finish their business. Then at the end, a feeling of poignancy, a stab of



Jean Renoir: Boudu Saved From Drowning, Michel Simon.

expresses so lyrically about the irreconcilability of life's choices.

Boudu documents the Paris Left Bank of 1932, that is literally the left bank of a wet river in which people may drown and from which they may be saved and on which they may find the current of their life. Boudu is saved from drowning much like Cabiria in Fellini's chronicle of loneliness and despair. The time and place are entirely different. Chilling Roman indifference in the '50s can be contrasted with warming Parisian camaraderie in the '30s. Renoir's Paris is the Paris of class distinctions and bookish habits and corrupt gendarmes and fraternal feelings and rabid individualisms.

Renoir records these paradoxes of co-

pain, a realization of loss. And all with a tinkling tune and a gallant smile. Not to mention the Pipes of Pan, the presumptions of Priapus, the early variation of Vittorio de Sica's maxim that the only drama of the middle class is adultery. Renoir demonstrates that the only farce of the bourgeoisie is hypocrisy which applies equally to adultery and charity.

By most standards, Boudu is a minor work in Renoir's career, but even the minor works of great artists contain great truths. The reiterated truth of Boudu is that Renoir will always sacrifice form for truth, and that though his films may be disconcerting experiences to others, they are never dishonest expressions of his own vision of life.

Ernst Lubitsch in 1935.

#### Chez Ernst

#### by Jean-Georges Auriol

The rococo drawing-rooms of Ernst Lubitsch. How he would have rejoiced had he seen how everyone relished the sumptuous fare served in them. One could be sure to dine perfectly at "Ernst's," and the epicure was sure to find the same afavorite sauces and garnishes.

The service was always meticulous at "Ernst's," the proprietor correcting with a murmur the manner of one of his staff if his usual urbanity were about to slip into mere obsequiousness or his good humor into impertinence. A man could take his mistress to supper at "Ernst's' and see his wife there without the slightest chance of a scandal. Ernst could transform such a difficulty, or even possible sensation, into a slightly audacious farce. And Lubitsch's subtle handling of such a situation would cause some celebrities who were enjoying themselves in his establishment to say, "Ernst (the French usually called him Ernst) why on earth didn't you take up a diplomatic career? You would have made a first-class Ambassador.'

Ernst would smile gratefully, without speaking at first, so that the gentleman would be overcome by his own compliment, which always seemed insolent in retrospect; then he would offer some champagne from his private stock to the Countess (or the Ambassador's wife or whoever it might be) delighted to be able to steal with his glowing look an answering one which said "What a major-domo he would be for me!" and "I could even sleep with him . . .!" So it is for her that he explains finally, in order not to offend such illustrious clients:

"To each his calling. I am only an artist . . ." — letting it be understood: If I were not who I am, nor where I am, how would you spend your evenings when you are in Vienna, Budapest, or even in Paris? . . . in short, somewhere in a still preserved corner of old Europe, in some glittering establishment whose walls are covered with photographs of all the Royal Families of the era.

He was a great middle-class liberal, in fact, a self-made man — stout, nervous, jovial, although perhaps less stout than anything else. Born into the lower middle-class, he despised neither peasant nor working-man nor the petty clerk that he had himself once been; he understood only that everyone should dress in his Sunday best to come to see his films before going off to dance at a family party or as fortune decreed, in pairs. Lubitsch came just in time to portray the brilliance of a society threatened with disappearance because it was

no longer cared for, and hence, no longer defended. He adored it, and because of him we can sigh for the return of that world which seems to us flamboyant and artificial, although attractive, comfortable and gracious. The world which he portrays in such shimmering colors which are not necessarily more false than the severe dust-grey of our ruined age; a world that we can always study in his comedies with the satisfaction of finding its real inhabitants, whether they be absurd, enviable or charming.

For charm, in the hazy and delightful sense which this word has when used conversationally, was one of Lubitsch's secrets. This little Berliner with strongly-marked, almost Oriental, features, whose eyes flashed darkly and as animatedly as did all his movements, was basically self-centered and sensual, but he commanded obedience because he was kindly, always ready to help others, and to show satisfaction and even admiration when required: he was all the more impulsive and enthusiastic as nobody had ever outwitted him. He knew so well how to surround himself with the right friends that it was believed that he himself brought good luck.

Lubitsch's first little theatre was his father's shop, where he learned to observe and criticize mankind, at least on the surface, and to make fun of what he regarded as grown-up child's play. On leaving school he studied acting with the classical actor Victor Arnold, who persuaded him to enter the "Deutches Theater" where Max Reinhardt gave him comic roles in his ballet pantomimes. It was again through Arnold that he was able to make his debut at the Ufa as early as

The third person to have a beneficial influence on his career was Pola Negri. Was it he who made the fortune of this dreamy Polish woman, endowed her with the passionate temperament of an Italian diva, with her mass of brown hair, her feverish eyes and, moreover, something peasant-like and voracious in her narrow face with its radiant lips? Or perhaps, as this village girl, who became a modern Venus, claims it was she who "discovered" him. Undoubtedly they brought each other good fortune. Hollywood met them separately, having first been astonished by the sensational production of "Du Barry," but they were reunited shortly afterward, and Pola profited from following the trail which Ernst had blazed in America. This trail of success was marked out for temples of love which were to be occupied by heroines of differing types, but they were always "Continental": for Lubitsch's women were never "Yankee".

When the American producers had persuaded him to come, and then encouraged him to stay in their studios, Ernst did not know how best to serve them, but they knew that he was indispensable for creating a new product. Thus did Louis XIV invite the Dutch cloth-makers to France, installing them and making them French citizens, as Francis I had earlier attracted great Italian artists to France.

Perhaps Lubitsch was bewitched by America, as were many Europeans after the First World War, but it is clear that he went there with the clear idea of enlarging his horizons. One can guess at the many conversations with his script-writer Hans Kraly, and with other friends whom he took to Hollywood, or who followed him there. There had to be an American cinema slightly different from that which even the Americans thought best, for on the one hand Americans consider those virtues for which we envy them bad, and on the other hand they praise many of our vices, owing, undoubtedly, to the optical effects on the mind resulting from removal from environment - effects which explain for instance the seemingly inordinate success of The Baker's Wife in the United States while most Americans smile indulgently at our admiration for Chaplin, Stroheim, Langdon, Welles and other artists who seem mediocre or even failures to them.

In support of this theory and in order to study the relationship between Lubitsch and the people of the New World, we shall quote passages from an interview held by the journalist and writer Jim Tully (Vanity Fair, Dec., 1926) at a time when the success of the German director was not yet assured. Having recalled Lubitsch's Berlin career to him, Tully reports a conversation in the course of which he asked:

—Mr. Lubitsch, why are you satisfied with making comedies when your public is waiting for you to make another *Du Barry*?

—Ah, he said, wasn't Moliere satisfied with writing comedies?

—Yes, but Moliere is a different mat-

Lubitsch shrugged his shoulders,

—But Chaplin is a genius . . . and he plays comedies.

—Chaplin is only a very clever mime, I replied, and it is difficult to compare him to Moliere.

Lubitsch was overcome with indignation to hear such apparent blasphemies. He began to gesticulate, crying—

Woman of Paris . . . Woman of Paris is a masterpiece! And such genius!

—A good story, like so many others, that's all, I said. Lubitsch was silent. We obviously didn't speak the same

language. At least, still wildly gesticulating, he began-

—But the way it is made . . . the manner in which he treats his subject!

—Don't let us discuss Chaplin any longer, Mr. Lubitsch, but you. You remind me of a novelist who is capable of writing novels, but who contents himself with scribbling clever and mediocre novelettes.

This pronouncement exasperated Lubitsch so much that he threw his hands into the air. 'Quiet!' he yelled.

"Afterwards, Lubitsch told me that he really took Woman of Paris seriously, but I must add, that he rated that boorish Charles Ray as one of the greatest artists of the screen . . ."

Disappointed by this approval of American films, Tully considers that, God for being able to live in a world where one could find happiness by means of a little good-will.

Capra, the idealist, is reproached often enough for his "simplistic ethics" and for the fact that he enjoins love of living more with seriousness than humor. But it would be childish, unjust, and even barbarous to reproach this Arabian story-teller by comparing him to the Western Lubitsch who makes his public laugh so frivolously. To assume this attitude, a judge would have to pronounce judgment from high on a steel platform, whose composition would remain a secret at present. One must remember, however, the comical fall of Chaplin's two dictators who rashly wanted to raise themselves in their shabby mechanical chairs at the



Ernst Lubitsch: To Be or Not to Be, Carole Lombard.

instead of profiting from his exceptional position in Hollywood "to become a great man or a modern prophet, he was satisfied with making films to dazzle critics and sophisticated housemaids."

In support of the belief that there are "few people of any great quality among film producers" and that "for the cinema a genius must double as a businessman," Tully points out that Lubitsch was not anxious to film Theodore Dreiser's American Tragedy and preferred to direct a film entitled Here's Paris, thus choosing "to become an ordinary businessman, like his father, rather than a great artist."

It was yet another German (for Dreiser, too, was of German extraction), Josef von Sternberg, who finally in 1931 did make An American Tragedy, based on a scenario which unfortunately was both over-sentimental and lacking in sufficient conviction to affect or excite the public. But I doubt whether Lubitsch himself could have digested the harshness of the "Yankee jungle," because he decided at an early age to banish harshness from his work. He could not stare for long into the unfathomable depths which Stroheim scanned with such pleasure, without feeling dizzy. He had resolved to chase all bitterness from the eyes of his

This Jewish connoisseur was sufficiently Christian to be able to thank barber's.

I am one of the audience, and I want to know: who is there now to give us light musical comedy and other crisp desserts on fantastical dreams? But I am also a film-maker, and my answer is that Preston Sturges' inflammable oilwells have not quite dried up, and there are several pretenders to the throne of the Great Entertainer: a Mitchell Leisen may have certain rights to a crown which is rather too heavy for him, and a George Cukor or a Billy Wilder, who certainly possess charm, are attracted by other titles. There remains Mankiewicz, the part author of the script of Citizen Kane and the intelligent creator of The Ghost and Mrs. Muir, or even newcomers...

How can a child who cries at the end of the summer holidays be comforted? He can be told that another summer will come, which will be equally wonderful. But he cries even more at this, not knowing how to explain that they won't be the same holidays, and that he won't be the same child again. Certainly Lubitsch's public is as sentimental as this child; and it knows quite well that *Ernst's* is closed on account of death. This particular restaurant will never be open again.

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Translated by Ingrid Burke, Melbourne Film Journal.



François Truffaut: Fahrenheit 451, Oskar Werner at home with the book-people.

Fabrenbeit 451, English film in Technicolor of François Truffaut. Scenario: François Truffaut and Jean-Louis Richard, from the novel of Ray Bradbury. Additional dialogue: David Rudkin and Helen Scott. Photography: Nicholas Roeg, Cameraman: Alex Thomson. Music: Bernard Herrmann. Artistic collaboration: Tony Walton and Yvonne Blake. Decors: Syd Cain. Costumes: Tony Walton. Assistant to Truffaut: Suzanne Schiffman. Assistant director: Bryan Coates. Special effects: Bowie Films Ltd., Rank Films. Processing Division

Charles Staffel. Sound: Bob McPhee and Gordon McCallum. Editor: Thom Noble. Cast: Oskar Werner (Montag), Julie Christie (Linda and Clarissa), Cyril Cusack (the captain), Anton Diffring (Fabian), Jeremy Spenser (the man with the apple), Bee Duffell (the old lady who brings about her own burning), Gillian Lewis (the girl on television), Anne Bell (Doris), Caroline Hunt (Helen), Anna Palk (Jackie), Roma Milne (the neighbor), Arthur Cox and Eric Mason (the first and the second orderly), Noel Davis and Donald Pick-

ering (the first and the second television announcer), Michael Mundell (student fireman Stoneman), Chris Williams (student fireman Black), Gillian Aldam (judo performer on television), Edward Kaye (judo performer on television), Mark Lester and Kevin Elder (the first and the second little boy), Joan Francis (telephone operator at the bar), Tom Watson (sergeant instructor); and the book people: Alex Scott (Life of Henry Brulard), Dennis Gilmore (The Martian Chronicles), Fred Cox and Frank Cox (Pride and Prejudice),



Michael Balfour (The Prince, by Machiavelli), Judith Drynan (The Dialogues of Plato), David Glover (Pickwick Papers), Yvonne Blake (The Jewish Question), John Rae (The Weir of Herminston), Earl Younger (The Weir of Herminston's grandson). Director of Production: Ian Lewis. Executive Producers: Lewis M. Allen and Jane C. Nusbaum. Associate producer: Mickey Delamar. Producer: Vineyard Films Ltd., 1966. Distributor: Universal. Length: 1 hr. 50 min.

#### The Auteur, the Masks, the Other

Fabrenbeit is first a series of refusals; that, for example, the most obvious but not the most categorical, of the rules of the game of science fiction or of the fantastic; refusal of all facility, to begin with the conveniences of expression most currently accepted, and with the most elementary dramatic motives: notably absent from Fabrenbeit are love, and all intense feelings, all deep emotions except one — and this exception is not by chance — fear.

One must be astonished at this asceticism, this penury of psychological motivations and of dramatic motives, too systematic not to be the effect of a decision, too striking not to be the very principle of the film. The first result of this principle of privation which reduces the characters to their simplest theoretical expression, refusing them all depth and complexity, as it reduces the dramatic unfolding of the film to a pure logical sequence of causes and effects - is to forbid all interchange, relationship, language other than strictly functional and utilitarian among the characters; to empty the dialogue of all substance, of all dramatic space in which fictions and dreams might weave themselves, to forbid words to be bearers of mystery, to contain them, on the contrary, within their prosaic, useful meanings. And so the dialogue of Fabrenheit has no fear of banality or of platitude; it informs, but keeps itself from forming links among the characters, from anchoring their reality or their credibility, from grounding, beyond their actions, their existence. The protagonists of Fahrenheit are exiles from language; they do not have the refuge of flight into words, the help of confession or explanation; moreover, they are dead men walking; they have the status of shadows, of images, of contours without living flesh. Privation of language is privation of reality, and such is the first wager of Fahrenbeit: to film these anti-hero heroes, to give just enough presence to these phantoms, but not too much, to keep these zombies ceaselessly on the border of being and nothingness, in an interworld of fleeting appearances, without the slightest reference points or motives, wandering souls, ideas of characters rather than really characters. Halfmeasure, subtlety, to which cinema has an aversion and where it scarcely ventures; the natural inclination of the image and of the sound is toward too much reality. To renounce the richness and the comforts of the word, is in the same stroke to reduce the image to its skeleton and to amputate cinema of a

living and vital part of itself. Defiance almost absurd, and all the more noble. To film the death of words, their derisory twilight eddy after their bleeding conflagrations, flying words of ashes in the mouths of phantoms, is to ask almost the impossible of cinema, to constrain it to an abstraction against nature; to disincarnate its characters in place of incarnating them, to renounce with language the very reality of the image, to deny oneself, at the same time as the strength given by words, all that they shelter and from which cinema ordinarily draws: dramas, hopes, fictions, plots, dreams . . .

Just as the protagonists of Fahrenbeit 451 are outside the time of language, in the same way the fiction of the film is outside the time of novels. Montag or Linda, the Captain or Clarissa, are "characters" if you will, but coming after the last characters, after the last protagonists of novels or fables; in the same way the fiction of Fabrenbeit is foreign to, coming after, all fiction, drama, plot, or culture. That is the second defiance of Fahrenheit: to assume that a clean sweep be made of all that on which precisely films are grounded, characters, fictions, language, dramatic laws.

This clean sweep, completely theoretical, but which constitutes the very principle of the film, this abstraction at the start, wager and obstacle, could only bind Truffaut as director to a total naiveté, a total trust in the image, alone and bare, on one hand, in logic and common sense on the other; it was a matter of causing characters dispossessed of language to speak - as if for the first time; of establishing between them relationships newly invented and innocent of every dramatic reference; of putting - as if for the first time - a book between their hands, a page under their eyes; it was necessary to cause them to discover, all at the same time, books, language, and life. Fahrenheit is indeed the story of a creation starting from nothingness: even to the last images. Montag and Clarissa, Montag and Linda, do not love each other; they cannot love each other without language, any more than they can exist. At the end of Fahrenheit, they recover a part of culture, that is to say the very possibility of understanding each other, of knowing each other, of loving each other. All other films begin there. But the severe beauty of Fahrenheit does not leave room for this hope; the difficult gestation of the first man and of the first woman will blossom only in

madness - in the alienation of culture.

Fahrenheit is made entirely of such comings and goings from one extreme to the other: from nature to culture, from narcissism to otherness, from the familiar to the strange, from innocence to perversity; it could seem the least personal of the films of Truffaut; yet it is (and perhaps for that very reason)

the one that best informs us about his creative proceeding; this strange need to accumulate obstacles, to make stupid bets, to prepare, even before making the film and precisely in order best to make it, every impossibility. This passion to start from the most remote to come to the nearest, this noble passion to deny cinema its more common strengths in

order to require of it greater miracles, this exemplary courage to seek the greatest difficulty, have perhaps no other secret, no other motive, than fear, that holy fear of disappointing the other, and first of all that most exacting other that each person is to himself.

-Jean-Louis COMOLLI

#### The Paradox of Communication

Distancing itself forever from the solitude and derision of tragic heroes, those rotters, *Fahrenheit* is the film of communication in its contradictory aspects. Betrayal or encounter, image or writing, speech or silence, the film transmits itself within itself, in a closed space. For the first time in the work of Truffaut, everything is denied the ordinary spectator. In war, one exerts oneself to communicate with one's own, and not with the enemy — here, the spectator. *Fahrenheit* is a spectacle, and communication is within itself.

But it is also a deeply personal film, like the discernible path that the hero climbs. Come from the low spheres of Mechanics, torn from an order and delivered over to a disorder, he suffers to pass the toll gate and to transmit the message. Culture is an asceticism. Since the subject of the film is communication, it does not communicate with the spectator; since one of the themes of the film is the message, one must suppose that it will not yield a message. Fabrenheit is a slow film, like the reading of a strange text that grows clearer in the measure of its very communication, of that tissue of communications, of that struggle against words in the dialogue repeated with an unseemliness that is completed on the other side of the bridge, in the kingdom of the accused, in the land of Vigilance.

Spectacle-film and deeply personal film, can Fahrenheit be both together?

Everything there is hidden in the form, and yet this "everything" is deeply personal, since at the end it is a question of communion in matter itself. Fire is the extreme frontier of communication; it breathes to the words their last impulse (message or lie) in making them disappear slowly and marvelously from Space. Then they have no longer for refuge anything but Thought or Speech. Fire obliterates the perceptible appearance of the words, but memory keeps within itself what matter has lost. Is this unjustly selective memory a wink at the excesses of specialization, or the sign of a nostalgia for the general cultivation of the bonnête bomme? Is the lost age of Culture accusing image and visual communication of imposture? No, for the madmen reciting their books in their entrenched camp, pacing back and forth in front of the camera, are as ridiculous as the chief of the firemen, his mute second in command, or Mrs. Montag. Perhaps it is that civilization is done for, and that the torments of the old lady (Jeanne) dying with dignity on the pyre of her culture point to another world, like the escape of Léaud in The Four Hundred Blows and the discovery of the Sea - a country that one shows only at the end as the sign of a hope.

People were expecting a didactic film, in the last resort a pamphlet—which is contrary to Truffaut's esthetics. Fabrenbeit is a film of despair, like Pierrot

le fou, but with a kind of formal coldness, as if the vertigo of another time, of another country, of another language, and of color had given the son of Jean Renoir the feeling of a betrayal. Henri Adam wrote the other day from New York: "Ford is maybe not bad, but I have just seen Jules et Jim again: Truffaut the great!" No doubt he will be disappointed by a first seeing of Fahrenheit, filmed in his language and in an imaginary country that looks very like his. Will he find again the tenderness and the music of Truffaut? One must pay attention to the gaze of Julie Christie when, finding Montag again, she leaves him to go to the land of the sons of the Word. There is the refuge of an entire sensibility jeered at by the color and the stiffness of the red fire truck.

So communication finishes here, but beyond the classicism the enchantment remains, and springs again heightened from the attempt of an unaccustomed severity. Fabrenheit is a cruelly beautiful film; it is the film of defeat, of futility, and of unsatisfaction. Because Culture cannot have a refuge outside history, Fabrenheit is the film of communication lost or at least shaken. Is the little boy going to remember the text learned from the mouth of the dying grandfather? He falters. The words return. One is reassured - but only half reassured - as to the fate -Paul-Louis MARTIN of Culture.

#### The Fall to the Ceiling

Fabrenbeit is a film too this, too that

—. Too burning or too cold; too realist or too unrealist; too distanced or too the contrary; and too English, of course, or too French, it all depends. What to do with Fabrenbeit? I suggest, first, obviously: see it. Then I refer to Comolli, who sets forth above the motivating ideas of the question, to which I add these remarks in completion.

To begin: it is a noble thing that this is a film executed by being torn away. I mean, first, torn away from circumstances, from a climate (commercial, notably), that scarcely lent themselves to it; and then, as for the story itself, torn away from Bradbury's rather thin

parable, in which a form dating from the deluge kept constantly drowning the potential fire of the events. That is the Great Work of Truffaut, his having succeeded in heightening the voltage of the film, from big details to little details, nourishing, fecundating, themselves from the atmosphere of our time, and of some other times of pre- or of posthistory.

Thus, from handlings to manipulations, challenge after challenge, patiently elaborated, concocted, Truffaut makes himself artisan, architect, and artist, a kind of Anglo-Japanese Lenôtre who would introduce into gardens in the French style the bifurcations of a Borges; or a Boulle of montage who would have learned inlaid work from Hitchcock the better to conceal his secrets in *tiroirs*. And since Hitchcock there is, a shadow on whom some people nourish their doubts, let us recall that, by medieval tradition, the journeyman, before undertaking his masterpiece, must choose himself a *patron*, spiritual master and practising master, who will initiate him into some *trouvailles* and secrets of the *mêtier*, on the responsibility of the student, in the execution of his work of mastership, to

<sup>1)</sup> Word with two meanings: plot episodes; drawers in a piece of furniture—J.P.

respect them and to go beyond them in order to draw from them something else.

That our journeyman, to realize his masterwork, had to make a circuit of France that ended in Great Britain, is no doubt an infringement of custom for which purists will reproach him; but the matter can be justified if one reflects that our two countries, from the Hundred Years' War to the Entente cordiale, were closely united realms, even if Jeanne d'Arc in flames remains, the proof of some divergences between us. But were those divergences so great? Let us not forget that all the French intelligentsia of the time, lay or religious, collaborated in the elimination of the strange druidess, book-person who, up to and including her trial, did not stop revealing a very incongruous knowledge. And, to return to the England of today, or of tomorrow, let us observe that, because the film unfolds in an Anglo-Saxon country (and that verifies the soundness of Truffaut's other idea - which was to make it in America), its significance finds itself reinforced. For we cannot fail to feel the contrast that establishes itself between the totalitarianism described there and what we know of the deeply democratic customs of those countries. Moreover, that is the same contrast that is again reinforced by George Orwell's admirable 1984, without forgetting the recent It Happened Here.

If from contrast I pass to contradiction, from that time I emphasize the fact that, more generally, all the work of Truffaut implies or employs a reversal of norms. Thus, one can think that Truffaut was excited from the start by the possibility of carrying out, in his film, amusing inversions, of the type "Mother! The firemen! There is going to be a fire!" And that responds deeply to his manner of creation, which is, one might say, of a dyslexic type that way of transcribing the world as if the other side of the looking glass were even here, and that one observes in the writing or in the drawing of certain children, or in reflections of the type "Mother! There is a hole in the ceiling! Take care not to fall into it!"

Here let us point out that Jules et Jim, from small things to great (beginning with Jeanne dressing as Jules), was entirely made of figures, positions, situations, that underwent formal inversions of this type. Now, in its very genesis, Fahrenheit derives indeed from a series of reversals, since it is the work of one who scorns science fiction, who started from a science fiction premise, to direct, in an anti-science fiction manner, a film that finally rejoins science fiction (happy result - the ball, each time that it is flung, strikes the glass wall of reflection, where it finds the reasons for its rebound). One can verify, too, in the fate of the work, that the world comes to it in the manner in which it goes to the world - that of specular inversion. Thus, it is enough

for Truffaut to show black guards who set fires from right to left, to contradict him chromatically and directionally by establishing red guards. That permits us, too, to verify to what degree reality is poorer than fiction, since the red-black opposition created by Truffaut is infinitely richer than the red-on-red obtained by Mao. Between the two, the red-brown opposition of the Hitlerians of not long ago realized a marriage of colors on the whole passable.

Besides, even as the Comment Savoir of Jutra (who, with A tout prendre, filmed his Quatre cents coups), Fabrenbeit too is a didactic film, equally a film on education; both have as their aim to show how culture can be continued: past books, with Jutra, by electronics - whence book-machines; on the other side of books, with Truffaut by memory — whence book-people. In both cases, starting from books. Here we grasp all the disparity that there is between these book-people in the manner of Truffaut and those other book-people (bards, sorcerers, or magistri) who were (or who are, in certain parallel worlds) those who in a civilization without written records, received orally and transmitted in the same way, the learning of their people. The difference is that these men of a time before books could assimilate ALL the learning of their civilization, while those who came after books (how could one retain ALL of what the book has transmitted? How could one ignore or forget henceforth books as a means of transmission?) can retain only a fragment of it, necessarily inherited from printed paper. That to reply to a false piece of information recently diffused. Another point: Fahrenheit is equally, although distantly, autobiographical, in that it tells, like Young Cassidy (see Ford issue to be published) the accession to culture of people who have been ejected from it. The difference is, that in the England of O'Casey or the France of 1966, they are ejected from it by an Elite that is pro-culture; in the England of 451, by an anti-cultural Elite. In any case, the result is the same, and the struggle is situated on the same level. In any case, facing the elite who everywhere and always claim to make the law, it is the common people who (deciding to reject what "they" want to make them keep or to keep what "they" want to make them reject) incarnate the resistance of the Spirit.

And now, how does Fahrenheit situate itself in relation to the cinema? That is hard to explain. Let us say that, at the juncture of the spirit of childhood and of unbridled intellectualism, Truffaut has realized a game of construction that bolts unanswerable logic to a parallel reverie, and that succeeds in slapping the proponents of classicism and of modernism, of realism and of the fantastic, of the old and of the new cinema. A film in any case aberrant in relation to catalogued norms. However, the norms are there, and each of them respects the rule of its game. No matter - one still says to oneself that something is out of joint. And that is true, almost to this extent, that EVERYTHING is out of joint. But one can illustrate that only by another science fiction story. That of the man who, to make a long journey, has himself disintegrated here, then reintegrated there. Now, there, it is indeed the same man whom one obtains; the machine has recomposed the atoms quite wellexcept that, the operation having been carried out by a method of reflection, it is a man in a way reversed. In short, to within this detail in which he is different, he is the same. Thus with Fahrenheit, which permits you always to reply, whatever people say to you about it - "Yes, you are right, except that you are wrong." -Michel DELAHAYE



Francois Truffaut: Fahrenheit 451, Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

#### Editor's Eyrie

#### by Andrew Sarris

The results of the Readers' Poll sponsored by Cahiers du Cinema in English, The Village Voice and WBAI-Films in Focus are given below. The results appeared originally in the Village Voice of March 2, 1967. Next month we will present the ten-best lists of the French critics and film-makers. At this point in the polemical year with Robert Bresson's Au Hasard, Balthazar still searching for a regular American release, with Welles' Falstaff or Chimes at Midnight and Chaplin's Countess from Hong Kong bombarded by the daily reviewers, the battle is too hot and heavy for lingering glances at ten-best lists of 1966. 1967 is upon us, and the Philistines are in full battle array. We at Cahiers du Cinema in English have just begun to fight — and write. For the record, therefore, here are the reader responses for 1966

1. Blow-Up. 2. Masculine Feminine. 3. Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? 4. Band of Outsiders. 5. Morgan! 6. The Chelsea Girls. 7. Le Bonheur. 8. Fahrenbeit 451. 9. A Man and a Woman 10. The Gospel According to St. Matthew.

11. Loves of a Blonde, 12. Gertrud. 13. The Shop on Main Street. 14. Torn Curtain. 15. Au Hasard Balthazar. 16. Les Bonnes Femmes. 17. Dear John. 18. Seven Women. 19. Pierrot Le Fou. 20. The Shameless Old Lady.

21. King and Country. 22. A Man For All Saesons. 23. Georgy Girl. 24. Cul de Sac. 25. Lord Love a Duck. 26. Modesty Blaise. 27. The Endless Summer 28. Alfie. 29. Flight of the Phoenix. 30. La Guerre est finie.

31. The Chase, 32. Wild Angels. 33. Shakespeare Wallah. 34. Seconds. 35. Alphaville. 36. Simon of the Desert. 37. Sandra. 38. The Sleeping Car Murders. 39. The Group. 40. The Fortune Cookie.

41. Harper. 42. The Wrong Box. 43. Three on a Couch. 44 Born Free. 45. Moment of Truth. 46. Arabesque. 47. Hold Me While Im Naked. 48. The Russians Are Coming . . . 49. Judex. 50. Naked Prey.

51. Repulsion. 52. Eroica. 53. Les Creatures. 54. A Fine Madness. 55. Night Games. 56. Chafed Elbows. 57. The Bible. 58. A Thousand Clowns. 59. Time of the Locust. 60. The Girl Getters.

61. Tie, Before the Revolution and The Red Desert. 63. Falstaff. 64. A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum. 65. Tie, Loving Couples and Male Companion. 67. Inside Daisy Clover. 68. The Professionals. 69.

Hamlet. 70. Tie, King Rat and Lotna.

72. Muriel. 73. Whats Up Tiger Lily? 74. Appaloosa. 75. Let It Shine. 76. Tie, Chushingura, Crazy Quilt, The Sand Pebbles, and The Thousand Eyes of Dr. Mabuse. 80. How to Steal a Million.

81. Duel at Diablo. 82. Othello 83. The Hunt. 84. Money Trap. 85. Tie, The Life of Juanita Castro and The Uncle. 87. Mademoiselle. 88. Tie, The Brig and Juliet of the Spirits. 90. Obayo.

91. Tie, Gary McClogan's Central Park Film, To Die in Madrid, and Umbrellas of Cherbourg. 94. Tokyo Olympiad. 95. Tie, The Idol and The Tenth Victim. 97. Tie, The Defector, The Glass-Bottom Boat and A Woman Is a Woman. 100. Walk, Don't Run,

101. After the Fox. 102. Tie, The Hill, and The War Lord. 104. The Silencers. 105. Caressed. 106. The Ipcress File. 107. Tie, Intimate Lighting, Kanchenjungha, The Round-Up and Sins of the Fleshapoids.

111. Tie, Echoes of Silence and The Hawks and the Sparrows. 113. Khartoum 114. Tie, The Blue Max and Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors. 116. Unsere Afrikareise. 117. What Did You Do in the War, Daddy? 118. Tie, Accatone, The Pad, and The Quiller Memorandum. 121. Tie, The Alphabet Murders, Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round, The Loved One, The Swinger, and Time Lost and Time Remembered. 126. Gambit. 127. Tie, Adams Rib, The Big Heat, I'm No Angel, and The Oscar. 131. A Tout Prendre.

The following 112 titles each received only one favorable mention:

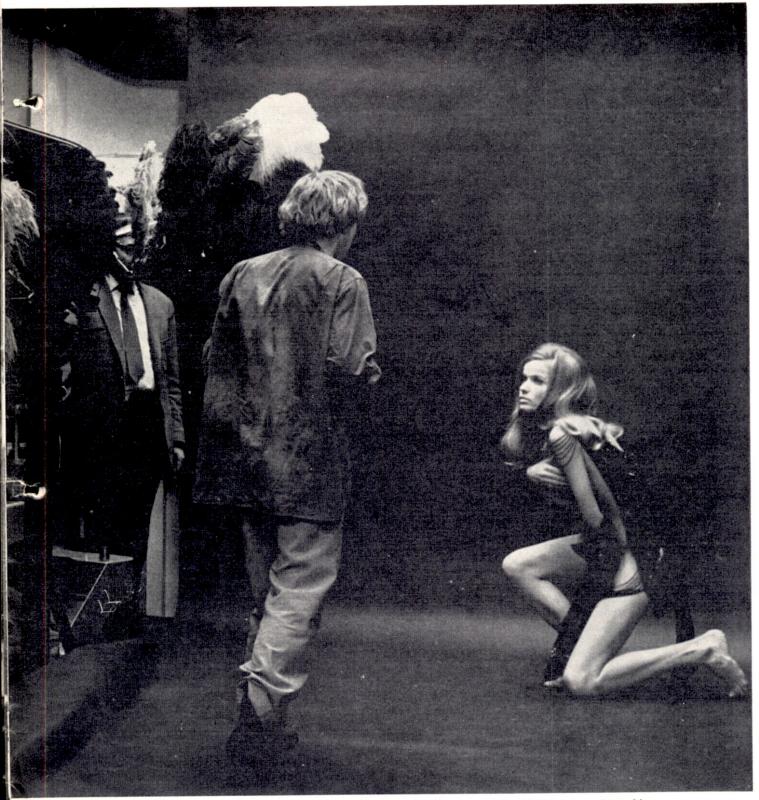
Adieu Phillipine, Almost a Man, Bambole, Belle of the Nineties, A Big Hand for a Little Lady, Burmese Harp, Cast a Giant Shadow, The Cavern, China, The Cincinnati Kid, Contest Girl, The Cry, Diary of a Chambermaid, Diary of a Lost Girl, Do Not Disturb, Do You Keep a Lion at Home?, Don Quixote, Doctor Zhivago, Door to Door Maniac, An Early Clue to the New Direction, 81/2, Eva, Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!, The Flicker, Funeral in Berlin, Galaxie, Galia, The Gang's All Here, Go West, Young Man, Good Times, Wonderful Times, Gosta Berling's Saga, The Great Race, A Hard Day's Night.

He Who Must Die, Hotel Paradiso, Hunger, Impossible on Saturday, Le Joli Mai, Joseph Killian, Jules and Jim, Jumbo, Kaleidoscope, The Knack, Lady L, The Leather Boys, Life at the Top, Life Upside Down, Lolita, Machine Gun Kelly, Madame X.



A Man Called Adam, The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, The Manchurian Candidate, A Married Woman, Moment to Moment, Mozambique, The Music Box, My Fair Lady, My Hustler, My Life to Live, Napoleon, Nevada Smith, North by Northwest, Nothing Happened This Morning, Nothing But a Man.

One Million B.C., One-Eyed Jacks,



Readers' Poll winner: Blow-Up, Michelangelo Antonioni (behind camera), David Hemmings, Verushka.

One Spy Too Many, Only a King's Second, Ordet, Our Man Flint, Out of Sight, A Place Called Glory, Plague of the Zombies, Planet of the Vampires, Poil de Carotte, Promise Her Anything, Psychopath, Queen of Blood, Rapture, Raven's End, Relativity, Rope of Flesh, Rotten to the Core, Scarface, Scorpio

Rising, Sexus, Ship of Fools, Shoot Loud, Louder, etc.

Singin' in the Rain, Skater-dater, Sound of Music, The Spy Who Came in From The Cold, A Study in Terror, Texas Across the River, That Man in Istanbul, These Are the Damned, The Third Lover, This Property is Condemned, Top Hat, The Trouble with Angels,

The Trouble with Harry, 12-12-12, Vinyl, Viva Maria!, Voyage to the End of the Universe.

Where Did Our Love Go, Young Aphrodites, Zapruder Film, Zero in the Universe, and finally The Birth of the White Owl Girl commercial and the films at Timothy Leary's Psychedelic Celebrations 2 and 3.

#### Film Notes

#### Four French Films

(Continued from page 7)

lovely picture by Jean Eustache, a directorial protege of Jean-Luc Godard who, in fact, produced this picture. The medium length, black and white film, Eustache's second, is set in a small French town at Christmas time and stars Jean-Pierre Léaud as a disconsolate young man who lacks the money to get a new coat and the self-assurance to get a girl. His desires are more teased than gratified by his one-day stand as a Santa Claus for a professional photographer. He stands on a street corner, posing with his arm around pretty girls who have previously ignored him. Hirsute and hearty, he caresses his beard, hails passers-by, and makes a date with a girl for that evening, only to be greeted by her furious disappointment when she discovers who he is.

Godard's influence is pervasive in what often looks like a dry run for Masculine Feminine: the quasi-documentary, cinema-verite style; the episodic structure and interview-type conversations; and in the character of Léaud. Infinitely vulnerable and un-cool in his oversized, hand-me-down coat, he becomes the reflective romantic in a noisy and indifferent world. He paces back and forth in a cafe (cf. the laundromat scene in Masculine Feminine) puffing on a cigarette as if it were his first, questioning each rebuff, not because he expects an answer, but because he can't think of anything else to say.

Nevertheless, Eustache reveals a rhythm and orientation quite apart from that of his mentor. He has a genuine narrative instinct, a feeling for incremental rather than serial effect, and weaves subtle shadings into a single dramatic theme. The Santa Claus episode comprises a climax and anticlimax\_(although muffled, deliberately and retrospectively, by Léaud's ironic remark, "Well, it's all for the best — I would've had to spend money and take her to a movie . . .") from which the film decends slowly and gently like a tear to its sad but dry-eyed ending.

Eustache's camera skillfully captures the essence and trappings of the provincial milieu: the grubby charm and vitality of small-town life, the streets suddenly littered with lights, overdressed for the ritual of Christmas.

More grown-up and in many ways less appealing is Eric Rohmer's Le Signe du Lion, about an American musician in Paris, who proceeds from riches and friends to rags and friendlessness. The picture was made in 1960, at the crest of the Nouvelle Vague, with a technical and intellectual deliberateness that are sometimes wearing. Jess Hahn is perfect as the burly, unprepossessing expatriate, who receives word that he has come into an inheritance, only to learn the following day that the money has gone instead to a cousin. The hero's deterioration is rendered in painstaking and painful detail - the eviction, the aimless wandering, the heartless beauty of Paris when one is down and out. The merit of the chronicle lies in these astute and chilling observations, and in Rohmer's uncompromising conception of the central character. His plight is sympathetic; he, basically, is not. His expansiveness, when he thinks he is rich (he throws a big free-for-all for friends, and friends of friends) is rooted in a crass and Amercan spend-money-and-be-loved philosophy. When he has hit rock bottom, a clochard befriends him and shares his

meager food and livelihood with him. But in the end, when Hahn's fate is reversed and his fortune restored he rides off without a backward glance. His character is thus unchanged by poverty, and unredeemable.

Alain Robbe-Grillet's notorious L'Immortelle made its way over after four years and shows that ideas may be the highest form of conversation, but not of films. Robbe-Grillet, like Eric Rohmer, is a more theoretical than intuitive director, but here the similarity ends. Rohmer is concerned, in a straight-forward manner, with how to make a film: how to externalize, dramatize, find correlatives for emotions and ideas. Robbe-Grillet, on the other hand, exploits the subjective, envisages (rather than recounts) his story or his film, from within the sensibility of a first person narrator - in this case Jacques Doniol-Valcroze. His camera is the consciousness, his film the stream of memory-dream-association in which a love story is not enacted but implied. In thus looking through the mind's eye, Robbe-Grillet thinks to absolve distinctions between the intellectual and the sensual, the physical and psychological. What happens is that the sensual is abstracted, artificialized, and static and the intelligence is adrift in the irrational, the inexplicable, the occult, giving a cryptic monotony to the whole. The "story" of a French professor visiting in Turkey and his doomed affair with a beautiful girl (Françoise Brion) is set in, and against, an exotic Oriental landscape. The Frenchman is intimidated by the labyrinthine, inhuman architecture; the language of which he speaks not a word; and the omnipresent white slave trade of which the girl seems an indifferent prisoner. Sensual secrets. are bound by black lace and grillwork. Valcroze's impressions and images recur with the regularity of ritual, so that one comes to accept them like a familiar refrain without knowing the song. And possibly the refrain, as is often the case, is prettier, if less complex, than the content it is designed to make lyrical.

Of the four pictures, Jean-Luc Godard's Les Carabiniers (made in 1963) is by far the most interesting and provocative. A deliberately grainy and grotesque anti-war film, it is also one of the most lyrical and compassionate pictures Godard has ever made. It is a fairy story of disgust, about primitive, peasant characters, made up and molded in a silent comedy style. A sultry, sensual Cleopatra, her valentine-lipped daughter, and two eager, blubbering sons live in a shack the size of a bathroom. One day two riflemen, representatives of the "King," come to entice the two boy-men



Jean Eustache: Santa Claus Has Blue Eyes, Jean-Pierre Leaud.

#### Film Notes



Alain Robbe-Grillet: L'Immortelle, Francoise Bríon. to war with promises of fame and fortune. In a brilliant sequence of pointcounterpoint, the riflemen list the glorious sites and monuments which will be theirs, and the brothers reply with each private, greedy, materialistic, lecherous fantasy which they will be able to realize.

They go off to their nameless war, which Godard, by taking it out of any recognizable context, makes a masterpiece of ugliness and irony. Instead of showing Noble Bloodshed, instead of showing men fighting shoulder to shoulder, growing bolder and bolder, he shows anonymous civilians, walking around a village, holding each other up, shooting each other, according to no plan and for no apparent reason. At one point the two brothers march a group of three - a woman and two men - to a hill outside of town, put them face down against an embankment, and shoot them. The moment of the killing is anti-dramatic and has no more emotional impact than target practice. Only gradually does the horror emerge - at the brothers' total indifference and then, at our own.

The two brothers are both outrageous and strangely sympathetic. They send glowing post cards home of the Taj Mahal, the Pyramids, Gay Paree, of fatalities and fantasies. They have never been taught to dissemble. They kill and plunder in hopes of a reward. They are ignorant brutes and dreamers.

An enchanting scene worth the whole film is the sequence when one brother,

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Jean-Luc Godard: Les Carabiniers.

a marvelous original by any standards, goes to his first movie. After disturbing a couple on the aisle in an almostempty theatre to sit, by them, in the third seat, he leaps at the screen to peer into the bathtub where the actress has

coyly finished undressing, and, incidenrally, concluding a history of the early cinema.

In the end, the brothers keep asking the riflemen for the treasure they have not received. Since their usefulness to the "king" is over, the riflemen shoot them. They die "still thinking that the brain lasts beyond death, and that their dreams would constitute paradise."

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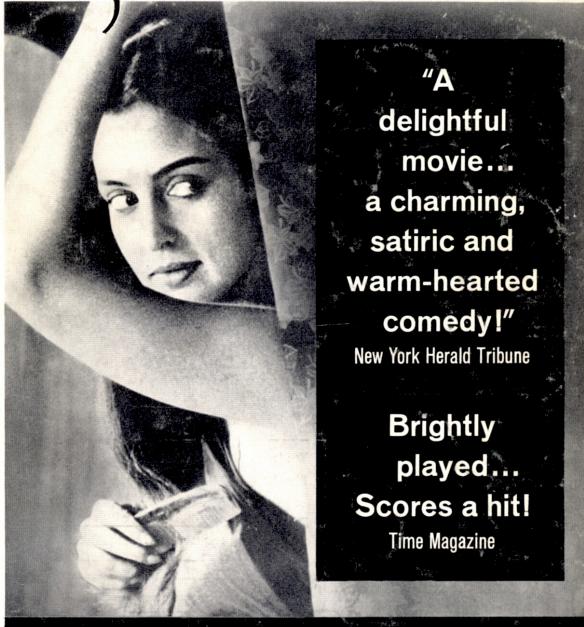
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