

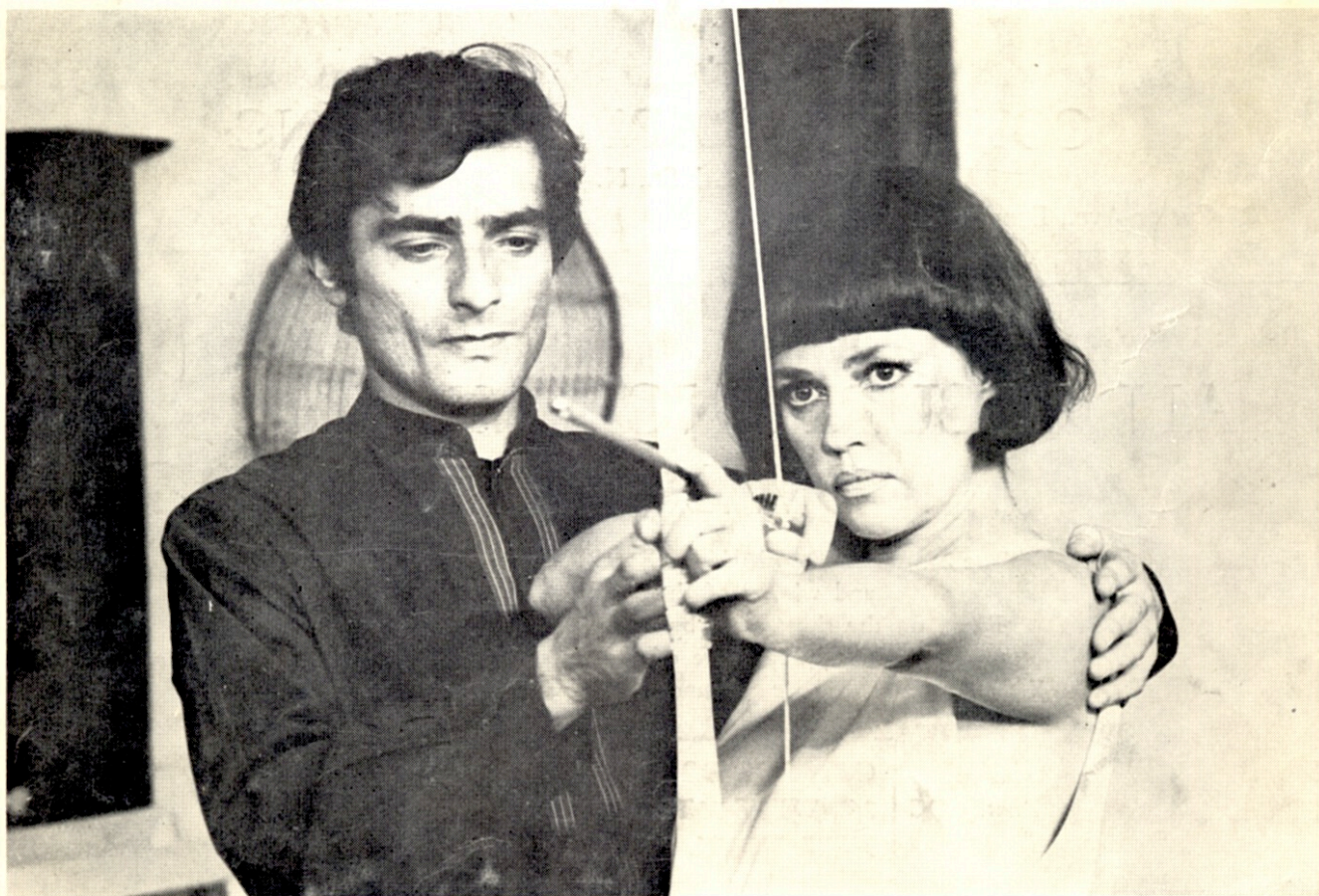
cabiers du
CINEMA
in english

Jean-Luc Godard

Anthony Mann

Jerzy Skolimowski

Index, Issues 1-11



From The World's Most Creative Film-Makers

new feature releases

Marcel Pagnol's **MARIUS, FANNY, CESAR** and others
to be announced

NFBC's

MEMORANDUM
BUSTER KEATON RIDES AGAIN

Connell and
Jersey's

A TIME FOR BURNING

Bert Haanstra's
Georges Rouquier's
Jean Vigo's

ALLEMAN
FARREBIQUE
A PROPOS DE NICE

Chris Marker's

KOUMIKO MYSTERY
LE JOLI MAI

and shorts

Alexander Alexeieff's

THE NOSE
NIGHT ON BALD MOUNTAIN

Ole Roos'
Jan Lenica's
Sandy Semel's
NFBC's
Peter Whitehead's
Derrick Knight's
Tamas Czigany's
Jiri Trnka's

MICHEL SIMON
RHINOCEROS
SUNDAY LARK
THE RAILRODDER
WHOLLY COMMUNION
TRAVELING FOR A LIVING
ST. MATTHEW PASSION
THE HAND

CONTEMPORARY FILMS, INC.

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

828 Custer Ave., Evanston, Ill. 60202

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

Robert Enrico's

AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

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

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

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

Dept. CDC

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

cahiers du

CINEMA

in english

Number 12

December 1967

JERZY SKOLIMOWSKI (CdC #192, July/Aug 1967)	
Passages and Levels, Interview by Michel Delahaye	5
JEAN-LUC GODARD	
Jean-Luc Godard, by Luc Moullet (CdC #106, April 1960)	22
A Woman Is a Woman, Scenario by Jean-Luc Godard (CdC #98, Aug 1959)	34
The Difficulty of Being Jean-Luc Godard, by Jean-Andre Fieschi (CdC #137, Nov 1962)	38
ANTHONY MANN (CdC #190, May 1967)	
'A Lesson in Cinema,' Interview by Jean-Claude Missiaen	44
Biofilmography, by Patrick Brion and Olivier Eyquem	52
ODDS AND ENDS	
Council of Ten (CdC #186, Jan 1967)	4
Editor's Eyrie, by Andrew Sarris	60
AN INDEX TO THE FIRST ELEVEN ISSUES	61

COVER: Francois Truffaut: *The Bride Wore Black*, Charles Denner, Jeanne Moreau.

CAHIERS DU CINEMA IN ENGLISH, PRINTED MONTHLY

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

Editorial Office: 303 West 42nd St., N. Y., N. Y. 10036

Publisher: JOSEPH WEILL

Editor-in-Chief: ANDREW SARRIS

Managing Editor: JAMES STOLLER

Contributing Editor: RALPH BLASI

Translator: JANE PEASE, DONALD PHELPS, ROBERTA BERNSTEIN

Photo Acknowledgement: French Film Office, BRUNO MASSENET, JON DEMME: United Artists

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

Space Sales Representative: C-L Associates, 49 Morton St., N. Y., N. Y. 10014, AL 5-4771

U.S. Distribution: Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 155 West 15th St., N. Y., N. Y. 10011. All rights reserved. Copyright 1967 by Cahiers Publishing Company.

LE CONSEIL DES DIX (Council of ten)

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

	Michel Aubriant (Candide)	Jean de Baronceili (Le Monde)	Robert Benayoun (Positif)	Jean-Louis Bory (Le Nouvel Observateur)	Albert Cervoni (France Nouvelle)	Henry Chapier (Combat)	Michel Delahaye (Cahiers)	Jean Narboni (Cahiers)	Georges Sadoul (Les Lettres Françaises)	Andre Techine (Cahiers)
Le Père Noël a les yeux bleus (Santa Claus Has Blue Eyes) (Jean Eustache)	★★	★★	★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★	★★	★★★★
Les Sans-espoir (The Round-up) (Miklos Jancso)	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★	★★	★★	★★★
The Professiona's (Richard Brooks)	★★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★	★★	★	★	★
Brigitte et Brigitte (Luc Moullet)	★	★	●	★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★	★★★
Le Révolutionnaire (Jean-Pierre Lefebvre)	★	★	●	★★	★★	★★★	★★★★	★★	★	★★★
Le Manuscrit trouvé à Saragosse (Saragossa Manuscript) (W. J. Has)	★★		★★★★	★★★	★★	★★	★	★	★	●
Dracula, Prince of Darkness (Terence Fisher)			★	★★★		★★	●			
Billy Liar (John Schlesinger)	★	●	★★★	★★★	★	★	●	●	★	
Darling (John Schlesinger)	★	★	★★	★	★	★	●	●	●	★
La Grande Vadrouille (Gérard Oury)	★★	★	●	●	●	★★	★	★	★	
The Appaloosa (Sidney J. Furie)	★		●	★★	★	●	★	★	●	★★
Way, Way Out (Gordon Douglas)	●		★	★★	★★	★	●	●	★	
Hawaii (George Roy Hill)	●	●	★	●	★★	★	●		★	
A Fine Madness (Irvin Kershner)			★★	●		★	●	●		
Incubus (Leslie Stevens)	●	★	★	★	★	★★	★	●		●
Le Chevalier de Maupin (Mauro Bolognini)	●		★	●	★	★	★	★	●	●
Le Roi de coeur (King of Hearts) (Philippe de Broca)	●	●	★	★	★★	●	●	●	★	●
The Plainsman (David Lowell Rich)			●			★		●		●
Triple Cross (Terence Young)	★	●	●	●	●	★	●	●	●	
Walk, Don't Run (Charles Walters)		●	★	●		●	●		●	
Le Commissaire San Antonio (Guy Lefranc)			●					●		●
Monsieur le P.D.G. (Jean Girault)	●		●					●		●

Passages and Levels

Interview with Jerzy Skolimowski
by Michel Delabaye



Jerzy Skolimowski at Expo 67.

Photo: Bruno Massenet.

The interview that follows was held in Belgium, at the outset of Skolimowski's shooting of his fourth full length film *Le Départ*. A first interview (Cahiers 7) had shown us an *auteur* at least as concise as the dialogues of his films. Here he expresses himself more at length about his theoretical concerns.

CAHIERS—How do you conceive of the distance that there seems to be between *Bariera* and your two earlier films, *Ryopsis* and *Walkover*?

JERZY SKOLIMOWSKI—I realize, of course, the stylistic difference that there is between *Bariera* and my other two films. I even know exactly where it comes from. It is because in *Bariera*, for the first time, I am not one of the actors. I found myself on only one side of the camera and I could concentrate on that one side, instead of shifting incessantly from the one to the other. So I did not have the same approach to the film, since I could see it entirely from the camera side, observe it, judge it, from that sole point of view. Whence the emphasis that I could put on its visualization.

CAHIERS—It seems that you stress the "visual" aspect of *Bariera* as if your two earlier films were less "visual." What does the distinctness of this difference mean to you?

SKOLIMOWSKI—To answer that, I should have to use a formulation that involves a terminology nearer to the critics' than to my own. But if I must undertake the critical examination of my own films I shall say that the first two had a style that one could call realistic—or else poetic-naturalistic. For in them I was filming the materiality of facts objectively seen—authentic settings and exteriors, very real views of Poland — whose presence I used in order to submit them to a certain personal preparation.

On the other hand, in *Bariera*, I had so much time to study everything during the preparation of the film, the rehearsals, the shooting, that I could fix my attention constantly on the exterior, a thing that I had never yet been able to do until then. From that, my adherence to reality—which had for its aim the transformation of that same reality—was distinctly greater. Whence it follows that what we see on the screen is not the pure and simple recording of facts or of things; it is already my own vision, my own imagination, it is my re-creation of a spectral reality that does not exist in fact.

CAHIERS—Yes; only what there is in *Bariera* is already found in the other two, and *Bariera*, from that point of view is an extension of the vision that they contain, making it more radical. Thus, the real setting that allowed you to emerge even then on a personal—let us say, a poetic,—vision; in the same way, the entrances of poetry as such, with the poems spoken by the transistor radio (an instrument which, moreover, allowed you to maintain a realistic justification) foretell even then that

succession of materialized poems that constitute *Bariera*.

SKOLIMOWSKI — I believe that it would be a good thing for me to give at this point some concrete examples in order to illustrate the difference between *Bariera* and my other films. For example, in *Bariera* there is that scene in which people hurried about in the setting of an imaginary city, the kind of thing that never happened in my earlier films. From this point of view, perhaps, that was ultimately a kind of compensation and almost of recompense that I granted myself in exchange for the fact that I kept from acting. Besides, from the mere fact that, for the first time, I had a setting built for me (in the character of that enormous barrel covered inside with mirrors with a movable apparatus in the center, on which the camera was held, which could turn at the same time as the people hurried about and in the opposite direction), from that mere fact, obviously I abandon realism; there is no street, no setting, that resembles that one, neither in Poland nor in any other country. But, at the same time, there is created a certain poetic vision of crowds that rush one does not really know where, for one does not really know what mysterious reasons, and that subjective vision has something in common with objective truth. I think that that illustrates well the difference between *Bariera* and my other films.

CAHIERS—A little while ago you spoke of those "very real views of Poland" that served as a framework for your personal vision. It seems to me that one sees, too, in your films starting from the first realism, something of the social, human reality of Poland, a reality toward which sometimes you take a certain distance, an almost critical perspective.

SKOLIMOWSKI — I must acknowledge that I am patriotic, although perhaps that is not so much in fashion. . . . I have no reason to look askance at Polish reality. What I show in my films is precisely that "Polishness" of what happens in our streets, of what happens in our brains, but that, I emphasize it, is not at all a naturalistic position, for that reality is transmuted notwithstanding into a quite personal vision of Polish problems and affairs.

What I show can obviously arouse positive feelings as well as negative. I hope in any case to have succeeded in this at least—to show that Poland is a country out of the ordinary; and this result, even by itself, is already located on the positive side of the barrier. I think that the problems which I show, which are our problems, and which can, of course, seem strangely foreign to others, I think that they are real problems. In that sense what I put into my films does not rise from the imagination, and I add that toward those things I have the most serious outlook in the world. So if I place under what I depict the signature of my own thoughts

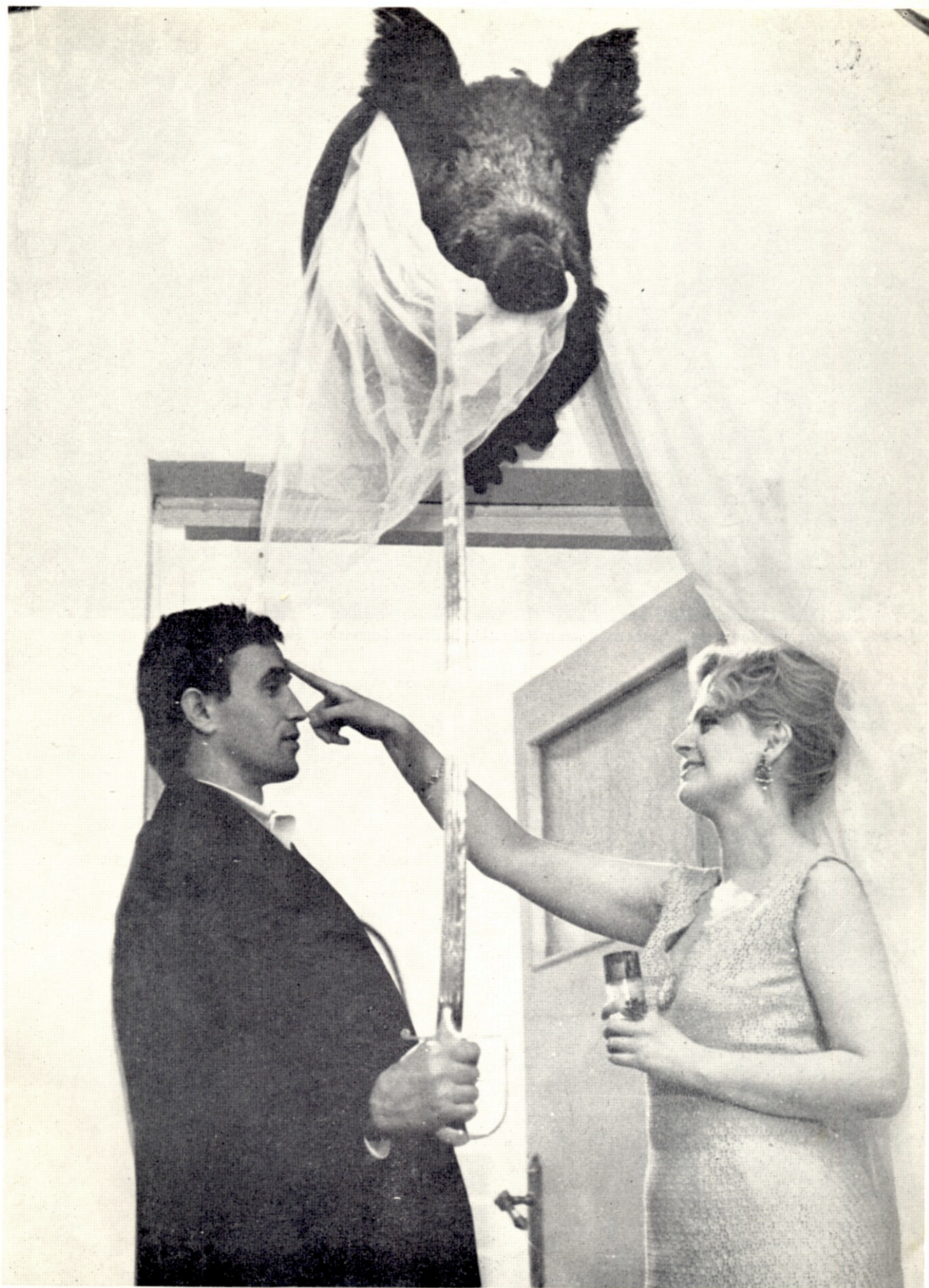
and of my own vision, on the other hand I am as remote as can be from letting any mockery whatever enter into it. That does not exclude my allowing myself a lighter point of view from time to time—and that is almost a question of present-day form and expression of thought—for I do not at all want to do the equivalent of a philosophy lesson at the university; I want to make a film that should shock people, that should make them think, that should amuse them, too, a little.

CAHIERS—It is not a matter of a systematic criticism, either of Poland, or of this or that form of society; merely that one may wonder if there is not in your work a certain form of high irony—or humor—which moreover is very much part of an entire Polish tradition.

SKOLIMOWSKI—I maintain what I said a little while ago but I add that I do not absolutely deny that sometimes it happens that I treat Polish affairs with irony—which does not imply the slightest mockery. That emphasized, it is true that the Poles have a certain tendency to laugh at themselves (which no doubt is not the essential characteristic of other nationalities that you know), without for all that having anything to do with mockery in the strict sense.

CAHIERS—Among other Polish realities that you reflect is the car. I want to talk about the place (role, situation, significance) of the automobile in a certain number of films and particularly yours, and including *Knife in the Water*, for which you were a scenarist.

SKOLIMOWSKI — In Poland possession of a car is a distinctive mark of Property. Of course, from that point of view people are divided into those who possess a great deal, those who possess something, and those who possess nothing or almost nothing. My student in *Bariera*, like the boy in *Knife in the Water*, are beings who possess nothing; because, given their age, they have not yet been able to attain anything. Consequently that thirst to possess is an entirely natural thing in them, and the fact that the object of their desire is precisely the automobile is undoubtedly typical and very revealing. For a boy of twenty is not yet thinking about a house in the country, is not yet thinking about a double bed;—he is still able to sleep anywhere at all, in a corner in case of need, he is still able to spend one night, or several, of vacation sleeping in a cowshed. Nevertheless, the desire to possess a car constitutes something normal in him and it is an intelligent reflection to see in that thirst for the car the characteristic in common that links the development of these boys, the one in *Knife in the Water* and the student in *Bariera*. I think, too, that those common characteristics do not come about by chance. Moreover, I had the role of one of the friends in the student's lodging acted by the hero of *Knife in the Water*, Zygmunt Mala-

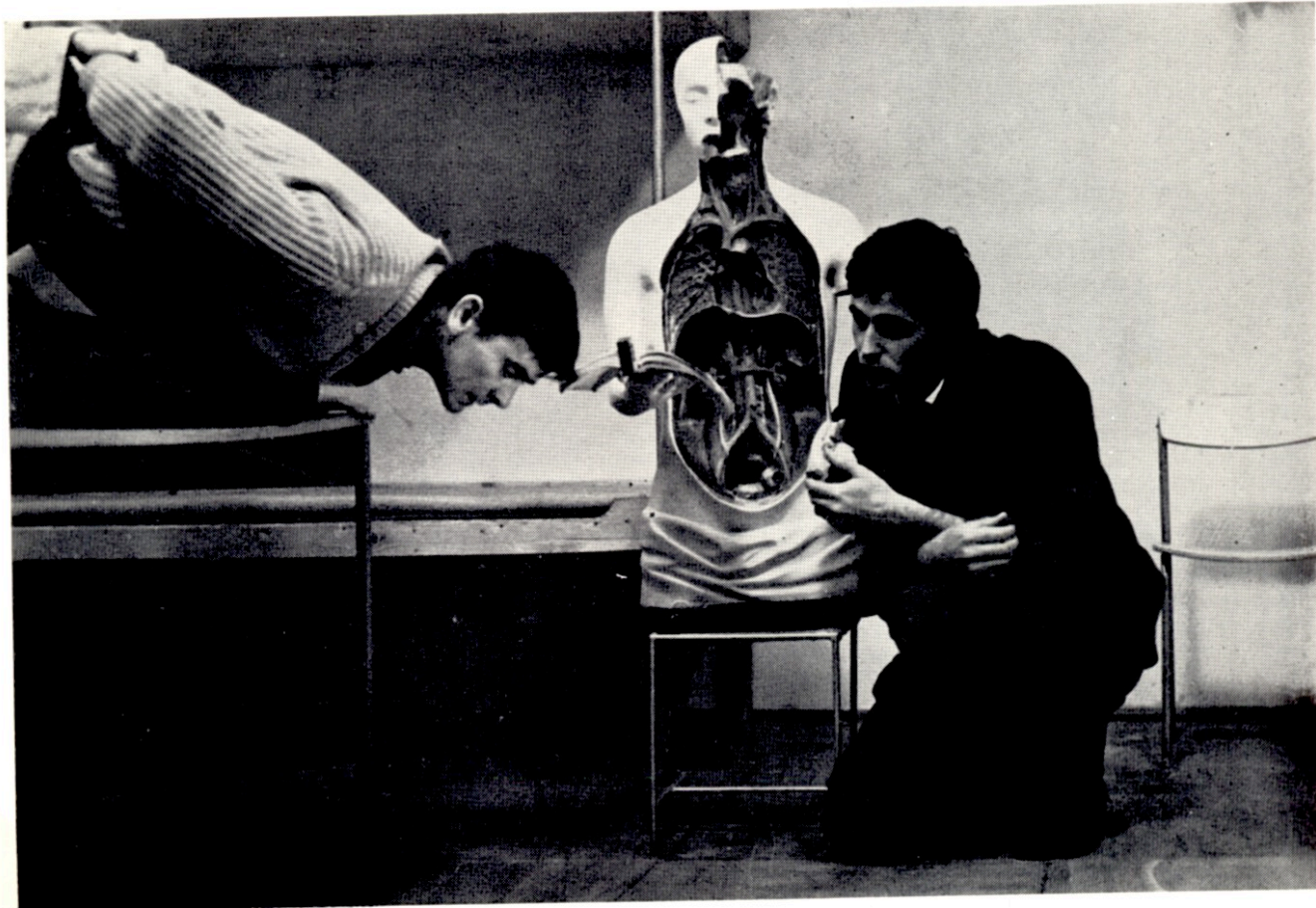


Jerzy Skolimowski: *Bariera*, Jan Nowicki.



Andrzej Wajda: *The Innocent Sorcerers*, Roman Polanski, Tadeusz Lomnicki. (Skolimowski worked on script.)

Jerzy Skolimowski: *Bariera*, Jan Nowicki.



nowicz (he was blond then; now he is dark haired, and he has grown older); he is the one who often comments on "our generation . . ."

CAHIERS—Now I am thinking of your style of dialogue—of which Roman Polanski had spoken highly to us in the course of the interview he gave us (*Cahiers* 3).

SKOLIMOWSKI—It pleases me extremely that Roman Polanski expressed himself with so much good will, all the more because I know that he is sincere, and because I am in a position to state specifically that a great deal of modesty enters into his attitude. For that method of writing dialogue we worked out together, and as to that I can say of him what he said of me. As he said a considerable amount about that, I do not have much to add, except this—that what particularly helped us is the fact that both of us, each in turn, took all the roles of the film in succession. To the extent to which we are both—I hope—accurate actors, we had in that an excellent means to make certain that the texts that we were going to present to the actors could really be said by actors. If something was not coming off, that became very evident at the moment when the scene took concrete form; and that was perhaps the most efficacious means to take away everything that was to no purpose, so that no more than the strict minimum of words would remain, so that, starting from there it would be the actor who could add all that gives an aura to the dialogue—what there is within it and what there is beneath it, undercurrents, implications, and every impulse of wit, thought, or humor. For it is impossible to avoid the actor's taking the text literally. So let that text contain the essential and let it contain only the essential. If the essential is well understood, the rest can be added to it. In any case, everything should rise from a natural way of speaking, and at that time, whether the actor is giving the exact meaning or whether he is making a mistake somewhere, everything will integrate itself into that naturalness of expression.

On the other hand, when you have an excess of text, it overflows. For that amounts to proposing an unnatural order to the actor. Then he becomes a jabberer, for instead of going in the direction of condensation, he follows the downhill slope of the overflow, and he makes things go into a progressive deterioration. I do not think that that is a good thing.

CAHIERS—In short, everything that should be in the dialogue is actually there, but as a bait, a sketch, a temptation one might say.

SKOLIMOWSKI—Quite true, and so that people understand me, — for example, it is not a question of systematically avoiding saying stupid things, but those stupidities or those banalities must be said concisely. The formulation of that

dialogue must present itself as an exchange like this — "Well, what has been happening?" — "Nothing." So it goes often in life — pointless questions, pointless replies . . . On the other hand, that exchange must not sound, for example, like this, "Well, how goes it with you? What is new? Everything about the same?" . . . with an answer of this kind. "Oh not bad, thank you, everything seems about the same. . . ."

CAHIERS—At the same time, in your dialogues (as in your settings, of which we will speak in a little while), you do not hesitate to detach yourself from actual life. Thus, everything happens as if those poems that we heard on the transistor radio in *Walkover*, formed the very substance of a certain number of scenes of *Bariera*. . . .

SKOLIMOWSKI—I should acknowledge that the dialogue of *Bariera* was the least controlled of any that I have made, for that film was actually improvised. I have already brought up, on other occasions, the way in which I approached that film, and it is true: I arrived at the set every day with only a sketch of the situation and of the way in which the scene was going to unfold. The actors did not yet have a written text, but at the time that we all gathered for the shooting, I presented the guiding idea of the scene, and we tried, with the actors, to formulate it as an exchange. My intervention into the process had as its aim at that time essentially to satisfy my maniac need to shorten texts. Often we listened to ourselves on a tape recorder, as we are doing now (except that there, unhappily, I will not be able to correct my texts), and on the sites of the shooting, I taped all the actors' rehearsals. While the lights were being set up and the technical tests were being made, I listened to the tape, which I had put into writing at the same time, and I went through the text again to cross out everything that was unnecessary. In that way, the actors benefited from a shortened version of our shared suggestions.

Obviously, that intervention on my part was continued through the shooting proper, from scene to scene and even from take to take, and sometimes it happened that the last take was shorter by half than the first. That does not mean that I kept the last necessarily in the final editing, for many considerations came into play in the definitive choice.

CAHIERS — So there were, at the same time, improvisation and extremely strict preparation.

SKOLIMOWSKI—Yes, and I should make clear, too, that during the first rehearsals, at the time when we were all in the process of giving form to the dialogue, the actors were not the only ones to try it; on the tape I had the voices of everyone working on the film. As for me, I tried to take into account all the expressions, all the

formulations, presented, and I continued to add other suggestions starting from which the text could continue to elaborate itself, from questions to replies, from exchange to exchange. Thus we formed a kind of "brain trust," from which, after a time, the final draft was to emerge.

CAHIERS—The construction of *Bariera* in the form of scenes — or of sketches, one might say, — seems to me to share, from a certain point of view, in the spirit of certain modern theatrical presentations.

SKOLIMOWSKI—I confess that that jolts me, for I have never seen any relation between the theatre and my film. I am well aware that that film represents a kind of mosaic structure, but if I put little stones one next to another, that is precisely in order to obtain at the end a picture of the whole, for the complete vision of the film, one has at the end—or not at all. From that point of view, the possibility remains that that vision will not be seen at the end, or will be seen ambiguously. That is precisely what I wanted. But in any case, the elements of that puzzle, those little stones that group themselves into a mosaic — it seems to me that they do not have much in common with the theatre. For the very form of the film, the striking, evident way in which it uses the filmic character of things, the shifts of the camera that give purely visual effects created especially for this film, all this is certainly remote from the theatre to such an extent that I do not see at all how it could make me think of the latter. But I should be very interested if you would like to tell me exactly what you had in mind.

CAHIERS—I did not have in mind at all a question of technique. I particularly did not mean that one of the two arts was superior in itself to the other. I mean only that the film seems to me to include or to connect itself with certain modern matters and forms of story—among others theatrical. And if I thought of the theatre, that is because in it one has, as in cinema, an art of the visual and of dialogue. Moreover it would not be the first time that it happened that the two crossed paths.

SKOLIMOWSKI—But on that question, and without judging that the technique of one of the two arts be superior or inferior to the other, it remains nonetheless that one can take that technique into account, such as it is and for what it is. And there I see nothing in common between theatrical technique and cinematographic. It seems to me that for you, theatrical technique is purer than cinematographic technique; so I cannot take what you say to me as a compliment. In any case, as for me, I see absolutely nothing in common between those two things.

CAHIERS — But citing the theatre absolutely did not imply a value judg-

ment in my opinion, and especially not negative.

SKOLIMOWSKI—As for me, in truth, I see nothing in common between cinema and theatre. Let us take concrete examples. I do not imagine the possibility of showing in the theatre, as I did in my film, a boy who does a ski jump sitting on a suitcase, nor do I see the possibility of showing the hurrying about of the crowd in the mirrored barrel, or the streetcar rides. These streetcars coming out of their barn and entering the whiteness of space, are so many typically cinematographic elements. Of course, the construction of those episodes, of that mosaic, is composed of pieces of dialogue as well as of typically cinematographic images and all that mixes with the music, and sometimes, too, is structured as one structures a musical composition. What has all that in common with cinema?

CAHIERS—It is not a question of anything specific but of the way in which the different arts can tend to express related things, within a common spirit, and sometimes—accidentally and secondarily — with more or less neighboring techniques. You add pebbles to other pebbles you say. Certain of these pebbles can enter more than others into the province of certain disciplines. . . .

SKOLIMOWSKI—At that point I do not think that one can speak solely of theatre in connection with my film. I think that contemporary prose uses the same construction, and that contemporary poetry is a sum of images that end by creating a multilateral vision, a vision that puts in play many more elements than one believed at the start. That is why the comparison with the theatre jolted me, for one could equally well make the comparison with modern painting or sculpture.

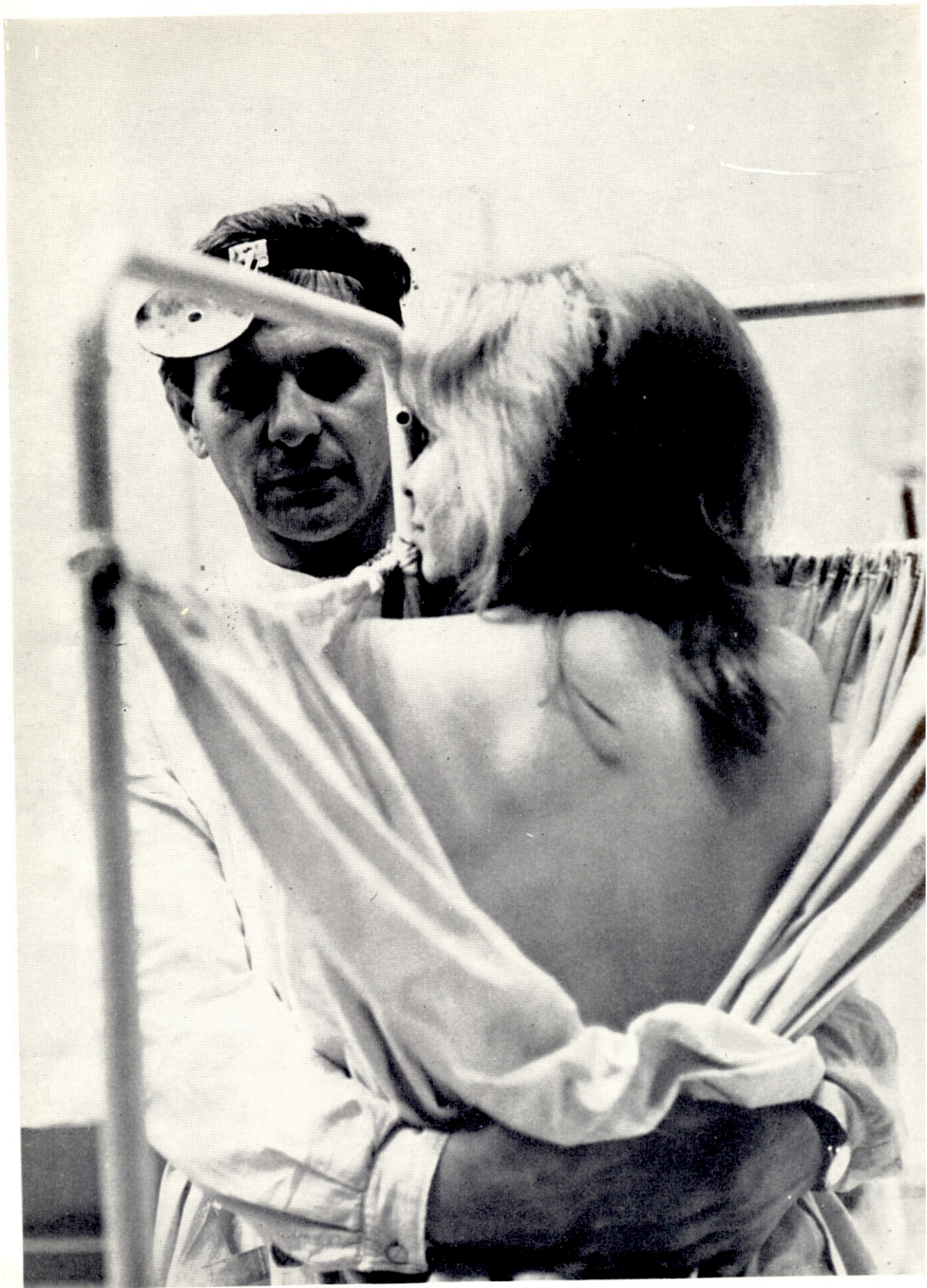
CAHIERS—Here I take an example—the way in which in *Bariera* certain changes of decor are effected, in face of which one cannot help but think of the theatre, for they are literally "changes in view." Thus the décor of the completely dark place from which the light of candles makes all the elements come into view little by little—facades of houses, windows, people . . . That said, I quite agree that it is—and obviously—cinema.

SKOLIMOWSKI—I think that cinema is a conglomerate of all the arts. That is a truism but it is true. But it is very difficult for me now to see clearly what form of art might inspire me for the moment. Candles that are lighted against a dark background, — it is possible that that is an effect that one could see in the theatre. Nevertheless, because that influence from the theatre is not conscious; because I have equally profited unconsciously from architecture or from sculpture (for in the end it is plastic forms that have influenced me); because I have benefited from various subterranean influences that have led me to emerge in quite another reality, —





Jerzy Skolimowski: *Bariera*.



Jerzy Skolimowski: *Bariera*.

one cannot in the end single out any of them. And as for me, I will not single out the theatrical influence, I stress this because it always has a dubious ring when someone says of cinema that in it he feels the influence of the theatre, even of the greatest theatre. Beyond that, there is this other factor too — the actors' style of playing. Theatre actors, as one knows, have no relation to film actors.

CAHIERS—However that may be, I think you will agree if I say that, whatever the elements that enter into play, they combine in your films to give birth to something else different and deeply new.

SKOLIMOWSKI — Yes, but all the same we must understand each other in order to try to clarify our differences. From a theoretical point of view, one could find in the very genesis of the construction of the work some analogues between *Bariera* and a theatre play. Only, if theatre in its essence is the manifestation of a convention, it is the convention of the artifice, that is, that these ladies and gentlemen, the actors, are playing something intended for those ladies and gentlemen, the spectators. There are stage, footlights, and orchestra seats. And there is a separation between what is not true—convention—with which one plays, and those for whom one plays—the spectators.

But cinema, especially in the most realistic vein that it attained in the past, cinema, under that form, did away with the barrier that there was between the spectacle—what was happening on the screen—and the audience. People came in order to believe in what they were seeing on the screen, to live real dramas, to see real wars, real loves, real deaths.

Now, that kind of realism is absent from my films. One finds in them, on the other hand, a certain artificial convention, of which I am well aware; that is what can perhaps make people think of the theatre. Nevertheless that artificial convention is often disturbed, and knowingly disturbed, by pieces of truth, of realism, which are necessary in cinema — otherwise films would stop being films. Thus, all of that brings us to the road which goes toward the destruction of cinematographic convention. But if this process can bring us to something that can make one think now and then of theatrical convention, one should not for all that involve oneself in pure theatre, for at that moment, I repeat, cinema stops being cinema.

But I am going to take some concrete examples to illustrate that. In *Bariera*, the girl, after having tried to break with her work, drinks some water in an inn and she keeps drinking it for quite a long time, and the streetcar passes in front of her. That is the truth, realistic and tangible. Now, that girl who is drinking the water (water which can indeed be that which flows from other taps) is the same girl who was scorned a little while ago, a girl who

could very well even burst into tears (and all water that flows could participate besides in the tears of the girl). So, from a realistic point of view, that girl who drinks water because she is thirsty (and who is, too, a girl who spoke to say useless things), becomes the center of a certain number of elements, each one realistic if one takes them separately, but which group to give rise to a metaphor — exactly, a metaphor of flowing water. Now, just afterwards, this metaphor is placed in another context starting from the moment when the girl falls asleep. And then happens something incredible that situates itself on the frontier between reality and dream (something that can serve equally as an example and that will give me my second) — the girl wakes up in a doctor's office and she has the most real conversation there could be with that doctor, in which she tells him entirely ordinary things. That conversation ends with a kind of rupture, an accent of sadness, when the doctor, after the conversation, shows his true face of a man sentimentally involved toward that girl. And when the girl goes out, then enters again the subjective vision of the same girl wearing on her back a board with the big letter E, and she goes amidst streetcars that open a passage before her, as clouds would do, for example, or waves on a river.

That is another poetic and metaphoric image, which is separate from reality, since the girl has been reduced to the symbol of the letter E, and the street cars have been reduced to the symbol of an abyss which opens to let her pass.

CAHIERS—To finish with our comparisons now—one could equally well take as a point of reference, besides painting and sculpture, modern music.

SKOLIMOWSKI—There, I agree.

CAHIERS—If you agree about the musical comparison, why did you not about the theatrical?

SKOLIMOWSKI — Because I prefer music to theatre . . . although I do not so much like atonal music. So, if we are to formulate all that on the example of music, let us imagine the following—we put on a Bach record. We hear that marvelous music of Bach which, in our comparison, is going to represent realism. Thereupon we change the speed from 33 to 78 rpm. Then we no longer have Bach's music, strictly speaking, although we have a substratum that still remains Bach. Let us go back to 33 rpm; here is Bach again—as in real life. I believe that the comparison suffices.

But to return to what I was saying a little while ago, I think that I should say, not that I do not like atonal music, but rather, quite simply, that I prefer traditional music—which does not mean that I slight the value of contemporary music. And if I hear the name of Stravinsky, for me that is still traditional music, and music that I like very much.

Only, I revolt sometimes against what is modern, against what goes too far in the direction of the latest thing. . . . There is, for example, that music very much in fashion which seems to me so unverifiable, so adventitious, like Tachism in painting, like those trivial sound effects that one meets at every turn in pseudo-modern films. That makes me think of those "Underground Movie" films that I saw at a little festival in London. Apart from a few interesting values those films were made up of anything whatever, and one could equally well see entire kilometers of reels that showed nothing else but zigzags and crosses . . . except for letting us glimpse, sometimes, a face. Those are things that truly signify nothing, and one must protest against all that confusion in art all the more because people identify what we are trying to do with that kind of cinema, which they call "avant-garde."

CAHIERS—A few months ago Kazan spoke to us at length and very pertinently of those noted "Underground Movies" (*Cahiers* 9).

SKOLIMOWSKI—Yes, only I ask, worrying, what Kazan could really think of us, because all stairs lead underground and perhaps those that we have taken have brought us a little below sea level. . . .

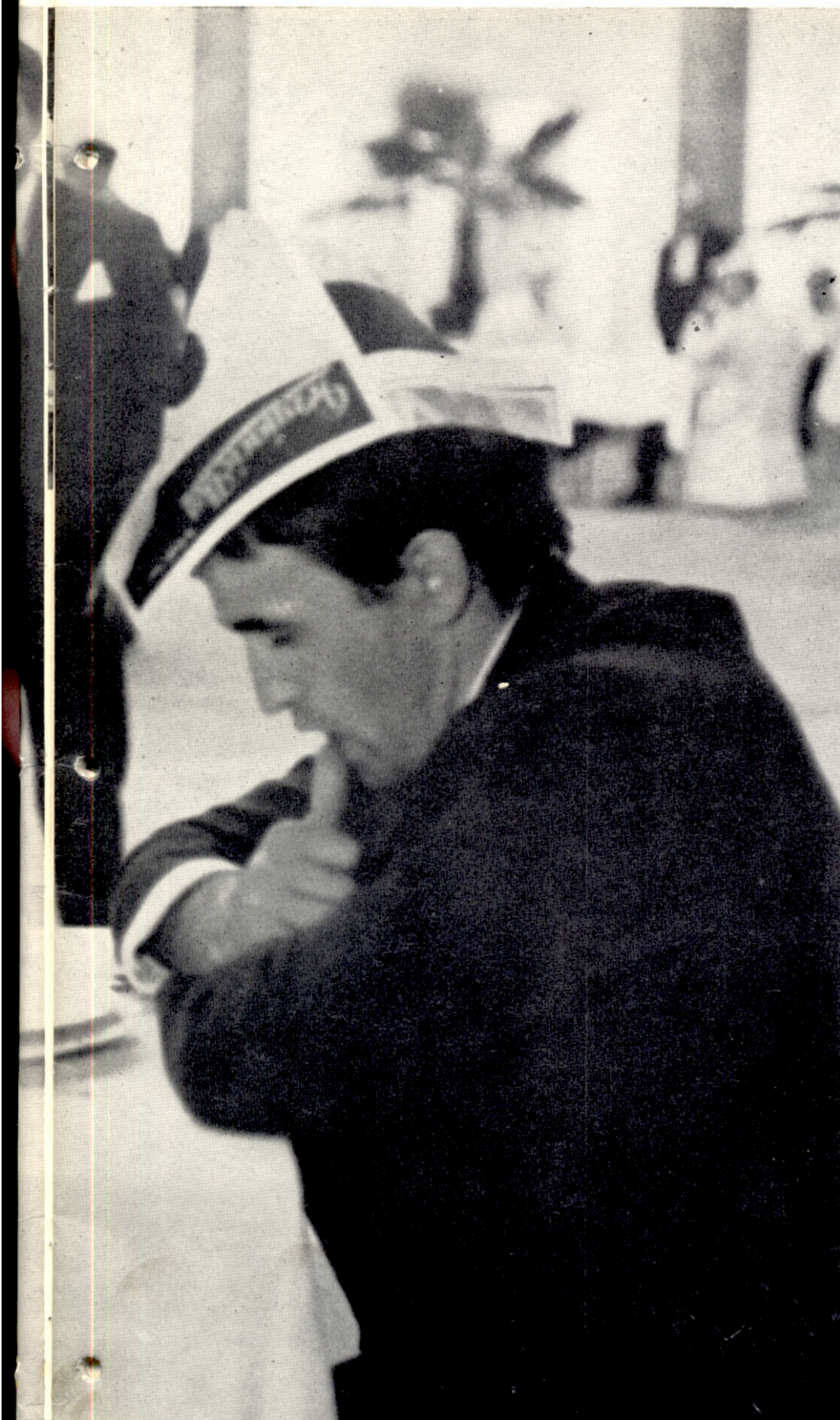
CAHIERS—Do not think that the road that led you to *Bariera* has some relation to the one that led Fellini to *Giulietta* or Bergman to *All those Women*?

SKOLIMOWSKI—No, I do not see that. But then, first, I should say that all films resemble one another because all films are put on reels which are projected by means of a projector onto a piece of white cloth, the screen. That is a joke, of course, but sometimes it is a bitter truth. Because that kind of question is too often put to directors. In the interviews that I read everywhere I find always the question, "What influences have you undergone, and what resemblances do you feel with this or that director, or do you feel close to this or that other film?"

What I am saying just now expresses no distress, chagrin, or anything whatever of that kind. I mean, very simply, that all architects who build houses, finally make doors and windows, because those are obligatory elements of a house. The same with the cineaste who puts in place the elements of his work. Thus in our films we all do certain things that resemble one another, but those things serve different aims. Second, I do not at all agree about the comparison with *Giulietta*, because for me it is a marvelous film, in color, which is acted by beautiful women—that is the first thing that strikes me in that film. Now, in my film, there are neither color nor beautiful women; so I do not see where the resemblance would find a place. And when I see, for example, *The Exterminating Angel*, I find in it a wonderful



Jerzy Skolimowski: *Bariera*.



philosophical argument (and I am jealous of that magnificent idea that served Bunuel as guiding theme), but at the same time I notice that the actors play badly. I suppose that neither of those two elements is found in my film. For the latter does not include a magnificent philosophical theme (in it one has only an assemblage of thoughts combined starting from present-day Polish themes), and if the actors do not play really well, at least one can affirm, I believe, that they conduct themselves honorably.

CAHIERS—As to the questions, I would say that they are necessary to bring the director to define himself. And sometimes, even, his reaction counts more than the question. Moreover, it is often a disagreement that constitutes the prime mover of the interview.

SKOLIMOWSKI—Yes, I know. It is even because of that that there is not a quarrel between us, but simply an exchange of opinions.

CAHIERS—So let us pursue the exchange. How are your films received in Poland?

SKOLIMOWSKI—Let us not overestimate the Polish audience. I believe that in each city in the world one finds a few dozen or a few hundred people who can fill a theatre like that of the *Cinematheque Francaise* or that of the Exchange Club of Warsaw. These people constitute precisely the spectators of my films, and they value them or not, according to whether they understand them or not, and to whether they like them or not. The ordinary spectators who go to cinema to laugh or to relieve a touching story do not go to that kind of film. That is why I do not have opinions that I could compare. But I think that if one of those average spectators finds himself by chance in the theatre, he will walk out after the first ten minutes of *Ryopsis* or of *Bariera*. As to the other audience of which I have spoken, already it almost constitutes the body of film critics; it is made up of people who concern themselves with cinema, who earn their living from it, for whom it is a hobby.

CAHIERS—What are their reactions?

SKOLIMOWSKI—Opinions are divided. As I have already said, some critics and some spectators consider that in some way, but an undefinable one, I have betrayed my former style. I do not agree with that, any more than you do. There is only the evolution of a style. Thus, I have heard some people say that *Bariera* became a good film only in its realistic passages. One can find others who say that the film becomes a bad one precisely in its realistic passages. Everything depends on which style one makes one's reference; everything depends on the way in which one accepts or does not accept things. For me that is the necessary stage of an evolution. It seems to me that I am enlarging my means of expression. I tried another form because it seemed to me pointless to make a third film with identical means

of expression. Some spectators received that in a positive way; others, in a negative. From that point of view opinions are neither more nor less divided in Poland than abroad.

CAHIERS—Did you try to act a role in *Bariera*?

SKOLIMOWSKI—I must tell you that I intended to. If I gave it up, it was not a decision of my own choosing; my superiors decided that my development as a child of cinema (for it must be said that I am treated as the *enfant terrible* of cinema; so people try to educate me) would have everything to gain if I stopped running and looking from one side, then from the other, of the camera, to concentrate on a single one of its sides. At first, I was very irritated by that necessity, but today I must say that perhaps it gave positive results. I do not imagine the film now otherwise than in the way in which it was made. If I had acted in it, perhaps I would have created another film, and I do not know whether it would have been better or worse than this one. In any case, the try at standing aside that I made in that field was helpful for me, certainly. I noticed a certain number of things that escaped me in the time when I myself acted. Then, I never saw the action on the set during the shooting. Of course, I tried from time to time to glance over what was happening, to check how everything was going, and sometimes even I turned round towards the camera to give some directions like "faster," "less high," and so on, but those were very fragmentary, very fitful remarks from which I did not draw much experience. My work on the actors consisted in getting them to submit to what I said; I imposed my idea of acting on them, and as a result the acting was not really acting, but merged into natural mimicry. The specific difference of *Bariera* comes precisely from the fact that, for the first time, I remained on only one side of the camera. I could look at everything, control everything.

SKOLIMOWSKI—In *Le Départ* — which I shot in Belgium—I do not act, but I kept from it for completely different reasons. First, because I do not know French—now, the dialogue is in French; second, because the principal hero of the film is a very young boy—I am no longer very young. But in the next film that I expect to make—in Poland—about which I think a great deal; it will be called *Haut les Mains, Hands Up!*—there will be five principal characters, and I wonder whether one of those roles might not be mine. That is to say that it could be the role of André Leszczyc, who is already the hero of *Ryopsis* and of *Walkover*.

CAHIERS—I believe that, when you were thinking about the scenario of *Bariera*, you did not envisage it entirely in the form in which we see it today.

SKOLIMOWSKI—I seems to me that I have already spoken about that, and even to *Cahiers*; that is why I will

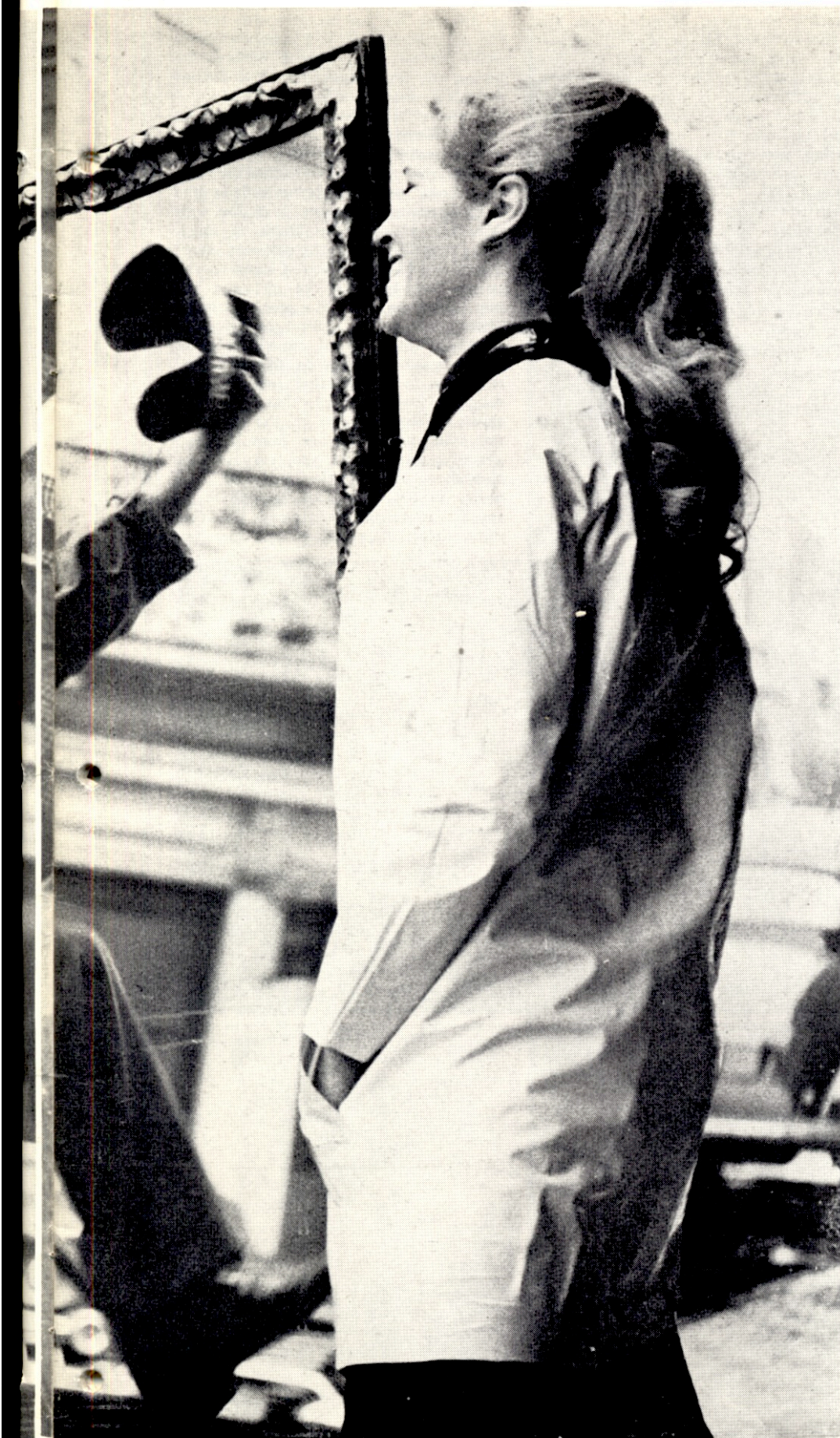




Shooting *Le Depart*: the director, Jerzy Skolimowski, at left: the cameraman, Willy Kurant, at right.



Jerzy Skolimowski: *Le Départ*, Jean-Pierre Leaud, Catherine Duport.



limit myself to saying this—I began by writing a scenario for a film of Karabas. He began to direct his film, but he had to interrupt it because of sickness. People proposed that I finish the film, but I could not, because it was a matter of a scenario intended for a specific director who has a style entirely different from mine—a documentarist's style. Although the text was mine, it did not enter into the framework of my own system; that is why I refused to shoot it. On the other hand, I proposed making another, entirely different, film (within the quite restricted limits of the budget that was allowed for that first film). Thus began the shooting of *Bariera*, and I had literally to invent from day to day the succession of sequences that, put together, gave *Bariera*.

CAHIERS—Why did you choose Belgium for shooting *Le Départ*?

SKOLIMOWSKI—It was a matter, clearly, of a new region of experience that I could not have in Poland. I was to work with people who spoke another language, who were often remarkable specialists (for example the cameraman, Willy Kurant, several of whose films I had already seen and whom I esteem very highly) and, too, I was to use different *materiel*, like "4X," for example, which is almost a miracle compared to the film that we use in Poland, and which permits other working conditions. Of course, those are details, but details that would provide me with the substance of a precious experience from which I would benefit later on.

That film was, too, an ideological lesson for me. For I was to express my point of view on typically Belgian matters, to express those opinions in the position of a foreigner, come there to see those things and to express himself about them. And I believe that that will be equally interesting for the audience. From that point of view, they will have a kind of documentary—how their way of life and their problems are seen from abroad by someone who comes from that strange faraway Eastern Europe, which exists, people are not too certain where . . . but which yet exists.

CAHIERS—One cannot help noting that those automobiles about which we were talking a little while ago are met again, and in the first shot, in *Le Départ*.

SKOLIMOWSKI—Actually, it is a theme that interests me a great deal. Here I treat another form of it, but I always come back to what is at the basis of this theme,—the desire to have a car. In that sense, the problem is not typically Belgian, for it is felt very generally, and if I were to transpose some aspects of the film to Poland, I would meet again the things that I showed already in my earlier films.

It remains true that in *Le Départ* the problem presents itself differently. The principal character, personified by Jean-Pierre Léaud, is a very young boy who is doing his apprenticeship as a barber. He washes people's heads — often,

those of men much older than he — and he must always be very pleasant to them, give them smiles, be polite, which does not necessarily correspond to his own real nature. For he can be an ambitious, combative boy, capable of feeling sometimes a certain revolt against this situation in which he finds himself. So what characterizes him is an excess of ambition which he tries to express, to realize, through the mad desire that he has to enter an automobile race. At that, he feels that he has talent. He can drive. But it is a talent that he can pursue ordinarily only very sporadically, when he happens to have a steering wheel between his hands. He knows that he will really be able to pursue his talent only if he enters a race, on a special track, and with one of those high-powered cars that he cannot even hope to possess someday. How is he going to get that car? The story of the film tells the different ups and downs of that adventure. It is not ideas that he lacks. Sometimes his ideas depend on swindling; sometimes they lead him into more

amusing situations. Mingled with that is the story of his personal life. That is the sentimental theme. But the latter is situated in the background, for the boy in question is quite interested in girls—and he is at the age when that kind of interest is normal—but those feelings are covered over by that fierce desire to have a car.

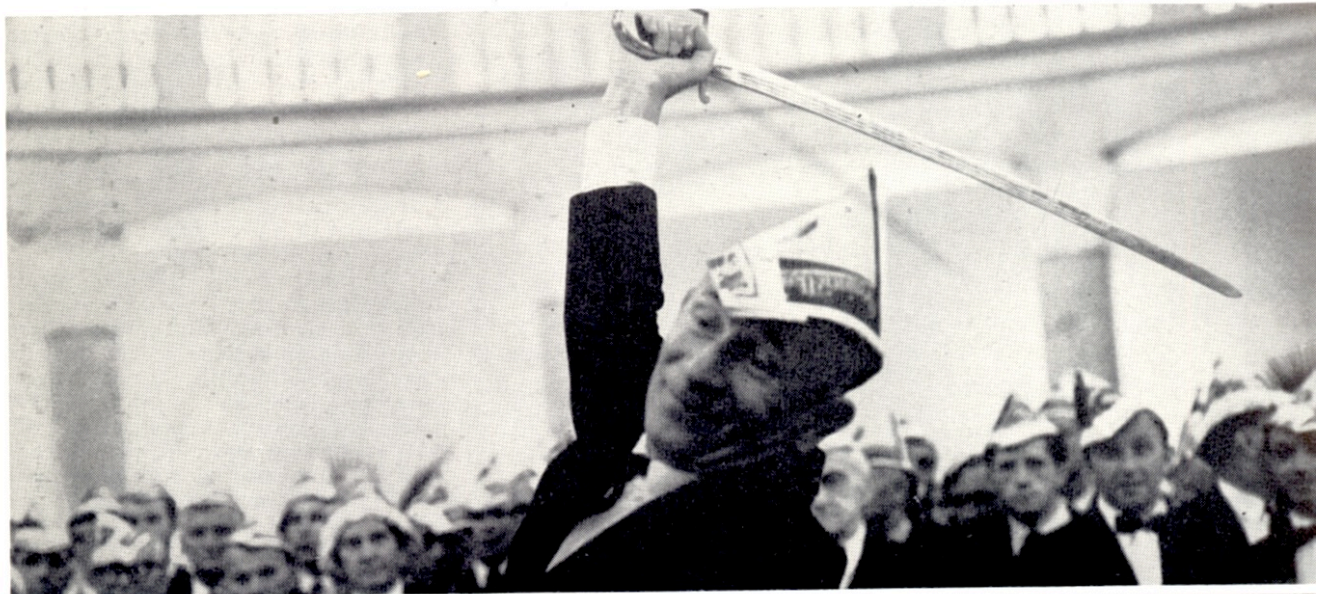
CAHIERS—With the race, we meet again here something that has a significant place in your films (and which goes back to *The Innocent Charmers* and to *Knife in the Water*)—the game. Moreover, it's on a game that *Bariera* opens. To what does that seem to you to respond? *

SKOLIMOWSKI — Answering that question is very difficult. I am quite aware of the fact that in all my films one finds the presence of the game. I believe, indeed, that *Walkover* was the only one in which it does not appear. And even, I am not sure of that. . . .

CAHIERS—There was the story of the egg.

SKOLIMOWSKI—In effect. But it

is difficult for me to give the reason for that theme, and if I cannot demonstrate its necessity, I will perhaps be giving the impression that it is a matter of a mere contrivance. In fact, I am aware only that that contrivance fits me well, that it is well placed to play a striking role, that it is adapted to obtaining a certain objective. But one must, too, understand "game" in the deep meaning of the word; in the very structure of my films there is something that lies within the scope of game. Thus, in *The Innocent Charmers* the entire duel between the girl and the boy consists in, exactly, a game. A game based on imitation, posing, mimicry, instigation, challenge of oneself, a game that consisted equally in that one had to prove to oneself that one had not fallen in love with the other. One finds those different aspects of the game in my other films, but one must not forget that they reflect, too, very simply that share of game that is found ordinarily in life—and that "game" in its specific meanings concretizes, — that deep share of game which does not



Jerzy Skolimowski: *Bariera*; *Identification Marks* — None, Skolimowski; *Walkover*, Aleksandra Zawierusanka.

always show itself on the outside, but which reflects often what is really happening under one's skin.

CAHIERS—In *Bariera*, at the time of the boy's duel with the car, did you not play on historical allusion to the charge of the Pomorska Brigade against the German tanks?

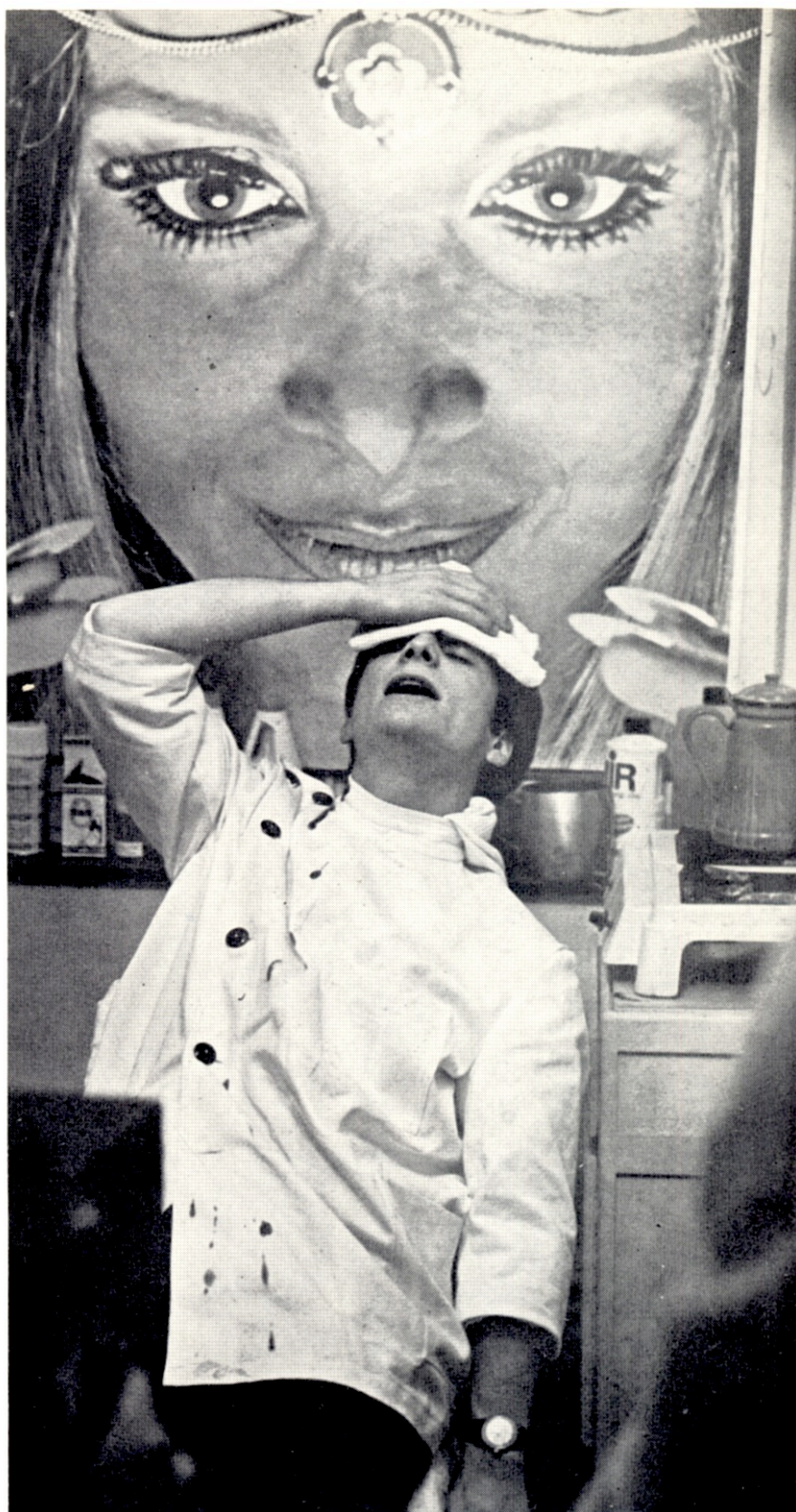
SKOLIMOWSKI — Yes, of course, that is not the only element of allusions to different situations in the war. In *Bariera*, for example, the boys' game at the start; to try to catch the match box, they kneel, their hands tied behind their backs, and fall into the abyss; that is an allusion to those who were killed that way in the past. To bring old situations down into a new present-day seemed to me quite justified; thus one can establish a perspective with respect to those situations. At the same time, we feel a certain "complex" from the fact that those situations are not directly related to our generation. They do not belong to us. It never has fallen to us to give the same proofs that the war generations gave; we do not have the possibilities that they had to show their heroism and to consecrate their lives to some great idea.

Unhappily, that is very banal. And Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* . . . But all that is banal, very banal. And it is that to which criticism often alludes, in praise or in contempt — belonging to this common generation. But it is that, too, which supplies the contemporaneity of our cinema. It is belonging to a common generation that links us to the French middle generation (like Godard, Truffaut . . .) as, too, to the Czech young generation and some others.

CAHIERS—What do you think of Roman Polanski's reflection that he could not have made *Repulsion* in Poland because there are no neurotics there like those of his film?

SKOLIMOWSKI—Before replying to you, I should like to add something more to what I said a little while ago, which was incomplete. I have forgotten those who are closest to me and who are around me, like Wadja, and Polanski exactly, whom I esteem highly. As, too, the young Russians—Tarkovsky, for example, who made *L'Enfance d'Ivan*.

Now I shall answer you about Polanski's words. They were a joke that contains much truth. But one must take into account, too, a certain cultural policy that is being stressed at present in Poland and that is directed towards writers and cineastes. It is just and normal that in a situation in which the producer is the State, the producer, that is to say the State, should wish to obtain films that situate themselves within the framework of that cultural policy. Moreover, a film made on that kind of neurosis is not particularly typical of the Polish situation, for, if



Jerzy Skolimowski: *Le Depart*, Jean-Pierre Leaud.

there exist neuroses, they are based on complexes sprung from the war rather than on sex. That is why a film dealing with that kind of subject no doubt would not justify itself in Poland. (In-

terview taped by Michel Delahaye with the collaboration of Madame Jacques Ricquier, and translated from Polish into French by Stanislas Opiela.)

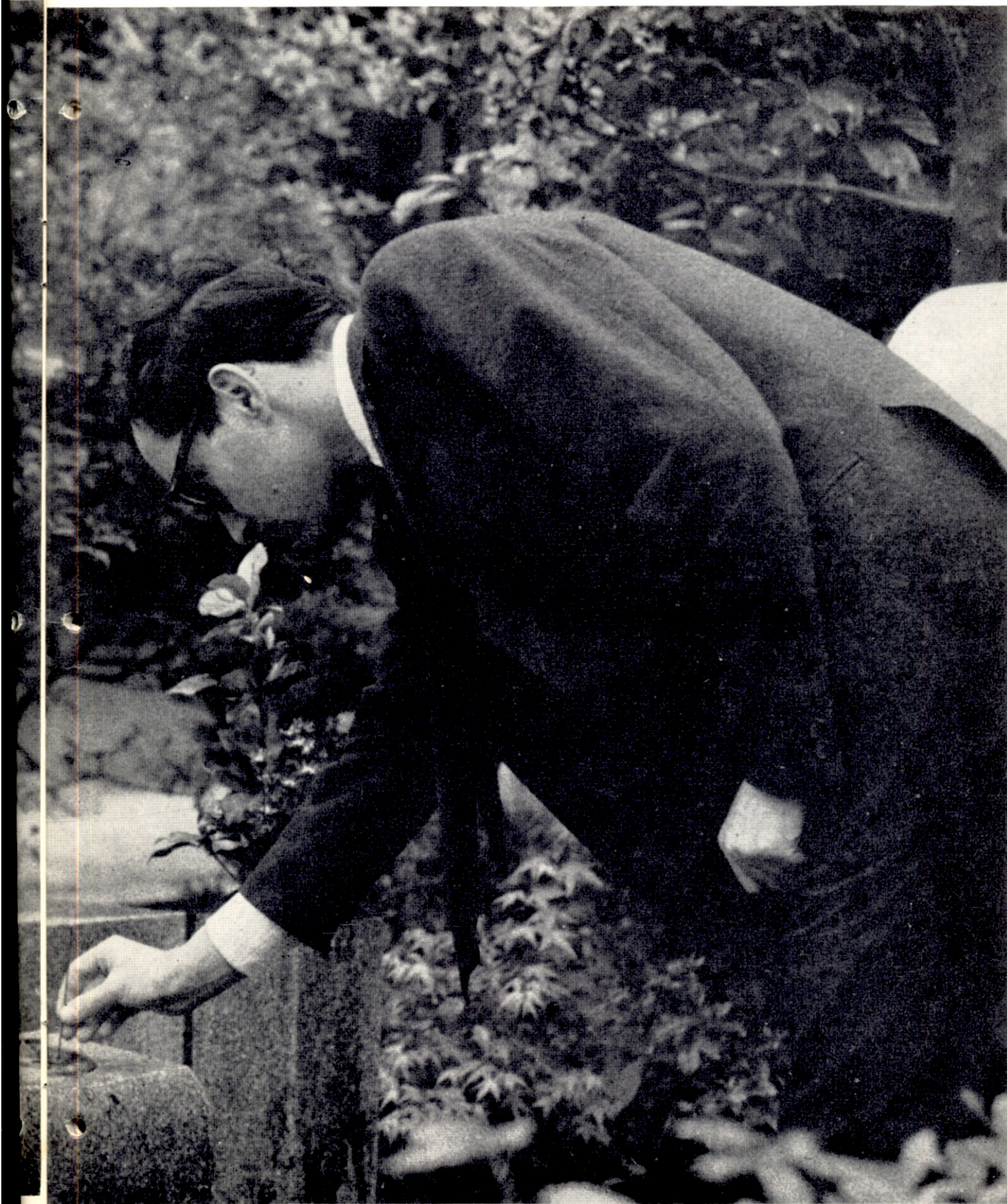
Translated by Jane Pease



Jean-Luc Godard

by Luc Moullet

Jean-Luc Godard at the tomb of Kenji Mizoguchi.



(This article appeared originally in *Cahiers du Cinéma*, April 1960.)

During the four months that elapsed between the first sneak preview of *Breathless* and its first public showing on March 16, 1960, Jean-Luc Godard's test film acquired a notoriety never before attained, I believe, by any other film previous to its official opening. This notoriety was due to the Jean-Vigo Prize, to the appearance of a record,¹ and of a novel that is far from a faithful rendering of the film² and especially to the press reviews that are proof of a powerful passion, unprecedented in panegyric and destructiveness.

Of all the films now being made by the new-comers to the French cinema, *Breathless* is not the best, since *The 400 Blows* beats it at the box office; it is not the most striking—there is *Hiroshima* for that. But it is the most representative.

From the point of view of this type of film, *Breathless* merits a considerably larger success than other films by young filmmakers. It is the first to circulate in theaters where the audience is made up essentially of the "public-at-large," the "average public," without the slightest bit of snobbishness. This is exactly the objective most dearly desired for the past ten years by the new generation: films destined not only for the audience of art or experimental movie houses, but also for success on the magic screens of Gaumont Palace, Midi-Minuit, Normandy, Radio City Music Hall, and Balzac-Helder-Scala-Vivienne. *Breathless* is not dedicated to Joseph Burstyn, nor even to Warner Bros. or Fox, but to Monogram Pictures, the Allied Artists of yesterday. In other words, it is paying homage to the most commercial American cinema. To this we are returning!

A Dialectical Progression

Jean-Luc Godard was born on December 3, 1930, in Paris. He studied first in Lyon, then in Paris where he received a certificate of ethnology. This explains his passion for Jean Rouch and his desire to become the Rouch of France. *Breathless* is a little *Me, a Black* or the story of two complete fools.

During his first year at the Sorbonne (the year of pre-university instruction, when, as is well-known, students have little to do) he discovered the cinema, thanks to the Ciné-Club in the Latin Quarter—the real source from which today's generation comes. From 1950 to 1952 he wrote seven or eight articles in the *Bulletin* of the Ciné-Club (the cinema is the art of *bon sentiments*), in the *Gazette du Cinéma* (for this he wrote one of the first pieces on Man-kiewicz) and in *Cahiers du Cinéma* (defense and illustration of classical editing).

These articles are generally whimsical and mediocre, accurate at times and mostly incomprehensible. Godard himself did not think them very important since he almost always signed them with a pseudonym, e.g. Hans Lucas. He broke with his family, "sowed his wild oats," then took a little trip around the world—to the two Americas, that is. He then returned to Switzerland where he got a job as a workman for the Grande-Dixence dam. He dedicated his first short film, *Operation Béton* (1954), financed with resources from his own income, to the construction of this colossal dam.³ It is an honest documentary stripped to the essentials, if the Malraux-like commentary is disregarded: all his life Godard will show great admiration for the author of *Man's Fate* (1933). In this first attempt, we already see the principle which will always govern the work and personality of Godard, that—after Malraux and Montherlant—of ambivalence. Godard is an introverted ethnologist who scrutinizes even the slightest glance or gesture of others; but, masked by dark glasses, he allows no one to see what he is thinking. His personality is disarming; precisely because he manifests the most total indifference while he is in reality the most emotionally affected. This perpetual barrier, maintained sometimes with a complacency that we would be wrong to reproach because it reveals the best aspects of his moods to us, explains why Godard is also the most extroverted of filmmakers. What is most important for man is not what he knows and what he is, but what he does not know and what he is not. Not to deny himself, but to enrich himself the individual seeks to be what he is not. It is this theme which Chabrol, a friend of Godard, studies with more or less success through the opposition of two characters. If Godard is a great filmmaker it is because his natural reserve and intellectuality, characteristic of his early articles, drove him toward a necessary, voluntary, and artificial extroversion, more important than that of those filmmakers most bubbling over with life, Renoir and Rossellini. Thus Godard jumps from the C.C.Q.L. to the Incas, from the Sorbonne to manual labor. We love the opposite of what we are.

In the Footsteps of Cocteau

Godard sometimes will do what he likes but is not; sometimes he will do what he does not like but what he is. Sometimes he will follow Preminger and Hawks; sometimes he will do exactly the opposite. *Breathless* constitutes a synthesis of the two tendencies. From this also (after the voluntarily conventional *Operation Béton*) the very personal *Une femme coquette* (1955) developed; this film is a variation on the everyday activities of the passers-by on the streets of Geneva and on the fascination for the automobile that comes directly from Rossellini's *Viag-*

gio in Italia (1953) and Preminger's *Angel Face* (1952). But Godard was only a pupil and as yet inferior to his masters, in his childish and pretentious intellectuality. Nothing at all makes any sense; no direction as yet inspires his mediocre attempts at production. This same confusion is found in Godard's contributions to *Cahiers du Cinéma* (1956-57). Then, after the production of *La sonate a Kreutzer* (Eric Rohmer, 1956) and a short appearance in *Le coup du berger* (Jacques Rivette, 1956), a new departure begins with *Tous les garçons s'appellent Patrick* (1957). Godard prefers this film because it goes well beyond his previous short films, it respects the rules of traditional comedy, it attained a huge public success, and it is less like him than any others.

In the Luxembourg Gardens, Patrick meets Charlotte, makes a pass at her, invites her out. Five minutes later he meets Veronica, who only the audience knows is Charlotte's roommate: same scene. The girls exchange many secrets about their lover, whom they unexpectedly see embracing a third girl.

This little scene deserves much credit because of the precision of its construction, the vivacity and originality of its dialogue, and the humor of its variously repeated effects during the two pick-up scenes. Most noteworthy is the authenticity, as yet unseen in the French cinema, of the amazing, amusing, spontaneous behavior of the two girls to each other in their apartment. And what grace in the bearing of his heroines—much more evident here than in *Une femme coquette*! The superb pacing gives a harsh, artificial effect (Godard, who around 1956-57 became a professional film editor for other filmmakers, never makes false cuts except intentionally; he knows how to edit according to the rules, so that a Richard Quire or a Denys de la Patterliere could very well envy him), a harshness that fits in very well with the natural artificial grace of his flirtatious females. As with Cocteau, we find realism and especially poetry through the most exaggerated artifice.

This second move by Godard toward the commercial and his collaboration in a weekly newspaper that hardly sanctioned esotericism (*Arts*, from 1957-59) helped him to clarify his thoughts: from then on the articles he gave to *Cahiers du Cinéma* were for the most part easily understandable and very personal. The article devoted to *Bitter Victory* is certainly the one which best comprehends the work of Nicholas Ray (*Cahiers* no. 79).

The Best Dialogue in the World

Again, a complete new departure with *Charlotte et son Jules* (1958), the best of Godard's short films and one of the most personal ever made. Several sets were arranged in a single apartment and the filming took place there in one day for 550,000 francs (\$1100)—no one had yet done better for less money.

¹ Columbia

² P. Seghers Ed.



Jean-Luc Godard: *Breathless*, Jean Seberg.

Charlotte gets out of her present lover's (Gerard Blain's) car and goes up to her ex-lover's (Jean Paul Belmondo's) room; he welcomes her successively with all the attitudes that a man can have toward a woman: sly, fatherly, condescending; he soon changes to supplication. Charlotte who has not uttered a single word, says to him: "I forgot my toothbrush," and leaves.

Never before had anyone expressed in such a concise manner—in the time it takes to smoke $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cigar, 12 minutes—such an exhaustive evolution and dizzying eddy of feelings and ideas, so particularly Godard's own. Two remarkable actors, the artificial spontaneity (found even more in the preceding film), and especially the admirable soliloquy of the hero, ending the staggering

physical and moral entanglement. In a comedy, Godard can express all he is thinking through what his characters say because when his ideas are liable to shock, he sees to it that the characters who express the ideas become comical. That is why in *Charlotte* and also in *Breathless* he succeeds—without losing his light touch—in grappling with the most important problems which face a man; and often he succeeds in resolving these problems with extreme elegance and intelligence. What is admirable about him is that his intellectuals say very serious things in a very natural way without appearing pompous or affectedly stupid. No one before Godard has succeeded in making concrete a language which seemed very abstract—from this comes

surprise and laughter. Godard, also a film critic, has a sense of the verb and likes to develop lines with a quick, breath-catching pace toward a decasyllable or octosyllable end, precisely rhymed with relative multiples. This permits a line to be written within one manuscript that takes up without conflict of discontinuity from Pere Lachaise to Kilimanjaro or from Camus to Truffaut. This is the easiest, the most natural, the most fluent, the *best* dialogue in the world for an actor. *Charlotte*, like all Godard films, is post-synch sound; and since Belmondo was not at his disposal after the shooting, Godard devised a way to double for his hero himself by taking care to speak only after Belmondo had opened his mouth. This effect accentuates the fantastic as-

pects of the text and at the same time shows the time lapse between the hero's thoughts and words. The hero already possesses certain characteristics of the author, at once admiring, skeptical, and disenchanted with regard to women. He even shows the double nature of Godard—really and not really detached at the same time. The commentary spoken by Godard is admirable, like von Sternberg's in the *Saga of Anatahan* and Cocteau's in *The Testament of Orpheus*. Each creator of a film gives the film a new physical justification by lending his own voice. We find the very soul of the filmmaker in counterpoint. Godard's nonchalance and firm naturalness and his perfect manner of lowering his voice with each effect is proof of the perfect harmony of film and filmmaker—the proof of Godard's sincerity.

The audience and meticulous critics shriek in horror before such a revolutionary conception of cinematographic dialogue that renews the filmic art to such a degree. *Charlotte et son Jules* and *Tous les garçons s'appellent Patrick* were both refused by the selection committee for the Festival of Tours under the same pretext of amateurism; but this is ridiculous since the films are so different. If *Tous les garçons s'appellent Patrick* was applauded when it came out, while its complement *Un témoin dans la ville* was hissed at, *Charlotte et son Jules* received the jeers of those who a few minutes later were going to applaud *L'eau à la bouche*. We regret that the technical flaws, even though transformed for the better moved the audience in such a way; no need to know that Godard himself doubled in his film to the benefit of *Charlotte et son Jules*. In fact these sneers are the result of the snobbishness of the audience and critics who insist upon demonstrating to everyone that they are conscious of the tricks; they do not take into account the fact that the time lapse is so evident it could only be intentional.

Truffaut Fails, But Godard Triumphs

Still during 1958, Truffaut shot *Une histoire d'eau*, the story of two young people who leave the suburbs and its stifling atmosphere to discover Paris and love. Except for a few amusing touches, the shots he took were impossible to edit. He gave the job to Godard who shot several more sequences, edited and narrated everything, and finally saved the film. How? By accentuating its incongruous side in order to give it the style of a natural ballet. This he accomplished first, since he didn't have enough material, by the syncopated, abridged editing that he admired so much in Hitchcock's *The Wrong Man* (1956) and Aldrich's *Kiss Me Deadly* (1954) (and that he subsequently used to his advantage in *Une femme coquette* and was to use again and again with increasing success in later films). Second, he achieved his desired effect by the serpentine infinity of the com-



mentary that recalls the broad phrases of his recent critics. Even more than in *Charlotte*, the text surpasses the imagery. Puns and word associations multiply in such a way as to make the spectator lose his footing; he cannot follow Godard's hallucinating improvisations for long and can only gather

together odds and ends. Don't forget that Godard made these two films after having admired Mankiewicz's *The American* (1957), which partially inspired Godard's renewal of cinema through dialogue and his taste for rapidly shifting construction to a resolution.



Jean-Luc Godard: *Breathless*, Jean Seberg.

We also find the spirit of Resnais since each gag rises out of a rapport among the shot, the editing, and the commentary. But Godard shows more grace, humor, and nonchalance than Resnais. From an ineffectual, amusing little scene, Godard made a frenzied poem. This is one of the limited forms

of the cinematographic art, where one discovers on the level of filmic synthesis that which Godard had only achieved on the level of subject and dialogue in *Charlotte*.

Finally after having written several scripts for others and a remarkable essay on Eric Rohmer's *Le signe du lion*

(1959), Godard filmed *Breathless*.

The Genesis of Breathless

Breathless originally was a series of several lines written by Truffaut, which Truffaut himself and Molinaro wanted to adapt. Godard chose it . . . because it didn't please him. "I believe this is



Jean-Luc Godard: *Breathless*, Jean Seberg.

a good system," remarked Truffaut in Radio-Television Cinema: "Work freely on a film, but on one to which you feel sufficiently close to attract it to you. Thus you have enough leeway to judge the work and reduce its flaws, while at the same time you remain sensitized to it." Godard originally wanted to make a film on death. Since he was too lazy to write a script before the actual shooting began, he let himself be guided by inspiration, keeping himself to a few directory lines. In fact the theme was reduced to a few brilliant notations.

Breathless was shot, soundless, in four weeks (Aug. 17-Sept. 15, 1959) on indoor and outdoor locations in Paris and Marseille. The cost was \$90,000, the maximum if one thinks what a producer has to pay an international star of Jean Seberg's fame. The camera was almost always carried by hand by the cameraman himself. To get candid shots of the people, the camera was hidden momentarily in the box of a three-wheeled supermarket basket pulled by Godard.

Michel Poiccard, anarchist automobile thief, kills the motorcycle cop who was pursuing him. In Paris, he finds his American girl friend, Patricia Franchini, and succeeds in becoming her lover again. He convinces her to go to Italy with him. But the police discover the identity of the murderer and track him down. Patricia denounces Michel, who is accidentally shot down by the police.

The perfect theme for a thriller! At first, Godard wanted to make a commercial film according to the rules of the genre. But finally, a little lazy and a little wary of the risk involved, Godard decided to keep to the genre only in plot and principle of physical action. He did not try to discover the soul that lay hidden at the bosom of convention, as did Hawks and all the other great Americans, and as Godard himself attempted to do in *Tous les garçons s'appellent Patrick*. Godard preferred the straight French play to the American double play. He is not discreet: he shows the psychological peculiarities of his characters in black and white. This is no longer the uniquely interior depth praised for five years by the young absolutists of the *Cahiers du Cinéma*, but a depth at once interior and exterior, that remains, however, anti-commercial. Godard expresses himself through his dialogues also, I believe, since *Breathless* (like *Hiroshima*, but more serious) is the dialogue of two lovers who are a little lost in the problems of their times. This ambivalence of *Breathless* will insure its double success with the public: the Champs-Élysées snobs will be satisfied as will the audience of public theaters that thrive on action and diversion—they will be entertained enough to forget the sometimes difficult intellectuality of certain sequences. A film need not please the viewers for the entire ninety minutes: about twenty exciting strong shots are

sufficient (producers who are afraid of shocking their clients should never cut certain scenes, but should leave the film as it is or remake it entirely).

I Want You . . . To Not Want You

The first of the many innovations of *Breathless* is the conception of its characters. Godard did not follow a very precise line in painting them, but rather he consciously worked out a series of contradictory directions. Godard is an instinctive creator and rather than one of logic *per se* (which he used in his first timid attempts, which he was now too lazy or not interested enough to follow), he follows the logic of his instinct. He explains this in *Charlotte et son Jules*:

*I seem not to care what I say,
But that's not true at all. Not at all,
From the mere fact that I say a
sentence*

*There is necessarily a connection
with what precedes,
Not bewilderment,
It's Cartesian logic.*

*But if,
That is exactly how I speak in the
theater.*

A film is not written or shot during the approximately six months allotted it, but during the thirty or forty years that precede its conception. When the filmmaker types the first word of his script on the typewriter, he only has to know how to let himself go entirely—to let himself be absorbed in a passive labor. He need only be conscious of himself at each moment. That is why Godard doesn't always know why a certain character does this or that. But after thinking a little, he always discovers why. Certainly one can always manage to explain even a contradictory behavior. But with Godard it is different: thanks especially to the accumulation of small details, that Godard imagined naturally by using himself as his subject, everything manages to hold together. The psychology is more effective because it is freer and almost invisible.

Our two heroes have a moral attitude new to the cinema. The decline of Christianity since the end of the last century (Godard, of Protestant origin, is very conscious of this) left man free to choose between the Christian conception of a relative human existence and the modern worship of the individual. Each choice has its good aspect, and our heroes, feeling a little lost, oscillate between one and the other. Because of this the film is marked with the seal of the greatest of philosophical schools—the Sophists.

Breathless (as Euripides' plays) is an attempt to surpass Sophism by adapting it to reality; from this happiness can result. Belmondo says to Charlotte (in *Charlotte et son Jules*—translator's note):

*"I don't want you, if I want you,
No, I don't want you, or rather if
I want you, I don't know,
It's funny, I don't know,
I want you to not want you."*

And Patricia says:

*"I don't know if I am free because
I am unhappy or unhappy because
I am free."*

Partly because she loves Michel, Patricia denounces him; partly because of the novelty involved and to have the last word, Michel wants to give himself up to the police. The changing attitudes of our times can sometimes determine a complete reversal of conventional psychology to its exact opposite. One of the results of this perpetual changing is the accomplishment of the *mise-en-scène*, usually found in all great films, since the authors of them are also directors. Our heroes, fascinated by the madness of their behavior, detach themselves from themselves. They play with their detached selves in order to see what this will yield. The last scene is filled with supreme irony: Michel before dying makes one of his favorite comic faces and Patricia responds. Thus the ending is both optimistic and heart-rendering—heart-rendering by the intrusion of the comic into the core of the tragic.

An Attempted Liberation Through Film

Critics have already remarked upon the differences between the behavior of man and woman (remarkably well-elucidated in the study by Jean Domarchi that appeared here last month). Patricia is a little American intellectual who doesn't really know what she wants and ends up informing against the man she loves. She is full of radiance and constant jabbering, with an astonishing lucidity through her childishness. But like Charlotte, her character is much less appealing than the masculine personage. Could Godard be a misogynist? No, because this hatred of women is only external and limited to the subject alone. It reflects the contradiction at the basis of true love of man for woman: the more relative admiration of amused contempt of those who, in the encounter of reason and taste, prefer man to woman. Certain filmmakers who want their films to be "the work of a man who loves women, who say it, and who show it" are really the misogynists. They give women the advantage by choice of external subject; they hire the most beautiful actresses, but they don't direct them or they direct them poorly because they don't know how to reveal their essential qualities. Always this ambivalence between what one is and what one wants to be: "I am not what I am," said Shakespeare. Whereas the association of Godard-Seberg yielded magnificent results, undoubtedly because with Seberg we find that dialectic so dear to Godard. With her seemingly masculine life style and boyish haircut, she is all the more feminine. As is well-known, a woman is sexier in pants and short hair because these permit her to purify her femininity of all superficial elements.

Patricia, however, becomes more admirable when she telephones the police. It is an act of courage. She decides to get out of the terrible intricacy in which

she is entangled. But like all acts of courage it is a facile solution. Michel reproaches her bitterly for it because he assumes complete control of his character and plays the game; he doesn't like Faulkner nor half-way things and he follows his perpetual dilemma all the way to the end. But he plays the game too well: his death is the natural sanction called for by logic, the spectator, and morality all at once. He went too far: he wanted to set himself apart from the world and the things in it in order to dominate them.

It is here that Godard detaches himself very slightly from his heroes (whom he otherwise sticks to literally), thanks to his cruel and entomological second personality of the objective filmmaker. Godard is Michel, yet he isn't, since he is neither murderer nor deceased. Why this superiority of author over his character that bothers me slightly? Because Michel is only virtually the double of Godard: he makes actual what Godard thinks. A scene like the one where Michel lifts the Parisian girls' skirts shows this difference well. Certainly the cinema begins or ends with psychoanalysis, but when the filmmaker is conscious of the oddities of his soul and their vanities, they can become a source of beauty. *Breathless* is an attempted liberation, Godard is not—is no longer—Michel because he made *Breathless* and Michel did not.

A Masterpiece is Always Intellectual

Notice that the form of the film is always in the image of the hero's behavior as seen by the heroine; even better she justifies this behavior. Michel and to a greater extent Patricia are overridden by the disorder of our times and by the perpetual moral and physical developments and changes peculiar to our era alone. They are victims of disorder and the film is thus a point of view on disorder—both internal and external. Like *Hiroshima* and *400 Blows*, it is a more or less successful effort to dominate this disorder; actually a rather less than successful effort since if it had been successful, disorder would no longer exist. To shoot a film about disorder without the structure of the work being affected by it would seem to me to be the surest condemnation of the film. What is most admirable in *400 Blows* is that the disorder fully resolves itself by means of order, thanks to the detachment of Truffaut and the perfect ending of the final sequence; and that Truffaut is a young man and an old man of about seventy at the same time. But there is a little more illegitimate trickery there than sincerity: the artist can only be one person at the moment he is making the film; also all evolution in the heart of the work, whether at the beginning or the ending, is a forced affectation. In this regard Godard is superior to Truffaut: while Truffaut with an applied effort forces the civilization of our times into a classical frame-

work, Godard, more honestly, searches to justify our epoch from within itself.

According to some people, order in art is valid, disorder is invalid. I don't think this is true since the uniqueness of art is that it is bound by no laws. Even the respect of the public for art is a myth which should at times be denounced. The *mise-en-scene* recreates the impression of disorder by two different voices, as Godard always does, by naturalness, freedom, and boldness of invention. Godard takes all that he perceives in life without selecting; more exactly he selects all that he sees and only sees what he wants. He omits nothing and tries simply to show what signifies all that he sees or that passes through his head. Incessant, natural disruptions of tone create the impression of disorder. It is not at all necessary to be shocked at the sudden shift from Faulkner to Jean of Létras, during a love scene.

Likewise, when Godard makes a play on words, whether good or bad, we laugh because of his intentional banality. Godard shows us the profound unity which results from disorder, from the permanent and external diversity. Critics have said that the film and its characters do not evolve, except in the last half hour, and even then only slightly. But this is because Godard is against the idea of evolution. The same is true of Resnais, who arrives at the same conclusion, but by the totally opposed means of a tightly constructed work. This conception is in the air in our times: the camera is a mirror led along a path, but there is no longer a path. Like *Hiroshima*, *Breathless* could last two hours, and it lasted effectively for two hours at the first editing. The very remarkable *Time Without Pity* (Joseph Losey, 1957) shows a very precise construction and a constant progression, but it all seems arbitrary somehow. Godard follows the superior order of nature—the order in which things present themselves to his eyes or his mind. As he said:

"From the mere fact that I say a sentence

There is necessarily a connection with what precedes."

The film is a series of sketches, of interludes unrelated at first sight, like the interview of the writer. But from the mere fact that these episodes exist they have a profound relation to each other, like all phenomena of life. Parvulesco's interview clearly poses the problems our lovers must resolve. Like *Astrophel and Stella* (Sir Philip Sidney, 1581), *Breathless* is formed out of little, isolated circles which are rejoined by identical hinges at the end of each sequence or sonnet: with Sidney it is Stella, with Godard Patricia or something else.

The nature of the effect doesn't matter, but each scene must have an effect—that is realism. This is the reason for the many gags. Godard has been reproached for using private jokes, com-

prehensible to regular cinema-goers (Parisians only). The public-at-large would not understand these jokes, but since they don't perceive them at all they are not bothered. It is true that they lose a lot, but the majority of great works, beginning with Aristophanes (illegible without footnotes), are esoteric. A work has as much of a chance to become eternal when it precisely and exhaustively defines a single time and location. Even the classics do this, e.g. Griffith and Autant-Lara, who indulge freely in these private jokes which we ignore because they are no longer pertinent to us. The shot where Michel looks at Patricia through a rolled-up poster is an homage to an unreleased film of a little-known American filmmaker. It is not at all necessary to know the reference to enjoy the effect of this shot (which is however less successful than in the original).

More justly Godard could be reproached for the little scenes that have no importance at all. The lighting of street lamps on the Champs-Élysées lends absolutely nothing.

What good is the sub-titling which so clearly shows up the fundamental differences between French and American, the film of Apollinaire with dialogue by Boetticher, and the absence of credits? It is original and amusing, nothing more.

This is not too disturbing because the detail drives out the next and we do not have time to realize the inefficacy of one among the others.

While with Doniol or Chabrol (more over *Breathless* is the best cinematic graphic contribution of a man in the toise-shell glasses), it is apparent that the effects are rare and not as good.

Why Always Criticisms?

What I have just said is false and excuse myself for it. Because what is unique about Godard is that everything that can be said about him will always be exact (at the same time he is doing what he says he is doing, he is following his principle: "I always do the contrary of what I say," he admitted. Michel Leblanc in *L'Etrange* of Dec. 1959). A critic of Godard would not know how to be deceptive, but he would always accumulate lies by omission. Godard will violently reproach me for this. Because the cinematographic reality is ambiguous in relation to the image of life, contrary to the reality of words. In *L'Express* (Dec. 23, 1959), Godard shows off for us: "I must admit that I have a certain difficulty in writing. I write: 'It is a nice day.' The train enters the station," and then I question myself for hours on why I could have just as well written the opposite: "The train enters the station. It is a nice day," or "It is raining." With film it is easier. At the same time, it is a nice day and the train enters the station. There is an irresistible side toward what one has to go."

This explains the appeal and rep-



Jean-Luc Godard: *Breathless*, Jean Seberg, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

sion of criticism to Godard—criticism—criticism that permits him to clarify the disorder he declares. Periods of disorder and change, like the 20th and 18th centuries, in contrast to the periods of greatest stability and creativity, like the 17th and 19th centuries, witness the triumph of inner reflection and the attempt at synthesization (thus the many cinematographic and literary pictorial references in *Breathless*). These periods are noted essentially for the works of critics naturally gifted for synthesis (neither Racine nor Moliere were critics, as compared to Voltaire and Diderot who did little else).

And whoever speaks of synthesis speaks of the importance of editing. Today we have a group of creator-critics and editors who will clearly never surpass each other. In this new generation no name can detach itself from the others. If *Breathless* is better

than *Hiroshima*, it is because Godard is stronger than Resnais. Therefore, if you want to become very famous today, don't direct yourself toward the creative arts, but toward politics. The new French cinema is somewhat of a collective activity, even though it is the work of extremely different personalities. There are those who go a little too far, those who do not go far enough—the difference is quantitative.

But what I have just said is false, because Godard succeeds in achieving this *tour de force*, in being both very Rossellinian, as we have seen up to now, and not Rossellinian at all. And for this reason, we often think of Resnais. Godard observes reality meticulously, but at the same time he tries to recompense it by means of flagrant artificialities. All novices, fearing the hazards of shooting, have a tendency to plan out their film carefully before-

hand and to make grand stylistic configurations. For example, in *Charlotte* we find a scientific usage of extended scenery, as with Lang. This explains the style of editing in *Breathless*, where the flash cutting alternates with the very long scenes in an intelligently conceived manner. Since the characters' conduct reflects a series of mistaken moral junctures, the film will be a series of mistaken junctures. Only how beautiful and delicious are these mistakes!

But in fact the systematic, simple expression of the subject by script shooting, editing, and angle shots is exactly what is least new in the film. It is not particularly clever to shoot a tilt shot every time a character falls down. Aldrich, Berthomieu, and Clement did it all their lives and it is rarely effective. All the same, this method works when in the same pan shot we jump from

Seberg and Belmondo on the Champs-Élysées to Belmondo and Seberg on the same Champs, walking by the shadows of De Gaulle and Eisenhower who are marching past. This shot means that the only thing that matters is yourself, not the exterior political and social life. By cutting out the scenes where our generals appear, the censors reduced the generals to mere entities, to ridiculous puppets: what will remain of our times is *Breathless*, not De Gaulle nor Eisenhower, pitiable but necessary figures as are all statesmen. This method is also effective when, very differently from that of *Vertigo* (Hitchcock, 1957) and *The Cousins* (Chabrol, 1958), the camera of the great Coutard films ceaselessly at the same rate as the soul of the hero. That has precise meaning. It is the classic expression of modern behavior.

With Godard, spontaneity prevails over formula, completing and recapitulating it. This makes for the slight superiority of *Breathless* over *Hiroshima*, where spontaneity only concerns Resnais with regard to the direction of the actors. Another superior feature of Godard is that he only deals with concrete things. Remembrances, forgetfulness, memory and time are things which are not concrete; they do not exist and like Christian didacticism or communism they are not serious enough to be treated by a language as profound as that of the screen. However, the inability of *Hiroshima* to evoke completely these problems is fascinating and even helps to express something very different.

Perhaps Godard was not strong enough to express the disorder of our times with clarity and ordered scenes; he called his technical facility to the rescue. There is no opposition between the point of view and the action shown as with Truffaut, but there is with Godard perhaps the most perfect requirement of sincerity. Although in my opinion, *Breathless* would not have been less inspired had it been deprived of these artifices.

The Reconciliation of Man with His Times

In fact, I believe *Hiroshima* proved it was necessary to resort to certain tricks to reproduce the vision of our contemporary world, where both physically and morally a considerable number of artificialities condition our field of vision. At the peak of its glory with mankind, the cinema ends up being antiquated. And where Resnais partially succeeds, where his followers fail miserably—snobs like Pollet (the excellent *Ligne de Mire*, 1959), thoughtless ones like Hanoun (*Le Huitième Jour*, 1959), or Molinaro (*Une Fille Pour L'été*, 1959)—Godard succeeds. He makes us admit that this modern universe—metallic and terrifying like science fiction—is a marvelous universe full of beauties; a universe magnificently represented by Jean Seberg, less vivacious here than



with Preminger, but more lunar in the decomposition of her existence. Godard is a man who lives with his times. He shows the utmost respect for the landmarks of uniquely modern civilizations, e.g. automobiles, the comic strips of *France-Soir*. The civilization of our times is not the rightist, reactionary civilization of *L'Express* or the plays of

Sartre, characterized by sullen intellectualism and the rejection of the realities of modern life; rather it is the leftist, revolutionary civilization represented among other things by these famous comics.

That is why it would be wrong to associate Godard with Rousseau under the pretext that they are the great



Jean-Luc Godard: *La Chinoise*, Anne Wiazemsky.

Franco-Swiss artists. If Jean-Jacques offered us nature against artificiality, Jean-Luc claims back the city and the artificialities of modern civilization 100%. Following the American tradition (in the best sense of the word) of Whitman, Sandburg, Vidor, and even Hawks, he accomplished the highest mission of art: he reconciled man with

his own times and with this world, which so many constipated bureaucrats—often in too poor a position to judge or to know any other—take for a world in crisis that crucifies man. As if man were no longer capable of understanding himself in a world which seems to menace him. For Godard the 20th century is not an enormous affront facing

the creative man; it is enough to know how to see and admire. The power and beauty of his *mise-en-scene*, imposing an image of serenity and optimism, enable us to discover the profound grace of this world, terrifying at first contact, through its poetry of mistaken junctures and perdition.

Translated by Roberta Bernstein



Jean-Luc Godard: *A Woman Is a Woman*, Jean-Claude Brialy, Anna Karina.

A Woman Is a Woman

Scenario by Jean-Luc Godard,
based on an idea by Genevieve Cluny

The action takes place in the present, either in a provincial city like Tours, or in one of the quarters of Paris—such as Strasbourg or Saint-Denis.

It all begins late one Friday afternoon and ends 24 hours later on Saturday night.

The three main characters are Josette, Emile and Paul. There is also Suzanne, a friend of Josette and (perhaps) of Paul, but her role is minor.

Emile and Josette have been living together for a little while in a small three-room apartment, the windows of which look out onto a street running parallel to the major boulevards.

Emile is a bookseller by profession. He has a tiny shop which sells newspapers and secondhand books, located in a narrow street running at right angles to the large, outer boulevards. He loves Dashiell Hammett and *Marie-Claire*.

All the action takes place in an area enclosed by about one hundred square meters. It is important that the characters be able to speak from window to window, or from window to door. That is how Josette will chat with Suzanne. And that is also how, when necessary, Emile will be able to call down to Paul, in the bar below.

What does Paul do? He is a street photographer. In other words, using flashbulbs, he bombards innocent bystanders on the boulevards.

And Josette? Ah, Josette! One might never think it of her, but Josette is a stripper, working in a non-stop bargain-price revue near the Porte St. Martin. She does two numbers every afternoon, three every evening. Charlestons as an indian dancing-girl! Sambas as a marquise! Josette believes in her art, and she practices conscientiously before her mirror.

On Friday, the place is closed for the night. And that's precisely why we have this opportunity to start our film with Josette, who is returning home to make supper.

She passes Paul on the street. He fakes taking a photo of her. It is apparent that Paul would like to jump straight into bed with Josette, because she is petite and has an excellent figure.

But, as it happens, Emile and Josette adore each other. Thus, Paul cherishes a hopeless dream (like Pola Illery in regard to Albert Préjean in René Clair's *14 Juillet*—doubtless a film genius).

(At the music hall: a gesture suggesting that Josette would like to have a child, and get married—there is a child that she plays with while its mother is onstage doing her number—or a layette that all the girls, during the interim in which it is impossible to earn a living, take turns knitting for a pregnant comrade. A further furtive suggestion of this will follow her into the street. But instead of having her stare wistfully around at passing children, she should stare hard at old people, to whom she reacts by "doubting her youth." They intensify the desire to have a child before it is "too late," even though she is only 25.)

So: Josette is home alone but preparing dinner: hers and Emile's. She hesitates, talks to herself, comes and goes, calls to Suzanne, then quickly closes the window because Emile is returning.

The evening meal. Quarrel between Emile and Josette because, suddenly, after the usual witty denials when Emile insists that the three minute eggs are not quite done, Josette comes out with: O.K., you're right and I agree—but only if you let me have a baby!

She demonstrates to Emile, by an idiotic but unassailable logic, that Emile doesn't love her since he neither wishes to marry her nor have a baby. Emile

cal argument, one whose absurdity confuses even Josette, since it is apparent that if she pursued it to its logical conclusion she would end up completely contradicting herself. So, Josette more or less blackmails Emile: What if I decide to have a baby by some other guy?

The discussion degenerates. Since he loves her, Emile takes Josette at her word. And Josette lets herself get caught in the trap, because she loves him. Emile says that she can have a baby with anyone she likes, for all he cares. Josette: she's going to ask the next person she sees.

Gag with the next person she sees, who knocks at the door just then. It's the concierge, bringing up the laundry.

Josette undresses. Emile is triumphant. Josette says that if Emile thinks she's giving up, he's mistaken. She's going to ask Paul. Well, we shouldn't stand on ceremony, says Emile, putting the best possible face on a bad matter—at which point he himself calls Paul who is (long live chance) in the bar below.

It's because they are in love that everything is about to go wrong for Emile and Josette, who are wrong in believing that they can push this issue as far as they like, simply because of their mutual and therefore "eternal" love.

Paul, jumping at opportunity, arrives



Jean-Luc Godard: *A Woman Is a Woman*, Jean-Claude Brialy, Anna Karina.

says that life is fine just as it is and that maybe we'll look into the matter two years from now. But Josette says: not in two years—now! This has been going on far too long!

She wants a baby right away, and she launches into an absurd, paradoxical

30 seconds after Emile invites him to come up, Emile, playing master of ceremonies, asks Paul if he would be so kind as to step up and make a baby—a baby, that's quite right—with *mademoiselle*.

Paul lifts his eyebrows somewhat.

Despite his rascallish airs, he wasn't expecting *that*. Josette, who remains silent, decides to give Emile—who has been ridiculing her too openly this time—a lesson. She leads Paul to the bathroom. Emile remains outside, alone, but makes a semblance of enjoying himself. Then he glues his ear to the washroom door. He hears nothing. The door is locked. He is upset, but doesn't show it.

He is thumbing casually through a book when Josette and Paul emerge from the bathroom, faces aglow. Josette flirts a little with Paul in front of Emile, who remains silent, not batting an eyelid. Suddenly, without warning, Paul caresses her where he ought not to, and Josette slaps him in the face. Emile laughs, Paul starts to snicker. Furious, Josette throws them both out of the apartment which belongs to her slightly more than it does to Emile, since it was a legacy from her grandparents. Emile and Paul depart, laughing and joking, and putting down the race of women.

Josette, alone, calls them nasty names, mumbling to herself in front of the mirror. She convinces herself that she has no other choice but to get pregnant by some other guy, since Emile has refused her.

Emile returns. He has forgotten he doesn't know what. They decide, by an abrupt turn of the dialogue, not to speak to each other any more. Then, in silence, they go to bed. Various gags.

The next morning. Once again, they decide not to speak to each other. Fur-

ther gags. Before leaving, Emile wants to embrace Josette. Listen, Josette, this is idiotic. Josette answers him roughly, but with an exaggerated politeness (like Johnny Guitar when insulting the sheriff). Emile rushes out, slamming the door, which pops open again. Josette then slams it herself, so hard that it flies open once again. Two or three times. She has to close it quietly, finally, and that upsets her singularly.

Josette is alone again. Just then, telephone call from Paul who wants to meet her at 11 at the tobacco shop on the corner. Paul absolutely must speak to Josette about something very important that just happened that night.

Josette dresses to go to the appointment. Through the window she sees Suzanne, who is going out to do her marketing. She joins her in the street. Suzanne tells her that Emile just phoned her to ask her to keep an eye on poor Josette, who has taken leave of her senses.

Wanting a child—oh, yes, everybody knows how crazy that is, says Josette. I'll show him, that dirty dog. And Josette, in a great huff, leaves Suzanne flat—so that Suzanne won't see her going off to her meeting with Paul.

Josette arrives at the tobacco shop where Paul is waiting. She asks him if Emile has asked *HIM* to spy on her, too. Paul is shocked and astounded. He says that he is sincere. He has been thinking a lot since last night. He knows now that he truly loves Josette, to whom—more swiftly to press his suit

—he offers a second vermouth. Josette turns her head. Paul has quite a few aces in his hand: next—more effectively to get Josette to sleep with him—he shows her (without telling her that it was taken several years before) a photo he took of Emile with some other girl on Emile's arm.

(If Jean Poiret plays the role of Paul possible interlude here with Michel Serault dressed up as a nun. He picks up 3,000 francs a day begging in front of cafes. But since this is Paul's idea, he is calculating how much he should deduct from the take as his percentage.)

Josette really wants to have a baby but at least it's necessary that the guy who is its father be in love with her. She is not yet sure that Paul really is. Paul is doing his best to persuade Josette to come back to his place.

But Josette has to go, because she has to prepare lunch for Emile. She leaves Paul, telling him to wait in the bathroom downstairs, opposite the windows of her apartment. She says: if in five minutes you see that the shutters are still closed it means that I'll be right down. And if the shutters are open, it means that I'm not coming, and that I've made up with Emile.

Josette hurries upstairs. She arranges everything so that Emile can eat without her: she leaves notes, such as the salt is in the sugar-bowl; the dishcloth are all there—in a pile with the napkins.

Then, she goes over to close the shutters, to warn Paul that she is coming.



Jean-Luc Godard: *A Woman Is a Woman*, Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

down. But Emile returns, asks why it's so dark, and throws open the shutters. Same game several times in succession, but seen from the point of view of Paul—who keeps making false starts.

Finally Emile forces Josette to leave the shutters wide open and Paul thinks that Josette is reconciled with Emile, when exactly the opposite is true.

After lunch, speedily consumed by Emile, with Josette refusing the least bite, and instead rehearsing her new strip routine (she does it deliberately to excite Emile), they leave, still pursuing their dispute, annoying each other much more than love allows.

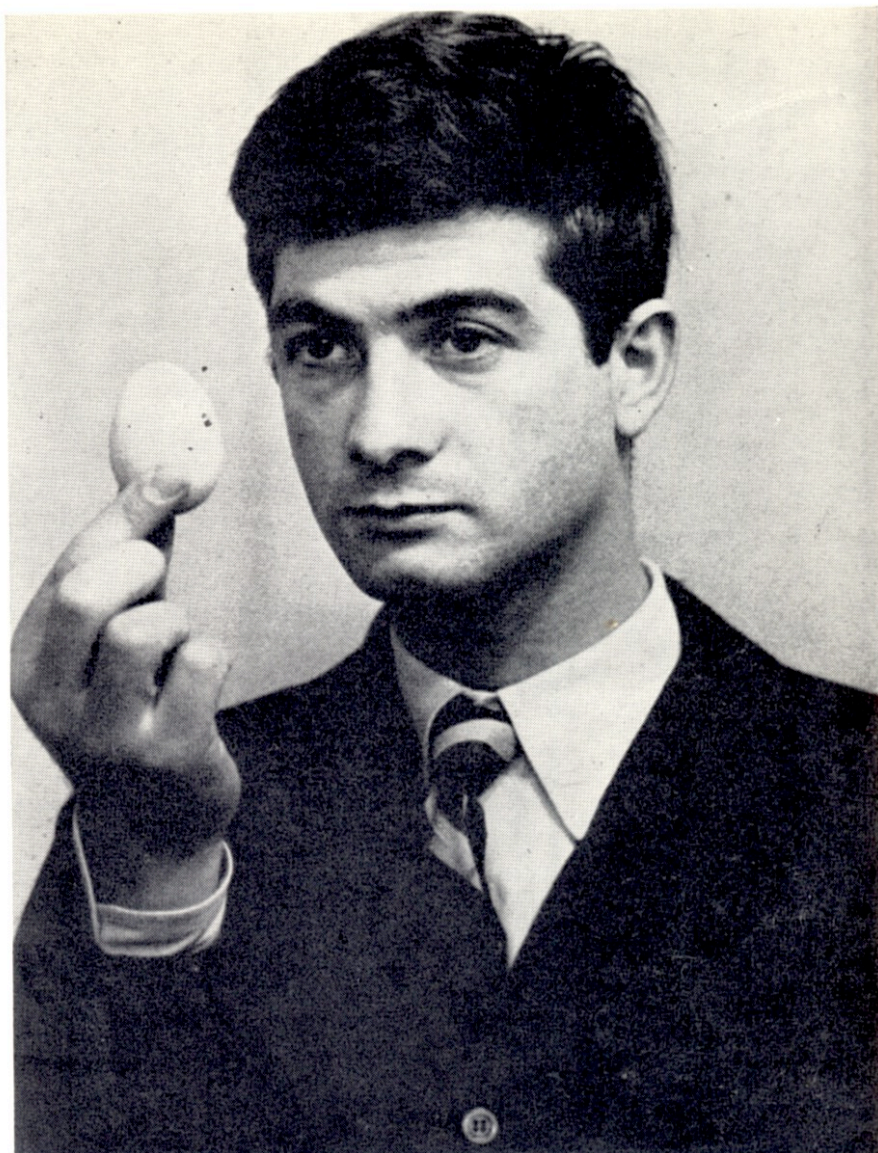
(Whenever Josette is in the street, have her look around, showing that she is thinking of having a baby, that she is considering the passing men as prospective fathers, that she looks mostly at children or old people, but that it is the very old people who make the greatest impression on her. Show that it is an obsession with Josette. In the end, it is necessary that the audience find this absurd desire to have a child in 24 hours rather touching. Josette, like most women, might also have been capable of suddenly being overwhelmed with desire to go to Marseille, or of yearning for a dress worth a hundred thousand francs or a pastry—it doesn't really matter—except that it be a desire for something which she would rather die than not get, something absolutely idiotic in fact, but it doesn't actually matter, that's the way it goes, a woman is a woman, and to want to have a child at 25 is for a woman, after all, a noble and lofty idea.)

In the street, Emile, exasperated, stops a passerby and asks him point blank if he would agree to have a baby with any woman whatsoever, without knowing who she is. (Treat this scene in pure documentary style, keeping the camera concealed so as to capture the actual reaction of the individual to whom this question is put, at the moment it is asked.)

Emile accompanies Josette back to the nightclub; then, alone, returns to his shop. We stay with Emile as he mopes around among his secondhand books. Suddenly he decides to marry Josette, he runs to the night spot—where she has failed to report! announces the furious manager.

Josette is not at her house. Nobody has seen her. Suzanne hasn't either. After closing up his shop for the night, Emile mopes around some more. He is so sunk in gloom that, when a photographer friend of Paul's says he saw Josette and Paul together this morning at the tobacco shop, he completely fails to react.

Thus, near the Boulevard Sebastopol, when a prostitute propositions him, he accepts. Shortly afterwards, we see him come back downstairs and telephone all the local hotels to find out if anyone has seen Paul with Josette. Then Emile tries to telephone Paul's house—only Paul does not have a telephone.



Jean-Luc Godard: *A Woman Is a Woman*, Jean-Claude Brialy.

(Perhaps, by another house-to-house game, Paul might live on the other side of the street, and all that Paul does Emile might be able to see, but does not hear.)

Emile asks the tenant who lives under Paul's room to go and see if Paul is there. Paul is there—in bed, with Josette. The tenant descends, reports to Emile that Paul is in. Emile asks him to go back upstairs and tell Paul that he is leaving at once for Rio de Janeiro. The man struggles back upstairs again to tell Paul that Emile says he is leaving at once for Rio de Janeiro.

Paul and Josette feel that Emile has gone crazy. Josette is already dressed. We stay with her until she gets back home. In the street, she stops before a mirror to look at her silhouette, sticking her stomach alternately in and out.

Josette arrives at Emile's house in tears. Emile is as glum as he was earlier. She tells him that she went to bed with Paul, because he made her drink three vermouths while repeatedly play-

ing a certain Aznavour record which always leaves her head in a spin.

Paul is utterly destroyed when Josette tells him that, unquestionably, she is pregnant. He doesn't tell her about going to bed with the prostitute.

Sadly, Josette and Emile go to bed. They stretch out stiffly beside each other.

After a few moments of silence while the audience accustoms itself to the dark, Emile says that something just struck him. Josette says that she just had the same thought. It's all very simple. They will know in a couple of days if Josette is really pregnant. To make absolutely certain, though, Emile suggests to Josette that he go to work on a baby too, since that way he'll be equally sure of being the father. Josette doesn't say no.

As soon as it's done, Josette switches the light back on and says to Emile: Wow! That was a hot one! Emile smiles. He says he finds Josette disgraceful (*infame*). No, she says, she is a woman (*une femme*).

*The Difficulty of
Being Jean-Luc Godard*

by Jean-André Fieschi





(This article appeared originally in *Cahiers du Cinema*, November 1962.)

When *Le Petit Soldat* came out, Godard said that those who liked *Breathless* would not like his new film, and vice versa. Godard knows himself and his public: rarely in art, as in anything else, does a change of palette command admiration, since security is almost always preferred to adventure. Renoir and Rossellini who are well-acquainted with this sort of thing have thus had to suffer on many occasions for having preferred creative liberty, i.e. the right of self-contradiction, to the security of a public won over in advance.

It is true that in spite of the constant progress of the celebrated *politique des auteurs*, the films themselves are for the most part still preferred to the authors of the films, and filmmakers are considered more or less autonomous with regard to each other. Yet it is not single moments of film that we are persistently looking for, but voices that by their sincerity or magnificence gradually become necessities for us.

If I now propose to discuss *Une femme est une femme* quite thoroughly, it is because this film clarifies in an especially accurate way the *politique des auteurs* in general and of Godard in particular.

In one way the apparent difference between this film and *Vivre sa vie* is even more obvious than that between *Breathless* and *Le Petit Soldat*, making these films opposites in many ways.

As has been said many times, a large part of Godard's originality resides in his contradictions, more exactly in the manner in which he plays with different possibilities without submitting from one film to the next or within the same film to the necessities of consistency of tone and style. Thus there is a perpetual oscillation between tragedy and comedy, tears and laughter, violence and extreme delicacy, discontinuity and unity. What is important is that these contradictions are not only based on realities but on creative realities, opposites multiplying to restore his vision in all its ambiguity.

Pure Intimacy

If we now look for personal voices rather than films, the *politique des auteurs*, according to logic, becomes what one could call a policy of friendship. "When a friend speaks to me," said Renoir recently on TV, "whatever he says is interesting to me." This policy of friendship takes on a character of necessity in *Une femme est une femme*. Not that one cannot also enjoy the superficial qualities of the film without reference to the author, but a fragmentary approach to Godard's work, even excluding any aesthetic criterion,

Jean-Luc Godard: *A Woman Is a Woman*, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

or the least reserve regarding the author's ability to communicate disorder can only lead to the greatest lack of comprehension. This is because, as we shall see, the aesthetic is somewhat removed here. Because sometimes the perfection of a prevailing language matters less than a language through which the author yields himself to us, in that which is extremely personal and which reaches us like a secret confidence. A work perhaps for the "happy few"; but it is less a matter of a self-appointed intellectual elite than of receptivity to a language of the heart. One must know how to listen to this language that judges us even while we believe we are doing the judging.

Surely there is great danger in defending a work simply on its emotive and affective powers; there is the risk of opening the door to a number of confusions. But it is precisely a question of a dangerous work, that is to say, one which exposes itself boldly to the gravest dangers. It is a leap into the void. Remember what Godard himself once wrote concerning *Montparnasse 19*: "... the film of fear . . . I would give all of post-war French cinema for the single poorly acted, poorly framed, but sublime scene, where Modi asks for five francs for his sketches on the balcony of the Coupole."

Then, and only then, is everything attractive in this otherwise unpleasant film. All rings true in this ultra-artificial film. All becomes clear in this obscure film. Because he who leaps into the void has no accounts to keep for those who watch him."

This is what it is all about. Jean-Victor Hocquard calls certain of Mozart's pieces "works of pure intimacy" (e.g. Quintet in F minor; or Quintet for clarinet, etc.). These are the most discordant, the most sincere, the ones that, as is to be expected, the connoisseur appreciates only after a long familiarity with the artist. These works speak to us of things other than music, of a beyond on the secret frontiers of art, not able to be encompassed by language. *Une Femme Est Une Femme* is one of the beyonds of cinema, a work of pure intimacy. It therefore demands the greatest detachment, forgetting of one's self and even of art; thus we can be born again, enriched by the weight of a precious secret. Only then do we discover that this voice, this fear, and this secret are also ours, refracted by the most unique of mirrors.

Uneasiness is revealed here. If the artist reveals himself through a coded (however slightly) language, his confession requires a certain reserve on our part. The critic, in the sense that his activity is outright rape, cannot prevent himself from being invaded by a guilty conscience. Because we, the critics, know only too well what tenderness and deep rents are hidden behind the filmmaker's provocation and impertinences, we who in the very least have the value of beneficently disregarding that which is not

worthy of being heard. We free ourselves of our embarrassment by referring to Paulhan's paradox in *Fautrier l'Enrage*: "All critics are fair. All critics are right. It only remains for us to understand them." What right do we have to oppose the false certainty of our judgments to this fragile mystery which is so impenetrable even at the very moment we believe we possess it, to this work that doesn't live its life solely in us? Because it lives *also* in us—and for that reason alone can we be witnesses.

Liberty

It should now be understood that I pay little attention to criticisms generally formulated with regard to *Une femme Est une Femme* (contrary to this, I know several persons whose love of this film is sufficient to unite them in spite of all their differences); perhaps in this case the greatest love consists in refusing to speak of it. Confidence does not allow polemics, this is why I will try to convince no one.

Godard is admired for what is called the beautiful name of liberty. Yet we ought to agree on what we mean by this. It is a question of a liberty which means total involvement *vis-à-vis* his films and himself. This involvement is so deep, it resembles a surrendering—an almost desperate refuge—to the latent powers that only await this surrendering to reveal themselves. The idea of liberty here is a perilous one. I believe *Une Femme est Une Femme* to be less the film of a free man than the film of a man who is searching to be free (the questions are more important than the answers, said *Le Petit Soldat*) or who is only free to the extent that he does not totally possess his freedom. A freedom that resembles terribly, definitely, Pascal's wager.

Une Femme est Une Femme is a film about chaos, about all types of chaotic and fragmentary realities, that are sometimes threatening, sometimes favorable, always on the border between harmony and disharmony. Angela does not possess the keys for these realities (It is possible to see a relationship with *Paris Nous Appartient*; a relationship which will appear perhaps with time as witness to the spirit of a generation divided between the cinema and life, the real and the imaginary; but one film speaks of anguish, the other of fear). Godard's view on the interpretation of the film reflects his will to find a possible crystallization in this chaos; he wants to unite, through a sentimental and a pacified condition, a world where a terrifying discontinuity reigns on all levels and by this means to give it some sense. The relation between Angela and her child is, it seems to me, the same as that between Godard and his film—his film that is a casket beyond all despair, closed on a hope to love—the hope of Anna Karina bathed in colors and singing: "I am very beautiful."

Sometimes Godard seems not to have mastered his medium, exactly like

Becker in *Montparnasse 19*. It is where his non-mastery is most evident, where the dizzying impression is that of total disorder, that the film is most subliminal. For these moments I too would give up the rest of cinema, French or other. It is for this reason that there is so much derision in the reproaches of his work whether out of awkwardness or out of excessive virtuosity. The astonishing sincerity appears precisely in the relation between what is controlled and what is no longer controlled, between what is free and only what could be prevented by a dominating interior necessity.

Everything is on the exterior by its appearance in the cinema; the constant recourse to the theater and to brusque flashbacks to convince us of a detached attitude; all the means to create a distance are, we know, too obvious for that distance really to exist. Freedom is yet to come.

Being

Godard is the filmmaker *par excellence* on the difficulty of being. His poetry is also metaphysical in that his observations strive perpetually to encompass the obstacles that oppose the expansion of his found liberty, also called happiness. He constantly presents to us contradictions of being, an uneasy and uncomfortable being, seeking the difficult harmony between himself and the world ("I would like to be someone else," Nana says to the policeman, looking her eyes; but furtively she says "To escape one's self is a joke"), a perpetual conflict—precisely that of the artist. By whatever means we find this terrifying irreducibility proposed to us by the cinema, next to the other attempts its attempt resembles the "Great Work" of the alchemists.

In *Une Femme Est une Femme*, the difficulty is represented by the reference to musical comedy, an absolute genre for which Godard cultivates nostalgia. Roger Planchon does not much like *Une Femme Est une Femme*, as I cite here a thought quoted in his interview¹, because it is instructive through its fundamental incomprehension of the film. "A musical comedy," he says, "requires much more work. In a musical comedy the characters from the start, possess a dreamlike space, time, unique to the genre, allowing an immediate expression of their desires and their happiness. In *Une Femme Est une Femme*, there is no possession of a dreamlike time-space: the 'music' is really a dream toward which Godard and his characters move but which they can never reach. They undoubtedly have *Brigadoon* in the back of their minds, but the scenes which focus on the faces of the old people around the Porte Saint-Denis—wretchedness of the most realistic kind—denies the fantasy of escape. Reality consumes dream like a cancer. Besides, all musical comedy is dynamic, and notice that the dance scenes are immobile and undynamic."

¹ *Cahiers du Cinema* No. 129

after Karina answers Belmondo who asked her why she was sad: "Because I wanted to be in a musical comedy with Cyd Charisse and Gene Kelly, choreographed by Bob Fosse."

To Live

This extreme difficulty of being (demonstrated in *Sloeb* with a disconcerting facility and a preciously detached and luminously Olympian manner) is doubled with Godard. Coexisting with it is a furor of living which is at least as intense (the child for Angela; the "It is necessary to be interested in things and find them beautiful," for Nana). The presence of these two coexistent elements gives his films the physical weightiness lacking in French cinema, which stems directly from the best American cinema, such as the influence coming from the many Grade B thrillers. Because of the conflict of these two forces and its resulting physicality, each instant lived by Godard's characters is related to a dramatic intensity giving each gesture an air of urgency and necessity. Because with Godard there is no sense of elapsing time—it is exactly the opposite of a cinema of duration—there is a strong feeling for the moment, captured in all its complexity. Each moment is of prime importance. Each scene, like the character at the heart of its conception, having reached its equilibrium, seems menaced by an obscure intangibility. A cinema of conquest and danger—the "To Live Dangerously Until the End" of *Breathless*.

Diversity

We are speaking of contrasts. Indeed, from one film to the next, Godard always seems to show us the reverse of what he previously showed us, proving that the same identity is at the root of apparent opposites. It is the exact same emotion emanating from different channels; thus it is quite absurd by definition to have preferences within this work which forms an indissoluble whole. After much reflection, I do not believe there is a progression (only different stages) in Godard's work, to the degree that it is the work of a poet—poetry being the only language that can be grasped immediately. Maturity brings to Godard (and *Vivre sa vie* proves it) a greater virtuosity, a broader outlook and a rigor that clarifies the preoccupation of his other films, hidden by exuberance (diverse exuberances, e.g. of little ideas in *Breathless*, of language in *Le Petit Soldat*, of forms and colors in *Une Femme Est une Femme*). I do not think, however, that one can speak of a precise curve, at least an ascending one, regarding Godard's work as a whole. Under all the diverse appearances, the same obsessions and the same ideas correspond from one film to the other. Perhaps diversity is the negation of the idea of style into what is most visible about that idea. Not that I wish to make Godard an esthete—we all know he is a moralist—but everything happens as if he has



Jean-Luc Godard: *A Woman Is a Woman*, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Anna Karina, Jean-Claude Brialy.

refused up to the present to confine himself within a creative dogma, even a strictly personal one. If there is a style at all, it is in Godard's denial of style. In other words, an approach means more than a written word.

Contemplation

The wisdom and maturity of this outlook makes *Vivre sa vie* in effect a cinema of contemplation. Departing from Rossellini, Dreyer, and Bresson, Godard ends up partially on the side of Mizoguchi, more particularly of *O'Haru*. We see an interior, not in the diary form (as in *Le Petit Soldat*) nor of an explosion of genres (as in *Une Femme Est une Femme*), but the purest glimpses of stations along a journey, each intentionally given special importance. I mention Mizoguchi because of that extreme dignity of a suffering, repressing tears, and a clear acceptance disclosing behind the last convulsions something resembling the serenity of someone who, according to the formula of the *Petit Soldat*, "learns to be bitter no longer."

Actually the beautiful and sad *Vivre sa vie* is less hopeless than it appears, and especially less than *Une Femme Est une Femme*; and this is true even though the former seems centered on death and the latter on life. Calmness emerges in the heart of suffering. "A

sentence whose parts agree too well excludes total renunciation," said Valéry about Pascal. And Bruce Parain: "One only speaks well with detachment." *Vivre sa vie* is located between these two poles.

In *Une Femme Est une Femme*, the means to achieve de-dramatization (the three acts in the theater; music in the opera; jokes in the comics) postpone the real impossibility of achieving it, and dissonances are established. Likewise in *Vivre sa vie* the delay, since it is achieved last, becomes the tonality of the story. No longer is the camera merely an accessory; as with Rossellini, it traces the most intimate workings of the soul: Angela winks at the camera, Nana lowers her eyes before it. The means to create distance are no longer external—they seemingly exist from within themselves. We must exclude the theatrical de-dramatization (the twelve pictures, the final scene) that ends up rather as a cinematographic de-dramatization: as if applying his technique to another art, Godard reaches the heart of his own through a metamorphosis that is a reversal.

Adaptation

I have just been speaking of borrowing—Godard has never shirked on that score. References, quotes, and other foreign elements adorn his films. He



Jean-Luc Godard: *Vivre sa vie*, Anna Karina.

has become a master of association; his personal dream is nourished, impregnated, and prolonged by the parallel dreams of others. In the most perfectly natural way, he absorbs the ideas or creations of others. From *Pickpocket* he becomes Vampire; stealing turns into necessary nourishment. He has in him a true moral and aesthetic for adaptation. Thus in *Vivre sa vie* (not to speak of other films where it is even more flagrant), Godard relates the shadow of Louise Brooks, a name from Renoir, and more directly the face of Falconetti modelled by Dreyer (all of this is an homage to the silent film); also he associates a song, a dance record, a philosophical reflection, and a text by Poe.

If we believe Godard, he enters numerous hazardous situations by such choices. Joan of Arc? He wants to show Nana crying in the movies and such tears would not have been possible for

The Battleship Potemkin. Brice Parain? He wanted a conversation between a low-class prostitute and a famous man. *The Oval Portrait*? A last hour decision. All of these borrowings to confirm the thesis of a purely intuitive creator. The internal conversations establish themselves according to "objective commentaries" that give to the artist, beyond the admirable coherence of his own observations, the naïveté and creative innocence of the grand primitives. Because if there are hazards here, couldn't one refer to the old surrealist notion of "objective chance?" Artaud announces his death to Falconetti at the moment when Nana's agony begins. Jeanne is guilty. In the car leading Nana to her death in the last sequence, Jeanne asks, "Of what am I guilty?" And the reply by Raoul is as implacable as that of a verdict.

We know what an important role thought plays in Godard's language (to

the point that he is the only one to use this element as systematically as Mankiewicz, although in an entirely different direction; with Godard the silences temper and enrich the words more than with Mankiewicz). Labarthe even chose to analyze *Une Femme Est une Femme* from this particular angle.¹ Now Nana on the make for a famous man speaks to a language philosopher, Brice Parain who entertains us with "the dizzying feeling of an enexactitude of language" and who, in Sartre's words, "is word-sick and wants to be cured" and who "suffers from feeling set apart by conformity to the language." He is, like Godard, an irreconciled man who forces himself to reconciliation.

As for the inclusion of the Poe text—the vampire story inserted in the most beautiful of vampire films—it is diffi-

¹ *Cahiers du cinema* No. 125

cult not to consider it as a confession, the most sincere of confessions by an artist. And for those people who are disturbed by Godard's reading of the text, don't they understand how this multiplies the emotionality of the scene? The superb sentence: "This is our story, the painter doing a portrait of his wife."

Godard adapts. But just as in a canvas by Braque, a package of tobacco is no longer a package of tobacco, by Godard's grace Falconetti's face, her tears become the face of Karina, her tears; and thus the scene becomes Godard's own—an admirable paradox. Never has an artist been so original and irreducible while at the same time borrowing so boldly. I would say Vampire: this film plunges directly and unmeditatingly into the very sources of vampirism and by this means discloses the latent powers of one of the greatest myths of all literature and cinema. A film about absorption: shadow absorbs light a dozen times (the gradual black-outs); death absorbs life. Likewise Godard absorbs the world and is finally himself absorbed by his creation (as expressed by *The Oval Portrait*).

Oppression

There is an element that one resents in Godard's films—a unique sort of oppression, an uneasiness modulated as if it were a poem. This feeling permeates his films and forces them to exist halfway between freedom and anguish. This constantly perceptible oppression has a slightly mysterious quality that weighs as well on the dissonances of *Une Femme Est une Femme* as on the pure line of *Le Petit Soldat*. The constant seduction (the final end of the difficulty of being, while being simultaneously in crisis and appeasement; with Godard death is always violent and connected with his fascination for fire arms) perhaps gives the work the tragic aura that one should not confuse with any kind of fate, Greek or Langian. Rather it would be better to speak of a romantic attraction for death (as with Novalis), where this definitive and mocking act would appear as the resolution of a misunderstanding, almost as a reconciliation. Can Godard only live by killing his characters? Here is a new relationship with the spirit of vampirism and its cathartic function.

Vivre sa vie in spite of the perpetual underlying and apparent references to death cannot fool us with its apparent pessimism. The accumulation of the most sordid to the most noble difficulties of being in the itinerary of a character, undoubtedly permits Godard to live. It is as if he deposits in his creation his own transfigured obstacles and difficulties.

How does he resolve this? By being an artist and a filmmaker. If the light and shadows in cafes, streets, and hotels create a stifling atmosphere where the air often seems to become asphyxiatingly thin, this does not indicate a subservience to the laws of ex-

pressionism or a recourse to symbolism; rather it means that Godard perceives the world directly in cinematic terms, as often Rossellini does, in terms of light, or as Bresson, with a sensibility for stage setting that reflects upon the soul of the character and the narrative.

But if the play of untiringly opened, closed, and half-opened doors allows one to hope for the vague promise of and "allegiance" in the *Condamné* and in *Pickpocket*, there is only the irremediable sense of imprisonment in the *mise-en-scène* of *Vivre sa vie*. This sense of imprisonment expresses itself even on the level of the editing through the use of a fixed scene (where horizontals and verticals dominate, creating an obviously oppressing effect) and by the way Nana is cut off from the others (first scene). Especially wherever Nana is has the feeling of a cage. Cages with windows that allow the world to filter through while at the same time excluding it: the café at the beginning of the film, the record shop, the examination by a policeman next to a mud-splattered window. Blacks: cinema where the only light is that which tremblingly surrounds Jeanne's face at the moment of her condemnation. Sickeningly green: the cafes and rooms. Not only enclosed places imprison Nana: even the streets are made-up of walls at which Godard's camera is constantly aimed. And if he doesn't linger on his heroine's death, it is because he lingered on the stages of her agony.

Liberation

By denying the existence of a Fate, we do not want to say that in each scene of the entire film a threat is not omnipresent. However, Godard wants Nana to be answerable in an existential sense, creating her own destiny. This only strengthens the tragic dimension. Thus the moments when she seems suddenly to forget her condition and smiles or dances are so moving only because we know they cannot last. When she dances around the billiard table (a sim-

ple exchange of glances and pack of cigarettes giving her a happiness that Godard reveals much more effectively through subtleties than by long speeches), for the first time she possesses a space instead of being annihilated by it—the subjective approach of the walls is sufficient to denounce her vulnerability.

Oppression is born when Godard, in describing happiness uses the same tonality that serves him to describe unhappiness: wrong and right sides, interior and exterior are coincidental and identical. From the musical comedy we know that dancing means happiness. Nana dances when she wonders if she is happy. When she is happy, more slowly, like in a slow dance (in a room on the second floor with a young man, locked in an embrace).

How in this case can one speak of freedom or appeasement? Because by succeeding in the dangerous synthesis of rigor and sensitivity (making *Vivre sa vie* somewhat like *Voyage en Italie* or *Pickpocket*), Godard achieved the promised land of maturity with his fourth film, a stage usually attained only much later by filmmakers. His latest film is his most open: the eternal paradox is for the artist to speak of non-communication. By speaking in this manner Godard proves that he does not believe it as far as one might think: we are far from Antonioni. Because why make films if you were sure that all language becomes lost outside of the person who is speaking? The real film on non-communication was *Une Femme Est une Femme* because it was seen imperfectly handled. Mastery brought the most precious of gifts to Godard: to speak to others while speaking to himself (directly, without a code as he did before). This brings us in a certain way to the phrase of Montaigne placed in *exergue*. The difficulty of being is resolved by Godard by his involvement in the cinema. By learning about the cinema, he learns about life.

Translated by Roberta Bernstein



Jean-Luc Godard: *Vivre sa vie*, *Le Petit Soldat*, Anna Karina.



Shooting *The Fall of the Roman Empire*: Anthony Mann, Finlay Currie.



'A Lesson In Cinema'

*Interview with
Anthony Mann*

The passing of Anthony Mann goes by as though—for that which is of cinema's history—it were unnecessary to see in it the symptom of an already-bygone event: the death of the western and of the B picture. *Bend of the River*, *The Naked Spur*, *Man of the West*—these are the scintillating points in which the genre culminates, which are not without debts to scenarists such as Yordan and Chase—a form of production and acting (how to praise Mann without rendering homage to Janet Leigh, Stewart, Cooper or Kennedy?). As much externals, perhaps, as what can fittingly be called *l'auteur*. Yet, Mann remains one of those on whom a famous politic was founded. Paradox? No. At most, a sign of a time when, already, it was no small thing to discover, from ground as common as ancient, that all-new truth: "Aerial space, not as is contained by geometry—emptiness from horizon to horizon—but as the concreteness of space" (Bazin). Thus—contemplating the Mannian heroes on the tips of boulders, prairies, snowy fields, trees, dust and blue sky—a generation learned cinema. *Man of the West*, said Godard, "is a course as well as a discourse . . . art as well as artistic theory . . . a western—that is to say, the most cinematic genre of cinema, if I may dare to express it thus: in such fashion that, when all is said and done, it turns out quite plainly that *Man of the West* is an admirable lesson in cinema, and modern cinema." There are some chapters of the Mann method for which we must always revisit that school.

Question: Between *The Great Flamarion* and *Railroaded*, there's a definite discrepancy of tone. What were your working conditions?

Mann: I think one of those films is as bad as the other, but *Railroaded* may have been bad in a more personal way: by that I mean that its faults are more directly imputable to me. My first films were shot under conditions that I'd rather not talk about . . . After all! What do you want, with a budget of 50 or 60,000 dollars, actors who can't be made to say lines, and non-existent sets?

Dr. Broadway was the first of those films. They'd promised me three whole days for the street scenes, so I made my shooting plans accordingly, and marked off some interesting angles. At the end of the first day, they ordered me literally to "get off the stage," C. B. DeMille having decided to set up his cameras there . . . There was nothing to do but agree . . . and do it! The films after that weren't any more encouraging, but even so, *The Great Flamarion*, produced by Billy Wilder's brother, was a little more ambitious. In fact, I still have a very bad impression of Eric von Stroheim: coat-collar turned up, monocle and shaven head, he certainly created a presence, but as an actor—oh my God! My only strong point was the shooting-gallery sequence, and also Dan Duryea, whom I'd just noticed on a Broadway stage! After that film and the two or three which followed, nobody wanted to hear about me . . .

Question: Does 1947, with *Desperate*, *Railroaded* and *T-Men*, retain a particular importance for you?

Mann: It's important for me in that it marks my first effective collaboration on a scenario (*Desperate*) and my first critical and commercial success (*T-Men*).

Lee Atlas and I had written the scenario for *Desperate* in less than five days. The responsible people at RKO were immediately interested and offered me 5,000 dollars for the script. I told them: "The story is yours if I'm the director." They replied: "Anybody but you!" Just the same, I made the picture . . . but in twelve days, and for a thousand-dollar fee! I undertook *Railroaded* for Eagle-Lion, but there again, I was "hopeless". Fox found that the picture would hurt the box office returns of *Call Northside 777*, and paid Eagle-Lion a sum greater than the returns on my film; so the film had a very short run on a limited circuit. At least I made the acquaintance of John Higgins!

T-Men was really my first film. I'd gone to Washington to see the authorities of the Treasury Department, and they had furnished me with abundant documentation on the Treasury Men's

organization and their working methods. I then developed the idea with Johnny Higgins, insisting on his help with research, and surrounded myself with excellent actors like Dennis O'Keefe, Alfred Ryder and Wallace Ford. The film was the first documentary of that genre, and did extremely well for a "minor unit" production. I was fairly satisfied with certain sequences: the murder of Wally Ford in the steam-bath establishment, for example, or the beating of Dennis O'Keefe . . . so many ingredients that I used again in *Raw Deal*: do you remember the murder of John Ireland, and the final slaughter!

Question: From that film to *Side Street*, your pictures have more or less a documentary aspect . . .

Mann: The semi-documentary school offers real possibilities. Filming in natural settings doubled the scenes' veracity and, consequently, shaped the film by giving it an often unexpected appearance and consistency. I liked the element of chance that could always be introduced. *Side Street*, for example: have you noticed the shift between the first part, uninteresting, and the whole second half which takes place in Manhattan? It must be said too that Sidney Boehm's script wasn't very distinguished . . .

Question: *Reign of Terror* and *The Tall Target* are kind of police films in costume . . .

Mann: I'm going to surprise you, perhaps, but I like *Reign of Terror*. In view of the poverty of the production, I think it would have been difficult to do better, and Richard Basehart, moreover, made a remarkable impression. The visuals of *The Tall Target*, by contrast, were quite different. I tried to do a Hitchcock, or, if you will, an exercise in high voltage: the maximum suspense and tension, in action that was very concentrated in time and space. The film didn't do too badly, but I was only partly satisfied.

Question: In your opinion, did your apprenticeship in police and atmosphere films have happy consequences for the rest of your career?

Mann: It was a good school, the roughest but the best: the maximum performance with the minimum means. The least shot had to contribute to the significance of the whole, the least gesture typed a character. A bunch of actors, then little known and making their debut, were very useful to me here: Dan Duryea, John Ireland, Raymond Burr, Charles McGraw . . .

Question: Tell us about *Devil's Doorway*, your first western.

Mann: I was under contract to Metro and had just made my first film for Nicholas Mayfack: *Border Incident*,

Nicholas called me and asked: "Would you like to make a western, I've a scenario here that seems interesting?" In fact, that "interesting" scenario was the best script that I'd ever read! I prepared the film with the greatest care, asking for Bob Taylor, who is an extraordinary fellow, and John Alton, whom I'd gotten to come from Eagle Lion to Metro. I don't think that John revolutionized photography technique whatsoever, but he knew how to use the means you gave him to the maximum. I built the whole thing around effects of contrast, hoping that that would bring out better the horror of the situation. Thus treated, I think the result was much more powerful than *Broken Arrow*, more dramatic, too . . .

As for *Winchester 73*, that was one of my biggest successes, and it's also my favorite western: the gun which passed from hand to hand allowed me to embrace a whole epoch, a whole atmosphere. I really believe that it contains all the ingredients of the western, and that it summarizes them.

Question: Fritz Lang was originally supposed to direct the film. Did you use any part of his work?

Mann: Certainly not! Jimmy Stewart had just seen *Devil's Doorway*, and wanted me for director. I read Stuart N. Lake's book and the scenario Bob Richards had done: one as deplorable as the other! I told Aaron Rosenberg: I want to make the film alright, but not under these conditions. You give me two months to wipe out everything and start over, Aaron accepted. I'm the one who asked for Borden Chase, and we worked hand in hand . . .

Question: From *Winchester 73* to *The Far Country*, through *Bend of the River*, wasn't Borden Chase your ideal scenarist?

Mann: Borden had been an ideal scenarist for a long time, but he always worked too much in the same way. Then, too, I came within an ace of directing *Night Passage* and *Vera Cruz*!

Question: Certain passages of *Bend of the River*, notably the parting of the two ex-friends, recall *Red River* . . .

Mann: No, not at all. That had to be through the influence of Borden, who had worked on Hawks' film.

Question: You brought back the team of James Stewart-Arthur Kennedy in *The Man From Laramie* . . .

Mann: I always tried to build my films on opposition of characters. Putting the accent on common points of two characters, then making them collide, the story acquires much more strength and you obtain a greater intensity. The public is involved and interested in what you want to show them.



Anthony Mann: *Man of the West*, Gary Cooper.



Anthony Mann: *The Furies*, Walter Huston, Barbara Stanwyck.



Question: What is the premise of *The Naked Spur*?

Mann: We were in a magnificent region. Durango, and everything lent itself to improvisation. I never understood why they shot nearly all westerns in desert country! John Ford, for example, adores Monument Valley: but Monument Valley, which I know very well, isn't the whole West! In fact, the desert represents only a portion of the American West. I wanted to show the mountains and the torrents, the underbrush and the snowy peaks, in short to find a whole "Daniel Boone" climate: the characters came out magnified. In that sense, the filming of *The Naked Spur* gave me real satisfaction. The rocky peak on which the last sequences were filmed was effectively called: The Naked Spur. I said to myself: "A spur must be the decisive weapon which punctuates the drama." There's the whole origin of the final battle between James Stewart and Robert Ryan!

Question: Robert Ryan, whom you used for the first time here, is without doubt one of the best American actors. How do you explain his not having had a more important career?

Mann: I'm going to make you laugh, but that's due, I think, to a purely physical detail. Robert is an immense guy, very "American" . . . only he lacks the eyes. Have you noticed that all the great stars whom the public loves have clear eyes: Gary Cooper, James Stewart, John Wayne, Clark Gable, Charlton Heston, Henry Fonda, Burt Lancaster, Robert Taylor, Kirk Douglas . . . and now Peter O'Toole. The eyes do everything: they're the permanent reflection of the internal flame which animates the hero. Without those eyes, you can aspire only to second-string roles!

Question: *The Man From Laramie* was your last western with James Stewart . . .

Mann: I wanted to recapitulate, somehow, my five years of collaboration with Jimmy Stewart: that work distilled our relationship. I reprised themes and situations by pushing them to their paroxysm. So the band of cowboys surround Jimmy and rope him as they did before in *Bend of the River* . . . but here I shot him through the hand! There are some scenes that I thought very successful: the sequence on the salt flats, the one in the market-place, the one where Arthur Kennedy returns with Alex Nicol's body . . . I benefited from Cinemascope and from a perfectly harmonious crew: the shooting was easy and the film went very well. Do you know that Jimmy wound up back in first place of the "Top Ten"? Aaron Rosenberg and Universal immediately proposed to me another film with him: *Night Passage*. The story was one of such incoherence that I said: The audience isn't going to understand any of it! . . . but Jimmy was very set on that film. He had to play the accordion,

and do a bunch of stunts that actors adore. He didn't care about the script at all and I abandoned the production. The film was a nearly total failure and Jimmy has always held it against me . . .

Question: How do you explain the failure of *The Last Frontier* in the United States?

Mann: Whatever they say, the American public doesn't like to be presented with strategic Indians and incompetent military leaders: it has too bad a conscience about the Indian problem. *Devil's Doorway* didn't go over . . . *The Last Frontier* didn't go over (and yet, that last shot that they imposed on me!) . . . Of course, *Apache* and *Broken Arrow* . . . But *Broken Arrow* didn't take a position, sending everybody out side by side. As for *Apache*, it was above all a film by and for Burt Lancaster: find me an Indian with blue eyes!

Question: The spirit which animated *Men in War* was pretty virulent, too. The army had even denied you its cooperation . . .

Mann: Yes, exactly. But that misadventure only happened to me! *Men in War* was "my" film: I loved it very much, enormously. The march through the mine-field and the attack on the hill . . . the ideological conflict between Aldo Ray and Robert Ryan . . . I must say, I was admirably served by Elmer Bernstein's music. If only I could have obtained a similar score for *The Fall of the Roman Empire*!

Question: Tell us about *The Tin Star*.

Mann: It's quite a simple story, a lesson in apprenticeship. The tin star isn't just a piece of scrap-metal, but a summary of disappointments and bitterness, of secret distresses. If Fonda and Perkins could surmount, one his rancor, the other his inexperience, then the star would acquire significance!

Question: You did a lot of work with Anthony Perkins . . .

Mann: Tony has enormous possibilities, but he needs to be guided and counseled . . . like his character in the film.

Question: By its tone and treatment, *Man of the West* breaks radically with the rest of western production. What was your work with Reginald Rose and Gary Cooper?

Mann: To tell the truth Reginald Rose's script didn't please me at all: too many theatrical touches . . . like in *Twelve Angry Men*. I rounded off the angles to the utmost. Julie London seemed so "absent," Gary so tired (he had enormous trouble staying in the saddle), that I said to myself: Why not accentuate the hieratic aspects of the group? You know . . . like on a medalion. The only problem was Lee J. Cobb: he was doing too much! The scene in the cabin, for example, represents a very nice tour de force! It had cardinal importance and prepared properly for the slaughter to come. The atmosphere was poisonous, stifling . . . a little like in John Huston's *Key Largo*.

The characters stuck to one another, and Gary, little by little, regained his taste for blood, for torture.

Question: As it's presented, *Cimarron* has only a remote connection with your ideal project. What was it?

Mann: I wanted to retrace the history of the U.S.A. A remake didn't interest me . . . The virgin land and the cordons of troops, the pioneers who set out and put down their stakes . . . The houses springing up one by one, then streets, the school, railroads . . . But Yancey couldn't integrate, he missed the open spaces . . . he was dying. Maria Schell found him again, that night collapsed near the oil-wells . . . a little like James Dean in *Giant*. It wasn't a question of that idiot letter!

Question: What was the role played by Edmund Grainger?

Mann: Edmund Grainger did practically nothing. The main responsibility was Sol Lesser's. I'd had his good co-operation, but in the very midst of the production, he called the entire crew back to Hollywood. I told him: I'm shooting a western, what do you want me to do in a studio? Nothing doing. From then on, I lost interest in the film . . .

Question: Why did you also abandon *Spartacus*, which offered such fine possibilities?

Mann: Kirk Douglas was the producer of *Spartacus*: he wanted to insist on the message angle. I thought that the message would go over more easily by showing physically all the horror of slavery. A film must be visual, too much dialogue kills it . . . look at *The Fall of the Roman Empire*! From then on, we disagreed: I left.

Question: Are there still any traces of your work in that film?

Mann: I worked nearly three weeks on what can properly be called the direction, and the entire prologue is mine: the slaves on the mountains, Peter Ustinov examining Douglas's teeth, the arrival at the school for gladiators and the antagonism with Charles McGraw. . . . For the rest, and up to the escape, the picture is very faithful to my direction. Curious thing. Kirk considered that Stanley Kubrick went a little too far with *Dr. Strangelove*! At present, we have a very good understanding.

Question: With *El Cid*, you achieved one of the best superproductions . . . What led you to the character?

Mann: I started with the ending. That lifeless cavalier whom they fastened to the saddle of his horse, that's an exciting thing! The film flowed from that source. I rediscovered the climate and the countryside of my westerns, and moreover, I had Charlton Heston! That was easy, truly. I now have a western project: *The King*, with John Wayne. The story of a guy who built an immense empire and saw it all wither away. That could almost be *King Lear*!

Question: What led you to undertake *The Fall of the Roman Empire*?

Mann: The point of departure had seemed very tempting: Ben Barzman

and I were enthusiastic. But after that, too many things got grafted on . . . and Stephen Boyd is not a leading man! I was hoping for Charlton Heston, but that kind of role didn't interest him any more, at least not after *Ben Hur*.

Question: How do you explain your use of the travelling shot for the attack in the underbrush?

Mann: Seen from the outside, a battle offers no interest. It has to be "dramatized" from inside—see *The Devil's Doorway*, *The Last Frontier*, and *Men in War*. Here, it was the foremost conclusion possible to the antagonism of Stephen Boyd and Christopher Plummer: hence the zoom which tied them to one another. Moreover, it accented the mystery of what was taking place in the woods. The central battle, on the other hand, isn't mine. I'd designed my shots and was supposed to shoot it, but the money ran out. Samuel Bronston made Andrew Marton direct it when I was in Rome. Nothing remains of the original project.

I like a man who fixes on one line of conduct, respects it and makes it respected. He alone is worthy of esteem. He knows where he is, he knows where he's going . . . and he gets there! That's a positive man. A plague breaks out and Oedipus promises to find the cause, even at the cost to himself: he finds out that he is guilty and he tears out his eyes! I never understood, for example why Hamlet took five acts to kill his father's murderers! However, I figured out that Jimmy Stewart's character wasn't "open" enough with regard to others: I corrected that. The Cid thought only of the well-being of Spain. Livius and Timonides, that of the Roman Empire. It's the same case with my *Heroes of Telemark*: a group of young Norwegians devoted body and soul to saving the free world from the Nazi menace!

Question: Do you see differences between U. S. criticism and European criticism?

Mann: European criticism is much more intelligent: it seeks to fathom what is shown it. Moreover, it's redistributed values: to know that it isn't the star, the scenarist or the producer who makes the film, but the director. However, no one is a prophet in his own country . . . so the neo-realistic films make more money in the U.S.A. than in Italy!

Question: What are your best films?

Mann: *Winchester 73*, *El Cid*, *God's Little Acre*, *Men in War*.

Question: Have you an immediate project?

Mann: Yes, a great western: *The Donner Pass* . . . a very simple story: a convoy of pioneers set out for Death Valley. They confront snow, famine, Indians . . . Later, *The King*, which I've already spoken of, and *The Canyon* . . . or how a young Indian becomes a Brave! (Tape-recorded by Jean-Claude Missiaen.)

Translated by Donald Phelps





Anthony Mann: *Winchester 73*, James Stewart.

Biofilmography of Anthony Mann

Anthony Mann (real name Anton Bundsmann, then Anton Mann) was born in San Diego, California. From the age of ten he was interested in the theatre, and never missed an occasion to take part in plays which were shown in his school. He made his official debut in the theatre as walk-on, assistant-production manager, set-designer, then finally actor. He thus played in *The Dybbuk* (1925) and *The Little Clay Cart* (1926). Became production manager at the Theatre Guild, where he worked with David Belasco, Reuben Mamoulian, Chester Erskine and James Stewart, with whom he parted in turn. He then went on to direction, notably: *The Squall* (in which he played a role); *Thunder on the Left* (1933), a play by John Ferguson Black, from Christopher Morley's novel, produced by Henry Forbes at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, in New York; *Cherokee Night* (1936), produced at the Federal Theatre in Harlem by the "Acting Theatre Technical Unit"; *So Proudly We Hail* (1936), a play by Joseph M. Viertel, produced at the 46th Street Theatre in New York with Charles Walters, Charles Dingle, Eddie Bracken; *The Big Blow* (1938), play by Theodore Pratt, produced at the WPA Federal Theatre-Maxine Elliott Theatre, Morris Ankrum production manager; *New Faces*; *Swing Your Lady*.

After this theatrical career, Mann became David O. Selznick's talent scout, and thus participated in the development (screen tests, etc.) of numerous films, including *The Young in Heart*, *Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *Gone With the Wind*, *Intermezzo*, *A Love Story*, *Rebecca*. His work for Selznick, then, was divided between that of talent-scout and his regular job, that of casting director.

In 1939, he went to Paramount as assistant to numerous directors including Preston Sturges.

In 1942, at last, thanks to MacDonald

Carey, he went on to direction with *Dr. Broadway*.

Anthony Mann, who had married in 1956 the actress Sarita Montiel, whom he directed in *Serenade*, died in Berlin from a heart attack while filming *Dandy in Aspic*, April 29, 1967.

1942 *Dr. Broadway* (not released in France) 67 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Sol C. Siegel, E. D. Leshin (Paramount). Scen.: Art Arthur from the story by Borden Chase. Phot.: Theodor Sparkuhl. Sets: Hans Dreier, Earl Hedrick (a.d.) Ed.: Arthur Schmidt. Mus.: Irvin Talbot. Cast: MacDonald Carey (Dr. Timothy Kane), Jean Phillips (Connie Madigan), J. Carrol Naish (Jack Venner), Eduardo Ciannelli (Vic Telli), Richard Lane (Patrick Doyle), Joan Woodbury (Margie Dove), Warren Hymer (Maxie the Goat), Frank Bruno (Marty), Sidney Melton (Louie La Conga), Olin Howlin (The Professor), Abe Dinovitch (Benny), Mary Gordon (Broadway Carrie), Arthur Loft (Captain Mahoney), Gerald Mohr (Red), Thomas Dodd (Judge), Charles Wilson (District Attorney MacNamara), Spencer Charters (Oscar Titus), Jay Novello (Greeny), John Gallaudet (Al), Al Hill (Jerry), John Kelly, Francis Sayles, Phil Arnold, William Haade.

1942 *Moonlight in Havana* (Not released in France). 63 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Bernard Burton (Universal-International). Scen.: Oscar Brodney. Phot.: Charles van Enger. Sets: Jack Otterson (a.d.). Ed.: Russell Schoengarth. Mus.: Charles Previn. Lyrics: I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now (Frank R. Adams-Will M. Hough-Joseph E. Howard); I Don't Need Money; Only You; Got Music; Isn't It Lovely; Rhythm on the Tropics; Moonlight in Havana (Dave Franklin). Chor.: Eddie Prinz. Cast: Allan Jones (Whizzer Norton), Jane Frazee (Gloria Jackson), William Frawley (Barney Crane), Marjorie Lord (Patsy Clark), Wade Boteler (Joe

Clark), Don Terry (Daniels), Sergi Orta (Martinez), Hugh O'Connor (Charles), Gus Schilling, Jack Norton (George), Grace and Nikko, Aaro Gonzalez's orchestra.

1943 *Nobody's Darling* (not released in France). 71 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Harry Grey for Herbert J. Yates (Republic Pictures). Scen.: Oliver Cooper, from an idea by Frederick Hugh Herbert. Phot.: Jack Marta. Sets: Russell Kimball (a.d.) Otto Siegel (s.d.) Ed.: Ernest Nims. Mus.: Walter Scharf. Lyrics: Blow, Gabriel Blow I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, It Has to be You, On the Sunny Side of the Street, Row, Row, Row Your Boat. Chor.: Nick Castle. Asst.: George Blair. Cast: Mary Lee (Janie Farnsworth), Louis Calhern (Curtis Farnsworth), Gladys George (Eve Hawthorne), Jack Moran (Chuck Grant), Lee Patrick (Miss Pennington), Bennie Bartlett (The Doctor), Marcia Mae Jones (Lois), Robert Smith (Texas), Lloyd Corrigan (Charles Grant, Sr.), Jonathan Hale (Jasper Rhodes), Sylvia Field (Miss Campbell), Billy Dawson (Jerry), Beverly Boy (Corabelle Fiefield).

1943 *My Best Gal* (not released in France). 67 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Herbert J. Yates, Harry Grey (Republic Pictures). Scen.: Oliver Cooper, Earl Felton, from a story by Richard Brooks. Phot.: Jack Marta. Sets: Russell Kimball, Gano Chittenden (a.d.) Earl Wooden (s.d.). Ed.: Ralph Dixon. Mus.: Morton Scott. Lyrics: Kim Gannon, Walter Kent. I've Got the Flyin' Feelin', Upsy Downsy, Where There's Love. Cost.: Adele. Asst.: Art Sitema. Chor.: Dave Gould. Cast: Jane Withe (Kitty O'Hara), Jimmy Lydon (Johnny McCloud), Frank Craven (Dan O'Hara), Fortunio Bonanova (Charlie George Cleveland (Ralph Hodges), Franklin Pangborn (Mr. Porter), Ma Newton (Miss Simpson), Jack Boy (Freddie).



Anthony Mann: *Reign of Terror*.

1944 *Strangers in the Night* (not released in France). 56 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Rudolph E. Abel, for Herbert J. Yates (Republic Pictures). Scen.: Bryant Ford, Paul Gangelin, from a story by Philip MacDonald. Phot.: Reggie Lanning. Sets: Ganō Chittenden (a.d.), Perry Murdock (s.d.). Ed.: Arthur Roberts. Mus.: Morton Scott. Asst.: Joseph Dill. Cast: William Terry (Marine Sergeant Johnny Meadows), Virginia Grey (Dr. Leslie Ross), Helene Thimig (Mrs. Hilda Blake), Edith Barrett (Ivy Miller), Anne O'Neal (Nurse Thompson), George E. Stone.

1945 *The Great Flamarion*. 78 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: William Lee Wilder (Republic). Scen.: Heinz Herald, Richard Weil, Anne Wigton, from a story by Anne Wigton, inspired by a character in Vicki Baum's *Big Shot*, which appeared in *Collier's*. Phot.: James Spencer Brown, Jr. Sets: F. Paul Sylos (a.d.), Glenn P. Thompson (s.d.). Ed.: John F. Link. Mus.: Alexander Laszlo, David Chudnow (Sup.). Asst.: Raoul Pagel. Prod. Man.: George Moskov. Lyrics: Chita (Faith Watson), Lights of Broadway (Lester Allen). Cast: Erich von Stroheim (The Great Flamarion), Mary Beth Hughes (Connie Wallace), Dan Duryea (Al Wallace), Lester Allen (Tony), Esther Howard (Cleo), Michael Mark (Night Watchman), Joseph Granby (Detective), John R. Hamilton (Coroner), Stephen Barclay (Eddie), Fred Velasco (Mexican Dancer), Carmen Lopez (Mexican Dancer), Tony Ferrell (Mexican Singer), Sam Harris (Old Man at the Trial).

1945 *Two O'Clock Courage* (not released in France). 66 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Ben Stoloff (RKO). Scen.: Robert E. Kent, from the novel by Gelett Burgess, *Two in the Dark*. Dialogue: Gordon Kahn. Phot.: Jack MacKenzie. Sets: Albert S. D'Agostino, Lucius O. Croxton (a.d.), Darrell Silvera, William Stevens (s.d.). Ed.: Phil-

ip Martin, Jr. Mus.: Roy Webb. Spec. Eff.: Vernon L. Walker. Asst.: Clem Beauchamp. Cast: Tom Conway (The Man), Ann Rutherford (Patty), Richard Lane (Haley), Lester Matthews (Mark Evans), Roland Drew (Maitland), Emory Parnell (Brenner), Betty Jane Greer (Helen), Jean Brooks (Barbara), Edmund Glover (O'Brien), Bryant Washburn (Dilling). Remake of *Two in the Dark*, by Ben Stoloff ('36).

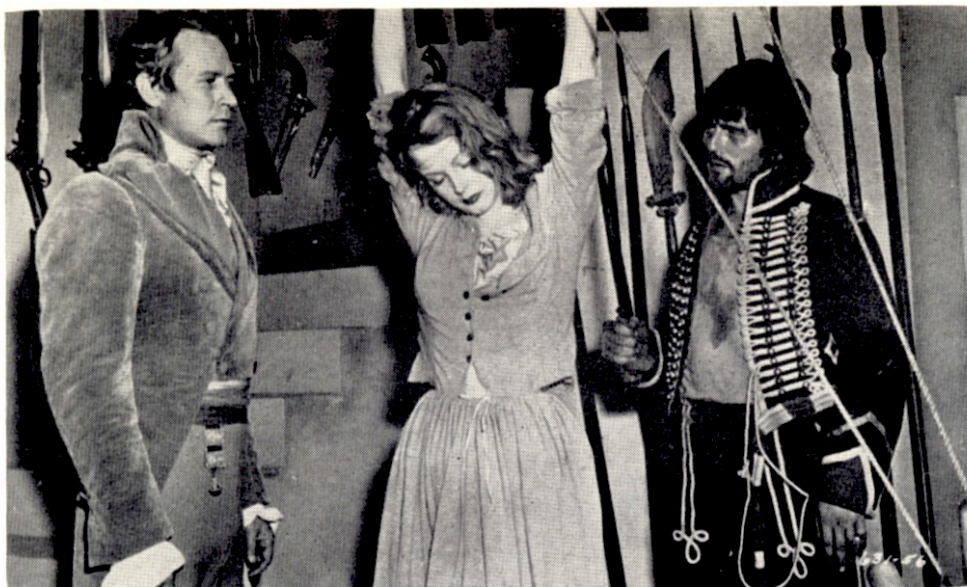
1945 *Sing Your Way Home* (not released in France). 72 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Bert Granet, for Sid Rogell (RKO). Scen.: William Bowers, from a story by Edmund Joseph and Bart Lytton. Phot.: Frank Redman. Sets: Albert S. D'Agostino, Al Herman (a.d.), Darrell Silvera, Harley Miller (s.d.). Ed.: Harry Marker. Mus.: Constantin Bakaleinikoff. Lyrics: I'll Buy That Dream, Heaven is a Place Called Home, 7 O'Clock in the Morning, Who Did It (Herb Magidson, Allie Wrubel). Asst.: James Casey. Dial. Dir.: Leslie Urbach. Cast: Jack Haley (Steve), Marcy McGuire (Bridget), Glenn Vernon (Jimmy), Anne Jeffreys (Kay), Donna Lee (Terry), Patti Brill (Dootie), Nancy Marlow (Patsy), James Jordan, Jr. (Chuck), Emory Parnell (Captain), David Forrest (Windy), Ed Gargan (Jailer), Olin Howlin, Grady Sutton.

1946 *Strange Impersonation* (not released in France). 68 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: William Wilder (Republic Pictures). Scen.: Mindret Lord, from a story by Anne Wigton and Louis Herman. Phot.: Robert W. Pittack. Sets: Sydney Moore. Ed.: John F. Link. Mus.: Anthony Laszlo. Asst.: George Loper. Prod. Man.: Bartlett A. Carre. Cast: Brenda Marshall (Nora Goodrich), William Gargan (Stephen Lindstrom), Hillary Brooke (Arline Cole), George Chandler (J. W. Rinse), Ruth Ford (Jane Karaski), H. B. Warner (Dr. Mansfield), Lyle Talbot (Inspector Mallory), Mary Treen (Nurse),

Cay Forester (Miss Roper), Richard Scott (Detective).

1946 *The Bamboo Blonde* (not released in France). 68 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Herman Schlom for Sid Rogell (RKO). Scen.: Olive Cooper, Lawrence Kimble, from a story by Wayne Whittaker, *Chicago Lulu*. Phot.: Frank Redman. Sets: Albert S. D'Agostino, Lucius O. Croxton (s.d.), Darrell Silvera (s.d.). Ed.: Les Milbrook. Mus.: Constantin Bakaleinikoff. Lyrics: Moonlight Over the Islands, Along About Evening, I'm Good For Nothing But Love, I'm Dreaming Out Loud (Mort Greene-Lew Pollack). Chor.: Charles O'Curran. Special Effects: Vernon L. Walker. Dialogue Director: Leslie Urbach. Asst.: James Casey. Technical Consultant: Major Allen Martini (U.S.N.). Cast: Frances Langford (Louise Anderson), Ralph Edwards (Eddie Clark), Russell Wade (Patrick Ransom, Jr.), Iris Adrian (Montana), Richard Martin (Jim Wilson), Jane Greer (Eileen Sawyer), Glenn Vernon (Shorty Parker), Paul Harvey (Patrick Ransom, Sr.), Regina Wallace (Mrs. Ransom), Jean Brooks (Marsha), Tom Noonan (Art Department Man), Dorothy Vaughn (Mom), Jason Robards (American Officer).

1947 *Railroaded* (not released in France). 72 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Charles F. Reisner, for Ben Stoloff (Eagle Lion). Scen.: John C. Higgins, from a story by Gertrude Walker. Phot.: Guy Walker. Sets: Perry Smith (a.d.), Armor Marlowe Robert P. Fox (s.d.). Ed.: Louis Sackin, Alfred de Gaetano. Mus.: Alvin Levin, Irving Friedman (Dir.). Spec. Eff.: George J. Teague. Asst.: Ridgeway Callow. Cast: Ryan (Rose Ryan), Hugh Beaumont John Ireland (Duke Martin), Sheila (Mickey Ferguson), Ed Kelly (Steve Ryan), Jane Randolph (Clara Calhoun), Keefe Brasselle (Cowie), Charles D. Brown (Captain McTaggart), Clancy



Reign of Terror: Richard Basehart, Arlene Dahl.



Devil's Doorway: Robert Taylor.

Cooper (Chubb), Peggy Converse (Marie), Hermine Sterler (Mrs. Ryan), Roy Gordan (Ainsworth). (Shooting time: 6 days)

1947 *T-Men* (La Brigade du Suicide). 92 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Aubrey Schenck, Turner Shelton, for Edward Small (Eagle Lion). A Reliance picture. Scen.: John C. Higgins, Anthony Mann (uncredited), from a story by Virginia Kellogg. Phot.: John Alton. Sets: Edward C. Jewell (a.d.), Armor Marlowe (s.d.) Ed.: Fred Allen, Alfred de Gaetano (Sup.). Mus.: Paul Sawtelle, Irving Friedman (Dir.). Asst.: Howard W. Koch. Costumes: Frances Ehren. Dial. Dir.: Stewart Stern. Cast: Dennis O'Keefe (Dennis O'Brien), Mary Meade (Evangeline), Alfred Ryder (Anthony Gennaro), Wallace Ford (Schemer), June Lockhart (Mary Genarro), Charles McGraw (Moxie), Jane Randolph (Diana), Art Smith (Gregg), Herbert Heyes (Chief Carson), Jack Overman (Brownie), John Wengraf (Shiv), Jim Bannon (Lindsay), William Malter (Paul Miller), Elmer Lincoln Irey (Himself), Robert B. Williams (Policeman), Frank Ferguson (Policeman). (Shooting time: 40 days)

1947 *Raw Deal* (Marché de Brutes). 78 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Edward Small (Reliance Pictures-Eagle Lion). Scen.: Leopold Atlas, John C. Higgins, from a story by Arnold B. Armstrong and Audrey Ashley, *Corkscrew Alley*. Phot.: John Alton. Sets: Edward Ilou (a.d.), Armor Marlowe, Clarence Steensen (s.d.). Ed.: Alfred de Gaetano. Mus.: Paul Sawtelle, Irving Friedman (Dir.). Spec. Eff.: George J. Teague, Jack R. Rabin (Art). Asst.: Ridgeway Callow. Prod. Man.: James T. Vaughn. Script Supervisor: Dick Walton. Dial. Dir.: Leslie Urbach. Camera: Lester Shorr. Cast: Dennis O'Keefe (Joe Sullivan), Claire Trevor (Pat), Marsha Hunt (Ann Martin), John Ireland (Fantail), Raymond Burr (Ricky Coyle), Curt Conway (Spider), Chili William (Marcy),

Richard Fraser, Whit Bissell, Cliff Clark, Tom Fadden. (Shooting time: 22 days)

1948 *He Walked by Night*. (Il Marchait la Nuit. 80 min. Dir.: Alfred Werker, ANTHONY MANN (uncredited). Prod.: Robert T. Kane for Bryan Foy (Eagle Lion). Scen.: John C. Higgins, Crane Wilbur, from a story by Crane Wilbur. Additional Dialogue: Harry Essex. Phot.: John Alton. Sets: Edward Ilou (a.d.), Armor Marlowe, Clarence Steensen (s.d.). Ed.: Alfred de Gaetano. Mus.: Leonid Raab, Irving Friedman (Dir.). Spec. Eff.: George J. Teague, Jack Rabin (Art). Asst.: Howard W. Koch. Tech. Con.: Sergt. Marty Wynn. Prod. Man.: James T. Vaughn. Sc. Sup.: Arnold Laven. Dial. Dir.: Stewart Stern. Cameraman: Leslie Shorr. Cast: Richard Basehart (Roy Martin), Scott Brady (Sgt. Marty Brennan), Roy Roberts (Capt. Breen), Whit Bissell (Paul Reeves), Jack Webb (Lee), James Cardwell, Bob Bice, John McGuire, Lyle Latell, Jack Bailey, Mike Dugan, Garrett Craig, John Dehner (Man from the Identification Bureau), Kenneth Tobey (Policeman), Dorothy Adams (Roy's Neighbor), Harry Wilson, Walter Reed, Ann Doran, Thomas Browne Henry (Inventor of the TV model stolen by Roy), Byron K. Foulger (Man from the Identification Bureau), Felice Ingersoll.

Anthony Mann completed the film and directed the following sequences: exteriors with Basehart, the final scenes in the sewer, the night battle of Scott Brady and Basehart, the scene of the bullet extraction. (Shooting time: 17 days).

1949 *Reign of Terror* (Le Livre Noir). 89 mins. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: William Cameron Menzies, for Walter Wanger (Walter Wanger-Eagle Lion). Asst. Prod.: Edward Lasker. Scen.: Philip Yordan, Aeneas MacKenzie. Phot.: John Alton. Sets: Edward Ilou (a.d.), Armor Marlowe, Al Orenbach (s.d.). Ed.: Fred Allen. Mus.: Sol

Kaplan, Irving Friedman (Dir.). Spec. Eff.: Jack R. Rabin, Roy W. Seabright. Asst.: Ridgeway Callow. Prod. Man.: James T. Vaughn. Cost.: Jay Morley. Acces.: Lee Canson. Sc. Sup.: Arnold Laven. Dial. Dir.: Burk Symon. Cam.: Lester Shorr. Cast.: Robert Cummings (Charles D'Aubigny), Arlene Dahl (Madelon), Richard Basehart (Robespierre), Richard Hart (Francois Barras), Arnold Moss (Fouché), Jess Barker (Saint Just), Norman Lloyd (Tallien), Charles McGraw (Sergt.), Beulah Bondi (Farm Wife), Georgette Windsor (Cecile), William Challee (Bourdon), Wade Crosby (Danton), John Doucette (Fermier), Frank Conlan (Guard at Gates), Ellen Lowe (Fermière), Russ Tamblyn, Wilton Graff (Marquis De Lafayette), Charles Gordon (Duval), Original title: *The Black Book*.

1949 *Follow Me Quietly* (L'Assassin sans Visage). 59 min. Dir.: Richard O. Fleischer. Prod.: Herman Schlom (RKO). Scen.: Lillie Hayward, from a story by Francis Rosewald and Anthony Mann. Phot.: Robert De Grasse. Sets: Robert S. D'Agostino, Walter Keller (a.d.). Ed.: Elmo Williams. Mus.: Leonid Raab, Constantin Bakaleinikoff (Sup.). Asst.: James Casey. Cam.: Charles Burke. Sc. Sup.: Anita Speer. Cast: William Lundigan (Lieut. Grant), Dorothy Patrick (Ann), Jeff Corey (Collins), Nester Paiva (Benny), Charles D. Brown (Mulaney), Mario Dwyer (Serveuse), Paul Guilfoyle (Overbeck), Frank Ferguson (McGill), Edwin Max (Judge), Douglas Spencer (False Judge), Michael Brandon (Dixon).

1949 *Border Incident* (Incident de Frontière). 92 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Nicholas Nayfack (MGM). Scen.: John C. Higgins, from a story by John C. Higgins and George Zuckerman. Phot.: John Alton. Art: Cedric Gibbons, Hans Peters (a.d.), Edwin B. Willis, Ralph S. Hurst (s.d.).



Thunder Bay: James Stewart.

Ed.: Conrad A. Nervig. Mus.: Andre Previn. Asst.: Howard W. Koch. Prod. Man.: William Kaplan. Sc. Sup.: Don MacDougall. Cam.: Lester Shorr. Cast: Ricardo Montalban (Pablo Rodriguez), George Murphy (Jack Bearnes), Howard DaSilva (Owen Parkson), James Mitchell (Juan Garcia), Arnold Moss (Zopilote), Alfonso Bedoya (Cuchillo), Teresa Celli (Maria), Charles McGraw (Jeff Amboy), Jose Torvay (Pocoloco), John Ridgely (Mr. Neley), Arthur Hunicutt (Clayton Nordell), Sig Rumann (Hugo Wolfgang Ulrich), Otto Waldis (Fritz), Anthony Barr. (Shooting time: 31 days).

1949 *Side Street* (La Rue de la Mort). 84 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Sam Zimbalist (MGM). Scen.: Sidney Boehm. Phot.: Joseph Ruttenberg. Sets: Cedric Gibbons, Daniel B. Cathcart (a.d.), Edwin B. Willis, Charles De Crof (s.d.). Ed.: Conrad A. Nervig. Mus.: Lennie Hayton. Spec. Eff.: A. Arnold Gillespie. Asst.: Howard W. Koch. Prod. Man.: Charles Hunt. Sc. Sup.: Don MacDougall. Cam.: Herbert Fischer. Cast: Farley Granger (Joe Norson), Cathy O'Donnell (Ellen Norson), James Craig (Georgie Garsell), Paul Kelly (Captain Walter Anderson), Jean Hagen (Harriet Sinton), Paul Harvey (Emil Lorrison), Edmon Ryan (Victor Brackett), Charles McGraw (Stanley Sinton), Ed Max (Nick Drumman), Adele Jergens (Lucille "Lucky" Colner), Harry Bellaver (Larry Giff), Whit Bissell (Harold Simpson), John Gallaudet (Gus Heldon), Esther Somers (Mrs. Malby), Harry Antrim (Mr. Mamby). (Shooting time: 32 days)

1950 *Devil's Doorway* (La Porte du Diable). 84 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Nicholas Nayfack (MGM). Scen.: Guy Trosper. Phot.: John Alton. Sets: Cedric Gibbons, Leonid Vasian (a.d.), Edwin B. Willis, Alfred E. Spencer (s.d.). Ed.: Conrad A.

Nervig. Mus.: Daniele Amfitheatrof. Spec. Eff.: A. Arnold Gillespie. Asst.: Reggie Callow. Cos.: Walter Plunkett. Sc. Sup.: John Banse. Prod. Man.: Jay Marchant. Cam.: A. Lindsley Lane. Cast: Robert Taylor (Lance Poole), Paule Raymond (Orrie Masters), Louis Calhern (Verne Coolan), Edgar Buchanan (Zeke Carmody), James Mitchell (Redrock), Spring Byington (Mrs. Masters), Bruce Cowling (Lieut. Grimes), Marshall Thompson (Rod MacDougall), Rhys Williams (Scottie MacDougall), James Millican (Ike Stapleton), Fritz Leiber (Mr. Poole), Harry Antrim (Dr. C. O. MacQuillan), Chief John Big Tree (Thundercloud).

A first version of the scenario had been written by Leonard Spiegelglass and turned down by Jacques Tourneur.

1950 *The Furies* (Les Furies). 109 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Hal B. Wallis (Paramount). Asst. to Prod.: Jack Saper. Scen.: Charles Schnee, from a novel by Niven Busch inspired by Dostoyevsky's novel, *The Idiot*. Phot.: Victor Milner. Sets: Hans Dreier, Henry Bumstead (a.d.), Sam Comer, Bertram Granger (s.d.). Ed.: Archie Marshak. Mus.: Franz Waxman. Lyrics: Song "T.C. Roundup Time" (Jay Livingston-Ray Evans). Spec. Eff.: Gordon Jennings, Farciot Edouart. Asst.: Chico Day. Cos.: Edith Head. Prod. Man.: C. K. Deland, Herbert Coleman. Sc. Sup.: Irving Cooper. Cam.: Harold Boggs. Cast: Barbara Stanwyck (Vance Jeffords), Wendell Corey (Rip Darrow), Walter Huston (T. C. Jeffords), Judith Anderson (Flo Burnett), Gilbert Roland (Juan Herrera), Thomas Gomez (El Tigre), Beulah Bondi (Mrs. Anaheim), Albert Dekker (Mr. Reynolds), John Bromfield (Clay Jeffords), Wallace Ford (Scotty Haislip), Blanche Yurka (Herrera's Mother), Louis Jean Heydt (Bailey), Frank Ferguson (Dr. Grieve), Charles Evans (Old Anaheim), Movita Castenada (Chiquita), Craig Kelly (Young Annaheim), Myrna Dell (Dallas Hart),

1950 *Winchester 73*. 92 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Aaron Rosenberg (Universal-International). Scen.: Borden Chase, Robert L. Richards, from a story by Stuart N. Lake. Phot.: William Daniels. Sets: Nathan Juran, Bernard Herzbrun (a.d.), Russell A. Gausman, A. Roland Fields (s.d.). Ed.: Edward Curtis. Mus.: Joseph Gershenson. Asst.: Jesse Hibbs. Cos.: Yvonne Wood. Prod. Man.: Dewey Starkey. Sc. Sup.: Cornie Clark. Cam.: William Woods. Cast: James Stewart (Lin McAdam), Shelley Winters (Lola Manners), Dan Duryea (Waco Johnny Dean), Stephen McNally (Dutch Henry Brown), Millard Mitchell (High Spade), Charles Drake (Steve Miller), John McIntyre (Joe Lamont), Jay C. Flippen (Sergeant Wilkes), Rock Hudson (Young Bull), Will Geer (Wyatt Earp), Abner Biberman (Latigo Means), Anthony (Tony) Curtis (Doan), James Best (Crater), John Alexander (Jack Riker), Steve Brodie (Wesley), James Millican (Wheeler), Ray Teal (Sheriff), John Doucette (Man From Waco's Band).

Jean Simmons had been intended for the role of Lola, but Shelley Winters obtained it finally. Fritz Lang had been supposed to direct the film from a scenario by Robert L. Richards. The project stalled, and Mann replaced Lang. Finding the script mediocre, he had it redone completely by Borden Chase, Richards' name, however, being retained on the credits. Lang in no way made a single shot of the film.

1951 *The Tall Target* (not released in France). 78 min. Dir.: ANTHONY MANN. Prod.: Richard Goldstone (MGM). Scen.: George Worthing Yates, Art Cohn, Joseph Losey (uncredited), from a story by George Worthing Yates and Geoffrey Homes. Phot.: Paul C. Vogel. Sets: Cedric Gibbons, Eddie Imazu (a.d.), Edwin B. Willis, Ralph S. Hurst (s.d.). Ed.: Newell P. Kimlin. Spec. Eff.: A. Arnold Gillespie, Warren



The Tall Target, Leif Erickson, Dick Powell.



The Last Frontier, Victor Mature, L'Appat.

Newcombe. *Asst.*: Joel Freeman. *Cast*: Dick Powell (John Kennedy), Paula Raymond (Ginny Beaufort), Adolphe Menjou (Caleb Jeffers), Marshall Thompson (Lance Beaufort), Ruby Dee (Rachel), Richard Rober (Lieut. Coulter), Will Geer (Homer Crowley), Florence Bates (Mrs. Charlotte Alsop), Victor Kilian (John K. Gannon), Katherine Warren (Mrs. Gibbons), Leif Erickson (Stranger), Peter Brocco (Fernandina), Barbara Billingsley (Young Mother), Will Wright (Thomas I. Ogden), Regis Toomey (Tim Reilly), Jeff Richards (Policeman), Tom Powers (Simon G. Stroud), Leslie Kimmell (Abraham Lincoln), James Harrison (Allan Pinkerton), Dan Foster (Dapper Man), Percy Helton (Jovial Bearded Man).

1951 *Quo Vadis*. 168 min. *Dir.*: Mervyn LeRoy (sole credit), ANTHONY MANN (sequences of the burning of Rome). *Prod.*: Sam Zimbalist (MGM). *Scen.*: John Lee Mahin, Sonya Levien, S. N. Behrman, from the novel by Henryk Sienkiewicz. *Phot.*: Robert Surtees, William V. Skall (burning sequences). *Sets*: William A. Horning, Cedric Gibbons, Edward Carfagno (a.d.) Hugh Hunt (s.d.). *Ed.*: Ralph E. Winters. *Mus.*: Miklos Rozsa. *Spec. Eff.*: Thomas Howard, A. Arnold Gillespie, Donald Janrau S. *Cos.*: Herschel McCoy. *Historical Consultant*: Hugh Gray. *Choreography*: Marta Obolensky, Auriel Millos. *Color Consultant*: Henri Jaffa. *Cam.*: John Schmitz. *Tech. Con.*: George Emerson (Lions). *Cast*. *Dir.*: Michael Waszynski. *Cast*: Robert Taylor (Marcus), Deborah Kerr (Lygia), Leo Genn (Petronius), Peter Ustinov (Nero), Patricia Laffan (Poppaea), Finlay Currie (Peter), Abraham Sofaer (Paul), Marina Berti (Eunice), Buddy Baer (Ursus), Felix Aylmer (Plautus), Nora Swinburne (Pomponia), Ralph Truman (Tigellin), Norman Wooland (Nerva),

Peter Miles (Nazarene), Geoffrey Dunn (Terphos), Nicholas Hannen (Seneca), Rosalie Crutchley (Actea), Elspeth March (Miriam), D. A. Clarke Smith (Phaon), John Ruddock (Chilon), Arthur Waige (Croton), Etesla Brown (Rufia), Alfredo Varelli (Lucan), Roberto Ottaviano (Flavius), William Tubbs (Anaxandrus), Pierto Tordi (Galba), Sophia Loren (Bit: Roman woman fleeing the fire), Adrienne Corri (Christian woman).

Anthony Mann worked twenty-four nights on the filming of Rome burning with assistant photographer William V. Skall. His name, however, is not indicated on the credits. Farley Granger and Gregory Peck had been tested for the role of Marcus Vincius, finally obtained by Robert Taylor. In *Atlantis the Lost Continent* (George Pal: 1961), one may see stock-shots from the burning-of-Rome sequences in *Quo Vadis*. Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr are easily discerned.

1952 *Bend of the River* (Les Affameurs). 91 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: Aaron Rosenberg (Universal-International). *Scen.*: Borden Chase, from Bill Gulick's novel *The Bend of the Snake*. *Phot.*: Irving Glassberg (Technicolor). *Sets*: Bernard Herzbrun, Nathan Juran (a.d.), Russell A. Gausman, Oliver Emert (s.d.). *Ed.*: Russell Schoengarth. *Mus.*: Hans J. Salter. *Asst.*: John Sherwood, Marshall Green, Ronnie Rondell, Dick Moder. *Cos.*: Rosemary Odell. *Color Consultant*: William Fritzsche. *Prod. Man.*: Lew Leary. *Cast*: James Stewart (Glyn McLyntock), Arthur Kennedy (Emerson Cole), Julia Adams (Laura Baile), Rock Hudson (Trey Wilson), Lorie Nelson (Margie Baile), Jay C. Flippen (Jeremy Baile), Chubby Johnson (Captain Mello), Howard Petrie (Tom Hendricks), Stepin Fetchit (Adam), Henry Morgan (Shorty), Frances Bavier (Mrs. Prentiss), Jack Lam-

bert (Red), Royal Dano (Long Tom), Cliff Lyons (Wullie), Frank Ferguson (Don Grundy), Frank Chase (Wasco).

Exterior at Mt. Hood (Oregon), Sandy River and Columbia River.

1953 *The Naked Spur* (L'Appat). 94 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: William Wright (MGM). *Scen.*: Sam Rolfe, Harold Jack Bloom. *Phot.*: William Mellor (Technicolor). *Sets*: Cedric Gibbons, Malcolm Browne (a.d.), Edwin B. Willis (s.d.). *Ed.*: George White. *Mus.*: Bronislau Kaper. *Color Consultant*: Henri Jaffa, Robert Brower. *Spec. Eff.*: Warren Newcombe. *Asst.*: Howard Koch. *Cast*: James Stewart (Howard Kemp), Janet Leigh (Lena Patch), Robert Ryan (Ben Vandergroat), Ralph Meeker (Roy Anderson), Millard Mitchell (Jesse Tate).

Exteriors at Durango.

1953 *Thunder Bay* (Le Port des Passions). 103 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: Aaron Rosenberg (Universal-International). *Scen.*: Gil Doud, John Michael Hayes, from a story by John Michael Hayes, inspired by an idea of George W. George and George F. Slavin. *Phot.*: William Daniels (Technicolor). *Sets*: Alexander Golitzen, Richard H. Reidel (a.d.), Russell A. Gausman, Oliver Emert (s.d.). *Ed.*: Russell Schoengarth. *Mus.*: Frank Skinner. *Asst.*: John Sherwood. *Cos.*: Rosemary Odell. *Color Consultant*: William Fritzsche. *Cast*: James Stewart (Steve Martin), Joanne Dru (Stella Rigaud), Gilbert Roland (Teche Bossier), Dan Duruya (Johnny Gambi), Jay C. Flippen (Kermit MacDonald), Antonio Moreno (Dominique Rigaud), Marcia Henderson (Francesca Rigaud), Robert Monet (Philippe Bayard), Henry Morgan (Rawlings), Mario Siletti (Louis Chighizola), Fortunio Bonanova (Sheriff).

Exteriors at Morgan City (Louisiana).

1954 *The Glenn Miller Story* (Romance Inachevée). 116 min. *Dir.*: AN-



Anne Bancroft.



The Fall of of the Roman Empire.

THONY MANN. *Prod.*: Aaron Rosenberg (Universal-International). *Scen.*: Valentine Davies, Oscar Brodney. *Phot.*: William Daniels (Technicolor). *Sets*: Bernard Herzbrun, Alexander Golitzen (a.d.), Russell A. Gausman, Julia Heron (s.d.). *Ed.*: Russell Schoengarth. *Mus.*: Joseph Gershenson (Dir.), Henry Mancini (Adapt.). *Musical Numbers*: "Moonlight Serenade", "String of Pearls", "Little Brown Jug", "Pennsylvania 6-5000", "Tuxedo Junction", "American Patrol", "National Emblem March", "Bidin' My Time", "Chattanooga Choo-Choo", "Easin Street Blues", "At Last", "Adios", "Everybody Loves My Baby", "Looking at the World", "Over the Rainbow", "I Know Why". *Asst.*: John Sherwood. *Cos.*: Jay A. Morley, Jr. *Tech. Cons.*: Chummy MacGregor. *Col. Cons.*: William Fritzsche. *Chor.*: Kenny Williams. *Trombone Consultant*: Joe Yukl. *Cast*: James Stewart (Glenn Miller), June Allyson (Helen Miller), Charles Drake (Don Haynes), George Tobias (Si Schribman), Henry Morgan (Chummy MacGregor), Kathleen Lockhart (Mrs. Miller), Barton MacLane (Gen. Arnold), Sig Rumann (Mr. Krantz), James Bell (Mr. Burger), Katherine Warren (Mrs. Burger), Irving Bacon (Mr. Miller), Marion Ross (Polly Haynes), Phil Garriss (Joe Becker), Carleton Young (General's Aide), Babe Russin, and as themselves, Louis Armstrong, Gene Krupa, Frances Langford, Ben Pollack, The Modernaires, The Archie Savage Dancers, Trummy Young (Trombone), Barney Bigard (Clarinet), Cozy Cole (Drums), Arvell Shaw (Bass), Marty Napoleon (Piano), Lisa Gaye, Chester F. Woody, Steve Pendleton (American Officer).

1955 *The Far Country* (Je Suis un Aventurier). 97 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: Aaron Rosenberg (Universal-International). *Scen.*: Borden Chase, from the novel by Ernest Hay-

cox. *Phot.*: William Daniels (Technicolor). *Sets*: Alexander Golitzen, Bernard Herzbrun (a.d.), Russell A. Gausman, Oliver Emert (s.d.). *Ed.*: Russell Schoengarth. *Mus.*: Joseph Gershenson. *Asst.*: John Sherwood, Ronnie Rondell, Terry Nelson. *Cost.*: Jay A. Morley, Jr. *Col. Cons.*: William Fritzsche. *Cast*: James Stewart (Jeff Webster), Ruth Roman (Ronda Castle), Corinne Calvet (Renée Vallon), Walter Brennan (Ben Tatem), John McIntire (Mr. Gannon), Jay C. Flippen (Rube), Henry Morgan (Ketchum), Steve Brodie (Ives), Royal Dano (Luke), Gregg Barton (Rounds), Robert J. Wilke (Burt Madden), Chubby Johnson (Dusty), Eddie C. Waller (Yukon Sam), Robert Foulk (Kingman), Eugene Borden (Doc Vallon), Allan Ray (Grant Bosun), Jack Elam (Frank Newberry), Connie Gilchrist (Hominy), Kathleen Freeman (Drift), Connie Van (Hominy's Partner), Tom McGraw, Walter Brennan, Jr., John Doucette (Prospector), Chuck Roberson. Exteriors in Canada.

1955 *Strategic Air Command* (Strategic Air Command). 114 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: Samuel J. Briskin (Paramount). *Scen.*: Valentine Davies, Beirne Lay, Jr. from a story by Beirne Lay, Jr. *Phot.*: William Daniels, Thomas Tutwiler (Aerial Phot.) (Technicolor). *Sets*: Hal Pereira, Earl Hedrick (a.d.), Sam Comer, Frank McElvy (s.d.). *Ed.*: Eda Warren. *Mus.*: Victor Young. March, "The Air Force Takes Command", by Victor Young (Music) and Ned Washington and Major Tommy Thomson, Jr. (Lyrics). *Spec. Eff.*: Farciot Edouart, John P. Fulton. *Asst.*: John Coonan. *Cos.*: Edith Head. *Col. Cons.*: Richard Mueller. *Tech. Cons.*: Colonel O. S. Lassiter (U.S.A.F.). *Supervisor for Aerial Sequences*: Paul Mantz. *Cast*: James Stewart (Robert "Dutch" Holland), June Allyson (Sally Holland), Frank Lovejoy

(Gen. Ennis C. Hawkes), Barry Sullivan (Lieut. Col. Rocky Samford), Alex Nicol (Cap. Ike Knowland), James Millican (Major-Gen. "Rusty" Castle), Bruce Bennett (Col. Joe Espy), Jay C. Flippen (Tom Doyle), James Bell (Rev. Thorne), Rosemary DeCamp (Mrs. Thorne), Richard Shannon (Aircraft Commander), John R. McKee (Capt. Symington), Henry Morgan (Sergt. Bible), Don Haggerty (Major Patrol Commander), Glenn Denning (Radio Operator), Anthony Warde (Colonel), Strother Martin (Airman), Helen Brown (Nurse), William Hudson (Forecaster), David Vaile (Capt. Brown), Vernon Rich (Capt. Johnson), Harlan Warde (Duty Officer), Robert House Peters, Jr. (Air Force Capt.), Henry Richard Lupino (Lieut. Controller), William August Pullen (Controller, Okinawa), Stephen E. Wyman (Non. Com. Tech. Sergt.), Enos Slaughter, Stan Musial, Red Schoendienst, "Peanuts" Lowrey, Memo Luna (Five Ballplayers).

1955 *The Man From Laramie* (L'Homme de la Plaine). 104 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: William Goetz (Columbia). *Scen.*: Philip Yordan, Frank Burt, from a story by Thomas L. Flynn, which appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*. *Phot.*: Charles Lang (Technicolor-Cinemascope). *Sets*: Cary Odell (a.d.), James Crowe (s.d.). *Ed.*: William Lyon. *Mus.*: George Duning, Morris Stoloff (Dir.). *Song*: "The Man From Laramie", by Lester Lee and Ned Washington. *Asst.*: William Holland. *Col. Cons.*: Henri Jaffa. *Cast*: James Stewart (Will Lockhart), Arthur Kennedy (Vic Hansbro), Donald Crisp (Alec Waggoman), Cathy O'Donnell (Barbara Waggoman), Alex Nicol (Dave Waggoman), Aline MacMahon (Kate Cannaday), Wallace Ford (Charles O'Leary), Jack Elam (Chris Boldt), John War Eagle (Frank Darrah), James Millican (Tom Quigby), Gregg Barton (Fritz), Boyd Stockman (Spud

Oxton), Frank DeKova (Padre).

Exterior in New Mexico.

1955 *The Last Frontier* (La Charge des Tuniques Bleues). 98 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: William Fadiman (Columbia). *Scen.*: Philip Yordan, Russell S. Hughes, Ben Maddow (not credited), from Richard Emery Roberts' novel, *The Gilded Rooster*. *Phot.*: William Mellor (Cinemascope-Technicolor). *Sets*: Robert Peterson (a.d.) James Crowe (s.d.). *Ed.*: Al Clark. *Mus.*: Leigh Harline, Morris Stoloff (Dir.). *Asst.*: Sam Nelson. *Col. Cons.*: Henri Jaffa. *Song*: "The Last Frontier" by Lester Lee and Ned Washington, sung by Rusty Draper. *Cast*: Victor Mature (Jed Cooper), Guy Madison (Capt. Glenn Riordan), Robert Preston (Col. Frank Marston), Anne Bancroft (Corinna Marston), James Whitmore (Gus Rideout), Russell Collins (Capt. Clarke), Peter Whitney (Sergeant-Major Decker), Pat Hogan (Mungo), Manuel Donde (Red Cloud), Mickey Kuhn (Luke), Guy Williams (Lieut. Benton), William Calles (Spotted Elk).

1956 *Serenade* (Sérénade). 121 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: Henry Blanke (Warner Bros.). *Scen.*: Ivan Goff, Ben Roberts, John Twist, from the novel by James M. Cain. *Phot.*: J. Peverell Marley (WarnerColor). *Sets*: Edward Carrère (a.d.), William Wallace (s.d.). *Ed.*: William Ziegler. *Lyrics*: "Serenade" and "My Destiny", by Nicholas Brodsky and Sammy Cahn, "Back to Sorrento", "La Daniz", "Ave Maria", and extracts from "Tosca", "La Bohème", "Othello", "Turandot", "Il Trovatore" and "Fedora". *Cost.*: Howard Shoup. *Asst.*: Charles Hansen, Dick Moder. *Supervisor for Opera Sequences*: Giacomo Spadoni. *Mus. Tech. Cons.*: Walter Ducloux. *Cast*: Mario Lanza (Damon Vincenti), Joan Fontaine (Kendall Hale), Sarita Montiel (Juan Montez), Vincent Price (Charles Winthrop), Joseph Calleia (Prof. Marcatello), Harry Bellaver (Monte), Vince Edwards (Marco Roselli), Silvio Minciotti (Lardelli), Frank Puglia (Manuel), Edward Platt (Carter), Frank Yaconelli (Guiseppe), Mario Siletti (Sanroma), Maria Serrano (Rosa), Eduardo Noriega (Felipe), Licia Albanese (First Singer), Jean Fenn (Second Singer), Stephen Bekassy (Sculptor), Jose Govea (Pace), Antonio Triana (Dancer).

Exteriors at San Miguel de Allende (Mexico).

1957 *Men in War* (Cote 465). 104 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: Sydney Harmon (Security Pictures, United Artists). *Scen.*: Philip Yordan, Ben Maddow (not credited), from the story *Day Without End* (Combat) by Van Van Praag. *Phot.*: Ernest Haller. *Sets*: Frank Sylos (Prod. Des.). *Ed.*: Richard Meyer. *Mus.*: Elmer Bernstein. *Lyrics*: Alan Alch. *Spec. Eff.*: Jack Erickson, Lee Zavitz. *Asst.*: Leon Chooluck. *Cos.*: Norman Martien. *Sc. Sup.*: Michael Preece. *Prod. Man.*: Elmer Stock. *Tech. Sup.*: Irving Lerner. *Cast*: Robert Ryan (Lieut. Mark Benson), Aldo Ray (Sergeant Joseph (Montana) Williamette), Robert

Keith (Colonel), Philip Pine (Capt. Riordan), Vic Morrow (Zwickley), Nehemiah Persoff (Sergeant Nat Lewis), James Edwards (Sergeant Killian), L. Q. Jones (Sam Davis), Adam Kennedy (Maslow), Scott Marlowe (Meredith), Walter Kelley (Ackerman), Race Gentry (Haines), Robert Normand (Christensen), Anthony Ray (Penelli), Michael Miller (Lynch), Victor Sen-Yun (Korean Sniper).

1957 *The Tin Star* (Du Sang dans le Désert). 93 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: William Perlberg, George Seaton (Paramount). *Scen.*: Dudley Nichols, from a story by Barner Slater and Joel Kane. *Phot.*: Loyal Griggs (Vista-Vision). *Sets*: Hal Pereira, Joseph MacMillian Johnson (a.d.), Sam Comer, Frank McElvy (s.d.). *Ed.*: Alma Mcrorie. *Mus.*: Elmer Bernstein. *Asst.*: Michael Moore. *Cost.*: Edith Head. *Prod. Asst.*: Ric Hardman. *Cast*: Henry Fonda (Morgan Hickman), Anthony Perkins (Ben Owens), Betsy Palmer (Nora Mayfield), Michael Ray (Jim Mayfield), Neville Brand (Bart Bogardus), John McIntire (Dr. McCord), Mary Webster (Millie), Peter Baldwin (Zeke McGaffey), Richard Shannon (Buck Henderson), Lee Van Cleef (Ed McGaffey), James Bell (Judge Thatcher), Howard Petrie (Harvey King), Russell Simpson (Clem Hall), Hal K. Dawson (Andy Miller), Jack Kenney (Sam Hodges), Mickey Finn (McCall), Frank Cady, Bob Kenaston, Allen Gittel, Frank Cordell, Frank McGrath, Tim Sullivan.

After Mann's departure, George Seaton directed the connecting sequences.

1957 *Night Passage* (Le Survivant des Monts Lointains). 88 min. *Dir.*: James Neilsen. *Second Unit*: James C. Havens. *Prod.*: Aaron Rosenberg (Universal-International). *Scen.*: Borden Chase, from the novel by Norman A. Fox. *Phot.*: William Daniels (Technicolor-Technirama). *Sets*: Alexander Golitzen, Robert Clatworthy (a.d.), Russell A. Gausman, Oliver Emert (s.d.). *Ed.*: Sherman Todd. *Mus.*: Dmitri Tiomkin. *Lyrics*: "Follow the River", and "You Can't Get Far Without a Railroad": Ned Washington (L.), Dmitri Tiomkin (M.). *Spec. Eff.*: Clifford Stine. *Asst.*: Marshall Green. *Cos.*: Bill Thomas. *Cast*: James Stewart (Grant MacLain), Audie Murphy (Utica Kid), Dan Duryea (Whitey Harbin), Dianne Foster (Charlotte Drew), Elaine Stewart (Verna Kimball), Brandon De Wilde (Joey Adams), Jay C. Flippen (Ben Kimball), Herbert Anderson (Will Renner), Robert J. Wilke (Concho), Hugh Beaumont (Jeff Kurth), Jack Elam (Shotgun), Tommy Cook (Howdy Staden), Paul Fix (M. Feeney), Olive Carey (Miss Vittles), James Flavin (Tim Eiley), Donald Curtis (Jubilee), Ellen Corby (Mrs. Feeney), John Day (Latigo), Kenny Williams (O'Brien), Frank Chase (Trinidad), Harold Goodwin (Gannon), Harold Tommy Hart (Shannon), Jack C. Williams (Dusty), Boyd Stockman (Torgenson), Henry Willis (Pacho), Chuck Roberson (Roan), Willard Will-

ingham (Click), Polly Burson (Rosa), Patsy Novak (Linda), Ted Mapes (Leary), Ed Johnson (Railroad Telegrapher).

Up until the last minute, Mann had been intended to direct the film; but, judging the screenplay too mediocre, he demanded that he be replaced. James Stewart wanted shooting to commence immediately, so James Neilsen replaced Mann on the spot, Mann having directed only the opening shots. As the film crew, actors as well as technicians, approximates crews employed by Mann, we have tried to give a complete note on this film.

1958 *God's Little Acre* (Le Petit Argent du Bon Dieu). 110 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: Sidney Harmon (Security Pictures-United Artists). *Scen.*: Philip Yordan, from the novel by Erskine Caldwell. *Phot.*: Ernest Haller. *Sets*: John S. Poplin, Jr. (Prod. Des.). *Ed.*: Richard C. Meyer. *Mus.*: Elmer Bernstein. *Spec. Eff.*: Jack Rabin, Louis DeWitt. *Asst.*: Louis Brandt. *Cos.*: Sophia Stutz. *Sc. Sup.*: Pat Miller. *Prod. Asst.*: Irving Lerner. *Cast*: Robert Ryan (Ty Ty Walden), Aldo Ray (Will Thompson), Tina Louise (Griselda), Buddy Hackett (Pluto Swint), Jack Lord (Buck Walden), Fay Spain (Darlin' Jill), Vic Morrow (Shaw Walden), Helen Westcott (Rosamund), Lance Fuller (Jim Leslie), Rex Ingram (Uncle Felix), Michael Landon (Dave Lawson), Russell Collins (Claude), Davis Roberts,

1958 *Man of the West* (L'Homme de L'Ouest). 100 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: Walter M. Mirisch (United Artists-An Ashton Production). *Scen.*: Reginald Rose, from William C. Brown's novel, *The Border Jumpers*. *Phot.*: Ernest Haller (DeLuxe Color-Cinemascope). *Sets*: Hilyard Brown (a.d.), Edward Boyle (s.d.). *Ed.*: Richard Heermance. *Mus.*: Leigh Harline. *Spec. Eff.*: Jack Erickson. *Asst.*: Richard Moder. *Cos.*: Yvonne Wood, Bert Henrikson. *Prod. Man.*: Allen K. Wood. *Cont.*: Sam Freedle. *Acces.*: Ted Mossman. *Cast*: Gary Cooper (Link Jones), Julie London (Billie Ellis), Lee J. Cobb (Dock Tobin), Arthur O'Connell (Sam Beasley), Jack Lord (Coaley), John Dehner (Claude Tobin), Royal Dano (Trout), Robert J. Wilke (Ponch), Jack Williams (Alcutt), Guy Wilkerson (Operator), Chuck Roberson (Man with Gun), Frank Ferguson (Sheriff), Emory Parnell (Gribble), Tina Menard (Mexican Girl), Joe Dominiquex (Mexican).

1960 *Spartacus*. 198 min. *Dir.*: Stanley Kubrick (sole credit), Anthony Mann. *Second Unit*: Irving Lerner. *Prod.*: Edward Lewis, Kirk Douglas (Universal-International, A Bryna Production). *Scen.*: Dalton Trumbo, from the novel by Howard Fast. *Phot.*: Russell Metty, Clifford Stine (Technicolor-Super Technirama 70). *Sets*: Alexander Golitzen, Eric Orbom (a.d.), Russell A. Gausman, Julia Heron (s.d.). *Ed.*: Robert Lawrence, Irving Lerner (Sup.), Robert Schulte and Fred Chulack (Asst.). *Mus.*: Alex North. *Spec. Eff.*: Wes Thompson.

Asst.: Marshall Green, Foster Phinney, Jim Welch, Joe Kenny, Charles Scott. *Cos.*: J. Arlington Valles, Bill Thomas (for Jean Simmons). *Hist. Cons.*: Vittorio Nino Novarese. *Credits*: Saul Bass. *Prod. Man.*: Norman Deming. *Cast.*: Kirk Douglas (Spartacus), Sir Laurence Olivier (Marcus Crassus), Jean Simmons (Varinia), Tony Curtis (Antoninus), Charles Laughton (Lentulus Gracchus), Peter Ustinov (Lentulus Batiatus), John Gavin (Julius Caesar), Nina Foch (Helena Glabrus), Herbert Lom (Tigranus), John Ireland (Crixus), John Dall (Glabrus), Charles McGraw (Marcellus), Joanna Barnes (Claudia Marius), Woody Strode (Draba), Peter Brocco (Ramon), Paul Lambert (Gannicus), Nicholas Dennis (Dionysius), Robert J. Wilke (Captain of the Guard), John Hoyt (Roman Officer), Fred Worlock (Laelius), Dayton Lummis (Symmachus), Jill Jarmyn (Favorite), Jo Summers (Favorite).

Mann directed, notably, all the scenes in the desert and all those in the school for gladiators, with the exception of those involving Jean Simmons.

1960 *Cimarron* (La Ruée vers l'Quest). 147 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: Edmund Grainger (MGM). *Scen.*: Arnold Schulman, from the novel by Edna Ferber. *Phot.*: Robert L. Surtees (CinemaScope-Metrocolor). *Sets*: George W. Davis, Addison Hehr (a.d.), Henry Grace, Hugh Hunt, Otto Siegel (s.d.). *Ed.*: John Dunning. *Mus.*: Franz Waxman. *Lyric*: Paul Francis Webster, Franz Waxman. *Spec. Eff.*: A. Arnold Gillespie, Lee LeBlanc, Robert R. Hoag. *Asst.*: Ridgeway Callow. *Cos.*: Walter Plunkett. *Col. Cons.*: Charles K. Hagedorn. *Chorale*: Robert Wagner. *Cast*: Glenn Ford (Yancey Cravet), Maria Schell (Sabra Cravet), Anne Baxter (Dixie), Arthur O'Connell (Tom Wyatt), Russ Tamblyn (The Kid), Mercedes McCambridge (Sarah Wyatt), Vic Morrow (Wes), Robert Keith (Sam Pegler), Charles McGraw (Bob Yountis), Harry Morgan (Jesse Rickey), David Opatoshu (Sol Levy), Aline MacMahon (Rita Pegler), Lili Darvas (Felicia Venable), Edgar Buchanan (Neal Hefner), Mary Wickes (Mrs. Hefner), Royal Dano (Ike Howes), George Brenlin (Hoss), Vladimir Sokoloff (Jacob Krubeckoff), Dawn Little Sky (Arita Red Feather), Eddie Little Sky (Ben Red Feather), Ivan Triesault (Father De Sabra), Linda Warrack, Charles Watts (Banker).

Mann wanted the filming to take place entirely on location and Grainger wanted the majority of scenes to be shot in the studio. Mann quit in the midst of shooting.

Since 1947, MGM had wanted to remake Wesley Ruggles' *Cimarron* (1930), but this time, it had been intended as a film musical with Kathryn Grayson in the role of Sabra.

1961 *El Cid* (Le Cid). 180 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Second Unit*: Yakima Canutt. *Prod.*: Samuel Bronston, Michael Waszynski, Jaime Prades (Samuel Bronston Productions-Dear Films

Productions-Allied Artists). *Scen.*: Philip Yordan, Fredric M. Frank, Ben Barzman, Diego Fabbri, Basilio Franchina (the last three uncredited). *Phot.*: Robert Krasker, Manuel Berenguer (second unit) (Technicolor-Super Technirama 70mm). *Sets*: Venerio Colasanti, John Moore. *Ed.*: Robert Lawrence. *Mus.*: Miklos Rozsa. *Spec. Eff.*: Alex Weldon, Jack Erickson. *Asst.*: Luciano Sacripanti, Jose Maria Ochoa, Jose Lopez Rodero. *Cos.*: Gloria Mussetta (Dir.), Peruzzi, Ceratelli. *Sc. Sup.*: Pat Miller. *Tech. Cons.*: Dr. Ramon Menendez Pidal. *Arms*: Garrido Frères (Toledo). *Prod. Man.*: Leon Chooluck, Guy Luongo. *Camera*: John Harris. *Cast*: Charlton Heston (Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, El Cid), Sophia Loren (Chimena), Raf Vallone (Count Ordenez), Genevieve Page (Urraca), John Fraser (King Alfonso), Gary Raymond (King Sancho), Herbert Lom (Ben Yussuf), Massimo Serato (Fanez), Hurd Hatfield (Count Arias), Douglas Wilmer (Moutamin), Frank Thring (Al Kadir), Ralph Truman (King Ferdinand), Gerard Tichy (King Ramiro), Andrew Cruikshank (Count Gormaz), Michael Hordern (Don Diego), Christopher Rhodes (Don Martin), Carlo Giustini (Bermudez), Fausto Tozzi (Dolfos), Tullio Carminati (Don Pedro), Franco Fantasia (Mocdadid), Jose Nieto (Emir), Rafael Albacin (Moutamin's Lieutenant), Alberto Cuby (Rodrigo's Lieutenant), Bruno Smith, Nerio Bernardi, Rosalba Neri, Roberto Rossi.

In Italy, the film is signed by Giovanni Paolucci and the music is attributed to Mario Nascimbene.

1964 *The Fall of the Roman Empire* (La Chute d'Empire Romain). 185 min. *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Second Unit*: Andrew Marton, Yakima Canutt. *Prod.*: Samuel Bronston, Michael Waszynski, Jaime Prades (Samuel Bronston Productions). *Scen.*: Ben Barzman, Basilio Franchina, Philip Yordan. *Phot.*: Robert Krasker, Cecilio Pantagua (second unit) (Technicolor-Ultra Panavision 70). *Sets*: Venerio Colasanti, John Moore. *Ed.*: Robert Lawrence, Magdalena Paradell (Asst.). *Mus.*: Dmitri Tiomkin. *Spec. Eff.*: Alex Weldon. *Asst.*: Jose Lopez Rodero, Jose Maria Ochoa (second unit). *Cos.*: Venerio Colasanti and John Moore (Sup.), Gloria Mussetta (Dir.), Ceratelli, Peruzzi. *Dial. Dir.*: George Tyne. *Script Girl*: Elaine Schreyeck. *Prod. Man.*: C. O. Erickson. *Hippan Consultant*: Friederich von Ledebuhr. *Cam.*: John Harris. *Master of Arms*: Enso Musumeci Greco. *Hist. Cons.*: Will Durant. *Frescoes*: Maciek Piotrowski. *Cast*: Sophia Loren (Lucilla), Stephen Boyd (Livius), Alec Guinness (Marcus Aurelius), James Mason (Timonides), Christopher Plummer (Commodus), Anthony Quayle (Verulus), John Ireland (Ballomar), Mel Ferrer (Cleander), Omar Sharif (Sohamus), Eric Portman (Julianus), Douglas Wilmer (Niger), Peter Damon (Claudius), Andrew Keir (Polybius), George Murcell (Victorinus), Lena Von Martens (Helva), Gabriella Licudi

(Tauna), Rafael Luis Calvo (Lentulus), Norman Wooland (Virgilianus), Virgilio Texera (Marcellus), Michael Gwynn (Cornelius), Guy Rolfe (Marius), Finlay Currie (Caecina), Friedrich Von Ledebuhr.

1964-65 *The Heroes of Telemark* (Les Héros de Telemark). *Dir.*: ANTHONY MANN. *Prod.*: S. Benjamin Fisz (Benton Films-Rank and, in the U.S.A., Columbia). *Scen.*: Ivan Moffatt, Ben Barzman, from *Skis Against the Atom*, by Knut Haukelid, *But For These Men*, by John Drummond, and certain episodes from Titus Vibe Muller's and Jean Dreville's film, *La Bataille de L'Eau Lourde* (1947). *Phot.*: Robert Krasker (Eastmancolor-Panavision 70). *Direction and Photography* (Second Unit): Gil Waxholt. *Sets*: Tony Masters (a.d.), Jack Maxsted, John Hoesli (asst. a.d.), Bob Cartwright, Ted Clements (s.d.). *Ed.*: Bert Bates, Timothy Gee, Lindsay Hume (asst.). *Mus.*: Malcolm Arnold. *Spec. Eff.*: John Fulton (phot.), Ron Ballanger, Syd Pearson. *Asst.*: Derek Cracknell, Christopher Stamp, Jonathan Benson, Michael Douglas. *Cos.*: Elsa Fennell, Gloria Barnes (asst.). *Prod. Sup.*: George Pitcher. *Prod. Man.*: Timothy Burrill. *Location Man.*: Jimmy Komisarjevsky. *Cam.*: John Harris, Ronnie Maasz, Helge Stoylen. *Continuity*: Kay Mander. *Cast. Dir.*: Maude Spector. *Cast*: Kirk Douglas (Dr. Rolf Pedersen), Richard Harris (Knut Straud), Ulla Jacobson (Anna), Michael Redgrave (Anna's Uncle), David Weston (Arne), Anton Diffring (Major Frick), Eric Porter (Terboven), Mervyn Johns (Colonel Wilkinson), Jennifer Hilary (Sigrid), Roy Dotrice (Jensen, the Mysterious Stranger), Barry Jones (Professor Logan), Ralph Michael (Nilssen), Geoffrey Keen (General Bolts), Maurice Denham (Doctor at Hospital), Wolf Frees (Knippelberg), Robert Ayres (General Courts), Sebastian Breaks (Gunnar), John Golightly (Freddy), Alan Howard (Oli), Patrick Jordan (Henrik), William Marlowe (Claus), Brook Williams (Einar), David Davies (Captain of the *Galtesund*), Karel Stepanek (Hartmuller), Faith Brook (Woman on the Bus), Elvi Hale (Mrs. Sandersen), Gerard Heinz (Erhardt), Victor Beaumont (German Ski Sergeant), Philo Hauser (Businessman), George Murcell (Sturmfuhrer), Russell Waters (Mr. Sandersen), Jan Conrad (Bear Keeper), Alf Joint (German Sentinel on the Ferry), Robert Bruce (Major), Brian Jackson (Norwegian Naval Attaché), Paul Hansard (German Official), Annette Andre (Student), Pamela Conway (Girl in the Dark Room), Grace Arnold, Howard Douglas (Passengers on board the *Galtesund*), Jemma Hyde (Businessman's Girl Friend).

Anthony Perkins was tested.

Original title: *The Unknown Battle*.

We particularly wish to thank our friend John Gillett of the Information Department of the British Film Institute, whose aid was infinitely precious.

—Patrick BRION, Olivier EYQUEM

Editor's Eyrie

by Andrew Sarris

What Is Cinema? by André Bazin (University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1967, 183 pp., \$5.75) consists of ten essays selected and translated by Hugh Gray with remarkable fidelity to the letter and spirit of the original. The essays were originally written between 1945 and 1957 in a variety of periodicals, including *Cahiers du Cinema*, that fountainhead of the nouvelle vague. Some of Bazin's most flavorsome pieces are not included in this collection. I miss particularly his extraordinary eulogy of Humphrey Bogart, his critique of the *Politique des Auteurs*, and an analysis of the western more scholarly and comprehensive than that of the late Robert Warshaw. Hugh Gray was probably guided in his selection by an instinct for the essential, the basic, the ontological, if you will, in Bazin's aesthetics. No matter. Few books on any subject manage to be at once so profound and so readable. It is not a question of agreeing or disagreeing with this or that position in the book. Bazin is as central a figure in film aesthetics as Freud is in psychology, and if some of us feel we have gone beyond Bazin, we must acknowledge in all honesty that it was Bazin who literally opened our eyes to the cinema. If I consider Bazin a greater film critic than, say, Agee or Warshaw, it is not because Bazin was necessarily more profound and talented than his American contemporaries, but rather because the cultural climate for cinema was friendlier in Paris than it was in New York. Unlike Agee and Warshaw, Bazin could be something more than a film critic without being something else than a film critic.

Bazin's greatest contribution to modern aesthetics is the restoration of interest in the integrity of visual space. If Bazin did not actually demolish the montage theories of Eisenstein, Pudovkin and Kuleshov, he did succeed in reducing these theories from imperatives to options. The typical Anglo-American film historian of pre-Bazin vintage would look at the Odessa Steps sequences in *Potemkin* and then look at a Hollywood movie pityingly for its lack of montage, which Bazin defines quite simply as "the ordering of images in time." Bazin made mince-meat of Eisenstein's *Film Sense and Film Form* by redefining the uses of montage in such an orderly way that the screen would never look the same again.

"As regards montage," Bazin observes, "derived initially as we all know from the masterpieces of Griffith, we have the statement of Malraux in his *Psychologie du Cinema* that it was montage that gave birth to film as an art, setting it apart from mere animated photography, in short creating a language.

"The use of montage can be 'invisible' and this was generally the case in the prewar classics of the American screen. Scenes were broken down for just one purpose, namely, to analyze an episode according to the material or dramatic logic of the scene. It is this logic which conceals the fact of the analysis, the mind of the spectator quite naturally accepting the viewpoints of the director which are justified by the geography of the action or the shifting emphasis of dramatic interest.

"But the neutral quality of this 'invisible' editing fails to make use of the full potential of montage. On the other hand these potentialities are clearly evident from the three processes generally known as parallel montage, accelerated montage, montage by attraction. In creating parallel montage, Griffith succeeded in conveying a sense of the simultaneity of two actions taking place at a geographical distance by means of alternating shots from each. In *La Roue* Abel Gance created the illusion of the steadily increasing speed of a locomotive without actually using any images of speed (indeed the wheel could have been turning on one spot) simply by a multiplicity of shots of ever-decreasing length.

"Finally there is 'montage by attraction,' the creation of S. M. Eisenstein, and not so easily described as the others, but which may be roughly defined as the reinforcing of the meaning of one image by association with another image not necessarily part of the same episode—for example the fireworks display in *The General Line* following the image of the bull. In this extreme form, montage by attraction was rarely used even by its creator but one may consider as very near to it in principle the more commonly used ellipsis, comparison, or metaphor, examples of which are the throwing of stockings onto a chair at the foot of a bed or the milk overflowing in H. G. Clouzot's *Jenny Lamour*. There are of course a variety of possible combinations of these processes.

"Whatever these may be, one can say that they share that trait in common which constitutes the very definition of montage, namely the creation of a sense or meaning not proper to the images themselves but derived exclusively from their juxtaposition. The well-known experiment of Kuleshov with the shot of Mozhukhin in which a smile was seen to change its significance according to the image that preceded it, sums up perfectly the properties of montage.

"Montage as used by Kuleshov, Eisenstein, or Gance did not give us the event; it alluded to it. Undoubtedly they derived at least the greater part of the constituent elements from the

reality they were describing but the final significance of the film was found to reside in the ordering of these elements much more than in their objective content."

Bazin went on to elaborate what he meant by "objective content" in the short time he had to live and when he was through, film history had regained its evolutionary purpose. It was not for Bazin to dictate the course of this evolution, but merely to chart it. In the works of such disparate directors as Welles and Rossellini, Bazin detected a new dignity for the image itself in itself. Unfortunately, Bazin's ideas have to be seen in the historical perspective of their own time, and not second-guessed with 20-20 hindsight. It is not Bazin's fault that an English translation has been so long in coming. The soundness of his reasoning and the eloquent thrust of his arguments should still delight most of his American readers, but he is no longer the romantic cause that he once was, at least to this devotee. We are living in a post-Bazinian age as far as the international cinema is concerned. The most gifted directors shun any style that suggests manipulation of the audience. Even Hollywood movies are becoming more like windows and less like mirrors. New realities are engulfing us from one end of the world to the other, and yet we are not as happy as we thought we would be.

I tend to agree with Dr. Gray when he agrees with Jean Mitry's challenge to Bazin's conception of the image "as being evaluated not according to what it adds to reality but what it reveals of it." Mitry contends that the camera reveals not reality itself, but a new appearance correlated to the real, but restructured in a frame as arbitrary and artificial as the gilded frame of a painting. But if I agree with Gray and Mitry against Bazin it is because too much of the modern cinema has abandoned its obligation to restructure reality into meaningful forms. Reality is too often flung at our faces like a dead mackerel to show that the artist is not interested in manipulating us. He merely wishes to punish us for presuming to think ourselves qualified to judge him. Bazin was too civilized to encourage such disorder, but such disorder is one of the fruits of the freedom and self-consciousness to which Bazin contributed. The loveliest things in *What Is Cinema?* are Bazin's recognition of those moments when audience and film are in magical rapport. His aesthetics is a loving, rigorous, almost ruthless means of eliminating all obstacles between the spectacle and the spectator. Even the film director was expendable in Bazin's quest for the clarity of a total rendering of reality. The American reader can reassure himself that Bazin never reached his ultimate destination, but that along the way Bazin demonstrated once and for all that there can be a moral distinction between a cut and a camera movement.

An Index to the First Eleven Issues

Directors

- ALLEGRET, Yves. *Terreur sur la savane*, note, 2:80.
- ALLEN, Irvin. *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, note, 3:64.
- ALLIO, René. "Two Arts in One," R. A. and Antoine Bourseiller reply to Jean-Luc Godard and Michel Delahaye, 6:24.
- ANTONIONI, Michelangelo. "Night, Eclipse, Dawn," interview by Jean-Luc Godard, 1:19.
- . "The R-H Factor and the New Cinema," review of *L'Avventura*, by Jacques Doniol-Valcroze, 2:77.
- . "A Face for Soraya," by A. A., 3:70.
- ASTRUC, Alexandre. "Astruc: *La Longue Marche*," 3:72.
- BALCAZAR, Alfonso. *Pistoleros de Arizona*, note, 6:56.
- BASTIA, Jean. *Le Caid de Champignol*, note, 5:56.
- BAVA, Mario (John M. Old). *La frusta e il corpo*, note, 4:62.
- BELLAMY, Earl. *Incident at Phantom Hill*, note, 4:61.
- . *Gunpoint*, note, 6:55.
- BELLOCCHIO, Marco. "Situation of the New Cinema: The Sterility of Provocation," by M. B. 7:58.
- BENAZERAF, Jose. *L'Enfer sur la plage*, note, 6:54.
- BERGMAN, Ingmar. "Bergmanorama," by Jean-Luc Godard, 1:56.
- . "The Serpent's Skin," by I. B., 11:25.
- . "The Phantom of Personality," review of *Persona*, by Jean-Louis Comolli, 11:30.
- BERGON, Serge. *Una straniero a Sacramento*, note, 3:65.
- BOLOGNINI, Mauro. *La Corrozione*, note, 5:57.
- BOOTH, Harry. *A King's Story*, note, 4:62.
- BORDERIE, Bernard. *Angelique et le Roy*, note, 4:60.
- BOURSEILLER, Antoine. "Two Arts in One," René Allio and A. B. reply to Jean-Luc Godard and Michel Delahaye, 6:24.
- . "The Most Yellow Hour," review of *Marie Soleil*, by Jacques Bontemps, 6:48.
- BRAULT, Michel. "Ten Questions to Five Canadian Filmmakers," reply, 4:42.
- BRESCIA, Alphonso. *Le Gladiateur magnifique*, note, 4:62.
- BRESSON, Robert. "The Testament of Balthazar," by Jean-Luc Godard and Maurice Merleau-Ponty, 6:44.
- . "The Question," interview by Jean-Luc Godard and Michel Delahaye, 8:5.
- . "My God, Wilt Thou Forsake Me?," review of *Au Hasard Balthazar*, by René Gilson, 11:54.
- BROOKS, Richard. "Richard Brooks *In Cold Blood*," by Axel Madsen, 5:63.
- BUNUEL, Luis. "Age of Gold (Bunuel), Age of Iron (Rossellini)," by Michel Mardore, 3:47.
- . "The Angel and the Beast: Luis Bunuel's Mexican Sketches," by Jean-André Fieschi, 4:18.
- . *Belle de Jour*, stills, 11:34.
- CAPUANO, Luigi. *I misteri della giungla nera*, note, 3:56.
- . *Sandokan alla Riscossa*, note, 5:58.
- CHRISTIAN-JAQUE. *La Seconde Vénérat*, note, 6:54.
- CLAIR, René. *Les Fêtes galantes*, note, 2:80.
- CLOCHE, Maurice. *Baraka sur X 13*, 3:63.
- COMBRET, Georges (and Nino Loy, Sergio Martino). *I spie uccidono a Beirut*, note, 2:81.
- COMENCINI, Luigi. *Il compagne Don Camillo*, note, 2:81.
- CORBUCI, Sergio. *Minnesota Clay*, note, 5:57.
- DAVIS, Desmond. *The Uncle*, note, 6:56.
- DE BROCA, Philippe. *Les Tribulations d'un 'chinois' en Chine*, note, 2:80.
- DE LA PATELLIERE, Denys. *Du Rififi a Panama*, note, 5:56.
- DE MARTINO, Alberto. *I sette contro Sparta*, note, 2:81.
- DERAY, Jacques. *L'homme de Marrakech*, note, 6:54.
- DE SANTIS, Guiseppe. *La Garconnière*, note, 5:57.
- DE SICA, Vittorio. *Un monde nouveau*, note, 5:56.
- DEXTER, Maury. *Naked Brigade*, note, 2:82.
- DONNER, Clive. "Restrictive Satire," review of *Nothing But the Best and What's New, Pussycat?*, by Jean-André Fieschi, 2:74.
- . "Smilingly We Go to Hell," review of *Nothing But the Best and What's New, Pussycat?*, by Michel Mardore, 2:75.
- . "Harold Docs Yoga," review of *The Caretaker*, by Michel Delahaye, 6:52.
- DONNER, Jorn. "Adventure at Helsinki," 3:70.
- DREVILLE, Jean. *La Sentinelle endormi*, note, 3:63.
- DREYER, Carl Th. "Between Heaven and Hell," interview by Michel Delahaye, 4:7.
- DUNNE, Philip. *Blindfold*, note, 4:61.
- EDWARDS, Blake. "Sophisticated Naturalism," interview by Jean-François Hauduroy, 3:20.
- . "Strange Bodies," by Serge Daney, 3:26.
- EISENSTEIN, Sergei. "Organic Unity and Pathos in the Composition of *Potemkin*," by S. E., 3:36.
- ENDFIELD, Cy. *Sands of Kalabari*, note, 4:61.
- ENGELS, Erich. *Witwer mit Fünf Töchtern*, note, 2:82.
- ENRICO, Robert. "All in the Same Cul-de-Sac," review of *Les Grandes Gueules*, by Jean-Louis Comolli, 6:53.
- ETAIX, Pierre. *Tant qu'on a la santé*, note, 4:60.
- FELLINI, Federico. "Cabiria Lobotomized," review of *Giulietta degli spiriti*, by Jean-André Fieschi, 2:76.
- . "Giulietta and Federico: Visits with Fellini," by Pierre Kast, 5:24.
- FIESCHI, Jean-André. "J.-A. F.: *Le Parc*," 3:70.
- FLAHERTY, Robert. "A Flaherty Mystery," by Georges Sadoul, 11:46.
- FORBES, Bryan. *King Rat*, note, 3:64.
- FORMAN, Milos. "Situation of the New Cinema: Closer to Things," by M. E., 7:57.
- . "Interview with M. E.," by James Blue and Gianfranco De Bosio, 8:53.
- . "The Smile of Prague," review of *Black Peter*, by André Téchiné, 8:55.
- . "Indiscretions," review of *Loves of a Blonde*, by Jean Collet, 8:55.
- FRANCK, Jess (Jesus Franco). *Die geliebten der Dr. Jekyll*, note, 3:65.
- FULLER, Samuel. "Double Kiss," review of *Naked Kiss*, by Michel Delahaye, 4:57.
- GELEC, Stanley. *Sandy the Reluctant Nature Girl*, note, 2:81.
- GIROLAMI, Mario (Fred Wilson). *I sentieri dell'odio*, note, 3:65.
- GIVRIANI, Osvaldo. *Kindar, l'invulnerabile*, note, 3:65.
- GODARD, Jean-Luc. "Eye of the Cyclone," review of *Pierrot le fou*, by Michel Caen, 2:74.
- . "Collages," review of *Une femme mariée*, by Michel Thevoz, 3:54.
- . "Décollages," review of *Une*

- femme mariée, by Gerard Guegan, 3:56.
- . "Contrariwise," review of *Alpha-ville*, by Jean-Louis Comolli, 3:57.
- . "Afterwards," review of *Alpha-ville*, by Jean-André Fieschi, 3:59.
- . "Three Thousand Hours of Cinema," by J.-L. G., 10:10.
- . "Versus Godard," by Bernardo Bertolucci, 10:16.
- . "J.-L. G. and the Childhood of Art," review of *Masculine Feminine*, by Michel Delahaye, 10:18.
- . "Notes on Two or Three Things . . .," by Jean Narboni, 10:20.
- . "J.-L. G. or the Urgency of Art," review of *Made in U.S.A.* and *Deux ou trois choses . . .*, by Michel Delahaye, 10:32.
- GOLDMAN, Peter Emanuel. "Echoes of Silence," by Jean-Claude Biette, 11:60.
- GOVAR, Ivan. *Deux heures à tuer*, note, 3:63.
- GRANIER-DEFERRE, Pierre. *Paris au mois d'août*, note, 3:63.
- GROULX, Gilles. "Ten Questions to Five Canadian Filmmakers," reply, 4:43.
- . "The Expression of Quebecois Man," by G. G., 4:50.
- . "Broken Traces," review of *Cat in the Sack*, by Jacques Levy, 11:59.
- GUEST, Val. *Where the Spies Are*, note, 3:65.
- HANOUN, Marcel. "M. H.: Octobre a Madrid," by A. T., 3:71.
- HARRINGTON, Curtis. "Editor's Eyrie," by Andrew Sarris, 11:62.
- HARRIS, James B. *Bedford Incident*, note, 5:56.
- HATHAWAY, Terence. *Operation Lotus Blue*, note, 3:63.
- HAYES, John Patrick. *Shell Shock*, note, 2:51.
- HILLER, Arthur. *The Americanization of Emily*, note, 5:56.
- HILLIARD, Richard L. *Black Autumn*, note, 3:63.
- HITCHCOCK, Alfred. "Hitchcock Versus Hitchcock," by André Bazin, 2:51.
- . "Skeleton Keys," by François Truffaut, 2:61.
- . "Hitchcock Confronts Evil," by Claude Chabrol, 2:67.
- . "Brian Moore and Hitchcock's Latest," by A. M., 4:6.
- . "Defense of Torn Curtain," by Jean Narboni, Jean-Louis Comolli, Sylvain Godet, André Téchine, Andrew Sarris, Stephen Gottlieb, 10:50.
- HONDA, Shiro. *Ataragon*, note, 4:62.
- HUNEBELLE, André. *Fantomas se déchaine*, note, 2:80.
- HUSTON, John. "J. H., *The Bible*, and James Bond," by A. M., 5:7.
- HUTTON, Brian G. *Wild Seed*, note, 3:64.
- ILINSKI, N. *Fureur*, note, 4:63.
- JACKSON, Richard. *Agente 001 operazione Giamaica*, note, 6:55.
- JASNY, Wojtech. *As prisde Kocour*, note, 2:82.
- JESSUA, Alain. "Meeting with A. J.," by Michel Delahaye, 11:36.
- JEWISON, Norman. "The Reign of Archetypes," review of *The Cincinnati Kid*, by Jean-André Fieschi, 4:58.
- JUTRA, Claude. "Ten Questions to Five Canadian Filmmakers," reply, 4:45.
- KARLSON, Phil. *The Silencers*, note, 6:55.
- KAUFMAN, Philip (and Benjamin Manaster). "Air From the Sea," review of *Goldstein*, by André Téchine, 6:52.
- KAZAN, Elia. "Preface to an Interview with E. K.," by Michel Delahaye, 9:8.
- . "A Natural Phenomenon," interview by Michel Delahaye, 9:12.
- . Biofilmography, by Patrick Brion, 9:36.
- KEATON, Buster. "Adieu Buster: 1896-1966," 2:5.
- KEIGEL, Leonard. *La Dame de pique*, note, 3:63.
- KENNEDY, Burt. *The Money Trap*, note, 6:55.
- KOZINTSEV, Grigori. *Don Quichotte*, note, 2:82.
- KUROSAWA, Akira. "Kurosawa in America," by A. M., 5:8.
- LAMOTHE, Arthur. "Ten Questions to Five Canadian Filmmakers," reply, 4:46.
- . "Adieu Philippines," by A. L., 4:50.
- LANDRES, Paul. *Son of Gunfighter*, note, 4:61.
- LAUTNER, Georges. *Galia*, note, 4:60.
- . *Ne nous fachons pas*, note, 6:54.
- LE BORG, Reginald. *War Drums*, note, 3:64.
- LEFEBVRE, Jean-Pierre. "Ten Questions to Five Canadian Filmmakers," reply, 4:49.
- . "The Fuse and the Bomb," by J.-P. L., 4:50.
- LEFRANC, Guy. *Les Malabars sont au parfum*, note, 4:60.
- LELOUCH, Claude. *L'amour avec des si . . .*, note, 4:60.
- LENZI, Umberto. *A 008 operazione stermino*, note, 3:64.
- . *La montagne di luce*, note, 4:62.
- LEONE, Sergio (Bob Robertson). *Per un pugno di dollari*, note, 5:58.
- LE ROY, Mervin. *Moment to Moment*, note, 6:55.
- LEWIS, Jerry. "America's Uncle," interview by Axel Madsen, 4:26.
- . "A nothing on a Ground of Soft Music," review of *The Family Jewels*, by Serge Daney, 4:33.
- . "Little Divagation," review of *The Family Jewels*, by Sylvain Godet, 4:35.
- . "Cheeks on Fire," review of *The Family Jewels*, by André Téchine, 4:36.
- . "Indifference and Terror," review of *The Family Jewels*, by Claude-Jean Philippe, 4:39.
- . "Editor's Eyrie," by Andrew Sarris, 4:64.
- . "Le Médécine Malgré Lui," review of *Three on a Couch*, by Jean-Louis Comolli, 11:57.
- LOSEY, Joseph. "Condemned to Silence," review of *King and Country*, 3:59.
- . "J. L. and Accident," by James Leahy, 9:5.
- LOY, Nino (and Luigi Scattini). *Sexy Magico*, note, 6:55.
- LUBITSCH, Ernst. "Chez Ernst," by Jean-Georges Auriol, 9:54.
- MALLE, Louis. "All in the Same Cul-de-Sac," review of *Viva Maria*, by Jean-Louis Comolli, 6:53.
- MANKIEWICZ, Joseph L. "Measure for Measure," interview by Jacques Bontemps and Richard Overstreet, 8:28.
- . Biofilmography, by Patrick Brion, 8:42.
- MANN, Anthony. *The Heroes of Telemark*, note, 5:58.
- MANN, Daniel. *Judith*, note, 6:55.
- . *Our Man Flint*, note, 6:55.
- MARGHERITI, Antonio (Anthony Dawson). *I giganti di Roma*, note, 3:64.
- MASTROCINQUE, Camillo (Thomas Miller). *La cripta e l'incubo*, note, 2:81.
- MAURER, Norman. *The Outlaw Is Coming*, note, 3:64.
- MAURI, Roberto. *Call Girl 66*, note, 3:64.
- . (Robert Johnson). *Colorado Charlie*, note, 4:62.
- McCAREY, Leo. "Taking Chances," interview by Serge Daney and Jean-Louis Noames, 7:42.
- McLAGLEN, Andrew. *Rare Breed*, note, 5:57.
- MEDORI, Alfredo. *Das Nest der gelben Viper*, note, 5:57.
- MERCANTI, Pino. *I piombi di Venezia*, note, 3:65.
- MOULLET, Luc. "Moulet, Brigitte and Brigitte," by M. D., 3:8.
- MURNAU, F. W. "Fire and Ice," by Alexandre Astruc, 1:69.
- NEMEC, Jan. *Demanty Noci*, note, 5:58.
- OPHULS, Max. "My Experience," by M. O., 1:63.
- OWEN, Don. "Serious, Too Serious," review of *Nobody Waved Goodbye*, by Paul-Louis Martin, 10:62.
- PAOLELLA, Domenico. *Ercole contro i tiranni di Babilonia*, note, 2:81.
- . *Agente 003 Operazione Atlantide*, note, 6:55.

- . *Goliath alla conquista di Baghdad*, note, 6:55.
- PAROLINI, Gianfranco. *Johnny Wes: il mancino*, note, 2:81.
- PASOLINI, Pier Paolo. "Pasolini's Birds," by J.-C. B., 3:8.
- . "Straight Ahead," review of *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, by Michel Delahaye, 3:61.
- PECAS, Max. *Espions a l'affut*, note, 4:60.
- PERIER, Etienne. *Dis-moi qui tuer*, note, 2:80.
- PHILLIP, Harold. *Merdnach in Manhattan*, note, 6:56.
- POLANSKI, Roman. "Landscape of a Mind," interview by Michel Delahaye and Jean André Fieschi, 3:28.
- . "Victim and Executioner," review of *Repulsion*, by Michel Caen, 4:56.
- . "From the Paradox to the Commonplace," review of *Quand les Anges tombent*, by Jacques Bontemps, 4:59.
- POLLET, Jean-Daniel. "A Tempest at the Back of the Eyes," review of *Une balle au coeur*, by Jean-Louis Comolli, 6:51.
- PORTER, Ralph. *After Mein Kampf*, note, 4:61.
- PUERILESCU, Pierre. *Death of a Girl*, note, 12:69.
- PULLY, Montgomery. *No Road Back*, note, 2:82.
- RAPPENEAU, Jean-Paul. *La Vie de chateau*, note, 4:60.
- RATI, Filippo. *Rapina al quartiere ovest*, note, 2:81.
- RAY, Satyajit. "From Film to Film," by S. R., 3:12.
- . Filmography, 3:63.
- REED, Carol. *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, note, 6:54.
- REINHARDT, Gottfried. *Situation Hopeless but Not Serious*, note, 3:64.
- RENOIR, Jean. "My Next Films," interview by Michel Delahaye and Jean-André Fieschi, 9:40.
- . "Boudu Saved From Drowning," by Andrew Sarris, 9:53.
- RESNAIS, Alain. "The Times Change," review of *La Guerre est finie*, by Michel Caen, 8:58.
- . "Ode to the Old Left," review of *La Guerre est finie*, by Andrew Sarris, 8:62.
- RICHARDSON, Tony. *The Loved One*, note, 5:56.
- RIEFENSTAHL, Leni. "Leni and the Wolf," interview by Michel Delahaye, 5:48.
- RIGAUD, François. *Les Baratineurs*, note, 2:80.
- RITT, Martin. "Hombre," by Charlotte Cardon, 5:5.
- . *The Spy Who Came In From the Cold*, note, 5:57.
- RIVETTE, Jacques. "The War Is Started: An Editorial," 7:5.
- . "Readers on *La Religieuse*," by Jean-André Fieschi, 7:5.
- . "Jottings From Other Publications," by Jacques Bontemps, 7:6.
- ROBERT, Yves. *Monnaie de singe*, note, 5:56.
- ROSSELLINI, Roberto. "Age of Gold (Bunuel), Age of Iron (Rossellini)," by Michel Mardore, 3:47.
- ROSSEN, Robert. "Lessons Learned in Combat," interview by Jean-Louis Noames, 7:20.
- . "Reminiscences," by Jacques Bontemps, 7:30.
- . "The Unique Film," by Jean-André Fieschi, 7:32.
- . "Lilith and I," by Jean Seberg, 7:34.
- . Biofilmography, by Patrick Brion, 7:38.
- ROWLAND, Roy. *The Girl Hunters*, note, 4:62.
- ROY, Jean-Claude. *Les Combinards*, note, 4:60.
- RUSSO, Renzo. *Per una valigia piena di donne*, note, 5:57.
- SALKOW, Sidney. *Blood on the Arrow*, note, 2:81.
- SARAFIAN, Richard C. *Andy*, note, 4:61.
- SAVIGNAC, Jean-Paul. *Nick Carter et le Trefle rouge*, note, 2:80.
- SCHAFFNER, Franklin. *The War Lord*, note, 4:62.
- SELANDER, Lesley. *Town Tamer*, note, 5:57.
- SHARP, Don. *The Face of Fu Manchu*, note, 4:62.
- SHERMAN, George. *La Nueva Centa*, note, 5:58.
- SHINDO, Kaneto. *Onibaba*, note, 4:63.
- SILVERSTEIN, Elliot. *Cat Ballou*, note, 2:81.
- SKOLIMOWSKI, Jerzy. "Situation of the New Cinema: The Twenty-First," interview by Jean-André Fieschi, Luc Moulet, Claude Ollier, 7:55.
- SOLLIMA, Sergio (Simon Sterling). *Agente 353, passaporto per l'inferno*, note, 6:55.
- STEVENS, George. "G. S. Vs. Television," 5:7.
- STOUMEN, Louis Clyde. *Black Fox*, note, 3:65.
- STRAUB, Jean-Marie. "Situation of the New Cinema: Frustration of Violence," by J.-M. S., 7:58.
- . "Situation of the New Cinema: The Gates of Meaning," by Michel Delahaye, 7:59.
- STURGES, John. *Hallelujah Trail*, note, 3:64.
- SWIFT, David. "D. S.," by A. M., 4:5.
- TALLAS, Greg. *077 spionaggio a Tangeri*, note, 5:58.
- TASHLIN, Frank. *The Alphabet Murders*, note, 3:65.
- TCHEBOTARIOV, Vladimir. *Les In-saisissables*, note, 5:58.
- THOMPSON, J. Lee. *Return From the Ashes*, note, 6:55.
- TOKAR, Norman. *Savage Sam*, note, 4:61.
- TORRADO, Raymond. *La Carga de la policia montada*, note, 4:63.
- TRUFFAUT, François. "Journal of *Fabrenheit 451*, Part 1," by F. T., 5:10.
- . "Journal of *Fabrenheit 451*, Part 2," by F. T., 6:10.
- . "Journal of *Fabrenheit 451*, Part 3," by F. T., 7:8.
- . "The Auteur, the Masks, the Other," review of *Fabrenheit 451*, by Jean-Louis Comolli, 9:56.
- . "The Fall to the Ceiling," review of *Fabrenheit 451*, by Michel Delahaye, 9:58.
- . "The Paradox of Communication," review of *Fabrenheit 451*, by Paul-Louis Martin, 9:58.
- TURELL, Saul J. (and Graeme Ferguson). *The Love Goddesses*, note, 5:56.
- UMGELTER, Fritz. *Schüsse aus dem Geigenkasten*, note, 3:65.
- USTINOV, Peter. *Lady L*, note, 3:64.
- UYS, Jamie. *Dingaka*, note 4:61.
- VICARIO, Mario. *Sette uomini d'oro*, note, 5:58.
- VIERNE, Jean-Jacques. *A nous deux Paris*, note, 4:60.
- VISCONTI, Luchino. "Drama of Non-Existence," by L. V., 2:12.
- . "The Absences of Sandra," by Jean Collet, 2:18.
- VON CZIFFRA, Geza. *Lana, die Königin der Amazonas*, note, 3:65.
- WARHOL, Andy. "Nothing to Lose," interview by Gretchen Berg, 10:38.
- . "The Sub-New York Sensibility," review of *The Chelsea Girls* by Andrew Sarris, 10:43.
- . "Warhol's Underground," by Serge Gavronsky, 10:46.
- WELLES, Orson. "A Trip to Don Quixoteland: Conversations with O. W.," by Juan Cobos, Miguel Rubio, J. A. Pruneda, 5:34.
- . "Welles on Falstaff," interview by Juan Cobos and Miguel Rubio, 11:5.
- . "Welles in Power," by Serge Daney, 11:16.
- . "The Other Side," by Pierre Dubouef, 11:18.
- . "Jack le Fataliste," by Jean-Louis Comolli, 11:20.
- . "Sacher and Masoch," by Jean Narboni, 11:22.
- WICKI, Bernard. *Morituri*, note, 5:57.
- WISE, Robert. *The Sound of Music*, note, 4:62.
- WITNEY, William. *Arizona Raiders*, note, 2:81.
- YOUNG, Terence. *Thunderball*, note, 2:82.
- ZEHETGRUBER, Rudolf. *Piccadilly null Uhr zwolf*, note, 4:63.
- ZEMAN, Karel. *Baron Prasil*, note, 6:56.

- ZETTERLING, Mai. "To Fill One's Compartment," review of *Loving Couples*, by Michel Delahaye, 6:50.
- . "Meeting with Mai Zetterling," 6:63.
- ZINANOVIC, Jovan. *Werfubrung am Meer on Ostrva*, note, 2:82.

Other Personalities

- BERKELEY, Busby. "Dancing Images: B. B.'s Kaleidoscope," by Jean-Louis Comolli, 2:22.
- . "A Style of Spectacle," interview by Patrick Brion and René Gilson, 2:26.
- . Filmography, by Ralph Crandall, 2:38.
- BROOKS, Louise. "Editor's Eyrie," by Andrew Sarris, 3:67.
- COMDEN, Betty, and GREEN, Adolph. "Writing for Musicals," interview by Jean-François Hauduroy, 2:43.
- . Filmography, by Patrick Brion, 2:49.
- DI VENANZO, Gianni. Obituary, 7:64.
- HOPPER, Hedda. Obituary, 7:65.
- KALMUS, Natalie. "N. K. and Technicolor," by P. B., 3:9.
- MARSHALL, Herbert. Obituary, 7:64.
- NUGENT, Frank S. Obituary, 7:65.
- SULLIVAN, C. Gardner. Obituary, 3:74.

Authors

- ASTRUC, Alexandre. "Where Is Mise en Scene?" 1:53.
- . "Fire and Ice," on Murnau, 1:69.
- AURIOL, Jean-Georges. "Chez Ernst," 9:54.
- BACHMANN, Gideon. "Letter From Italy," 5:9.
- BAZIN, André. "On the Politique des Auteurs," 1:8.
- . "Hitchcock Versus Hitchcock," 2:51.
- BELLOCCHIO, Marco. "Situation of the New Cinema: The Sterility of Provocation," 7:58.
- BERG, Gretchen. "Nothing to Lose: Interview with Andy Warhol," 10:38.
- BERGMAN, Ingmar. "The Serpent's Skin," 11:25.
- BERTOLUCCI, Bernardo. "Versus Godard," 10:16.
- BIETTE, Jean-Claude. "Echoes of Silence," 11:60.
- BLASI, Ralph. "Montreal's Number 7," 5:62.
- BLUE, James, and DE BOSIO, Gianfranco. "Interview with Milos Forman," 8:53.
- BONTEMPS, Jacques. "Jottings From Other Publications," 3:5.

- . "From the Paradox to the Commonplace," review of *Quand les Anges tombent*, 4:59.
- . "The Most Yellow Hour," review of *Marie Soleil*, 6:48.
- . "Jottings From Other Publications," 7:6.
- . "Reminiscences," review of *The Hustler*, 7:30.
- . and OVERSTREET, Richard. "Measure for Measure: Interview with Joseph L. Mankiewicz," 8:28.
- BRAULT, Michel. "Ten Questions to Five Canadian Filmmakers," reply, 4:42.
- BRION, Patrick, and GILSON, René. "A Style of Spectacle: Interview with Busby Berkeley," 2:26.
- BRION, Patrick. Filmography, Comden and Green, 2:49.
- . Biofilmography, Robert Rossen, 7:38.
- . Biofilmography, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, 8:42.
- . Biofilmography, Elia Kazan, 9:36.
- CAEN, Michel. "Eye of the Cyclone," review of *Pierrot le fou*, 2:74.
- . "Victim and Executioner," review of *Repulsion*, 4:56.
- . "The Times Change," review of *La Guerre est finie*, 8:58.
- CARDON, Charlotte. "Hombre," 5:5.
- CHABROL, Claude. "Hitchcock Confronts Evil," 2:67.
- COBOS, Juan, and RUBIO, Miguel. "Welles on Falstaff: Interview with Orson Welles," 11:5.
- . and PRUNEDA, J. A. "A Trip to Don Quixoteland: Conversations with Orson Welles," 5:34.
- COLLET, Jean. "The Absences of Sandra," 2:18.
- . "Notes on French Film Societies," 3:6.
- . "Indiscretions," review of *Loves of a Blonde*, 8:55.
- COLPI, Henri. "Debasement of the Art of Montage," 3:44.
- COMOLLI, Jean-Louis. "Dancing Images: Busby Berkeley's Kaleidoscope," 2:22.
- . "Contrariwise," review of *Alpha-ville*, 3:57.
- . "A Tempest at the Back of the Eyes," review of *Une Balle au coeur*, 6:51.
- . "All in the Same Cul-de-Sac," review of *Viva Maria* and *Les Grandes Gueules*, 6:53.
- . "Notes on the New Spectator," 7:60.
- . "The Auteur, the Masks, the Other," review of *Fabrenheit 451*, 9:56.
- . "Defense of Torn Curtain: The Curtain Lifted, Fallen Again," 10:52.
- . "Jack le Fataliste," review of *Falstaff*, 11:20.
- . "The Phantom of Personality,"

- review of *Persona*, 11:30.
- . "Le Medecin Malgre Lui," review of *Three on a Couch*, 11:57.
- CRANDALL, Ralph. Filmography, Busby Berkeley, 2:38.
- DANEY, Serge. "Strange Bodies," review of *The Great Race*, 3:26.
- . "A Nothing on a Ground of Soft Music," review of *The Family Jewels*, 4:33.
- . "Welles in Power," 11:16.
- . and NOAMES, Jean-Louis. "Taking Chances: Interview with Leo McCarey," 7:42.
- DELAHAYE, Michel. "Straight Ahead," review of *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, 3:61.
- . "Between Heaven and Hell: Interview with Carl Dreyer," 4:7.
- . "Double Kiss," review of *Naked Kiss*, 4:57.
- . "Leni and the Wolf: Interview with Leni Riefenstahl," 5:48.
- . "To Fill One's Compartment," review of *Loving Couples*, 6:50.
- . "Harold Does Yoga," review of *The Caretaker*, 6:52.
- . "Situation of the New Cinema: The Gates of Meaning," 7:59.
- . "Preface to an Interview with Elia Kazan," 9:8.
- . "A Natural Phenomenon: Interview with Elia Kazan," 9:12.
- . "The Fall to the Ceiling," review of *Fabrenheit 451*, 9:58.
- . "Jean-Luc Godard and the Childhood of Art," review of *Masculine Feminine*, 10:18.
- . "Jean-Luc Godard or the Urgency of Art," review of *Made in U.S.A.* and *Deux ou trois choses*, 10:32.
- . "Meeting with Alain Jessua," 11:36.
- . and FIESCHI, Jean-André. "Landscape of a Mind: Interview with Roman Polanski," 3:28.
- . and ———. "My Next Films: Interview with Jean Renoir," 9:40.
- DONIOL-VALCROZE, Jacques. "The R-H Factor and the New Cinema," review of *L'Avventura*, 2:77.
- DUBOEUF, Pierre. "The Other Side," review of *Falstaff*, 11:18.
- EISENSTEIN, Sergei. "Organic Unity and Pathos in the Composition of *Potemkin*," 3:36.
- FIESCHI, Jean-André. "Restrictive Satire," review of *Nothing but the Best and What's New Pussy-cat?*, 2:74.
- . "Cabiria Lobotomized," review of *Giulietta degli spiriti*, 2:76.
- . "Afterwards," review of *Alpha-ville*, 3:59.
- . "The Angel and the Beast: Luis Buñuel's Mexican Sketches," 4:18.

- "The Reign of Archetypes," review of *The Cincinnati Kid*, 4:58.
- "Readers on *La Religieuse*," 7:5.
- "The Unique Film," review of *Lilith*, 7:32.
- MOULLET, Luc, and OLLIER, Claude. "The Twenty-First: Interview with Jerzy Skolimowski," 7:55.
- FORMAN, Milos. "Situation of the New Cinema: Closer to Things," 7:57.
- FOX, Joan. "Montreal Festival," 6:9.
- GAVRONSKY, Serge. "Warhol's Underground," 10:46.
- GILSON, René. "My God, Wilt Thou Forsake Me?," review of *Au Hasard Baibazar*, 11:54.
- GODARD, Jean-Luc. "Night, Eclipse, Dawn: Interview with Michelangelo Antonioni," 1:19.
- "Bergmanorama," 1:56.
- "Montage, Mon Beau Souci," 3:45.
- "Three Thousand Hours of Cinema," 10:10.
- and DELAHAYE, Michel. "Two Arts in One: René Allio and Antoine Bourseiller Reply to J.-L. G. and M. D.," 6:24.
- and —. "The Question: Interview with Robert Bresson," 8:5.
- GODET, Sylvain. "Little Divagation," review of *The Family Jewels*, 4:35.
- "Defense of *Torn Curtain*: Anxiety Behind the Window Pane," 10:55.
- GOTTLIEB, Stephen. "Defense of *Torn Curtain*: Actors and Directors," 10:59.
- GREENSPUN, Roger. "The Fourth New York Film Festival," 6:5.
- GROULX, Gilles. "Ten Questions to Five Canadian Filmmakers," reply, 4:43.
- "The Expression of Quebecois Man," 4:50.
- GUEGAN, Gerard. "Décollages," review of *Une femme mariée*, 3:56.
- HASKELL, Molly. "Four French Films," 9:7.
- HAUDUROY, Jean-François. "Writing for Musicals: Interview with Betty Comden and Adolph Green," 2:43.
- "Sophisticated Naturalism: Interview with Blake Edwards," 3:20.
- INOBRAN, Jean. "Condemned to Silence," review of *King and Country*, 3:59.
- JUTRA, Claude. "Ten Questions to Five Canadian Filmmakers," reply, 4:45.
- KAST, Pierre. "Giulietta and Federico: Visits with Fellini," 5:24.
- LAMOTHE, Arthur. "Ten Questions to Five Canadian Filmmakers," reply, 4:46.
- "Adieu Philippines," 4:50.
- LEAHY, James. "Joseph Losey and *Accident*," 9:5.
- LEENHARDT, Roger. "Ambiguity of the Cinema," 1:42.
- LEFEBVRE, Jean-Pierre. "Ten Questions to Five Canadian Filmmakers," reply, 4:49.
- "The Fuse and the Bomb," 4:50.
- LEVY, Jacques. "Broken Traces," review of *Cat in the Sack*, 11:59.
- MADSEN, Axel. "Hollywood Report," 4:5.
- "America's Uncle: Interview with Jerry Lewis," 4:26.
- "Hollywood Report," 5:5.
- "Richard Brooks *In Cold Blood*," 5:63.
- MARCORELLES, Louis. "New Cinema at Pezenas," 6:61.
- MARDORE, Michel. "Smilingly We Go to Hell," review of *Nothing but the Best and What's New, Pussy-cat?*, 2:75.
- "Age of Gold (Bunuel), Age of Iron (Rossellini)," 3:47.
- MARTIN, Paul-Louis. "The Paradox of

Future Issues

of *Cahiers du Cinema* in English will be open to personal ads of a professional nature—jobs, scholarship information, etc. The rate is 25 cents per word. Minimum charge for each ad is \$3.00. Ads and prepaid checks and money orders may be mailed to *Cahiers Publishing Company*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.

THEY'RE ALL HERE!

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

Send for our 250 page catalog listing thousands of items.

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

Send \$1.00 to
LARRY EDMUNDS BOOKSHOP
6658 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, California 90028

UNITED ARTISTS FILM LIBRARY NOW AVAILABLE IN 16mm FOR NON-THEATRICAL SHOWINGS

"Tom Jones," "Black Orpheus," "12 Angry Men" and 140 other outstanding films from United Artists—never before available in 16mm—may now be rented for school, group or private showings. Free catalog mailed on request.

UA 16

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION

Write, wire or phone for catalog:

United Artists Corporation, Dept. J
729 7th Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019
(212) Circle 5-6000

- Communication," review of *Fabrenheit* 451, 9:58.
- . "Serious, Too Serious," review of *Nobody Waved Goodbye*, 10:62.
- MERLEAU-PONTY, M., and GODARD. Jean-Luc. "The Testament of Balthazar," 6:44.
- NARBONI, Jean. "Notes on *Two or Three Things . . .*," 10:20.
- . "Defense of *Torn Curtain*: The Infernal Machine," 10:51.
- . "Sacher and Masoch," 11:22.
- NOAMES, Jean-Louis. "Lessons Learned in Combat: Interview with Robert Rossen," 7:20.
- OPHULS, Max. "My Experience," 1:63.
- PASOLINI, Pier Paolo. "The Cinema of Poetry," 6:34.
- PHILIPPE, Claude-Jean. "Indifference and Terror," review of *The Family Jewels*, 4:39.
- RAY, Satyajit. "From Film to Film," 3:12.
- SADOUL, Georges. "A Flaherty Mystery," 11:46.
- SARRIS, Andrew. "Cahiers in Context," 1:5.
- . "Editor's Eyrie," 2:79.
- . "Editor's Eyrie," 3:67.
- . "Editor's Eyrie," 4:64.
- . "Editor's Eyrie," 5:59.
- . "Editor's Eyrie," 6:57.
- . "Editor's Eyrie," 7:62.
- . "Ode to the Old Left," review of *La Guerre est finie*, 8:62.
- . "Editor's Eyrie," 8:63.
- . "Boudou Saved From Drowning," 9:53.
- . "Editor's Eyrie," 9:60.
- . "The Sub-New York Sensibility," review of *The Chelsea Girls*, 10:43.
- . "Defense of *Torn Curtain*: The Company Man," 10:58.
- . "Editor's Eyrie," 10:64.
- . "Editor's Eyrie," 11:62.
- SEBERG, Jean. "Lilith and I," 7:34.
- STRARAM, Patrick. "Love With Hopes," 4:52.
- STRAUB, Jean-Marie. "Situation of the New Cinema: Frustration of Violence," 7:58.
- TECHINE, André. "Cheeks on Fire," review of *The Family Jewels*, 4:36.
- . "Air From the Sea," review of *Goldstein*, 6:52.
- . "The Smile of Prague," review of *Black Peter*, 8:55.
- . "Defense of *Torn Curtain*: The Castaways of the Bus," 10:56.

- THEVOZ, Michel. "Collages," review of *Une femme mariée* 3:54.
- TRUFFAUT, François. "A Certain Tendency of the French Cinema," 1:30.
- . "Skeleton Keys," on Hitchcock, 2:61.
- . "Journal of *Fabrenheit* 451, Part 1," 5:10.
- . "Journal of *Fabrenheit* 451, Part 2," 6:10.
- . "Journal of *Fabrenheit* 451, Part 3," 7:8.
- VISCONTI, Luchino. "Drama of Non-Existence," 2:12.

Other Data

The Council of Ten (*Le Conseil des Dix*) has appeared in all issues since No. 2. Ten-best lists for 1965 appeared in Nos. 2 and 3; for 1966, in No. 10.

Translators for *Cahiers du Cinema* in English have included Jane Pease (since No. 2); Rose Kaplin (Nos. 1-5, 7); G. Hersberger (No. 1); John K. E. Hitchcock (No. 1); Nell Cox (No. 3); Randall Conrad (No. 6); and Robert Steele (No. 11).

"For a cool, perceptive round-up which substantiates all its claims, turn to Andrew Sarris, whose film-by-film analysis is the best thing I have read on Sternberg. Only 56 quarto pages, many of them illustrations, but each one worth its weight in gold . . . Sarris is a must for any Sternberg admirer."

—Tom Milne, *Sight and Sound*

"The best single volume of film criticism yet written by an American . . . a degree of sympathetic imagination that allows him . . . to find within movies profound correlatives for those human gestures that are the guides and blessings of our lives."

—Roger Greenspun, *The Village Voice*

THE FILMS OF JOSEF VON STERNBERG

by Andrew Sarris

Museum of Modern Art

\$4.95 hardbound
\$2.95 paper



125 w. 41 st.
n. y. c.

tel. 564-3818

SUBSCRIBE

CATCH UP

cahiers du
CINEMA
in english

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

Highlights of Back Issues

- No. 3 Satyajit Ray—Blake Edwards Interview—Roman Polanski Interview
—Eisenstein on Potemkin—Godard on Montage.
- No. 4 Carl Dreyer Interview — Luis Bunuel: *Angel and the Beast* —
Jerry Lewis Interview and 4 Views of *Family Jewels* — New
Canadian Cinema: 10 Questions to 5 Directors.
- No. 5 Truffaut's Journal of *Fahrenheit 451*, Part 1 — Visits With Fellini
by Pierre Kast — Orson Welles: Voyage to Don Quixoteland —
Leni Riefenstahl Interview — Richard Brooks on *In Cold Blood*.
- No. 6 Truffaut's Journal of *Fahrenheit 451*, Part 2 — Allio-Bourseiller-
Godard-Delahaye Dialogue — Pasolini at Pesaro: The Cinema of
Poetry — Testament of Balthazar by Merleau-Ponty and Godard —
Meeting With Mai Zetterling — 4th N.Y. Film Festival by Roger
Greenspun.
- No. 7 Truffaut's Journal of *Fahrenheit 451*, Part 3 — Robert Rossen In-
terview and Biofilmography — Lilith and I by Jean Seberg — Leo
McCary Interview — Situation of the New Cinema — The Affair
of *La Religieuse*.
- No. 8 Bresson-Godard-Delahaye — Joseph L. Mankiewicz — Milos For-
man — *La Guerre Est Finie*.
- No. 9 Jean Renoir Interview — Elia Kazan — Joseph Losey — Ernst
Lubitsch — *Fahrenheit 451*.
- No. 10 Alfred Hitchcock and *Torn Curtain* — Jean-Luc Godard — Andy
Warhol Interview — Ten-Best Lists.
- No. 11 Orson Welles—Ingmar Bergman—Alain Jessua—Robert Flaherty.

CAHIERS PUBLISHING CO., INC.

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

Payment Enclosed ☐
Please bill me ☐

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

NAME

ADDRESS

CITYZIP NO.....

CAHIERS PUBLISHING CO., INC.

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

Please send me the following back issues of CAHIERS DU
CINEMA IN ENGLISH at \$1.25 each: 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐
6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐ 9 ☐ 10 ☐ 11 ☐ I enclose

NAME

ADDRESS

CITYZIP NO.....

VIVIEN SIMONE JOSE LEE OSKAR ELIZABETH
LEIGH / SIGNORET / FERRER / MARVIN / WERNER / ASHLEY

GEORGE JOSE MICHAEL CHARLES HEINZ
SEGAL / GRECO / DUNN / KORVIN AND RUEHMANN CO-STARRING
LILIA SKALA

IN **KATHERINE ANNE PORTER'S**



Ship of Fools

"An Event!"

—Time

"Magnificent!"

—Newsweek

"Smashing!"

—The New Yorker

"First Rate!"

—Saturday Review

Produced & Directed by
STANLEY KRAMER

EXCLUSIVELY FROM
COLUMBIA CINEMATHEQUE

711 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 212-PL-1-4400