No. 8

$1.25

cahiers du CINEMA in english

Bresson - Godard - Delahaye
Joseph L. Mankiewicz
Milos Forman
'La Guerre Est Finie'

LA GUERRE EST FINIE received the International Critics Award, Cannes Film Festival 1966; the French Academy Award—"Best Picture Of The Year"; the French Academy Award—"Yves Montand, Best Actor of the Year"; and the Louis Delluc Prix, France's most coveted critical award.

The New York film critics at the Film Festival called LA GUERRE EST FINIE "A TRIUMPH. AN OUTSTANDING FILM OF OUR TIME. CERTAINLY THE OUTSTANDING OFFERING AT THE FESTIVAL."—Judith Crist, World Journal Tribune, "BEAUTIFULLY MADE AND ACTED... strikingly realistic and emotionally taut."—Bosley Crowther, N.Y. Times, "A WORK OF ART... a great statement for our times."—Archer Winsten, N.Y. Post.

LA GUERRE

EST FINIE

(THE WAR IS OVER)

Directed by ALAIN RESNAIS

Starring

YVES MONTAND · INGRID THULIN · and Introducing GENEVIEVE BUJOLD

Produced by SOFRACIMA / PARIS—EUROPA FILM, STOCKHOLM / A BRANDON FILMS RELEASE

American Premiere — BEEKMAN THEATRE — Now Playing

Theatrical Distribution 1967/Non Theatrical Distribution 1968

BRANDON FILMS, Inc., Dept. CDC, 221 West 57 Street, New York 10019

cahiers du CINEMA in english

Number 8 February 1967

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

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: RALPH BLASI
Associate Editor: JAMES STOLLER
Translator: JANE PEASE
Photo Acknowledgement: The Museum of Modern Art Film Library, Elliot Moss Landy, Brandon Films.
Parent Publication: CAHIERS DU CINÉMA. Revue mensuelle du Cinéma. Administration-Publicité 8 rue Marbeuf, Paris 8. Rédaction: 5, Clément-Marot, Paris 8. Comité de rédaction: Jacques Doniol-Valcroze, Daniel Filipacci, 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. Sécrétaire géneral: 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.

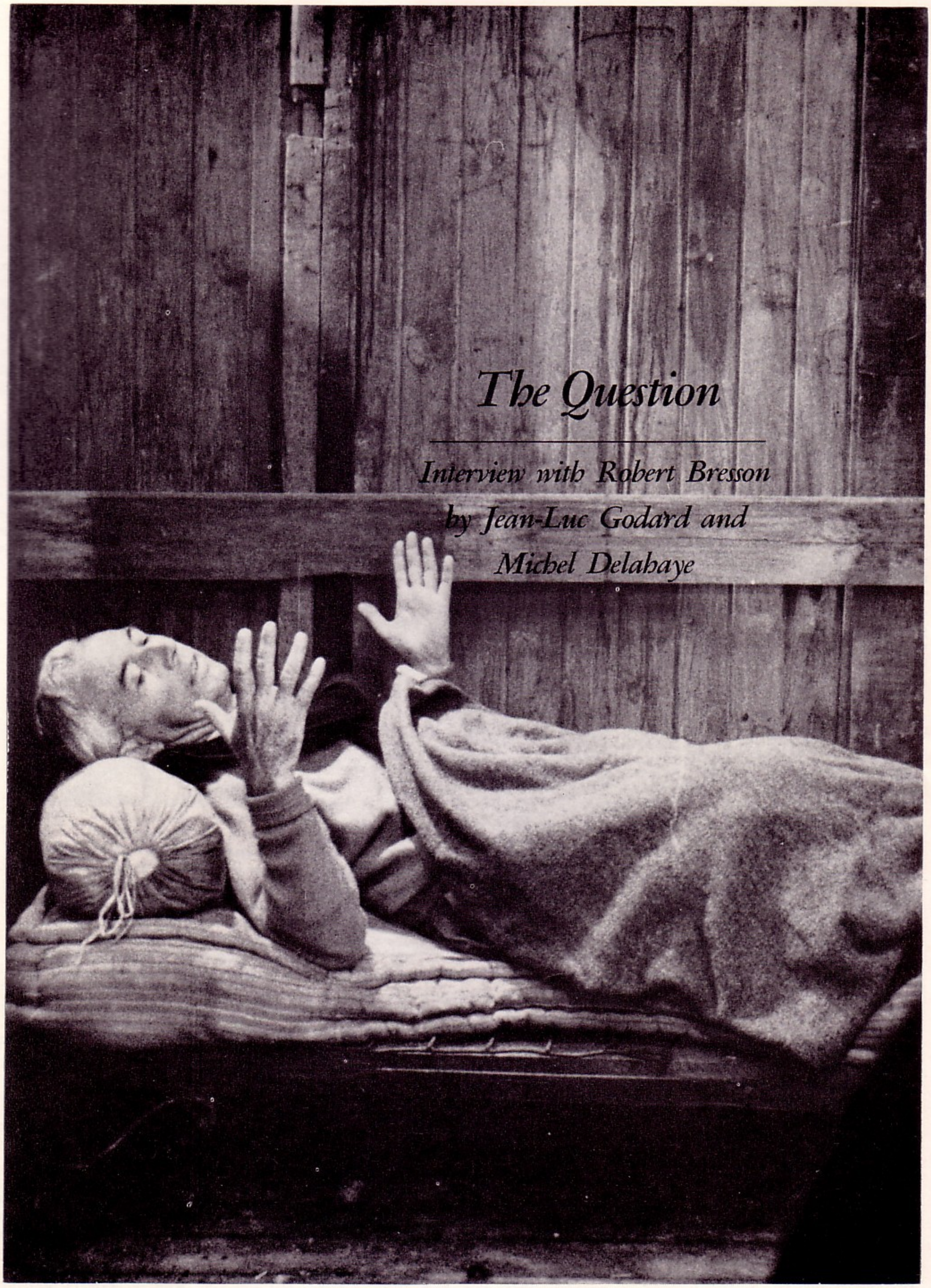
LE CONSEIL DES DIX (Council of ten)

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 Baroncelli (Le Monde)	Robert Benayoun (Positif)	Jacques Bontemps (Cahiers)	Jean Collet (Telerama)	Michel Cournot (Le Nouvel Observateur)	Michel Delahaye (Cahiers)	Jean-Andre Fieschi (Cahiers)	Michel Mardore (Pariscope)	Georges Sadoul (Les Lettres Francaises)
Au Hasard Balthazar (Robert Bresson)	★★★★	★★★★	●	★★★★	★★★★	★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★
Red Line 7000 (Howard Hawks)	★★★		●	★★★★	★★★	●	★★★★	★★★	★★★★	
Quelque chose d'autre (O Necem Jinem) (Vera Chytilova)	★	★★	★★	★★	★★★	★	★★★★	★★★	★★★	★★
Les Désarrois de l'élève Törless (Der Junge Törless) (Schloendorff)	★★★	★★★	★★★	●	★★	●	★★★	★	★★★	★★
L'Age des illusions (Almodozasok Kora) (Istvan Szabo)	●	★★	★★	★★	★★★		★★★	★★	★	★★
Les Iles enchantées (Carlos Vilardebo)	★★	★★	★★	★★	★	●	★★	★★★	★★★	★
La Longue Marche (Alexandre Astruc)	★★	★★	★★★	★	★★★	●	★★	★	★★	★★
Nobody Waved Goodbye (Don Owen)	★	★★	★★	★		●	★★★		★	★★
Le Volcan interdit (Haroun Tazieff)	★	★		★	★★★	●	★★★	★★	●	★★
Un homme et une femme (A Man and a Woman) (Claude Lelouch)	●	★★★	★★★★	●	●	★★★★	★	●	●	★★
Les Ruses du diable (Paul Vecchiali)		●	●	★	★★		★	★★	★★	★
Mourir pour Varsovie (Polnifecte Passion) (Janusz Piekalkiewicz)	★★	★★		●	★	●	★★★★	●	★	●
La Curée (The Game is Over) (Roger Vadim)	★★	★★★	★★	●	●	●	★	●	★★	★
Dom Roberto (Ernesto de Souza)				★		●				★★
Batman (Lambert Hillyer)	●		★	●	●		★	★	★	★
Les Oiseaux aux ailes coupées (Passaros de Asas cortadas) (Arthur Ramos)				●	★	●				★
Stagecoach (Gordon Douglas)	●	●	★★	★		●		★	●	●
La Ligne de démarcation (Claude Chabrol)	★	★	●	●	★★	●	●	●	●	★
Mademoiselle (Tony Richardson)	★	★	★★	●	●	●	●	●	●	★
The Flight of the Phoenix (Robert Aldrich)	●		★	●		●	★★	●	●	★
Un soir à Tibériade (Hervé Bromberger)	★	●		●	●			●		
Vierges pour le bourreau (Il boia scarlatto) (Max Hunter)	●		★				●	●	●	●
Signore et signori (Ces messieurs-dames) (Pietro Germi)	●	●	●	●			●	★		●
Alfie (Lewis Gilbert)	●	●	●	●	●		●	●	★	●
A Tiger Walks (Norman Tokar)	●		●					●	●	●
L'Amour en 4 dimensions (Amore in quattro dimensioni) (sketches—Romain; Mida; Puccini; Guerrini)	●			●	●		●	●	●	
Le Dollar troué (Un dollaro bucioto) (Kelvin Jakson)	●		●	●		●		●	●	
Barbouze Chérie (José Maria Forque)	●	●	●	●	●			●	●	
Trois enfants dans le désordre (Léo Joannon)		●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●

The Question

Interview with Robert Bresson by Jean-Luc Godard and Michel Delahaye



Robert Bresson during the shooting of *Au Hasard Balthazar*.

For those of us who had the privilege of seeing *Au Hasard Balthazar* some weeks ago, there is no doubt that we witnessed one of the most significant events of the cinema, astoundingly meaningful both in its own right and as a fusion of themes from previous Bresson films. Therefore we asked Jean-Luc Godard and Michel Delahaye to meet Robert Bresson. The following interview is one of the longest we have ever published, and the most significant statement by Bresson himself up to now. In future issues, we will continue our criticism of *Au Hasard Balthazar,* an extraordinary film, with other instruments of investigation, among them, a round-table discussion.

JEAN-LUC GODARD — I have the impression that this film, *Balthazar,* reflects something that goes back a long time, something you had been thinking about for fifteen years, perhaps, and to which all the films that you made then were tending. That is why one has the impression of finding again in *Balthazar* all your other films. In fact: it was your other films that prefigured this, as if they were fragments of it.

ROBERT BRESSON — I had been thinking about it for a long time, but without working on it. That is to say that I worked on it by fits, and it was very hard. I wearied myself at it rather quickly. It was hard, too, from the point of view of composition. For I did not want to make a film of sketches, but I wanted, too, for the donkey to pass through a certain number of human groups—which represent the vices of humanity. So it was necessary that these human groups overlap one another.

It was necessary, too—given that the life of a donkey is a very even life, very serene—to find a movement, a dramatic rise. So it was necessary to find a character who would be parallel to the donkey, and who would have that movement; who would give the film that dramatic rise that was necessary for it. It was just then that I thought of a girl. Of the lost girl. Or rather—of the girl who loses herself.

GODARD—In choosing that character, were you thinking of characters from your other films? Because, seeing *Balthazar* today, one has the impression that that character has lived in your films, that it has passed through them all. I mean that, with it, one meets, too, the pickpocket, and Chantal . . . Consequently your film seems the most complete of all. It is the total film. In itself, and in relation to you. Have you that feeling?

BRESSON—I did not have that feeling in making the film, but I believe that I have been thinking about it for ten or twelve years. Not in a continuous way. There were periods of calm, of complete non-thought, that might last two or three years. I took it up, that film, dropped it, took it up again. . . . At times, I found it too difficult, and I thought that I would never do it.

So you are right to think that I had been reflecting on it for a long time. And it may be that one finds again in it what was, or what was to be, in other films. It seems to me that it is also the freest film that I have made, the one into which I have put the most of myself.

You know—it is so difficult, ordinarily, to put something of oneself into a film that must be accepted by a producer. But I believe that it is good, that it is even indispensable, that the films we make partake of our experience. I mean, that they not be works of *mise en scène.*

At least what people call *mise en scène,* and which is the execution of a *plan* (and I mean *plan* in both its senses, a shot and a project). So a film must not be the mere execution of a *plan,* even of a *plan* that is your own, and still less that of a *plan* that would be another person's.

GODARD—Would you have the impression that your other films were more films of *mise en scène?* As for me, I do not have that impression.

BRESSON — That is not what I meant. But, for example, when I took as ground of departure the *Journal d'un curê de campagne,* which is a book by Bernanos, or that narrative of Commandant Devigny that is the basis of *Un condamnê à mort s'est èchappé,* I took a story that was not by me, that was accepted by a producer, and into which I tried my best to put myself.

Note well that I do not think it a very serious matter to start from an idea that is not by you, but, in the case of *Balthazar,* it is possible that the fact of starting from a personal idea, on which I had already worked a great deal in thought, even before the work that I had to do on paper, it is possible that that fact is responsible for the impression that you had — and which pleases me very much—to know that I have truly put myself into this film, still more than in my other films.

GODARD — I met you once during the shooting, and you said to me, "It is very difficult; I am more or less in the process of improvising." What did you mean by that?

BRESSON—For me, improvisation is at the base of creation in cinema. But it is true also that, for a work so complicated, it is necessary to have a base, a solid base. For one to be able to modify a thing, it is necessary that, at the start, that thing be very clear and very strong.

Because if there has not been, not only a very clear vision of things, but also a writing on paper, one risks getting lost in it. One risks getting lost in that labyrinth of extremely complex *données.* On the contrary, one feels all the more freedom toward the very foundation of the film because one has compelled oneself to encircle that foundation and to build it firmly.

Au Hasard Balthazar, Francois Lafarge.

GODARD—To take an example: I have the impression that the scene of the sheep who are dying, at the end, was one of the things that were more improvised than the others. Perhaps at the start you had thought of only three or four sheep?

BRESSON—That is true as to the improvisation, but not as to the number. For there, in fact, I had thought of three or four thousand sheep. Only, I did not have them. It is here that the improvisation came in. It was necessary, for example, to confine them between fences so that the flock would not appear too meager (a little the problem of the forest of which one can give the illusion with three or four trees . . .), but, in all cases, it seems to me that what comes abruptly, without reflection, is the best of what one does, as it seems to me that I have done the best of what I have done when I found myself resolving with the camera difficulties that I had not been able to over-come on paper, and that I had left blank.

And when that happens often—now I have grown accustomed to it—one understands that the sight of things abruptly found again behind the camera, when you have not been able to arrive at them by words and ideas set on paper, makes you discover or rediscover them in the most cinematographic way there is, that is to say in the strongest and the most creative.

MICHEL DELAHAYE—You seemed to say a little while ago that there was something more in your last film. I believe that a director always sees or puts something more in the latest film that he has made, but it seems that you were thinking of some specific circumstances that made it possible for you to put into *Balthazar* things that you had not put into your other films.

GODARD—And then, I believe that one can say that, for the first time, you tell or describe several things at once (without my putting into that the slightest pejorative meaning), when, until now (and in *Pickpocket,* for example), everything happened as if you were seeking or following one thread, as if you were exploring a single vein. Here there are several veins at once.

BRESSON — I believe that, in fact, the lines of my other films were rather simple, rather apparent, while that of *Balthazar* is made of many lines that intersect one another. And it was the contacts among them, even chance, that provoked creation, at the same time that it provoked me, perhaps unconsciously, to put more of myself into this film. Now, I believe very much in intuitive work. But in that which has been preceded by a long reflection. And notably by a reflection on composition. For it seems to me that the composition is a very important thing, and perhaps even that the film is born first from its composition. That said, it can be managed that this composition be spontaneous, that it be born from improvisation. But in any case, it is the composition that makes the film. In fact, we take elements that already exist; so what counts is the relations among things, and thereby, finally, the composition.

Now, it is at times in these relations — sometimes intuitive — that one establishes among things, that one best orients oneself. And I am thinking of another fact: it is also by intuition that one discovers a person. In any case, more by intuition than by reflection. In *Balthazar,* the abundance of things, and the difficulties that, for that reason, the film represented, perhaps made me try my best; first, at the time of the writing on paper, then, at the time of the shooting, for everything was extremely difficult. Thus, I had not realized that three quarters of the shots of my film were exteriors, situated in open air. Now, if you think of the downpour of last summer, you see what that could represent as additional difficulties. The more because I was trying to take all my shots in sunlight—and actually, I shot them in sunlight.

GODARD—Why did you insist so on sunlight?

BRESSON—It is very simple: because I have seen too many films in which it was grey or dark outside—which, moreover, could give rise to beautiful effects —and in which suddenly one entered sunlit rooms. Now, I have always found that unendurable. But that often happens when one passes from interiors to exteriors, for in the interior there is always added light, artificial, and when one passes to the exterior it is no longer there. Whence an absolutely false shift. Now, you know—and you surely feel as I do on this point—that I am a maniac for truth. And in the slightest of things. Now, a false lighting is as dangerous as a false word or a false gesture. Whence my care to balance lights in such a way that, when one enters a house, there is always all the same less sunlight than outside. Is that clear?

GODARD—Yes, yes. That is clear.

BRESSON — There is also another reason, which is perhaps more precise, deeper. You know that I go, I think moreover without seeking it, toward simplification. And here I make it explicit at once: I believe that simplification is a thing that one must never seek; when one has worked enough, simplification should come of itself. What is very bad, is to seek simplification, or simplicity, too soon; which leads to bad painting, bad literature, bad poetry . . . So I go toward simplification — and I scarcely realize it — but this simplification requires, from the standpoint of taking photographs, a certain strength, a certain vigor. Now, if I simplify my action, and at the same time the image fails (because the contours are not sufficiently encircled, or the relief is not sufficiently marked), I risk a total failure of the sequence.

Au Hasard Balthazar, Jacques, Marie and Balthazar young.

I am going to give you an example, chosen in my last film, *Balthazar.* If, in the love scene in the 2 CV—actually, of the beginning of love in the 2 CV—the photography had failed, had become grey, the action, which is extremely simple, which results from elements, hangs on very subtle threads, would have failed completely; there would no longer have been a love scene. But I believe, as you do, that photography—or cinematography—is a pernicious thing for us, that is to say too easy a thing, too convenient, for which one must almost have oneself pardoned, but which one must know how to use.

GODARD — Yes, it is necessary, if one can say so, to violate photography, to push it in its . . . But as for me, I go about it differently, for I am—let us say more impulsive. In any case, one must not take it for what it is. I mean, for example, that because you wanted sunlight so that the photography would not fail, by that you were, in a sense, forcing it to keep dignity, rigor . . . Which three quarters of the others do not do.

BRESSON—That is to say that you must know exactly what you want to have plastically—and do what is necessary to have it. The image that you have in mind, you must foresee, that is to say, see it in advance, literally see it on the screen (while taking into account the fact that there risks being a disparity, and even an entire difference, between what you see and what you will have), and you must make that image exactly as you want to see it, as you see it, as you create it . . .

GODARD — Generally they say of you that you are the cineaste of the ellipsis. On that, when one thinks of people who see your films according to that idea, it is certain that with *Balthazar* you break all records. But I take an example: in the scene of the two automobile accidents — if one can say that—since one sees only one—had you the feeling of making an ellipsis in showing, precisely, only the first? As for me, I think that you had the feeling not of having eliminated a shot, but of having put one shot after another shot. Is that true?

BRESSON—Concerning the two automobile skids, I think that, since one has already seen the first, it is useless to see the second too. I prefer to have it imagined. If I had had it imagined the first time, at that point, there would have been something missing. And then, as for me, I rather like to see it; I think that it is pretty, an automobile that turns round on the road. But after that, I prefer to have it imagined with the help of a sound, for every time that I can replace an image by a sound I do so. And I do so more and more.

GODARD—And if you could replace all the images by sounds? I mean . . . I am thinking of a kind of inversion of the functions of the image and of the sound. One could have the images, of course, but it would be the sound that would be the significant element.

BRESSON—As to that, it is true that the ear is much more creative than the eye. The eye is lazy; the ear, on the contrary, invents. In any case, it is much more attentive, while the eye is content to receive — except in the rare cases when it invents, but then in fantasy. The ear is a much deeper sense, and very evocative. The whistle of a locomotive, for example, can evoke, imprint in you the vision of an entire railroad station, sometimes of a specific station that you know, sometimes of the at-

Au Hasard Balthazar, Anne Wiazemsky.

Proces de Jeanne d'Arc, Florence Carrez.

mosphere of a station, or of a railroad track, with a train stopped . . . The possible evocations are innumerable. What is good, too, with sound is that it leaves the spectator free. And it is towards that that we should tend — to leave the spectator as free as possible.

GODARD—And that is what many people say—Resnais, for example . . .

BRESSON—You must leave the spectator free. And at the same time you must make yourself loved by him. You must make him love the way in which you render things. That is to say: show him things in the order and in the way that you love to see them and to feel them; make him feel them, in presenting them to him, as you see them and feel them yourself, and this, while leaving him a great freedom, while making him free. Now, this freedom, precisely, is greater with sound than with the image.

DELAHAYE — In your films, especially in *Balthazar,* this amount of freedom that one has toward sounds and images, is in fact engaged in the deep sense of your vision, goes in a well determined direction that is your own. You said a little while ago, for example, that you wanted to paint the vices of humanity. So you impart in the spectator a certain vision of humanity and its vices.

BRESSON — Yes, of course. And I come back to what I said a second ago: the principal thing . . . In the end it is not a matter of working for an audience. There is nothing more stupid, more vulgar, than working for an audience. Well. That said, it is necessary to do what it is necessary to do. And, with respect to that—*le public, c'est moi.* I mean that if I try to represent to myself what the audience will feel, I cannot help but say to myself: The audience, it is I. So, one does not work for an audience. But what one tries to do should be able all the same . . . For we find, ultimately, the same chances of acceptance by the audience as a painter, for example, but after some time. Thus the other day someone asked me the question, "Do you believe that a single film of yours could affect people?" It can, perhaps, affect some people, but I do not believe that a single painting by Cezanne has made people understand or love Cezanne, has made them feel as Cezanne did. It takes a great many paintings! Imagine a painter painting a Cezanne under Louis XIV. Absolutely no one . . . In short: they would have put the painting in the attic!

So it takes us several films. And, as we go on making films, it is good, and it is agreeable, to feel that the audience, suddenly, is trying to put itself in our place and to love what we love. To sum up, it is a matter of making ourselves loved. Loved, in what we love, and in the way in which we love things and people.

. . . But from what point had we set out?

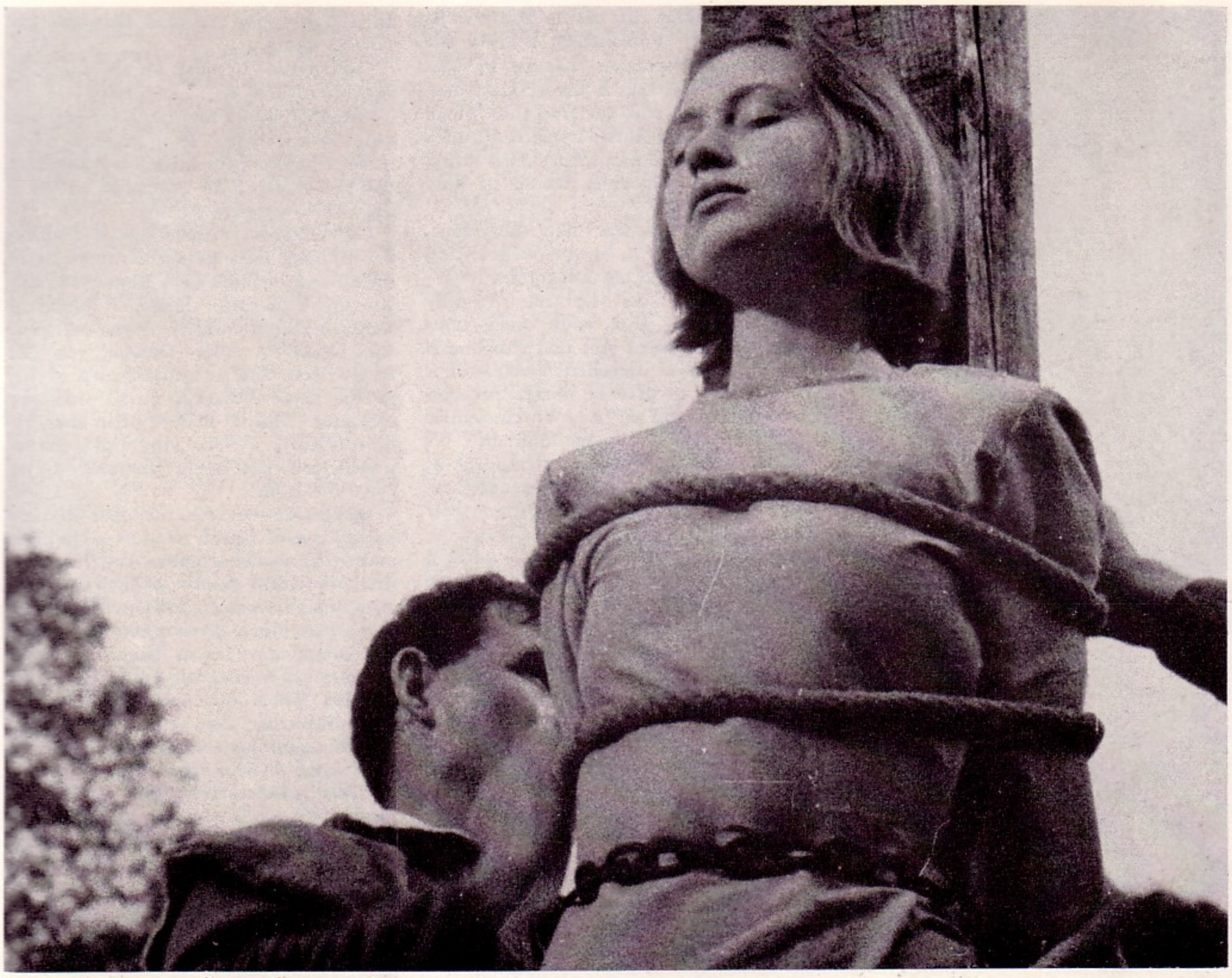
DELAHAYE — From the vision that you had of things, from the direction that you imprinted on your vision.

BRESSON — Good. But then, there, we enter . . .

GODARD — In humanity, why precisely the vices? Besides, as for me, I did not see only the vices.

DELAHAYE — I took up again that expression that you had at the beginning, describing *Balthazar,* and that struck me.

BRESSON — The film started from two ideas, from two *schemata,* if you will. First schema: the donkey has in his life the same stages as does a man, that is to say, childhood, caresses; maturity, work; talent, genius in the middle of life; and the analytical period that precedes death. Well. Second schema, which crosses the first or which



Proces de Jeanne d'Arc, Florence Carrez.

starts from it: the passage of this donkey, who passes through different human groups representing the vices of humanity, from which he suffers, and from which he dies.

There are the two schemata, and that is why I spoke of the vices of humanity.

For the donkey cannot suffer from goodness, or from charity, or from intelligence . . . He must suffer from what makes us, ourselves, suffer.

GODARD—And Marie, in that, is, I dare say, another donkey.

BRESSON—Yes, precisely: she is the character parallel to the donkey, and who ends by suffering like him. Example: in the miser's house. One refuses food to her (she is even forced to steal a pot of jam) in the same way that one refuses oats to the donkey. She undergoes the same jolts as he. She undergoes lust, too. She undergoes, not rape, perhaps, not exactly, but something that is almost a rape.

In the end, you see what I sought to do, and it was very difficult, for it was necessary that the two schemata about which I have just spoken to you not give the effect of a system, it was necessary that they not be systematic. It was necessary too that the donkey not return like a theme with his judge's eye, and look upon what humanity does.

That was the danger. It was necessary to obtain a thing rather structured, but which would not appear so; just as the vices must not appear to be there in order to be vices and to harass the donkey.

If I said vices, that is because at the start it was indeed vices, and from which the donkey must suffer, but I attenuated this systematic aspect that the construction, the composition could immediately take.

GODARD—And the character of Arnold? If it were necessary to define him . . . It is not that I would want to define him at all costs, but, in the end, if one had to do so, if one absolutely had to give him some keys, or to have him represent some things rather than some others, what could one say of him?

BRESSON — He represents drunkenness a little, that is to say, gluttony, so he represents that particularly, but at the same time for me he represents nobility, that is to say, that freedom toward men.

GODARD—Yes. For, when one sees him, one is compelled to think of certain things . . . Thus, he has a little of the look of Christ.

BRESSON—Yes, but I did not seek that. Not at all. He represents first of all drunkenness, since when he is not drunk he is gentle, and when he is drunk he beats the donkey, that is to say, reveals thereby one of the things that must be the most incomprehensible for an animal, to know that the same person can be changed by swallowing a bottle of liquid. And that is a thing that must astound animals, the thing from which they must suffer the most.

At the same time, in this character, I felt nobility immediately. And perhaps too a parallelism with the donkey: They have in common a certain sensitivity to things. And that, one can perhaps find with certain animals, very sensitive to objects—for you know that an animal can flinch, can shy at the sight of an object. Then that is because objects count very much for animals, all the same, more, sometimes, than for us, who are accustomed to them, and who, unhappily, do not always pay attention to them.

Then, there as well, parallelism. I felt it, but I did not seek it out. All that came spontaneously. I did not want to be too systematic. But as soon as there was nobility, of course I felt it. I did not press it, but I let it act.

It is very interesting to start from a

Balthazar, Anne Wiazemsky.

rather strict schema, and then to discover how one handles it, how one ends in something much more subtle, and even, at a certain moment, intuitive.

GODARD—I think, all of a sudden, that you are someone who loves painting very much.

BRESSON—I am a painter. And perhaps it is there, precisely, that you find your idea. For I am scarcely a writer. I write, yes, but I force myself to write, and I write — I realize — a little as I paint (or rather, as I painted, for I no longer paint, but I will paint again): that is to say that I am unable to write a continuous strip. I am able to write from left to right, and thus to align some words, but I cannot do it for a long time, or in continuity.

GODARD — To make cinema, precisely, one has no need of that. It is the cinema in itself that constitutes the strip. One has it from the start; one absolutely no longer needs to concern oneself with it.

BRESSON — Yes, but then you are speaking of the general composition of the film. As for me, when I write, I write as I put color: I put a little on the left, a little on the right, a little in the middle, I stop, I start again . . . and it is only when there begin to be some things written, that I am no longer annihilated by the blank page, and that I begin to fill the holes. You see: it is not at all a strip that I write. So, the film is made somewhat in this way. That is to say that I set some things at the start, some others at the finish, others still in the middle; I took notes when I thought about it—every year, or every two years—and it is the assemblage of all that that ended by making the film, as colors on a canvas end in assembling to give the relations of things with one another.

But the great risk of the film was its lacking unity. Fortunately, I knew the dangers of dispersion that lie in wait for a film (and that is the greatest danger that it can run, the trap into which it almost always falls); I was very much afraid that mine would not find unity; I knew that this unity would be very difficult to find.

Perhaps it has less than the others, but perhaps that is, as you were saying a little while ago, an advantage.

GODARD — As for me, I only wanted to say that your other films were straight lines, and that this one is made rather of concentric circles—if it is necessary to give an image to compare them—and of sets of concentric circles that cut across one another.

DELAHAYE—Everything happens as if there were several films in one, several subjects of films brought to their unity.

BRESSON—That is a little what I feared—and if you feel that, it does not much please me, for—that was really the great difficulty, with the danger that it involved a loss of attention on the part of the spectator. In fact it is very difficult to catch the attention of the spectator when one takes a character, drops him, takes another, returns to the first—for the attention dies. I know that this film has less unity than the others, but I tried my utmost to let it have one all the same, thinking that, thanks to the donkey, in spite of everything, in the end the unity would find itself again. I could not do otherwise than as I did.

The film has perhaps also a unity of vision, a unity of angle, a unity in the way in which I cut up the sequences into shots . . . For all that can give unity. Including the way of speaking.

That is, moreover, what I always seek: that the people almost all speak in the same way.

To sum up: it is through form that one finds unity again.

DELAHAYE—As for me, I wanted, a little while ago, to stress, not the plurality, but the unity. And I wanted to say precisely that, beyond the diversity of the elements—and it is fabulous—all the same one finds unity again.

BRESSON—Then, in that sense, that pleases me.

GODARD — And how do you see questions of form—if one can say that? I know indeed that one does not think about that so much, in any case at the time, but one thinks about it before, and one thinks about it afterwards. For example, when one makes a decoupage, one does not think about it. At the same time, I always ask myself, afterwards: why did I cut there rather than there instead? And with others as well, that is the one thing that I do not succeed in understanding: why cut or not cut?

BRESSON—I believe, as you do, that that is a thing that must become purely intuitive. If it is not intuitive, it is bad. In any case, for me it is the most important thing.

GODARD—It must, all the same, be capable of analysis . . .

BRESSON—As for me, I see my film only by the form. It is curious: when I see it again, I no longer see anything but the shots. I do not know at all if the film is moving or not.

GODARD—I believe that it requires a very long time to reach the point of seeing one of one's own films. One day you are in a little village, in Japan or somewhere else, and then you see your film again. At that moment, you can receive your film as an unknown object, in the same situation as an ordinary spectator. But I believe that that requires really a very long time. It requires, too, not being prepared to receive the film.

BRESSON—As for me, and I come back to it, I attach enormous importance to form. Enormous. And I believe that the form leads to the rhythms. Now the rhythms are all-powerful. That is the first thing. Even when one makes the commentary of a film, this commentary is seen, felt, at first as a rhythm. Then it is a color (it can be cold or warm); then it has a meaning. But the meaning arrives last.

Now, I believe that access to the audience is before everything else a matter of rhythm. I am persuaded of that.

Balthazar, Anne Wiazemsky.

So in the composition of a shot, of a sequence, at first there is the rhythm. But the composition ought not be premeditated, it ought to be purely intuitive. For example, it arises especially when we shoot out of doors, and when we approach a setting absolutely unknown the day before. In the face of novelty, we must improvise. That is what is very good: the necessity to find, and quickly, a new equilibrium for the shot that we are making.

To sum up: I do not believe in too long reflection there either. Reflection reduces things to being no longer anything but the execution of a shot. Things must happen impulsively.

GODARD—Your ideas on cinema—if you have any—have they evolved, and how? How do you film today, in relation to yesterday or to the day before? And how do you conceive of cinema after your last film? As for me, I realize today that in the past, three or four years ago, I had ideas on cinema. Now I no longer have. And to have any, I am forced to continue to make cinema, until I give myself new ones. Let us say then: how do you feel yourself in relation to cinema? I do not say in relation to the cinema that is made, but in relation to the art of cinema?

BRESSON—Yes, however, actually I must tell you how I feel myself in relation to that which is made. Only yesterday, someone said to me (it is a reproach that people make to me sometimes, without intending it, but it is one): "Why do you never go to see films?" For that is absolutely true: I do not go to see them. (1) And because they frighten me. Precisely, and quite simply for that reason. Because I feel that I separate myself from them, that I separate myself from present-day films, from day to day and more and more. And that frightens me extremely, for I see all those films accepted by the audience, and, beforehand, I do not at all see my films accepted by the audience. And I am afraid. Afraid to offer a thing to an audience that is sensitized to another thing and that would be desensitized to what I do. But there is this in it too—that going to see a film from time to time interests me. In order to see what disparity there is. Then I realize that, without intending it, I move farther and farther away from a cinema that, in my opinion, has set off on the wrong foot, that is to say, is sinking into the music hall, into photographed theater, and that is losing completely its strength and its interest (and not only its interest, but its power), and that is going toward catastrophe.

Not that films cost too much, or that television is a rival, no, but simply because this cinema is not an art, although it pretends to be one; it is only a false art, that tries to express itself under the form of another art. Now, there is nothing worse and more ineffective than that kind of art.

As to what I myself try to make, with images and with sounds, of course I have the impression that it is I who am not mistaken, and that it is the others who are mistaken. But I have, too, the impression, at first that I am in the presence of too numerous means (which I try to reduce, for what kills cinema equally is profusion of means, luxury—and luxury has never contributed anything in the arts), and then, that I am in possession of extraordinary means.

That leads me to say something else to you: it seems to me that the arts—the fine arts, if you will—are on their decline, and even approaching their end. They are in the process of dying.

GODARD—I think so too, yes.

BRESSON—Already there scarcely remains anything of them any longer. Soon, they will no longer exist. But, curiously, if they are killed by cinema, radio, television, it is precisely this cinema, this radio, this television that kill them that in the end will remake an art, will remake the arts—but in a completely different way, of course, and perhaps even the word "art" will no longer be used. In any case, it will not be the same thing.

It is by cinema—and I will say, by cinematography, because I like to make the distinction, as Cocteau made it, between cinema, that is to say current films, and what is all the same the cinematographic art—so it is by cinematography that the art that cinema is in the process of killing will come to life again. The culprit, the culprits in this death of the arts, are the present day mechanical means of diffusion. About that, the other day Ionesco said something rather lovely, in any case very exact: we are faced with miracles. Cinema, radio, television, are miracles; it is films, television transmissions, radio reportages that are not miraculous. So, art is behind.

Perhaps it is not very exact to say that art is behind miracles. It would be necessary to say more exactly that art is killed by miracles, but that it should come to life again thanks to those miracles.

GODARD — I would not have expressed it that way, but I too think that it is the end. Only, I absolutely do not know . . .

BRESSON—How it is going to start again?

GODARD—Yes, how it is going to start again?

BRESSON—As for me, I feel, not in cinema, but in cinematography, an extraordinary art, marvelous, but which is absolutely not taken in hand. Which I try to take in hand. It is not I who am marvelous, it is the means that are at my disposal. I try to profit by these means, and while shutting the door—double-locking it—to theatre, which is the deadly enemy of cinematography.

And I can say that to you, who make use of actors, and who know how to make use of them . . .

GODARD—You mean: theatre is the enemy of cinematography, but not on the stage . . .

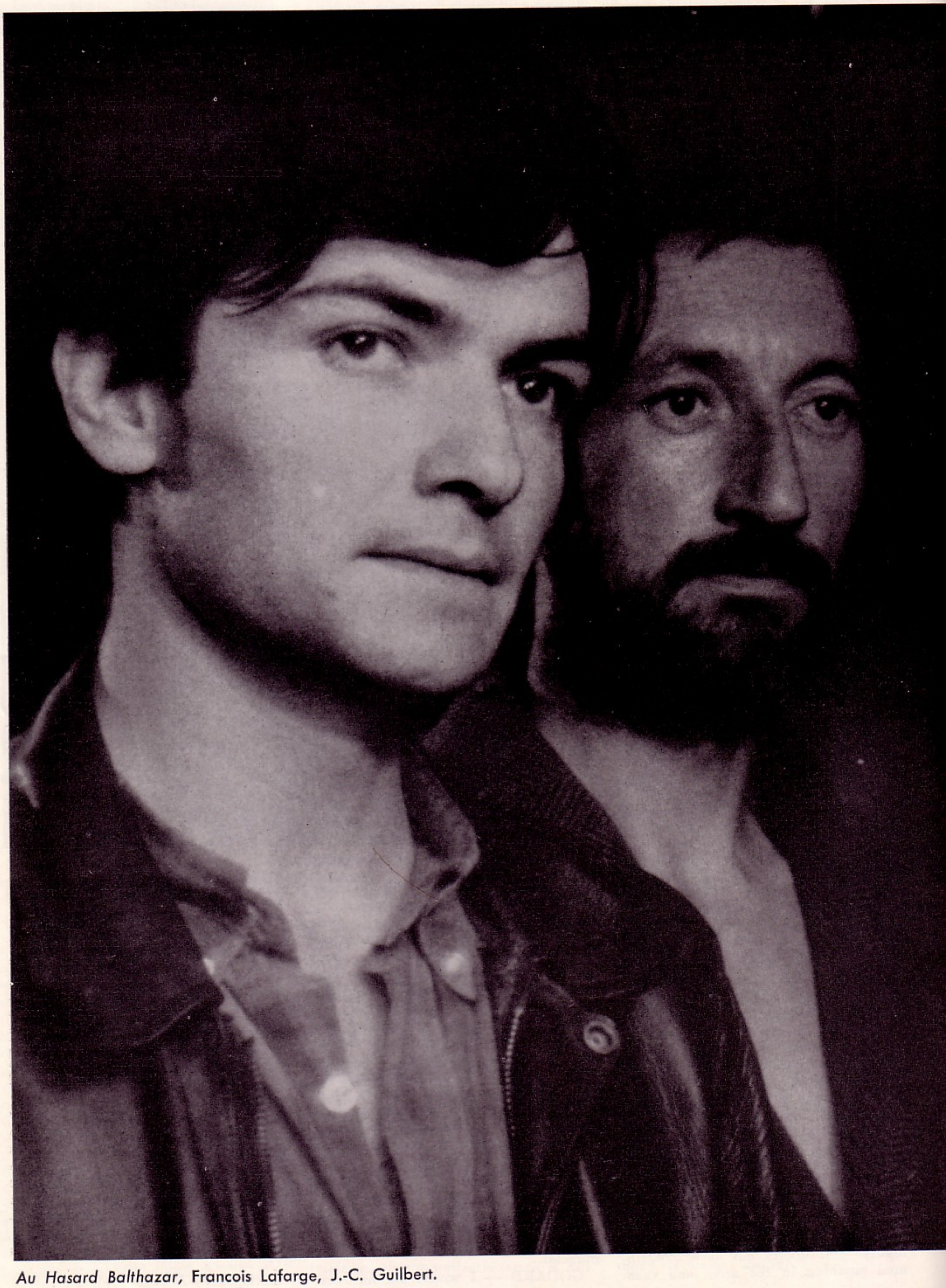
Au Hasard Balthazar, Anne Wiazemsky.

BRESSON — Obviously. Theatre is theatre. Indeed it is because of that that theatre people who want to change the theatre never will change it. It exists, you cannot change it, or then it would be something else than theatre. For in wanting to change the theatre, in wanting to marry it to the cinema, one kills both, cinema and theatre. There is absolutely no possibility of mixture.

Each time that the theatre sticks its nose into the cinema, it is catastrophe, and reciprocally, each time that the cinema sticks its nose on to the stage. See the result, when people want to have those extraordinary noises, those projections, those plays of images . . . What is that? Not theatre!

GODARD—A little while ago you were talking about actors . . .

BRESSON—Actors? Well . . .



Au Hasard Balthazar, Francois Lafarge, J.-C. Guilbert.

GODARD—I do not see the difference between an actor and a non-actor, since in any case he is someone who exists in life.

BRESSON—But there, to my mind, there is the point, it is about that that everything turns . . .

GODARD — If one has a theatre actor, then one must take him . . . good Lord, as what he is: an actor, and one can always succeed. . .

BRESSON — Nothing can be done about it . . .

GODARD — A moment comes, yes, when nothing can be done about it, but there is a moment, too, when one can do something.

BRESSON—I have tried, in the past. And I almost succeeded in doing something. But I realized that a gulf was being hollowed. . .

GODARD—But it is all the same a man, or a woman, that one has there, before one.

BRESSON—No.

GODARD—No?

BRESSON—Because he has acquired habits.

But I think that we are sinking into far too many subtleties, abstractions. It would be necessary . . . In short: I am going to finish those notes, that book, that I am in the midst of writing, and in which I will explain all that. And I will need many pages to explain what happens, to explain the difference that there is between a professional actor who tries to put himself, tries to forget himself, tries to . . . and who arrives at nothing.

GODARD—But can one not simply consider an actor a little as . . . let us say: an athlete, or a runner, that is to say a man who has a certain training to do some thing; and can one not make use of that training to obtain something, even if one does not wish that . . .

BRESSON — But believe that if I could obtain what I want with an actor, I would not give myself all this trouble! For all that I do gives me enormous trouble. And if I had been willing to accept actors, stars, I would be rich. Well, I am not rich. I am poor.

That is because there is there, at the start, something that has stopped me and that has made me reflect. Not during the work, but after.

GODARD — It is true: a moment comes when actors are rotten, but, finally, when you take a non-professional, from the fact that you take him to have him do certain things in a film, he is acting. In one way or another, you are having him act.

BRESSON — No. Not at all. And there indeed is the point.

GODARD—Finally . . . let us understand each other about words: you are having him live.

BRESSON—No. And then there, we arrive at an explanation . . . which I would prefer to leave for another time.

I have said to you that I was writing about that. Then I would prefer, if you will, to give you, when my book is published, the notes that I reproduce, and that will show this—that there is an absolutely uncrossable gulf between an actor, even trying to forget himself, trying not to control himself, and a person, virgin of cinema, virgin of theatre, considered as crude matter that does not even know what it is and that surrenders to you what it did not intend to surrender to anyone.

You see by that that here there is something very important, not only with respect to cinematography, but even with respect to psychology. With respect to a creation that then becomes . . . . that is a creation, with its body, with its muscles, with its blood, with its spirit, that rejoins your creation. For you find yourself mixed into this virgin person. That is to say you arrive at putting yourself inside, and in a way . . . that I do not want to explain now because that would take us too far away, simply: you arrive at being present in your film, and not only because you have imagined it, because you have put into it words that you had written, but because you are in it.

You cannot be inside an actor. It is he who creates. It is not you.

GODARD—When you say "virgin of all experience," I understand very well, but as soon as he has done something, as soon as he has filmed one twenty-fourth of a second, he is less virgin by that one twenty-fourth. To make a comparison: he is a little like a non-Christian who, once plunged into the water, will be baptized, and theoretically Christian. The same way, a non-actor: there is something that he does not have, but he is going to acquire it, as soon as he is plunged into cinema. That said, fundamentally he is still a man like others.

BRESSON—No, not at all. I am going to tell you . . .

GODARD—Then I do not understand you . . .

BRESSON—No, you do not understand . . . One must understand what an actor is, what his profession is, his playing. First, the actor never stops playing. Playing is a projection.

GODARD—One can break that, destroy it, prevent the actor from . . .

BRESSON—No, you cannot prevent him. Oh, but I have tried! . . . You cannot prevent him from playing. Absolutely nothing can prevent him from playing.

GODARD — Then, one can destroy him.

BRESSON—No, you cannot.

GODARD—Yes. In the final analysis, one can destroy him, the same way that the Germans destroyed the Jews in the concentration camps.

BRESSON—You cannot, you cannot. . . . Habit is too strong. The actor is an actor. You have before you an actor. Who effects a projection. That is his movement: he projects himself outside. While your non-actor character must be absolutely closed, like a container with a lid. Closed. And that, the actor cannot do, or, if he does it, at that moment he is no longer anything.

For there are actors who try, yes. But when the actor simplifies himself, he is even more false than when he is the actor, when he plays. For we are not simple. We are extremely complex. And it is this complexity that you find with the non-actor.

We are complex. And what the actor projects is not complex.

GODARD—But why do you deny the actor . . . Finally it is all the same a human being who is the actor, however bad he may be, and this human being is necessarily complex. Why do you deny to the actor his aspect of human being?

BRESSON—That is because he has acquired the habit of being an actor to such a degree that, even in life, he is an actor. He cannot be otherwise. Live otherwise. He cannot exist otherwise, than exteriorizing himself.

GODARD—But, after all, to be an actor is no worse than to be a blacksmith or . . .

BRESSON — Why do you use the word "worse"? I do not at all hold it against him for what he is.

GODARD—No, but I meant: just as you take a blacksmith for what he can do, and not for playing a notary or a policeman, so you can take an actor, if the worst comes to the worst, at least for playing an actor.

BRESSON—But not at all. There you have all the same someone from whom you want to extract a certain thing. Imagine, for example, that you wanted to do an operation. You calm the patient so that he will not contract, so that he will not make movements that would prevent you from taking hold of the tendon or the nerve that you are to attend to. It is exactly the same thing with the actor: his actor's personality prevents you from reaching what you wanted to attain. Morover, he projects himself . . . In the end it is very simple—if we could go to see some films together, I would show you: there are actors who are marvelous on the stage, who pass for very good film actors, and who are empty! . . . For they are empty. And you realize that when you put the actor under a magnifying glass. Of course in the theatre you do not see him under a magnifying glass, and, moreover, the actor knows what he is doing, and the theatre is an illusion. . .

GODARD—But that moment when he is empty, when he becomes a human cell again—can that not be interesting? The actor, as human cell . . .

BRESSON—Not at all. There is no longer anything inside. He is uninhabited. He is a marionette who makes gestures. And that goes so far that, for me, now (and it is also because of that that I so dislike going to the cinema), most films appear to me as competitions in grimaces. Really. I am not exaggerating a thing. I see grimaces. I see strictly nothing else than the spirit that has caused these grimaces to be made, but I do not see the deep thing that has nothing to do with grimaces. I do not see it.

So, this kind of perpetual mimicry (and I am not speaking of gestures of the hands, which are intolerable, or of movements of the eyes, of looks), all that which makes the whole of theatre, appears to me, seen in close up, impossible!

Then, why want to mix these two things? Why want to use beings that are formed for the theatre, whom people have formed like that, for the other? One must know what dramatic schools are!

GODARD—Yes. That is frightful!

BRESSON—And the voice, moreover! That tone that gives an absolutely false voice! But on what is their voice based? And what makes them pretend that they speak rightly? In the name of what do they think they can affirm it? When I think that sometimes someone says to me that in my films people speak falsely! Me, I would have people speak falsely! But what makes that person believe that he himself speaks rightly?

For there you have a voice that must agree with feelings which are not your feelings. Are you going to pretend then that your voice is going to be fixed exactly on that and that it is not going to waver? But your speech wavers all the time! There is not a single intonation that is precise!

I say, on the contrary, that mechanics is the only thing, as with the piano. It is by doing scales, and it is by playing in the most regular and the most mechanical way, that one captures emotion. It is not by trying to plate on an emotion, as virtuosi do. There it is: actors are virtuosi. Who, instead of giving you the exact thing for you to feel, plate on their emotion for you, to say to you: that is how you must feel the thing!

GODARD—Yes. It is enough to understand each other about words. I mean: actors are perhaps, in fact, virtuosi, but for me they represent, let us say, a certain kind of poetry, once one takes them as they are, as virtuosi. Antonin Artaud, for example, who is the limiting case, was a poet and an actor.

BRESSON—He was an actor, and as for his voice, he did not know how to make use of it.

GODARD—What interests me, in the fact that he was an actor, is that he was a poet.

BRESSON — What is good, in any

Au Hasard Balthazar, Anne Wiazemsky, Francois Lafarge.

case, is that you see the problem. You have reflected on the case of the actor. You know what he is. He is your raw material. Good. And you take actors as actors. That is probably a means that serves you, but as for me, I can no longer make use of it.

GODARD—I mean that ultimately, when I take actors, it is a question of ethics. And it is perhaps, too, a little out of cowardice, because I find that cinema corrupts people, those who are not prepared. Thus, all the people whom I have known, whom I loved in actual life, and who have made cinema without being actors—and I think too of Nicole Ladmiral—are people who ended badly. Either the girls became whores, or the boys killed themselves . . . In any case, the least thing that happened to them, was to become less good than they were before. And even sometimes when I had actors play . . . A boy like Jean-Pierre Léaud, for example, in my last film, I was saddened at having him play, because I felt . . . that he was living too much, and that it was something important for him, and I was a little ashamed toward him . . . Then, is it not a question of ethics?

BRESSON—As for me, I am not in that situation, for I do not have them play. That is all the difference.

GODARD—Yes, in a sense, that is true.

BRESSON—Then for me the question does not pose itself. On the contrary. The people that I take in my films are delighted at having taken part in them and say that they have never been so happy as in doing it—someone said that to me again yesterday—and, afterwards, they are delighted to go back to their profession. But they have not played for a second. For nothing in the world would they be actors, for the good reason that they have never been actors.

I do not ask them to experience such-and-such a feeling that they do not have. I simply explain the mechanics to them. And I enjoy explaining it to them. So I say to them, for example, why I make one shot close rather than another, and how. But as for having them play, I do not ask that of them for a second. You see the difference. The two realms remain absolutely separate.

GODARD—One could say that to be an actor is to be romantic, and not to be an actor, classical.

BRESSON—That is possible. But see all that there is behind that. I have said nothing and done nothing lightly. I have been led to reflect on all that because I began by trying several solutions. It happened, at the time when I was beginning to take non-professionals, it happened that suddenly I said to myself: All right! That scene I can have played by an actor, a good actor. I am going to try. Well. I try. I botch it. I say to myself then: it is my fault. And then . . . Well, the scene, I botched it three times in succession . . . And it was only afterwards that I said to myself: but what happened?

And now, when I think about a film, and I write on paper, and people say to me: you should take an actor . . . But it is obvious to me that what I am in the process of writing will fail completely, if I take an actor. The result will no longer have anything to do with what ought to be. And if I took him, then I would have to rewrite everything, to transform everything, for what an actor is going to do already implies, even at this stage, a completely different writing.

Finally, when I arrive at a simplification such that it is a matter of finding a flash on a face, and it is necessary to find that flash, well, that flash, an actor will not give it to me.

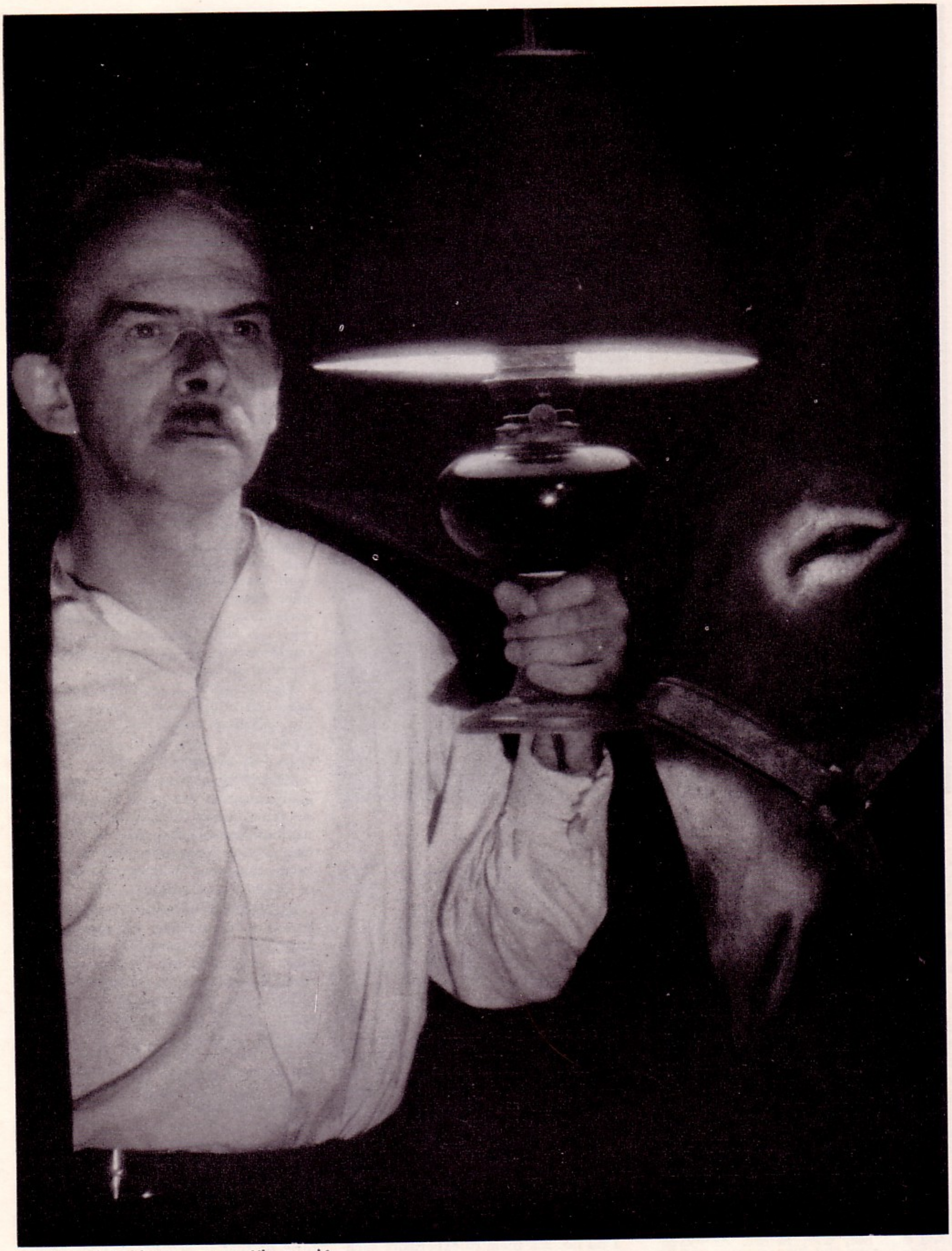
GODARD—There I think that it is as if a painter, instead of a model, took an actor. As if he said to himself: instead of taking that laundress, let us take a great actress who will pose much better than that woman. In that sense, of course, I understand.

BRESSON—And note well that that is not all to diminish the work of the actor. On the contrary, I have an enormous admiration for the great actors. I think that the theatre is marvelous. And I think that it is extraordinary to manage to create with one's body. But let there be no mixing!

GODARD—Would it interest you, for example, to make a film about an actor? And if you had it to make, how would you make it? I mean a film on the act of playing. For, definitively, it it the act of playing that does not interest you, if this playing is to serve as base for creation, the act of being oneself and of not being oneself, but, in the case of a film made about the act of playing? . . . Because there is already a little of that in *Balthazar.* I am thinking of Arnold. He is a little a character of an actor.

BRESSON—You mean that he represents an actor?

GODARD—He could represent the



Au Hasard Balthazar, Pierre Klossowski.

theatre and nobility.

BRESSON—There, no, I do not follow you. He did not know. He did not know a thing. When he was to say a sentence, it was absolutely mechanical. To say the sentence in the most mechanical way possible, that is all that I asked of him.

GODARD—I am not speaking of the person who plays, but of the character as one sees him in the film.

BRESSON—The character? Yes, maybe, because he is picturesque. Then, maybe, that way, yes. Because he has more relief than the others.

GODARD — Perhaps that is one of the vices about which you did not think . . .

BRESSON—He has a more conspicuous relief.

GODARD—In relation to the others, he is something that they are not. And he, more than they, could represent the theatre.

BRESSON—That is to say that he is a much more mysterious character; then he is at the same time more definite, almost tangible. Thereby he is a character of fiction.

GODARD—What I call playing, is not being an actor or not, it is doing what Arnold does in your film, for example: saying goodbye to the kilometer marker and to the telegraph pole. That is sublime, but it is something else, it is . . . Ultimately that is what I call playing, or being romantic. Now, none of the other characters, exactly, would do that. They are in different worlds.

BRESSON—Perhaps that is it: we enter a different world, which is the world of poetry — too much perhaps. Nevertheless, as for me, I have seen boozers, drunken fellows, speak to road signs and to trees . . .

GODARD — Oh, yes, but they are poets.

BRESSON — Yes, of course, but I mean that there I did not try to enter a poetic, theatrical, or romantic domain. You know: everything in this film — with some arrangement — comes ultimately from reminiscences and personal experiences. Thus, when I have him speak to the marker, it is really that I have seen analogous things. I remember, in the past, during my childhood: at the time, there were a great many fellows like that, who passed on the roads, in the country, and to whom one gave shelter, whom one put up for the night . . .

DELAHAYE—Vagabonds . . .

BRESSON—Yes, vagabonds. Well, I have seen some of them speak to objects, to plants . . . Yesterday, I saw a fellow on the Avenue de Wagram speak to a *pissoir.* I did not understand what he was saying very well, but it must have been curious . . .

DELAHAYE—You said at the very first, and you have just said it again, that you put yourself into your films. Well, you said too that you put yourself into them thanks to the actor — rather, to the non-actor. Then, these characters, whom you take because they are not actors, do you not take them all the same for the characters, exactly, that they are already in life, with what they may have for you of the near, of the familiar?

I take Pierre Klossowski, for example. Even before your film, he was a character. When you had him enter the film, did you not take him in virtue of what he had written? (2)

BRESSON — Of course, that is one factor, but the particular factor . . . For one can very well have led an entire life and . . . Ultimately you know how different — and I am not the first to speak of it—the life of a writer can be from what he writes, and how mistaken one can be about him. It is all the story of the criticism of Proust. Must one look at the life of someone to judge his work? This is his work. And that is his life.

I mean by that that one must pay attention. What is important is to see him, to feel him manoeuvering, to arrive at a moral resemblance. That is all. But the moral resemblance may very well have nothing to do with the profession, with the work of the person in question.

DELAHAYE—But if Klossowski had not written books, if he had not made himself known as he is, you would perhaps not have known him, so not have taken him.

BRESSON—I would not have known him because people would not have made me think of him, would not have brought him to my house. You see what I mean? The same way Anne Wiazemsky, the Marie of the film, was brought to me by Florence Delay. You see how an earlier work leads to another. And Florence Delay had been brought to me by a friend, with whom I had made some tests, who had spoken to me of her, had told me what she was like, what she was. In that, there is a great deal of intuition, but there is also a kind of search, deep, interior, and not at all exterior.

There we enter the realm of sound. I say that the voice is not only what people say—noises. The voice is the most revealing thing that exists. All the people that I take, I would prefer to have known at first over the telephone, rather than see them enter my house without having heard them. On that I have had extraordinary experiences. I have seen, once, someone whom I liked very much; have even seen several people at different intervals whom I believed that I knew. And then, one day, I heard them over the telephone. Then, there, my opinion was completely changed. And that, too, is why we must always take into consideration what is the sound and what is the image.

Yes: a voice over the telephone is already something extraordinary. Then I listen a great deal to people talking. It is the voice that informs me most about people. Moreover, when I choose characters, I see the friends who brought them to me, I speak of them, I see if they correspond, and in fact, sometimes I have some luck. Until now, I have rarely been mistaken. Now, this person about whom you are finally certain, about whose personality, whose character, whose interior life, you are certain that you are not mistaken, if, at the moment when you put him into your sequence . . . All right. So you put him into it. And this happens: something goes wrong. Then there, if something goes wrong, there is something wonderful happening: as it is you who are mistaken, the result is that you correct yourself in relation to the person, instead of its being he who corrects himself in relation to you. It is there, in that way, that one enters cinematographic creation, a way that can lead very far.

That is to say that the character does not change only in relation to me. If you will: I am enlightened with his light and he is enlightened with mine. It is a mixture, a kind of fusion. It is a wax . . . It is two waxes that melt into one another, and at a point . . .

But it was little by little that I realized that, and it is only now that I see it well, that I see there an extraordinary mine, but all that is possible only with non-actors.

DELAHAYE—But cannot a non-actor also reveal in a film something of himself that he does not reveal in actuality, a thing that he himself, perhaps, does not suspect is in him? For example, a man, spineless in life, may be, in a film, without his having sought it, hard or courageous.

BRESSON—That is possible, yes. It shows then a hardness that he has never let be seen. And it is that that is wonderful. For we are complex. That is why, when you want to show a spineless man in cinema it is a mistake to make him spineless. For he has the opposite in him as well.

But the audience is in love with the false. Why? Because the habit of theatre is a habit whose loss will require a very long time to bring about, and that the act of going to the theatre . . . I mean that there would be no theatre if there were not a fixed choice of the false on the part of the creator. For there is no theatre without falseness. And even the falseness of the actor is indispensable. All right. But then, let us not put this false actor in front of a camera that is a miracle, and that catches things that neither your eye nor your ear could catch. Why give it the falsified? Give it the true! It is of no interest to say to a gentleman: I am taking a documentary on you, that I am going to put in the archives, and people will say later: that is how they acted plays in 1966.

But that is not at all to go against what you do and against what you feel, you, Jean-Luc Godard. It is only that you questioned me . . . You know that I like very much what you do, and that it refreshes me a great deal to go to see your films.

But there, you too are in a domain that is not the ordinary domain of cinema. That is still something else. No doubt you make use of cinema a little to do what you do, but what you do is really your own. And nothing of what I have said was said to advance what I think or to . . .

GODARD—Oh, but I believe, I have the impression, compared with you, of not making cinema. I do not mean at all that I have the feeling of making things that are not interesting, but, compared with you, I have the feeling of not making cinema. Although that is not the word that fits. Let us say cinematography.

BRESSON — There is another reproach too that people have made me. People have said to me: it is from pride that you do not take actors. But what does that mean? I reply: Do you believe that it amuses me not to take actors? For not only does it not amuse me, but it represents a terrible amount of work. And then I have only ever made six or seven films . . . Do you believe that it amuses me to remain thus at a standstill? To be unemployed! Me, I do not find that funny at all! I want to work; I would prefer to work all the time. And why have I not managed to film more? Because I was not taking actors! Because thus I was ignoring a commercial aspect of the cinema, based on stars. Then, to say things like that, is absurd!

And I think, moreover, that criticism, bad criticism, which ultimately represents the majority, not only turns the audience away from a better course, but makes bad directors of those who could be less so. There is at the start the optics of the theatre, that people accept too much, and, too, this policy, very bad, of constant praise . . .

GODARD — One must say that the theatre is older. It has existed for so long a time that one has difficulty in not referring to it.

BRESSON — Yes. And when one thinks that there still exist people who think, and sometimes write—I read it again recently—that a silent film is pure cinema! To think that we are in that state!

GODARD—They say that, yes, but that does not prevent that, when they see a silent film, they can no longer endure it!

BRESSON — And what I was saying goes even farther: there was no silent cinema! It never existed! For in fact they had the people talk, but they talked in the void, one did not hear what they said. Then, let one not say that they had found a silent type. No. It is absurd! There are people like Chaplin and Keaton who found, for themselves, a style—moreover, wonderful—of pantomime, but the style that they gave to their films was not a "silent style." On that, too, I will say some things in my book. For I think that that is really the moment for saying them. Only to do things in addition, besides, I need time. And each time that I set to work at it . . . I do not succeed. That is because a film, for me, is not only to work on the film, but to be in the film. I think about it all the time. And all that I live, that I see, situates itself in relation to the film, passes through the film. To go off to the side is like changing country.

Au Hasard Balthazar.

So, this book does not go forward. However, I must do it. And I am very impatient to do it. I believe that this is the moment. For cinema is falling. And it is such a fall!

Yesterday, I went into the Cinerama. For you know that one has access to it

from the Studiorama (3). And often I go to sit in the balcony, where there is no one, and when one sees that immense screen, that covers everything, that makes an effect! . . . And the trains . . . that start from one end and come back on you! It is magnificent, that invention! People start from your right pocket and return to your left pocket. Then, when it is a train that returns to you! . . . That is marvelous! Yesterday, then, in the balcony (and there were a pair of lovers who moreover were absolutely not looking at the film) (4), yesterday I saw that cinema and it stupefied me.

GODARD—The same thing happened to me, four days ago, at the Studiorama. I went to the washroom, which is at the level of the balcony of the Cinerama, and I sat down in the bal-

Le Journal d'un cure de campagne, Claude Laydu, Martine Lemaire.

cony. And it is true: one enters a theatre . . . I saw some images from the film: crazy characters who were jumping around. It is there that one sees that cinema is not the same thing as cinematography.

BRESSON—Absolutely! Well, that is the cinema, now.

DELAHAYE — Can you say, exactly, what impression you had at that moment?

BRESSON — A horrible impression! The impression of the absolute of the false, the false being seized by a miraculous apparatus, and again reinforced. For there one has a deliberate reinforcement of the false to make it enter well into the head of the spectator. And when they have that in their heads, I guarantee to you that it is difficult to get it out of them!

DELAHAYE — What you have just said reminds me of the point from which we set out half an hour ago, of knowing the disparity that there is between what you make and the cinema. Now, that makes me think of another disparity: the one that there is between the things that you show and the real elements of which you were speaking. I take as an example an element of *Balthazar* (borrowed from a contemporary reality a little like "The Wind blows where it lists," which started from specific facts): the episode of the young hoodlums, the *blousons noirs,* black jackets. In both cases, you seem to want purposely to disengage, from specific facts or elements of the present, a general significance that goes beyond them. With you these realities are purified of all the elements to which people attach themselves this very day, and to which another director would attach himself. And what one sees in your film is a reality that is indeed ours (for the disparity is in a sense a false disparity and you return to the reality), but which has become the support . . . in a way of a timeless fable.

BRESSON—I think that the disparity is situated here especially: cinema copies life, or photographs it, while as for me, I recreate life starting from elements in as natural, as crude a state as possible.

GODARD — One could make what was said a little while ago more specific by saying that cinematography, contrary to cinema, is moralistic.

BRESSON—Or, if you will: it is the system of poetry. To take elements as disparate as possible in the world and to bring them together in a certain order that is not the usual order but your own order. But these elements must be crude.

Cinema, on the contrary, recopies life with actors, and photographs this copy of life. So we are absolutely not on the same ground. When you speak of the present, let us say of contemporaneity, as for me I do not think about it at all. And if the reference to the period asserted itself, then perhaps I would think about it, in the sense that I would say to myself that, as a matter of fact, I prefer to be outside the period. Starting from the moment when I try to go rather deeply within people, that is one of the dangers that I must avoid.

Here I add another thing that I have not yet said and that is important: the great difficulty in what I try to do, in what is, to sum up, a penetration into the unknown of ourselves, the great difficulty is that my means are exterior means, and that therefore they are in relation to appearances, all appearances, the appearance of the person himself as well as the appearance of what surrounds him. So the great difficulty is to remain in the interior, always, without passing to the exterior; it is to avoid the sudden occurrence of a terrible disconnection. And that is what happens to me sometimes, in which case I try to repair the fault.

I take an example in my film: that of the young hoodlums. When they pour oil on the road and the cars skid, there I am completely on the outside. And that is a great danger. Then I recover myself as best I can to catch people again in what they have of an inside.

DELAHAYE—Here I make what I wanted to say more specific: at present, when the cinema shows, for example, *blousons noirs,* we see that too as a sociological documentary, which implies that these boys are conditioned by certain things, and, rightly or wrongly, one takes that into account, which brings about that in the limit everything can be explained and one can no longer judge.

While with you, it seems that these boys are one of the possible incarnations of Evil.

BRESSON—I did that saying to myself that it was dangerous, without damaging too much, without too much dispersion. For that is dispersion: passing from one point of view to another, that is to say, as I was saying a little while ago, from an interior to an exterior point of view.

And it is because of that that I believe, that I am persuaded, that, in cinema, one can no doubt make a group work with scenarist, dialogist, adapter, decorator, and so on, but that this work leads necessarily to divergence. Each goes in his own direction and the thing to which that must lead is, in advance, totally dispersed, moreover, reduced. That is to say that, starting from a Victor Hugo idea, one arrives at a Hemingway novel, and it is equally because of that that at the end of the operation one can as well say that Hemingway resembles Victor Hugo.

In any case, one obtains a cinema-novel that no longer has anything to do with anything. It is that, this absolutely regular cinema, that, in short, bores everyone because it is always alike.

But in the end, I believe that I repeat myself and that I harp on the same things . . .

GODARD—That is inevitable, but it is the tone of the conversation, and that is why at last I believe that it is necessary to keep this tone.

DELAHAYE—You were saying a little while ago that sometimes you remained on the exterior (in the case of the young hoodlums, for example). Then, can one not say that, from the point where you are, you render a moralist's judgment—to take up again the term used a little while ago by Jean-Luc Godard? For it is somewhat to that that I was referring a little while ago.

BRESSON—I say that then, it is because of that that I give some people the impression of attaching myself to all that to which others would not attach themselves, that is to say, of choosing, among ten things to do, exactly those that the others would not take. Why? Because the others are exterior, because they photograph something, and, as for me, I know that the other things would disperse me, and the one that I do is the only one that could be appropriate for me.

People have been able to say, for example (I do not know if they were right), that what I made were experiments, attempts (but that experiment that I made, from Bernanos, was truly an attempt). Well, people said to me then: that is odd, you have taken of this novel everything that appeared not to be cinematographic, and you have left all the rest. I said: Of course! since I was seeking something else completely! So, it is normal that the others take what they want to take, when they make their customary films, and that I take, without otherwise intending it, what can serve me to make my own film.

It is not to speak of originality in relation to me, I would rather speak in relation to anyone else at all rather than me. But there is, in this connection, a definition of originality which is magnificent and which could perhaps serve us—but perhaps by transforming it, by rewriting the thing—it is: "Originality is wanting to do as others do, but without ever succeeding." That is a marvelous saying and extraordinarily true.

Now, there is a little of that with me. I am awkward. I tried perhaps at the start to do as others do. In fact: I took actors, I made, or tried to make, films as others did, but I did not succeed. Or rather: I realized that if I did as the others, I would not be able to say what I have to say, because I did not succeed in making use of those means.

GODARD—There are two tendencies in you (and I do not know which seems to you to correspond to you the better): you are, on the one hand, a humanist, on the other hand, an inquis-

Au Hasard Balthazar, Francois Lafarge as Gerard and J.-C. Guilbert as Arnold.

itor. Is that reconcilable, or . . . ?

BRESSON — Inquisitor? In what sense? Not in the sense . . .

GODARD—Oh, not in the sense of the Gestapo, of course. But in a sense, let us say . . .

BRESSON—Not in the sense of the Inquisition? Saint Dominic? . . .

GODARD—Oh, yes, all the same . . .

BRESSON—Oh! . . . No. No . . .

GODARD—Or then, let us say particularly: Jansenist.

BRESSON — Jansenist, then, in the sense of austerity . . .

GODARD—Yes, but all the same, there is something else, and the word inquisitor . . .

BRESSON — Really, Inquisitor! . . . You do not mean that I assert my way of seeing things. For yes, I assert — I cannot do otherwise — my way of seeing, of thinking, my personal view, but as everyone who writes does . . . In the end, if Inquisitor there is, I would say then that I go seeking in people what I find that is most subtle and most personal.

GODARD—Yes, but there is at the same time a frightening aspect . . .

BRESSON—The Question, then?

GODARD—Yes, The Question.

BRESSON—As you say: of course, I put the Question.

GODARD—There!

BRESSON — The Question that will bring out the response. But we live, we put questions, and, perhaps, we ourselves give responses, or we await responses. But it is certain that this manner of work is a questionnaire. Only it is a questionnaire in the unknown, that is to say: give me something that will surprise me. That is the stratagem. And if you have actors, you will not succeed at it. There are too many things that interpose themselves. There are screens.

DELAHAYE—I come back to Jansenism. Do you not believe that beyond the question of austerity, there is a deep agreement between your vision and the Jansenist vision of the world, for example, and precisely, on Evil? With you, the world seems condemned . . .

GODARD—And, exactly, Pascal is an Inquisitor, and, to me, if there is a film that is Pascalian it is indeed *Balthazar*.

BRESSON—You know, to my mind Pascal is so great, but he is great to everyone's . . . But, in Jansenism, there is perhaps this, which is an impression that I have as well: it is that our lives are made at once of predestination — Jansenism, then—and of *hasard* chance. So, *hasard* (we find again the *hasard-Balthazar),* perhaps it is indeed that (and, there now, I realize it) that was the point of departure of the film. Very strictly, the point of departure was a lightning stroke vision of a film whose central character would be a donkey.

GODARD—Like Dostoevsky—whom you cite in the film—who all at once saw a donkey and had the revelation of something. And that little passage, in two words, says so much . . .

BRESSON — Yes. It is marvelous. You think that I should have set it as exergue?

GODARD—No . . . No. But it is well to have put it in . . .

BRESSON—Yes. I marveled when I read that. But I read it after having thought of the donkey, you see. In short: that is to say that I had read *The Idiot,* but that I had not paid attention. And then, two or three years ago, reading *The Idiot,* I said to myself: But what a passage! See the admirable idea!

GODARD—That is it: you thought about it, like Myshkin . . .

BRESSON—Absolutely admirable, to have an idiot informed by an animal, to have him see life through an animal, who passes for an idiot but is of an intelligence . . . And to compare this idiot (but you have it in your mind: you know that in fact he is the subtlest and the most intelligent of all) to compare him to an animal that passes for an idiot, and that is the subtlest and the most intelligent of all. That is magnificent.

Magnificent that idea of having the idiot say, when he sees the donkey and hears him bray: There! I understood! . . . that is extraordinary; that is genius.

But it is not the idea of the film. The idea came, perhaps, visually. For I am a painter. The head of a donkey seems to me something admirable. Visual art, no doubt. Then, all at once, I believed I saw the film. Then I lost it, and the next day, when I wanted to set myself at it again . . . Later I found it again.

GODARD—But when you were little you did not see . . .

BRESSON—Yes! I saw a great many donkeys.

GODARD—Yes, and then, in Protestant settings, there are always many donkeys.

BRESSON — Yes, of course I saw some . . . And childhood too plays all the same a very important part.

GODARD—Leenhardt too saw many donkeys in his youth . . .

BRESSON — But you know that a donkey is a marvelous animal. And then, there is another thing that I can tell you, it is that I was very much afraid, not only while writing on paper, but while shooting the film, that that donkey would not be a character like the others, that is to say would appear a trained donkey, a performing donkey. So I took a donkey that knew how to do absolutely nothing. Not even how to pull a cart. I even had a great deal of difficulty getting him to pull the cart in the film. In fact everything that I believed that he would give me, he refused me, and everything that I believed that he would refuse me . . . he gave me. Pull a cart, for example, one says to oneself: a donkey will do that. Well, not at all! . . . And I said to myself: when it will be necessary to train him for the circus . . . And what happened, is that I stopped the film, with the donkey untrained, and that I sent him to the trainer so that he would be able to make the circus sequences. I had to wait two months before shooting them.

GODARD—Yes: in the circus scene, it was very necessary that he know how to stamp his hoofs.

BRESSON—So, I waited two months for him to be prepared. Moreover that is why the film is a little late. But at the start I was very worried. And what I have said to you somewhat rejoins if you will, what I was saying to you about actors a little while ago. I wanted that animal to be, even as an animal, crude matter.

And perhaps the looks that the donkey gave at certain moments, at the animals, for example and also at the characters, perhaps they would not have been the same if it had been a trained tame donkey. But I discovered — or rather verified—something that contradicts everything that people think about the donkey (and, although it did not surprise me, all the same it astonished me): to know that the donkey is not at all a stubborn animal, or, if he is, that he is much more intelligent and sensitive than the others; when someone makes a brute of him, he stops as a brute and no longer does anything. Now the trainer (who is an intelligent man and an excellent trainer) told me immediately, as I asked him if the donkey is not more difficult to train than the horse: it is exactly the contrary. The horse, which is stupid, is rather difficult to train, but the donkey, provided that you do not make the gesture that you must not make, understands immediately what he has to do.

GODARD—All at once I think of another point of view, the formal one. It is the angle or the distance from which it was necessary to film the looks in order to render them well.

BRESSON—Of course.

GODARD — The donkey looks sideways, while we have our eyes in front.

BRESSON—Yes, of course.

GODARD—And one had to be certain . . . In short, one had to be not a millimeter too much to the left or to the right . . .

BRESSON — There is yet something else: I did not have at all the obstacles that I expected with that animal, but others, of another order. For example, when I shot outdoors, in the mountains, or near Paris, I worked with a small camera, and it made noise. Well, as soon as this camera was too near the donkey, it kept him from doing whatever it might be. You see the difficulties in which I could be! So it was necessary to distract him by something else, to try to catch his look. But it happened too that I made use of exactly that attention to the noise to catch some looks.

In any case, difficulties of that sort, moreover the rain, all that made the film very difficult, and I had to improvise all the time. All the time I kept finding myself having to upset everything. I could not do this thing this way or at this place, I had to do it that other way, and at that other place.

During the last scene, that of the death of the donkey, I had a terrible anxiety, for I feared never being able to reach what I wanted. I had enormous difficulty to get the donkey to do what he was to do, what I wanted him to do. And he did it only once, but in the end, he did it. Only, I had to provoke him to do it, in another way than the one that I had thought about. In the film that is situated at the moment when the donkey hears the bells and pricks up his ears. It was by catching something at the last moment that things worked: he had the reaction that was necessary. He did it only once, but it was marvelous. That is the kind of joy that filming sometimes gives you! One is in terrible difficulties and, all at once, the miracle occurs.

DELAHAYE—And *hasard* . . .

BRESSON—Yes, and chance . . . And I love the title. Someone said to me: I do not like that repetition! I replied, But that is marvelous, a rhymed title.

GODARD—Yes it is marvelous, a title like that.

BRESSON—And, moreover, how exact, in relation to the film, this *Hasard-Balthazar* . . . And we come back to Jansenism, for I really believe that our lives are made of predestination and of chances . . . When one studies the lives of people, of great men for example, that is a thing that one sees very well. I think of the life of Saint Ignatius, for example, of which at one time I thought I could make a film—which I did not make. Well, studying the strange life of this man who founded the greatest religious order (the most numerous, in any case, and one that has spread throughout the entire world), studying his life, one feels that he was made for that, but everything, in his course toward the foundation of that order, was made of chances, of encounters, through which one feels him little by little coming to what he was to do.

That is, too, a little the case of the escaped man, in *Un condamné à mort s'est échappé:* he goes towards a certain point. He absolutely does not know what will happen there. He arrives at it. And there, he has to choose. He chooses. And he arrives at another point. And there, again, chance makes him choose another thing.

For Saint Ignatius, it went exactly the same way. Everything that he did, he did not do himself. He did it thanks to his encounters.

DELAHAYE—In the *Condamné,* the journey of the hero makes one think of the spiritual journey of Saint John of the Cross.

BRESSON—Yes, yes. Because, at the very bottom, if we are willing to turn our attention to it; everything in life has a resemblance. Even the simplest, flattest lives resemble another life, of another man. But with different chance events, different chances . . . In the lives of great men, that is apparent, because one speaks of them, because one knows the details, but I am persuaded that the lives of all of us are made in exactly the same way, that is to say made up of predestination and of chances. It is well known that we are made at five or six years. At that age, it is finished. At twelve or thirteen years, that is apparent. And afterwards, we continue to be what we have been, making use of the different chances. We use them to cultivate what was already in us, and perhaps if that had not been cultivated, nobody would ever have seen what there was.

DELAHAYE—That is all the problem of vocation. Then vocation would be made of all that we are—let us say, at eleven years old, a kind of unchangeable depth that makes use, more or less well, of that sum of chances about which you were speaking.

BRESSON—Yes. That is to say that you arrive at a crossroads where you find chance. But you do not even have to choose. A chance makes you choose to turn to the right rather than to the left. Then, you arrive at another crossroads, which is your destination, and another chance works, you go in another direction, and so on. As for me, I am certain that we are surrounded with people of talent and of genius, I am certain of it, but the chance of life . . . It requires so many coincidences for a man to succeed in drawing something from his genius.

I have the impression that people are much more intelligent, much more gifted, but that life flattens them. Look at the children, in the middle class . . . I take the middle class because that is exactly where they flatten them. Immediately, people flatten them because there is nothing more frightening than talent or genius. People are terribly scared of it. The parents are scared of it. Then, they flatten them.

And among animals, there must be some very intelligent ones that people flatten by training, by blows . . .

GODARD—In your projects, do you still think of *Lancelot?*

BRESSON—Yes. I hope to make the film. But in two languages. In French, of course, and in English. It is the very type of the film that one must make in two languages (and, ordinarily, I should make it in German, too), because the same legend is part of our mythology and of that of the Anglo-Saxons. Moreover, at their origin those stories were written in the two languages. We have the transcription of the *Chevalier à la Charrette, The Knight of the Cart.* (5)

Then, there was Perceval le Gallois, and Tristan, too . . . In short: it is from those first poems, sung and recited, that the legend of the Grail came, rewritten then by the scribes and by the monks who added the religious elements.

DELAHAYE—Yes, but a very ancient common Celtic fund preexisted all that, that is what brought about that, at the time of formation of French and of English, the two languages adapted what constituted their common possession. For Tristan, for example, it seems indeed that the first known trace of the theme is to be found in the Cornwall tradition — whose language has disappeared today.

BRESSON — That is what interests me: to take up again an old legend known in all Europe. And if I can make the film in English, I will have a little more money at the start, which is important, since I cannot make the film with France solely . . . Unless I take stars. And French stars. Well, I will not. But indeed I hope to make it in both languages.

Nevertheless, I will not take up again the purely fairytale element of the legend; I mean the fairies, Merlin, and so on. I am going to try to transfer this fairy tale into the realm of feelings, that is to say to show how feelings change even the air that one breathes.

In any case, I think that today people would not believe in that fairy tale. Now, in a film, it is necessary to believe. Moreover that is one of the reasons why one must not do theatre; in theatre, one does not believe. So I will try to make the fairy tale aspect pass into the feelings, and to bring about that these feelings have an action even in the episodes of the plot of the film. So now, if people have confidence in me a little, I am going to be able to work.

And I would like, too, as an experiment, an exercise, to make *La Nouvelle Histoire de Mouchette.* It is a very harsh story, of course.

GODARD—The character of Marie, in *Balthazar,* much resembles Chantal of another Bernanos novel: *La Joie*— which, moreover, in the past I wanted to make.

BRESSON—Yes, perhaps. I must, in fact, have read *La Joie,* but, you know, I read few novels . . . However, I must have read at least some passages. The end, perhaps . . . And the novel ends, if I remember well, on the death of a priest.

GODARD—Yes, that is it.

BRESSON—But the character of the *Nouvelle Mouchette* is something marvelous in this sense that it is still childhood—a period between childhood and adolescence — caught in the harshness. Not caught in the silliness, but really in catastrophe. That is admirable, and that is what I am going to try to render. And there, on the contrary, instead of dispersing myself (if I can say that, for I try always not to disperse myself) in a swarm of different lives and beings, I am going to try to be constantly, absolutely on one face: the face of that little girl, to observe her reactions. Then I will take her, yes, the most awkward little girl, the least an actress, the least a player of roles (now children, little girls especially, are often that terribly much). In short: I will take the most awkward girl that exists, and I will try to draw from her all that she does not suspect that I am drawing from her. It is on that account that that interests me, and, obviously, the camera will not leave her.

Au Hasard Balthazar.

GODARD — Will it interest you to give her an accent? For Bernanos spoke with his frightful Picard accent.

BRESSON—No. Certainly not. I do not like accents . . . Bernanos has marvelous flashes. He wrote in a slightly heavy way, but there are two or three things that he found, that he says, about the little girl, that are extraordinary. And it is not psychology . . .

GODARD — Yes, I remember. Thus, he said, that at the moment when one spoke to Mouchette of death, it was as if one had said to her that she could have been a great lady under Louis XIV . . . In short there was a kind of fabulous rapprochement. And exactly, that was not psychology. Although at the same time it rejoins psychology, but it is something so profound . . .

BRESSON—It is not psychology, but as a matter of fact I think, in that connection (and there we come back to what can be so interesting for us), that psychology is now a well known thing for us, admitted, familiar, but that there is perhaps an entire psychology to draw from a cinematograph that is the one of which I think, and in which the unknown happens to us, all the time, in which this unknown is recorded, and that, because a mechanics has made it arise, and not because one intended to find this unknown, which cannot be found, because the unknown is discovered and not found.

Here, we come back to that saying of Picasso, who said that one finds at first, and then one seeks. This is it: one must find . . . One must at first find the thing, and, afterwards, one seeks it. That is to say: one must at first find it, since one wanted to find it, but it is by seeking that one then discovers it.

So, I believe that one must not make a psychological analysis — and psychology is too *a priori* a thing—one must paint, and it is in painting that everything will rise.

GODARD — There is an expression, that people no longer use, but it was said in the past; it is: the painting of feelings. That is what you are doing.

BRESSON—Painting—or writing, in this case, it is the same thing—in any case, more than a psychology, it is, I believe, a painting. (Conversation tape recorded)

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1 Bresson goes to see all the films (French *Cahiers* editors' note).

2 Pierre Klossowski is a novelist: *Roberte ce soir, La Revocation de l'Edit de Nantes.* (JP)

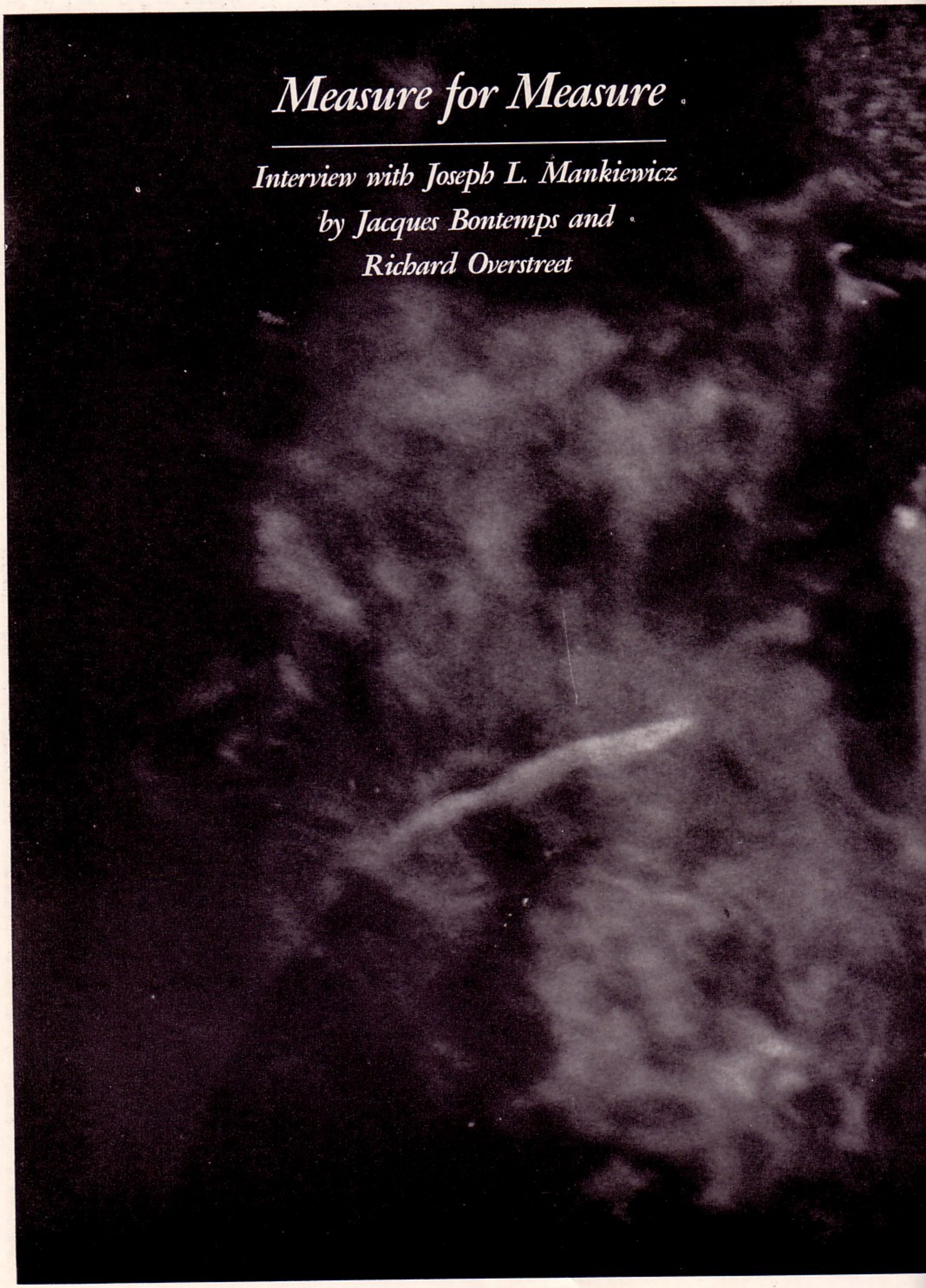
3 The Studiorama projection room communicates with the Empire Cinerama Theatre. (French *Cahiers*)

4 *The Great Race* of Blake Edwards. (French *Cahiers*)

5 *Lancelot* of Chretien de Troyes. (JP)

Measure for Measure

Interview with Joseph L. Mankiewicz by Jacques Bontemps and Richard Overstreet



Suddenly, Last Summer, Elizabeth Taylor.

Joseph L. Mankiewicz doesn't make a practice of interviews. To tell the truth, he had never before granted an extended interview. Nevertheless, Mankiewicz had long ago declared himself disposed to make an exception for *Cahiers.* That is why, at the time of the shooting of *Cleopatra,* an interview was anticipated, then deferred. No doubt this disappointment was not unrelated to the fact that Mankiewicz speaks today of this stage of his career as of a "grave error."

That this interview took place at all we thank Richard Overstreet, press secretary to Mankiewicz. It was begun after eight days spent on the set of *Anyone for Venice,* as if Mankiewicz wanted to familiarize himself with his interlocutor beforehand—or rather, that the latter familiarize himself with him and with his hypnotic blue-eyed gaze.

It is an unforgettable spectacle, that of Mankiewicz at work; that, fascinating for us today, of the total domination by only one man, of the traditional Hollywood machinery; a total freedom and a sovereignty won in the very place where the obstacles are the greatest, freedom and sovereignty all the more striking beacuse they manifest themselves in half-words by the ghost of a look or of a gesture, a few words to an actor, in short the limit, ceaselessly pressed further off, to which it is possible to go in effacement and calm, to find there the greatest authority, like the most stabbing internal pains.

CAHIERS—You have been scenarist and producer. For what reasons? What benefit did you draw from that?

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ—I never wanted to be a producer. I have been the producer *malgré lui* (in French in the conversation).

Besides, you have undoubtedly noticed that I have never indicated on the credit list of my films "produced by. . . ." I have never claimed that. What I wanted, when I was only a scenarist, was to be a director. Only I was then under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where they did not permit me to direct a film. When I showed my eagerness, Louis B. Mayer asked me to become a producer first. "One must," he said, "learn to crawl before walking." I think that that is the best definition of a producer's function that I know.

But for a scenarist, to want to direct is very naturally to want to bring your own writing to the screen. That cuts very deeply into what I think of the work of creation in cinema. I remember an article that I wrote for the Bulletin of the Screen Writers' Guild. In it I expressed very clearly what I mean by writing and directing cinema. I think that they are—with respect to the kind of films that I make—two absolutely inseparable moments. Directing is the second half of a work of which writing is the first. Let us say, in other words, that a script, if it has been written by a scenarist worthy of the name, has in fact already been directed. The scenarist, while he is writing, ought to visualize what he writes. That is not at all as at the time of the writing of a novel. Moreover, after that, the spectator does not maintain at all the same relationship with the film as the reader with the book. With respect to a book, the relation that is established between the printed page and your intellect is direct; it knows no intermediary. It is a purely cerebral function. It is not the same in cinema. So that our work approaches more nearly that of the playwright, for in the theater, we hear words to which we immediately give an emotional response. No doubt that is why so many great novelists have been very poor writers of dialogue. I personally have been attacked as if I had spat on the American flag because it happened once that I rewrote some dialogue by F. Scott Fitzgerald. But indeed it needed it! The actors, among them Margaret Sullavan, absolutely could not read the lines. It was very literary dialogue, novelistic dialogue that lacked all the qualities required for screen dialogue. The latter must be "spoken." Scott Fitzgerald really wrote very bad spoken dialogue.

So, to come back to what I was saying, a script as such has already been directed. The scenarist has seen the protagonist enter a room, under a certain angle, at a certain speed, before a certain back-drop. He hears music, feels an atmosphere, sees a frame, a composition, and so on. And when at last he writes, he has directed. So it is completely stupid after that to give this script to someone else who will necessarily have an entirely different point of view and manner. Here I digress for a moment to make explicit that I speak only of my films, of the kind of film that I make, *"films théatraux,"* "theatrical films;" I do not speak of the geniuses who go about, camera in hand, and bring you a semblance of film that offers you a semblance of knowledge. I speak of people who make films about something. Of those who approach human beings analytically, whether they do so in depth or superficially. Consequently, if there are a scenarist and a director, there are in fact two directors, unless, of course, they are as close to each other as Wilder and Diamond, for in that case they make only one, the work of each completes that of the other. But in general, in Hollywood, such a proximity did not often exist. The scenarist submitted a script without showing the slightest interest in the person who would direct it. As for me, I had the itch to complete my work. I wanted to be responsible for the second half of what I had undertaken in writing, to direct it, to bring it to the screen. Obviously, certain writers are not capable of that. It is a matter of personality. One can very well be incapable of spending the day on a set, of talking to the actors, of explaining to them what one wants, and so on. For me, all that constitutes one single activity, one and the same function.

CAHIERS—What do you mean by the expression "theatrical films"?

MANKIEWICZ—It is not my own. It is a French expression, *"le théatre filmé,"* filmed theatre, that people have often applied to my films. That signifies in other words that my films, with very rare exceptions, could have been plays in the theatre. One could very well have acted them on the stage.

CAHIERS—But when everything has been taken into account, do you not find that, once filmed, they evoke indeed still more the technique of the novel?

MANKIEWICZ—To the extent that that is the fact with certain plays, that is true. . . . Fundamentally that is true, I believe that you are entirely right, the mode of narration that I employ can be called that of a novel.

But when I evoke the theatre, here is what I mean. The reason why I combat, well, not exactly, let us say what I propose, is a point of view that is perhaps in process of losing ground more and more. My deep conviction is that since cinema compromised itself by starting to talk, it has the obligation to say something. Since in the attention of the spectator the sound aspect of the film holds a place as great as its visual aspect, the former must have a choice role and a certain bearing. From then, I firmly believe that there is not and ought not to be a real difference between the fact of writing for the theatre and that of writing for the screen, unless it is that cinema permits writing for the theatre in a freer and more complete way.

I know very well that most people, the critics in particular, are wrongly convinced that the film is something visual before everything, and that one ought not expect of the audience that it listen. I find that difficult to accept and I do not accept it. I think that the audience—I hope that the audience—is as capable of listening to a film as it is of seeing it. Our means of expression is a sound as well as a visual means. But it is certainly infinitely easier to arrive at a simulacrum of film by quasi-photographic tricks. It is equally true that to make a film as if it were a matter of a play for the theatre—where one asks attention—requires on the part of the audience a deeper attention, perhaps an attention on a higher, more valuable level. I add that I do not at all pretend to have attained those levels. But it is not because it is difficult to attain the objectives that I have set myself that I should abandon them. They represent always in my opinion what a film ought to be because it can be, and because it gains thereby, in comparison with the films that people call "purely visual."

CAHIERS—To ask an audience to pay attention rather than to satisfy itself with listening, is that not at the same time to ask it to think?

MANKIEWICZ—I think of the theatre as such, of the audience as such, in so far as they respond to their essence, to the concept that I have of them. I really do not see why a play, under pretext that it is cinematographic, must be flawed with some fault. It is as if restaurants counted on their bad quality to obtain a clientele that would satisfy itself with food of bad qualiy. It seems to me that an audience is an audience and that one does not ask an audience to think, one tries to make it think. Whether it is a matter of a play or a film, one ought to make the audience think in spite of itself. In fact, it is only very rarely with that intention that a person enters a theatre. The audience comes and, if you are a good playwright, it goes out thinking. That is in my opinion the mark of our success. But if the audience comes in order to think, then all that becomes a little pedantic, a little sad too.

CAHIERS—What influence did Ernst Lubitsch have on you?

MANKIEWICZ—I was very friendly with him and naturally I worshipped him. I admired his work enormously. He went head and shoulders beyond everyone in the field of sophisticated high comedy. In some way, I was a protégé of Lubitsch. I never wrote anything at all for him, but he produced the first film that I directed. We were not at all in agreement with respect to the shooting, but I was very happy to work with him.

CAHIERS—People have said that he had directed certain sequences of that film, *Dragonwyck*. . . .

MANKIEWICZ — Oh no! Not a single shot. On the contrary, he disapproved of everything that I shot. No, no, that is absolutely false, but you know, indeed there have been people who said too that I had collaborated on *Royal Scandal*. . . .

CAHIERS—You did not even work on the script of that film?

MANKIEWICZ—Not at all. I believe that it was Sam Raphaelson who wrote the scenario. Then Lubitsch fell sick and Preminger shot the film. Me, I had no hand in it.

CAHIERS—How did it come about, given your conception of the *métier* of cineaste, that you did not write the scenarios of *The Late George Apley*, of *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, of *Escape?* Did you collaborate on them all the same?

MANKIEWICZ—Of course I revised them a little, but that was at a period when, for reasons of technique, I wished very keenly to direct films that I had not written. . . . I wanted to force myself to do only the work of a director starting from material given by another person. So, certainly I wrote little bits of dialogue here and there, but on the whole I did not touch the script. I wanted it that way. I had an enormous number of things to learn technically and, for that reason, I had no desire to write during that period of apprenticeship. I desired only to forge the tools that would permit me later to film what I wanted to write.

CAHIERS—Is that to say that you are less the *auteur* of the films that I have just mentioned than of the others?

MANKIEWICZ—They belong to me less, to the extent that, if I had written them, I would probably have chosen a different mode of approach, I would have emphasized certain aspects of the story at the expense of other aspects, and so on. But as director strictly speaking, they are my films. They are the films of a young director learning his profession.

CAHIERS — *Dragonwyck* and *The Ghost* and *Mrs. Muir* have in common a mysterious atmosphere; they exercise a certain fascination. In what did that interest you?

MANKIEWICZ—What they have in common and what interested me is what I always seek, the reactions of an individual in relation to his environment and reciprocally. So, in *Dragonwyck*, what fascinated me was the madness of the character played by Vincent Price, that man who withdraws finally into a little room, that man out of phase, out of place in time, isolated because he is of another epoch. As for *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, it was a pure romance, and the most striking memory that I keep of it is that of Rex Harrison saying good bye to the widow. He expresses regret for the marvelous life that they could have had together. There is the wind, there is the sea, there is the search for something else. . . . And the disappointments that one meets. These are the feelings that I have always wanted to convey, and indeed I believe that one finds the trace of them in all my films, comedies or dramas, from *A Letter to Three Wives* to *All About Eve*, including *No Way Out*, that film which should have been made today. It was much too violent for its time. Americans could not believe that such an explosion of violence could happen among them.

CAHIERS — You say "comedies or dramas." But it seems to me that, more than an alternation, it is a constant mixture of these genres that one finds in your work. . . .

MANKIEWICZ — Yes. Without drama a comedy becomes false. That leads to the comedy that people prize so much today, and that no link any longer connects to reality. I am very much afraid that I am not at all capable of directing that kind of exploit.

The Barefoot Contessa, Ava Gardner and Humphrey Bogart.

The Quiet American, Michael Redgrave and Audie Murphy.

As for drama without comedy, that quickly becomes melodrama.

CAHIERS — That is a little like *Somewhere in the Night. . . .*

MANKIEWICZ—Actually, that is an exercise in melodrama, a very little film that I made out of a friendly feeling for the producer. I wrote it. In it the search for identity was again called in question. The cast was very mediocre; except for Fritz Kortner I had at my disposal actors who were really only amateurs. Nevertheless, I think that there are entertaining things in the film.

CAHIERS—And what do you think of *Escape?*

MANKIEWICZ—That was the first film directed by an American in England after the war. Great problems arose for me during the shooting. I had no special taste for the script, which was a very bad adaptation of Galsworthy's play. No, that was not very serious. . . . Finally, what particularly counted for me were the technical difficulties that I ran into.

CAHIERS—To come back to the mixture of lightness with seriousness, *A Letter to Three Wives* was a rather cruel film in its way of jolting taboos. . . .

MANKIEWICZ — What I wanted especially to criticize was the commercialized aspect of our lives. Remember, I attacked radio, its competitions, its advertising, with great virulence. My protagonist was a school teacher, which was very familiar to me, since my father was a teacher. I remember a reply, when her husband asks her to give up teaching to write for radio—today it would be television instead—she replies to him "And who is going to educate children? The comics?" There was, too, that scene between Linda Darnell and Paul Douglas in which I tried to bring to the screen the terrible, the terrifying isolation of the American big businessman who is the important personality of a small town. He lives with the obsession that people are interested in his money. And then again there was the character of the American girl who knows her assets, who knows what her employer wants and is determined to sell it at the highest price. It was a cynical film, but it was a comedy. I remember too the girl who thinks that all the importance a woman can have depends on her dress; she has an obsession with class, not in the sense of social structure, but in the sense of elegance, an elegance with which one must be born, an elegance that one does not buy. Those are preoccupations that are dear to me and that I take up again in the film that I am in the process of shooting.

CAHIERS—Were you entirely satisfied with *House of Strangers?*

MANKIEWICZ—I wrote the script for it without signing it. I was very satisfied with the result, but if it has been very popular in Europe, it was unhappily not the same in the United States. Gianni Di Venanzo said to me the other day during the shooting that *House of Strangers* was the only portrait of Italy that an American had brought off successfully. The Sicilian family in America. Only, the shooting coincided with a personal tragedy that happened in the private life of one of the big Hollywood directors, whose family drama the film retraced almost exactly. It was for that reason that it was somewhat sacrificed. I have always regretted that it did not do well in the United States, while everywhere I go abroad, I realize that it is, with *People Will Talk,* the one film of mine that has been the best received.

CAHIERS—The construction of *All About Eve* is completely remarkable, in particular with respect to time. Yet was not this film mutilated?

MANKIEWIEZ—Yes. Even at that period Mr. Zanuck had the privilege —which, unhappily, he has always had —of cutting my films. So he hastened to delete some things that I valued very particularly. That was in 1950, was it not? Now there were in the script, and in the film as I had shot it, the same scenes several times over, which different characters remember. One saw those scenes as they saw them, under different lightings. That bored Mr. Zanuck very much and he cut it.

I have always been interested in the interferences between the past and the present. The one does not exist without the other. The feeling of something *déjà vu* (in French in the conversation) is part of what I have always tried to make perceptible.

CAHIERS—But the flashback is not the only means, you have used others besides. . . .

MANKIEWICZ—Certainly, but you know, I do not believe in the flashback as a "trick." It ought to be used only when it is impossible to tell a story in the present without summoning the past. I hope that some day it will be possible to tell the present and the past together, at the same time. For example one would see a woman of twenty-one and this same woman as a little girl of twelve. They would both have the same reactions facing entirely different events and one would realize then that this woman of twenty-one has the reactions of a little girl of twelve. People are so occupied with trying superficial new effects that they have not yet begun to make use of means that are deeply cinematic. Ill luck has it that that cannot be done by someone who directs or writes for the first time. That is why, today, as we are in the age of the instantaneous genius, my wishes find themselves automatically excluded from the realm of the possible. It is now no longer the trouble of learning one's profession; four hundred feet of film are enough to make a motion picture. I do not believe that cinema can progress in such a way; I do not believe that it gains by framing only half a face; I do not believe that composition is the magic password and the ultimate limit that cinema can attain. In my opinion it is much rather the intellectual depth, the deep truth of the description, the content, that matter. That is a mission that we must assume because, sooner or later, cinema will have to assume the role held until then by theatre. Cinema must do so; that is inevitable. There is an empty place that it must fill. And the solution does not belong to Pop Art, to comics, or to dilettante's films. The solution is quality, the quality of the thought. It is what there is of craftsmanship in the knowledge that an artist must have of his métier. For by craftsmanship I do not mean the skill of the well oiled Hollywood product. No, I mean the depth of the subject, the depth of the creation. I do not believe that making good films is so easy. . . . No more at the level of conception than at that of writing or of direction.

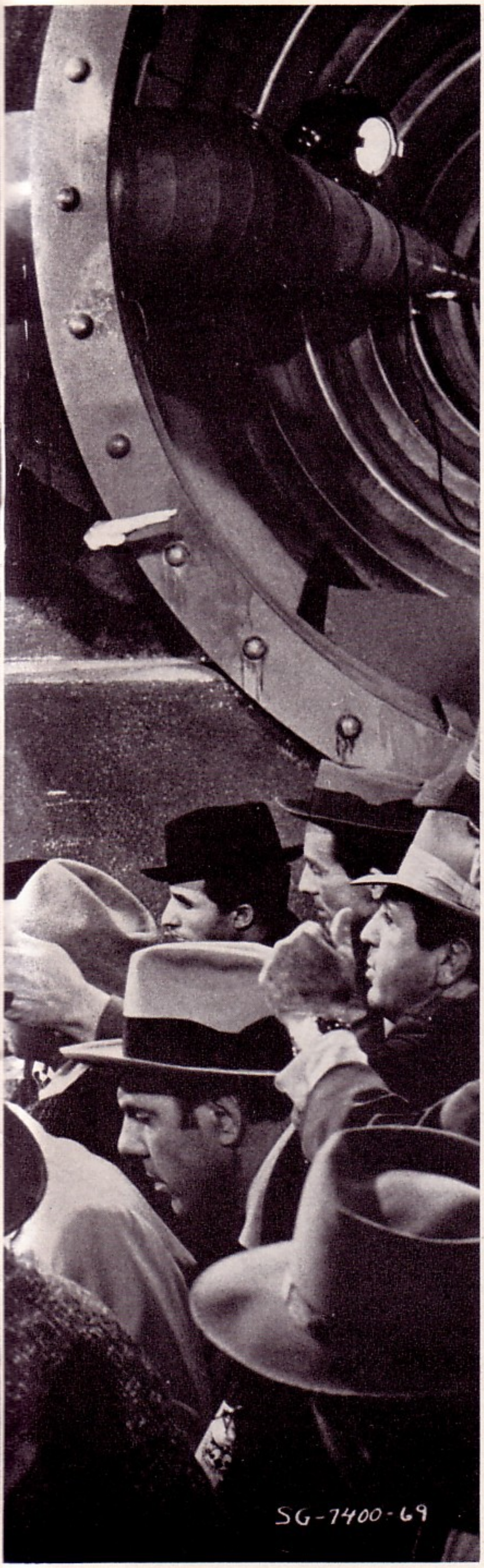
CAHIERS—You filmed *Julius Caesar* and thought of bringing to the screen *Twelfth Night* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Why film the plays of Shakespeare?

MANKIEWICZ—First of all, I never wanted to make *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* besides, it would not be at all suited to me. I did actually want to make *Twelfth Night.* If I wanted to do so, if I filmed *Julius Caesar,* that is because I know no playwright more alive than Mr. Shakespeare. I believe that, suitably brought to the screen today, he has more to say and more deeply, about the human being and his relations with society, than any writer of yesterday or of today. But what I wanted to film was not exactly *Julius Caesar;* it was not a classic, it was my personal vision of *Julius Caesar.* I approached it as a living drama. Today, the manner of playing Shakespeare has been something half-danced, half-sung; a kind of ballet in which the lines of verse are followed so faithfully in what is most incidental that the meaning is lost. I wanted to show in *Julius Caesar* that Mr. Shakespeare could be played exactly as if he were our contemporary.

CAHIERS—Did you yourself direct the battles of that film?

MANKIEWICZ — I particularly did not want the film to be a film of battles. I wanted to make mere indications of them. We shot in the midst of Hollywood and I believe that I did shoot the principal scenes, but I no longer remember very well. I wanted to have done very quickly with that battle that interested me only to the extent that human beings were affected by it. Besides, that was what interested

Guys and Dolls, Sheldon Leonard, Stubby Kaye, Marlon Brando.



Shakespeare; but happily for him, he could stage battles in the wings. So I tried to make of this battle a battle in dialogue, a speaking battle as Shakespeare's was, but not visual.

CAHIERS — Could you speak to us about your next to last film, *Carol for Another Christmas,* directed for television?

MANKIEWICZ—It was a version of *Christmas Carol* that I made at the request of Adam Stevens, who is a good friend of mine. The last third of the film shows the eastern United States, which has just been ravaged by a bomb which spared scarcely anyone. I tried to show on television a portrait of what we are today. One sees there a wretched poor being who is on top of a roof and to whom we shout "jump! jump!". That is all. The reaction of the audience was very good, I believe, but for me it was only an act of love for the United Nations.

CAHIERS—Now let us take up *Anyone for Venice?,* which you are in process of shooting. How are you led to write the scenario?

MANKIEWICZ — The subject was amusing. I read a play by Friedrich Knott that people had practically never staged. It is drawn from a novel by Thomas Sterling which itself was drawn from the Ben Jonson play *Volpone,* it drawn from somewhere or other. *It* is a new version of the sempiternal story of human greed and concupiscence. The eternal desire to obtain something without giving anything in exchange. Since I make films on the moral weaknesses of man that seem indeed to motivate his conduct almost entirely, I thought that it would be appropriate for me to take up greed.

CAHIERS—But it is a comedy, is it not?

MANKIEWICZ—Yes. Ben Jonson's *Volpone* was already a comedy. If one makes films on the customs, on the conduct of man, the most efficacious genre has always been and remains comedy. I know no one who has described human beings in as shrewd, as living, and as efficacious a way as Molière, who wrote only comedies on the most pernicious aspects of mankind.

CAHIERS—It seems to me that the humor will rest much more in the dialogue than in the action of *Anyone for Venice?*

MANKIEWICZ—You are going very far. Perhaps it will rest in the action as well. The words are linked to the action as the action is to the words. The action is not something that breaks up in as many details as the words in a scenario. I believe however that it will suit them.

CAHIERS — This will be another wintry film, of an atmosphere rather sombre for comedy, in the rainy tonality of *The Barefoot Contessa.* Why that?

MANKIEWICZ — I do not believe that I seek out rain as a backdrop more particularly than a sunny sky, however, I find that it gives more reality at once to the characters, to the surrounding world, to cities, in short to life, than sunlight does. For example, Venice in the sun invincibly evokes tourists and musical comedy; it is an escape from reality. While winter has in my opinion a dream tonality, perhaps because we dream most often in black and white. Very few people, in fact, dream in Technicolor. For me winter, when the sun no longer shines, is the time of introspection. Thus I have the feeling—I do not know if it conforms to reality or not—that most philosophical works were written in winter or during the autumn, at the fall of the leaves. That is a moment that favors a much stronger participation in what is happening around us. One can pass hours watching the leaves fall and then one thinks about this fall, while summer provokes a complete absence of thought, it forbids all commentary. One takes off one's clothes and one abandons oneself to events. In winter, one covers oneself; one becomes cautious, one withdraws into oneself, one thinks. Consequently, to me rain, fog, the absence of sun, have always constituted the atmosphere of the real, the atmosphere propitious to the blooming of reality.

CAHIERS—But today in cinema the fashion would be rather for sunlight, an artificial sunlight that gives brilliance to certain comedies in candy colors. . . .

MANKIEWICZ—That kind of film has always existed. I even wrote, a very long time ago, a slightly mad comedy, almost surrealistic, called *Million Dollar Legs.* It played in Paris for two years, while in America it was almost unknown and has remained so. Nobody has heard tell of it except the people at the Museum of Modern Art. Nevertheless, for years, the reputation that I had as a scenarist came from that film and from its success in France.

Today what has invaded the cinema —but not only the cinema!—is the comics, Dick Tracy, and so on. They keep the same characteristics as in the newspapers, people look at them without any kind of intellectual participation, and they are very popular. One makes books of them, too, which sell better than all the others.

So, in the arts, in cinema, in theatre, in music, in painting, what would be necessary—and perhaps more particularly in France—is a new Molière,—which, unhappily, I am not; many, many degrees from it in talent.

Why this need? Because there exist today over the world kinds of *précieuses ridicules* (in French in the conversation) upside down. The beatnik, the young man who belongs to this generation of poseurs who say "nothing is good, no principle is worth being followed, nothing is worth trying," and so on, or else "we must destroy all forms." They are exactly *précieuses ridicules* upside down. It is certainly not out of the question that by chance a talent may find itself astray in this pack, that is true. But on the whole, this mass of young people frightened at the idea that there is no place for them on earth, that they have no talent, nowhere to go, find nothing better to do than to let their beards grow and to go gather in rags on the Piazza di Spagna or else to burn the draft notice that sends them to Vietnam. One can well be against the war in Vietnam, but for that one must first seek to know what is the truth of that war, in order then to be able to attack it in a serious way. They prefer attitudes of poseurs, intellectual poseurs, avant-garde poseurs. People are not enough aware of that; thus there would need to be someone to denounce this avant-garde pack as a variety of *précieuses ridicules,* for it is one. Only that is an attitude that it is very attractive to adopt: to be against. To know only the words "Down with—Down with—Down with."

One day someone will come who will say "I am for something. I am going to write a play that will deal with a subject. I am going to make a film that will say something." And it is with words that he will say it, with words . . . The young cineastes of today think only of putting their cameras under their arms or in back of their heads, which does not inculpate any technique. . . . It is full of sound and fury, but it is a tale told by an idiot, because it signifies nothing. They have language at their disposal and they say nothing. They have nothing to say because to have something to say requires time. It requires maturing. Learning. It requires knowing the place from which one speaks.

More than attack, it is an exposition of the state of mind of these *précieuses ridicules* that I wish for; because we live in an era in which everything is entirely false—no, not everything, but almost. Almost every point of view is false.

In conclusion, if I were a young man without talent, instead of being an old man without talent, I would let my hair and my beard grow and I would say of everything that is valued: "That stinks! That makes me puke!" and then all those of my generation would say *"Ah, mais quel courage!"* (in French in the conversation).

CAHIERS—Can one speak of a kind of dehumanization?

MANKIEWICZ — Not exactly. We have to do with a world that is dehumanized, but in which we live. I mean by that that the human being has never had as little value as he has today. He lives in a world that, for the first time in its history, has no future. One can do without introducing new words in the dictionary to the extent that one does not know at all if they will have a past. The young man of today to whom one puts the cliché-question "what do you want to do when you are grown up?" can justly reply "I am not sure of ever being grown-up."

But let us talk about the theatre instead. When I say theatre, I am talking about what I did in *All About Eve,* I am talking about everything from the circus to the opera, including films. The theatre is prey to the same sickness as our governments, our painting, or our music: a destruction of form. It is very interesting to destroy existing forms when that is in order to substitute others for them. That is how one school succeeds another, how people were able to pass to Impressionism, then to Cubism, to Dadaism even. But when one proposes nothing else but the destruction of a form for its own sake, then one is going nowhere. Art is no longer possible.

CAHIERS—Observing you at work, I had the feeling that nothing mattered to you compared to the actor, to man. . . .

MANKIEWICZ—That is the manifestation of the endless and exclusive interest that I have in the human being and in his behavior. But I think that in my profession visual effects too are important. That is important because in the final analysis it is possible to make silent films.

CAHIERS—Let us say that you scoff at "art for art's sake." . . .

MANKIEWICZ — One cannot say that without coming back to our *précieuses ridicules.* I do not think that there has ever been a true artist in the world, from Aeschylus to our days, who claimed to make a "work of art." It is only an impostor who says that. The faker will declare, "I am an artist," but one is an artist only after the event, only when your work is recognized as a work of art. If one presents oneself as an artist, once again, that is affectation. Which moreover is not in short supply; how many cineastes will say to you "Look at what I can do with a camera! I talk with it! I am as cunning as a cat." That is neither the mark of art nor that of good cinematographic work.

What interests me, I repeat, is the customs of our time since they are those of human beings of this era. I exert myself to represent them with the greatest possible accuracy. To communicate, we have recourse, first of course to spoken language, but then to expressions, to behavior, to the frame, to the atmosphere, which have an influence on what we do and on what we are.

I try to give them their just importance. If a man steals my billfold and runs away on the street, I chase him. That becomes an action, something physical. But if a man insults me I reply to that insult, and unless that degenerates into violent conflict, I see no reason not to express that solely in the language of insult. In other words, I try not to distort the life or the conduct of human beings by conferring on them, by means of technique, a preconceived form. I do not seek to transform into dialogues what ought to be an action, although I am sometimes accused of doing that by those who would prefer everything formulated in terms of behavior.

CAHIERS—Two things are dominant in your films: the actor and what surrounds him. I would like you to speak of them . . .

MANKIEWICZ—But I cannot speak of the actors if you want me to speak of what surrounds them. One chooses the actors after having defined the setting in which they evolve. For *All About Eve* I chose the world of the theatre because I wanted to talk about it, for *People Will Talk* that of medicine, for *No Way Out* almost that of Watts in California today, and what I had to say in *The Quiet American* could only be said in the framework of Vietnam. The backdrop of *Five Fingers* could only be as bizarre and improbable as that Ankara of stupid espionage plots because I wanted precisely to talk about the stupidity of international intrigues of that type. There is in all these films a setting that I choose and that I seek then to plant and to populate. Once the setting has been established, once I have decided what I was going to say, then I must find the best possible actors to convey it, the best suited to do what I want to have them do.

CAHIERS—So it is the setting that creates the characters . . .

MANKIEWICZ—People are responsible for what surrounds them, but then their surroundings influence them. Take the slums of our big cities. We create the slums but the slums create those who live in them. It is we who create an idiot middle class but it is that class that creates idiots. One cannot say which comes first, the man or his surroundings . . . Savages included.

CAHIERS—How do you choose the actors?

MANKIEWICZ—I try to choose very good actors and in particular intelligent actors. If the actor does not understand the role that he has to play, what I have to say and what I want to say, it is impossible for him to convey this thought to an audience. There again, I am perhaps in disagreement with most of my colleagues. That is because, in addition to the intellectual participation of the audience that I try to obtain, I intend equally to assure myself of its emotional participation which is equally essential. So I need actors who

Anyone for Venice?, Rex Harrison.

Anyone for Venice? Susan Hayward.

have a great enough mastery of their means and a great enough knowledge of the audience to sense at what moment they move it. In other words I could not care less whether an actress cries on the set or not from the moment that she makes the audience cry if that is necessary. It is a profession. I do not give a damn what she feels from the moment that she has an awareness of the truth or of the falsity of her appearance, for it is that part in her that interests me. Me, I look at her, that's all. The actor must understand what I want to obtain; he must interpret it and project it. That is his function. It is not, as far as I know, that he participate, unless this participation is the only way that he has of producing the desired effect on the audience. For I do insist that the audience feel the authenticity of the emotion that one communicates to it, whether it is a matter of laughter, of sorrow, or of intellectual understanding. People say a great deal of nonsense today about the actor's profession, and particularly in certain theatre schools and other groups where people spend their time getting one another excited and worked up, which has, of course, nothing to do with the actor's profession. To act a play without an audience is not to act a play. The audience is to the actor what the automobile is to the driver. It is not enough to hold an imaginary steering wheel and say "I am driving an automobile" to find one's bearings on a highway. The actors, if they are not confronted with the audience, exert themselves to make the other—that is to say, the other actor —feel what they are in the process of feeling, which, to my mind, is a senseless undertaking. My work, the work of the actor, the work of anyone who works in any branch whatever of dramatic art is oriented toward an end, and that end is the audience and the audience only.

CAHIERS—But seeing you work on the set one is struck by the time you spend speaking privately with an actor, muttering your instructions to him . . .

MANKIEWICZ—I do not spend so long a time as that with an actor . . . I have very set ideas as to the role of the director on a set. Again I must come back to our *précieuses ridicules,* to the transformation of certain professions, honest at their origin, into something inordinately pretentious. If I have a *bête noire* (in French in the conversation) it is indeed that: the poseur, the Artist, the intellectual poseur.

A good many of my colleagues "act" at being a director. One sees them rival their actors on the set, in a certain inevitable costuming, shout "Action!" "Camera!" That is sheer self-satisfaction, a harmful self-satisfaction for it has repercussions on, and hurts, what one creates. It seems to me that the best directed film would be the film that would seem not to have been directed at all. I ask of the actor a total concentration, on the intellectual level as well as that of emotion; it seems to me that, when I have explained to him what I wanted, when I have made him understand, it is my obligation to withdraw. In the strict sense, to bring it about that he no longer sees me, that he no longer thinks of me at all, in order to let him play exactly as if he were in the theatre and the curtain were lifted. When the camera begins to shoot and the clapper boy says "Camera!", the actor knows as well as the director that the camera is shooting; why should I intrude on him then, just when he is trying his best to concentrate, to yell "Camera!"

Almost all the actors who work with me for the first time find this way of proceeding very strange, and at the start they wait for someone to tell them to begin acting. But once they have understood, they wait the time that they want, two, three, ten seconds, and when they are prepared to act, they act.

One of my fundamental rules is never to be seen by an actor during a take. Once again: that would distract him; he would say to himself "Is that going to please him?" Now he ought to think about nothing but himself, the camera and the audience. The man who yells on the set to demand a change from the actor so that everyone will hear him and be quite convinced that he is the employer because he is the one that is doing the shouting, that man is demonstrating self-satisfaction and not authority. I find that it is much more effective to take each actor aside and talk to him calmly and very gently so that nobody knows the change I want except that actor. Then—if it is a matter of a scene between two characters—I take the other actor aside the same way. Then, when they act, they put the changes in practice, and each is surprised by that of the other; their acting benefits by that surprise. On the other hand, I must say, at the risk of tarnishing the honor of my profession, that the actors are not always in agreement with the director, and that it is sometimes they who are right and not he. It is then very painful to the nerves of the actor to be obliged to enter into public conflict with the director. The actor is too vulnerable; the director occupies too comfortable a position, that of the one who—literally—"directs." So if you take this actor aside, when you talk to him, you become his confidant, and he shows you, quite naturally, his point of view which can be excellent.

All that takes place in the framework of the superficial world of today that we have already evoked, a world invaded by nonsense. No matter whether one writes good poems or not, one must have the look of a poet. The life of the artist has no doubt always been perverted by this state of mind, but all the same, never so much as today.

CAHIERS—But often you choose in your films to invert roles that way. I am thinking in particular of *All About Eve.* Is that being witty? The struggle of the master and of the slave?

MANKIEWICZ—It is not in any case something romantic only, as in the tradition of the French or Italian theatre—I am thinking of Goldoni—it is not that. It is stupidity, vanity, it is the false pretenses in which man finds self satisfaction that I want to outline that way. Illusions rule the world. Napoleon was a little corporal. Hitler too. The employee becomes, much too often, the employer; the simple soldier, much too often the general; the oppressed, much too often, dictators. In *All About Eve,* I wanted to say in that respect that the Eve Harringtons do not disappear from this world when one of them disappears; it is a continual progression. Unhappily the moral weakness, the frailty of man, is itself ceaselessly reaffirmed, and that is my fundamental theme.

CAHIERS—You play very much on and with appearances . . .

MANKIEWICZ—No, that is only a technique. You mean that things are not what they appear? Well, no, they are not what they appear. But what appears? The universe, the world in which we live?

CAHIERS—Then what is reality for you? Can one even speak of reality?

MANKIEWICZ—Oh, yes! There is only reality. But man does everything to avoid looking at it. Reality is what we keep hidden. Yet it constitutes the fundamental responsibility of man facing the universe in which he lives, that universe which he can maintain as it is or destroy. The responsibility of man is the peace in which he can live if he is willing to seek only in himself the motives of war. Man carries morality in him but he does not accept it. He continues to exile it in a church. Or even anywhere at all except in himself. But sooner or later he will have to look into himself and confront his responsibilities, to decide if he cares or not about this universe which is his and is no one else's.

Man exists. Time exists. Man depends on it. But he is unhappily a thousand leagues from accepting this responsibility. The savants have accepted it in scientific terms and our moralists have not yet accepted it in moral terms. The moral laws were stricken with old age the day when an atomic bomb exploded at Chicago, just as science had to call itself in question again starting from then.

And now we are far from talking cinema. (Interview tape recorded).

Biofilmography of Joseph L. Mankiewicz

by Patrick Brion

Five Fingers, James Mason, Danielle Darrieux.

Joseph Leo Mankiewicz was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, February 11, 1909, the son of Frank Mankiewicz and Johanna Blumenau. He was the third child of the family. The oldest brother, Herman J. Mankiewicz, born November 7, 1897, and dead March 5, 1953, was first a newspaperman (New York Herald Tribune, Chicago Tibune), theatre reporter (New York Times, New Yorker), then scenarist of, among other films, *Rise and Shine, Road to Mandalay* (written for Lon Chaney), *Dinner at Eight, Citizen Kane, This Time for Keeps, The Pride of the Yankees, The Spanish Main.* The father was a teacher.

In 1925, the young Joseph Mankiewicz, then a graduate of Stuyvesant High School, entered Columbia University. He planned to become a psychiatrist, but his inaptitude for physics turned him towards literature, and in 1928 he received his Bachelor of Arts Degree. He then left the United States for Berlin, where he was by turns a reporter (for the Chicago Tribune, like his brother Herman) and translator (into English subtitles) of films produced by UFA, among them *Die Drei von der Tankstelle* of William Thiele. He returned to the United States and joined his brother in Hollywood. Like Herman, a scenarist at Paramount, Joseph began by writing the intertitles for certain talkies of which silent prints were made for movie theatres not yet equipped with sound, then became what amounted to official scenarist and dialoguist for Jack Oakie.

After a long series of comedies, he moved in 1934 to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which, at that time, under the influence of Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg, dominated the American production scene artistically and commercially. His first collaboration with Metro, *Manhattan Melodrama,* brought him a nomination for an Oscar. (Bit from history: it was while going to see this film that the public enemy John Dillinger was brought down July 22, 1934 by the G-men. The scene is exactly reconstructed in the film of Mervyn LeRoy, *The FBI Story.)*

In 1936 he became a producer, and his first production was a version of *The Three Godfathers* directed by John Ford in 1949. An aspiring producer, Mankiewicz disliked being confined to B series production. The disaster of *The Three Godfathers* allowed him to declare to Mayer that he could produce only "major films." Mayer accepted, and that was the beginning of a long series of films with "stars" (especially Joan Crawford), which was then the specialty of MGM.

His first "major production" was *Fury,* one of the masterpieces of Lang, for whom he was, as one will see, more than a mere producer. In 1934, Norman Krasna had proposed to Mayer a play on the lynching of an innocent man, but the project was not developed. Two years later, Sam Marx, story editor for MGM, telephoned Krasna to announce to him that a film was to be made of his play. Krasna then contacted Mankiewicz and confessed to him that he had never written that play, and, what is more, had completely forgotten the brief resumé that he had made of it for Mayer. Then Mankiewicz, whom the subject had always interested, never having heard the original story, told him a new story on the lynching. Krasna, delighted, then declared: "Listen, Joe, since you remember the story so well, can you make me a ten page resumé of it?" Mankiewicz did so and learned through Marx that Krasna had sold the story for $27,500 . . .

In 1943, Mankiewicz left Metro for Fox, where, thanks to Lubitsch and to Zanuck, he became director in 1946, with *Dragonwyck.*

I. SCENARIOS

1929 *The Dummy.* 59 min. *Director:* Robert Milton. *Producer:* Herman J. Mankiewicz (Paramount). *Scenario:* Herman J. Mankiewicz, from the play of Harvey J. O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. *Cut-in titles of the silent version:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Cast:* Frederic March, Ruth Chatterton, Jack Oakie, John Cromwell, Mickie Bennett, Zasu Pitts, Vondell Derr.

1929 *Close Harmony.* 67 Min. *Directors:* John Cromwell, A. Edward Sutherland. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Elsie Janis, Gene Markey. *Cut-in titles of the silent version:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Cast:* Buddy Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Skeets Gallagher, Jack Oakie, Harry Green, Wade Boteler.

1929 *The Studio Murder Mystery.* 66 min. *Director:* Frank Tuttle. *Producer:* Frank Tuttle (Paramount). *Scenario:* Frank Tuttle, from a story of The Edingtons. *Adaptation:* Ethel Doherty. *Cut-in titles of the silent version:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Cast:* Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Doris Hill, Neil Hamilton, Chester Conklin.

1929 *The Man I Love.* 7 reels. *Director:* William A. Wellman. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Herman J. Mankiewicz. *Adaptation:* Percy Heath. *Cut-in titles of the silent version*: Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Cast:* Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Jack Oakie.

1929 *Thunderbolt.* 8 reels. *Director:* Josef von Sternberg. *Porducer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Charles Furthman, from the story of Jules and Charles Furthman. *Dialogue:* Herman J. Mankiewicz. *Cut-in titles of the silent version:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. See, in French *Cahiers* No. 168, filmography of von Sternberg, p. 39.

1929 *The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu.* 8 reels. *Director:* Rowland V. Lee. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Florence Ryerson, Lloyd Corrigan from the story of Sax Rohmer. *Cut-in titles of the silent version:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Cast:* Warner Oland, Neil Hamilton, Jean Arthur, O. P. Heggie, Claude King, William Austin, Charles A. Stevenson, Evelyn Seible, Noble Johnson, Tully Marchall.

1929 *The Saturday Night Kid.* 67 min. *Director:* A. Edward Sutherland. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Ethel Doherty from the story "Love 'em and Leave 'em" of George Abbott and John V. A. Weaver. *Adaptation:* Lloyd Corrigan (and Joseph L. Mankiewicz who wrote six different scenarios for the film, all rejected, but whose dialogues

Escape, Rex Harrison.

Barefoot Contessa, Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart.

Suddenly, Last Summer, Elizabeth Taylor.

pleased B. P. Schullberg, Paramount produced). *Cast:* Clara Bow, James Hall, Jean Arthur, Charles Sellon.

1929 *Fast Company*. 8 reels. *Director:* A. Edward Sutherland. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Florence Ryerson, from *Elmer the Great* of Ring Lardner Jr. and George M. Cohan. *Adaptation:* Patrick J. Kearney, Walton Butterfield. *Dialogue:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Cast:* Jack Oakie, Evelyn Brent, Skeets Gallagher, Gwen Lee, Chester Conklin, Sam Hardy, Arthur Housman, Eugenie Besserer, E. H. Calvert, Bert Rome.

1930 *Slightly Scarlet*. 71 min. *Directors:* Louis Gasnier, Edwin H. Knopf. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Howard Estabrook. *Cast:* Clive Brook, Evelyn Brent, Paul Lukas, Eugene Pallette, Virginia Bruce, Morgan Farley, Claude McAllister, Helen Ware.

1930 *Paramount on Parade*. 101 min. *Directors:* Dorothy Arzner, Otto Brower, Charles de Rochefort, Edmund Goulding, Victor Heerman, Edwin H. Knopf, Rowland V. Lee, Ernst Lubitsch, Lothar Mendes, Victor Schertzinger, A. Edward Sutherland, Frank Tuttle. *Producer:* Paramount. Scenario: John Wenger (and Joseph L. Mankiewicz for Jack Oakie's role). *Photography:* Harry Fishbeck, Victor Milner (black and white—Technicolor). *Choreography:* David Bennett. *Cast:* Richard Arlen, Jean Arthur, William Austin, George Bancroft, Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Mary Brian, Clive Brook, Virginia Bruce, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Maurice Chevalier, Gary Cooper, Leon Errol, Stuart Erwin, Stanley Fields, Kay Francis, Skeets Gallagher, Harry Green, Mitzi Green, James Hall, Phillips Holmes, Helen Kane, Dennis King, Abe Lyman and his orchestra, Fredric March, Nino Martini, David Newell, Jack Oakie, Warner Oland, Zelma O'Neal, Eugene Pallette, Joan Peers, William Powell, Charles Buddy Rogers, Lilian Roth, Stanley Smith, Fay Wray.

1930 *The Social Lion*. 7 reels. *Director:* A. Edward Sutherland. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Agnes Brady Leahy, from *Marco Himself* of Octavius Roy Cohen. *Cast:* Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Mary Brian.

1930 *Sap from Syracuse*. 67 min. *Director:* A. Edward Sutherland. *Producer:* Paramoun. *Scenario:* Gertrude Purcell, from the play of John Wray, Jack O'Donnell and John Hayden. Mankiewicz took part in the scenario but was not credited. *Cast:* Jack Oakie, Granville Bates, Betty Starbuck.

1930 *Only Saps Works*. 72 min. *Directors:* Cyril Gardner, Edwin H. Knopf. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Sam Mintz, Percy Heath from the play of Owen Davis. *Dialogue:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Cast:* Leon Errol, Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Stuart Erwin, Anderson Lawler, Charlie Grapewin.

1930 *The Gang Buster*. 64 min. *Director:* A. Edward Sutherland. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Percy Heath. *Dialogue:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Cast:* Jack Oakie, Jean Arthur, William Boyd.

1931 *Fin and Hattie*. 76 min. *Directors:* Norman Taurog, Norman Z. McLeod. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, from the play of Donald Ogden Stewart *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad*. *Adaptation:* Sam Mintz. *Cast:* Leon Errol, Mitzi Green, Zasu Pitts, Jackie Searl, Lilyan Tashman, Mack Swain, Regis Toomey, Harry Beresford.

1931 *June Moon*. 74 min. *Director:* Edward Sutherland. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Keene Thompson, from the play of Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman. *Cast:* Jack Oakie, Frances Dee, June MacCloy.

1931 *Skippy*. 80 min. *Director:* Norman Taurog. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Norman Z. McLeod, from comic strip of Percy Crosby. *Dialogue:* Don Marquis. *Cast:* Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan, Mitzi Green, Jackie Searl, Willard Robertson, Enid Bennett, Donald Haines, Helen Jerome Eddy. Mankiewicz received a nomination for an Oscar but the latter escaped him to the benefit of Howard Estabrook (*The Dawn Patrol*).

1931 *Dude Ranch*. 76 min. *Director:* Frank Tuttle. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Percy Heath, Grover Jones, Lloyd Corrigan (and Joseph L. Mankiewicz, not credited). *Cast:* Jack Oakie, Stuart Erwin, Mitzi Green.

1931 *Forbidden Adventure*. 77 min. *Director:* Norman Taurog. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Ted Paramore from the play of Sinclair Lewis *Let's Play King*. *Adaptation:* Agnes Brand Leahy. *Cast:* Mitzi Green, Edna May Oliver, Louise Fazenda, Jackie Searl.

1931 *Touchdown*. 9 reels. *Director:* Norman Z. McLeod. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Grover Jones, William Slavens (and Joseph L. Mankiewicz, not credited), from *Stadium* of Francis Wallace. *Cast:* Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie, Peggy Shannon.

1931 *Sooky*. 9 reels. *Director:* Norman Taurog. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Sam Mintz, Norman Z. McLeod from *Dear Sooky* of Percy Crosby. *Cast:* Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan, Jackie Searl, Willard Robertson, Enid Bennett, Helen Jerome Eddy, Leigh Allen, Guy Oliver, Harry Beresford, Oscar Apfel.

1932 *This Reckless Age*. 8 reels. *Director:* Frank Tuttle. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz from the play of Lewis Beach. *Adaptation:* Frank Tuttle. *Cast:* Charles Rogers, Richard Bennett, Peggy Shannon, Charles Ruggles, Frances Dee.

1932 *Sky Bride*. 8 reels. *Director:* Stephen Roberts. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Agnes Brand Leahy, Grover Jones. *Cast:* Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie, Virginia Bruce, Robert Coogan, Charles Starrett.

1932 *Million Dollar Legs*. 7 reels. *Director:* Edward Cline. *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Henry Myers. *Cast:* W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Lyda Roberti, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, Hugh Herbert.

1932 *If I Had a Million (Si j'avais un million)*. *Directors:* Ernst Lubitsch (opening and sketches "Streetwalker Episode" and "The Clerk"), James Cruze ("The China Shop"), Stephen Roberts ("The Forger'), Norman McLeod ("The Three Marines"), Bruce Humberstone ("The Condemned Man"), Norman Taurog ("The Auto"), William Seiter

Somewhere in the Night, Nancy Guild, John Hodiak.

The Quiet American, Audie Murphy.

("Old Ladies' Home"). *Producer:* Paramount. *Scenario:* Claude Binyon, Whitney Bolton, Malcolm Stuart Boylan, John Bright, Sidney Buchman, Lester Cole, Isabel Dawn, Boyce DeGaw, Walter DeLeon, Oliver H. P. Garrett, Harvey Gates, Grover Jones, Ernst Lubitsch, Lawton MacKall, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, William Slavens McNutt, Seton I. Miller, Tiffany Thayer from the story of Robert D. Andrews. *Cast:* Gary Cooper, George Raft, Wynne Gibson, Charles Laughton, Jack Oakie, Charlie Ruggles, Alison Skipworth W. C. Fields, Mary Boland, Roscoe Karns, May Robson, Lucien Littlefield, Richard Bennett, Frances Dee, Joyce Compton, Gene Raymond, Jack Pennick, Willard Robertson. Mankiewicz was concerned with the sketch "The Three Marines," interpreted by Jack Oakie, Gary Cooper, Roscoe Karns and Lucien Littlefield.

1933 *Diplomaniacs.* 7 reels. *Director:* William A. Seiter. *Producer:* Sam Jaffe (Radio-Keith-Orpheum). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Henry Myers, from a story of Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Music:* Max Steiner. *Lyrics:* Henry Akst, Edward Eliscu. *Cast:* Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Marjorie White, Louis Calhern, Hugh Herbert.

1933 *Emergency Call.* 7 reels. *Director:* Edward Cahn. *Producer:* Sam Jaffee (Radio-Keith-Orpheum). *Scenario:* Houston Branch, Joseph L. Mankiewicz from the story of John D. Clymer and James Ewens. *Cast:* Bill Boyd, Betty Furness, Wynne Gibson, William Gargan.

1933 *Too Much Harmony.* 8 reels. *Director:* A. Edward Sutherland. *Producer:* William LeBaron (Paramount). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Dialogue:* Harry Ruskin. *Lyrics:* Arthur Johnston, Sam Coslow. *Cast:* Bing Crosby, Lilyan Tashman, Harry Green, Skeets Gallagher, Jack Oakie.

1933 *Alice in Wonderland.* 8 reels. *Director:* Norman Z. McLeod. *Producer:* Louis L. Lighton (Paramount). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, William Cameron Menzies, from the novel of Lewis Carroll. *Cast:* Charlotte Henry, Alison Skipworth, Richard Arlen, Roscoe Ates, William Austin, Billy Barty, Billy Bevan, Colin Campbell, Harvey Clark, Gary Cooper, Jack Duffy, Leon Errol, Louise Fazenda, W. C. Fields, Alec B. Francis, Skeets Gallagher, Cary Grant, Ethel Griffies, Lillian Harmer, Raymond Hatton, Sterling Holloway, Edward Everett Horton, Jack Oakie, Roscoe Karns, Colin Kenny, Mae Marsh, Polly Moran, Edna May Oliver, May Robson, Charles Ruggles, Jackie Searle, Ned Sparks, Ford Sterling.

1934 *Manhattan Melodrama (Ennemi Public n° 1).* 9 reels. *Director:* W. S. van Dyke. *Producer:* David O. Selznick (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Oliver H. P. Garrett, Joseph L. Mankiewicz from the story of Arthur Caesar. *Photography:* James Wong Howe. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons, Joseph Wright, Edwin B. Willis. *Lyrics:* Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart. *Editor:* Ben Lewis. *Special effects:* Slavko Vorkapich. *Cast:* Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, William Powell, Leo Carrillo, Nat Pendleton, George Sidney, Isabel Jewell, Muriel Evans, Thomas Jackson, Claudelle Kaye, Frank Conroy, Noel Madison, Mickey Rooney, Jimmy Butler.

Mankiewicz was once again nominated for an Oscar, but the latter was awarded to Robert Riskin for *It Happened One Night.*

1934 *Our Daily Bread (Notre pain quotidien).* 8 reels. *Director:* King Vidor (United Artists). *Scenario:* Elizabeth Hill, from the story of King Vidor, from an article in *Reader's Rigest. Dialogue:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Photography:* Robert Planck. *Music:* Alfred Newman. *Editor:* Lloyd Nosler. *Cast:* Karen Morley, Tom Keene, John T. Qualen, Barbara Pepper, Addison Brant, Ray Spiker, Harry Samuels, Alex Richard, Harry Holman, Bill Engel, Frank Minor, Henry Hall, Lynton Schumberg, Bud Ray, King Vidor.

1934 *Forsaking All Others (Souvent femme varie).* 9 reels. *Director:* W. S. van Dyke. *Producer:* Bernard H. Hyman (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz from the play of Frank Morgan Cavett and Edward Barry Roberts. *Photography:* Gregg Toland, George Folsey. *Music:* William Axt. *Editor:* Tom Held. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons, Edwin B. Willis. *Cast:* Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Charles Butterworth, Billie Burke, Frances Drake, Rosalind Russell, Tom Rickets, Arthur Treacher, Greta Moyer.

1935 *I Live My Life (Vive sa vie).* 10 reels. *Director:* W. S. van Dyke. *Producer:* Bernard H. Hyman (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz from the novella *Claustrophobia* of A. Carter Goodloe adapted by Gottfried Reinhardt and Ethel Borden. *Photography:* George Folsey. *Music:* Dmitri Tiomkin. *Editor:* Tom Held. *Cast:* Joan Crawford, Brian Aherne, Frank Morgan, Aline MacMahon, Eric Blore, Fred Keating, Jessie Ralph, Arthur Treacher, Hedda Hopper, Frank Conroy, Etienne Girardot, Edward Brophy, Sterling Holloway, Hilda Vaughn, Vince Barnett, Lionel Stander, Hale Hamilton.

In 1934 George Cukor was to direct a third adaptation of the novel of Robert Hichens *The Garden of Allah,* already directed by Colin Campbell (1916) and by Rex Ingram (1927). Joan Crawford was to be the star and Mankiewicz the scenarist; but the project was not carried through, and it was Richard Boleslawski who would direct the film in 1936 with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer, on a scenario of W. P. Lipscomb and Lynn Riggs.

II. FILMS PRODUCED

1936 *The Three Godfathers.* 82 min. *Director:* Richard Boleslawski. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Edward E. Paramore Jr., Manuel Seff, from the story of Peter B. Kyne. *Photography:* Joseph Ruttenberg. *Music:* William Axt. *Editor:* Frank Sullivan. *Cast:* Chester Morris, Lewis Stone, Walter Brennan, Irene Harvey, Sidney Toler, Dorothy Tree, Roger Imhof, Willard Robertson, Robert Livingston, John Sheehan, Joseph Marievsky, Victor Potel, Helen Brown, Harvey Clark, Virginia Brissac, John Kirchner.

1936 *Fury (Furie).* 90 min. *Director:* Fritz Lang. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Fritz Lang, Bartlett Cormack, from

Suddenly, Last Summer, Montgomery Clift, Katharine Hepburn, Mavis Villers

Anyone for Venice?, Rex Harrison, Cliff Robertson.

the story of Norman Krasna. *Photography:* Joseph Ruttenberg. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons, William A. Horning, Edwin B. Willis. *Music:* Franz Waxman. *Editor:* Frank Sullivan. *Cast:* Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Walter Abel, Edward Ellis, Bruce Cabot, Walter Brennan, George Walcott, Frank Albertson, Arthur Stone, Morgan Wallace, George Chandler, Roger Gray, Edwin Maxwell, Howard Hickman, Jonathan Hale, Leila Bennett, Esther Dale, Helen Flint, Frank Sully (See, in French *Cahiers* No. 99, filmography of Lang, p. 30).

1936 *The Gorgeous Hussy* (L'Enchanteresse). 102 min. *Director:* Clarence Brown. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Ainsworth Morgan, Stephen Morehouse Avery from the novel of Samuel Hopkins Adams. *Photography:* George Folsey. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons. *Music:* Herbert Stothart. *Editor:* Blanche Sewell. *Choreography:* Val Raset. *Cast:* Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, Melvyn Douglas, James Stewart, Alison Skipworth, Louis Calhern, Beulah Bondi, Melville Cooper, Sidney Toler, Gene Lockhart, Clara Blandick, Frank Conroy, Nydia Westman, Charles Trowbridge, Willard Robertson, Ruby DeRemer, Betty Blythe, Zeffie Tilbury.

1936 *Love on the Run (Loufoque et Cie).* 80 min. *Director:* W. S. van Dyke. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* John Lee Mahin, Manuel Seff, Gladys Hurlbut, from the story *Beauty and the Beast* of Alan Green and Julian Brodie. *Photography:* Oliver T. Marsh. *Editor:* Frank Sullivan. *Cast:* Joan Crawford, Clarke Gable, Franchot Tone, Reginald Owen, Mona Barrie, Ivan Lebedeff, Charles Judels, William Demarest, Donald Meek.

1937 *The Bride Wore Red (L'Inconnue du palace).* 103 min. *Director:* Dorothy Arzner. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Tess Slesinger, Bradbury Foote from the play of Ferenc Molnar *The Girl from Trieste. Photography:* George Folsey. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons. *Music:* Franz Waxman. *Lyrics:* Gus Kahn, Franz Waxman. *Editor:* Adrienne Fazan. *Choreography:* Val Raset. *Cast:* Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen, Lynne Carver, George Zucco, Mary Phillips, Paul Porcasi, Dickie Moore, Frank Puglia.

1937 *Double Wedding (Double Mariage).* 87 min. *Director:* Richard Thorpe. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Jo Swerling, from the play of Ferenc Molnar *Great Love. Photography:* William H. Daniels. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons. *Music:* Edward Ward. *Editor:* Frank Sullivan. *Cast:* William Powell, Myrna Loy, Florence Rice, John Beal, Jessie Ralph, Edgar Kennedy, Sidney Toler, Mary Gordon, Barnett Parker, Katharine Alexander, Priscilla Lawson, Bert Roach.

1937 *Mannequin.* 95 min. *Director:* Frank Borzage. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer). *Scenario:* Lawrence Hazard, from the unpublished story of Katharine Brush. *Photography:* George Folsey. *Editor:* Frederick Y. Smith. *Cast:* Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy, Alan Curtis, Ralph Morgan, Mary Phillips, Oscar O'Shea, Elizabeth Risdon, Leo Gorcey.

Three Comrades (Trois comarades). 100 min. *Director:* Frank Borzage. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* F. Scott Fitzgerald, Edward E. Paramore from the novel of Erich Maria Remarque. *Photography:* Joseph Ruttenberg. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons. *Music:* Franz Waxman. *Lyrics:* Bob Wright, Chet Forrest. *Editor:* Frank Sullivan. *Editor:* Slavko Vorkapich. *Cast:* Robert Taylor, Margaret Sullavan, Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Guy Kibbee, Lionel Atwill, Henry Hull, Charley Grapewin, Monty Woolley Sarah Padden.

1938 *The Shopworn Angel.* 85 min. *Director:* H. C. Potter. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Waldo Salt, from the story of Dana Burnet. *Photography:* Joseph Ruttenberg. *Editor:* W. Don Hayes. *Cast:* Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, Hattie MaDaniel, Nat Pendleton, Alan Curtis, Sam Levene, Eleanor Lynn, Charles D. Brown.

1938 *The Shining Hour (L'Ensorceleuse).* 76 min. *Director:* Frank Borzage. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Jane Murfin, Ogden Nash from the play of Keith Winter. *Photography:* George Folsey. *Music:* Franz Waxman. *Editor:* Frank E. Hull. *Choreography:* DeMarco. *Cast:* Joan Crawford, Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Bainter, Allyn Joslyn, Hattie McDaniel, Oscar O'Shea, Frank Albertson, Harry Barris.

1938 *A Christmas Carol.* 69 min. *Director:* Edwin L. Marin. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Hugo Butler, from the novel of Charles Dickens. *Photography:* Sidney Wagner. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons. *Editor:* George Boemier. *Cast:* Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Lockhart, Terry Kilburn, Barry Mackay, Lynne Carver, Leo G. Carroll, Lionel Braham, Ann Rutherford, D'Arcy Corrigan, Ronald Sinclair.

1939 *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* or *Huckleberry Finn.* 90 min. *Director:* Richard Thorpe. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Hugo Butler, from the novel of Mark Twain. *Photography:* John Seitz. *Music:* Franz Waxman. *Editor:* Frank E. Hull. *Cast:* Mickey Rooney, Walter Connolly, William Frawley, Rex Ingram, Lynne Carver, Jo Ann Sayers, Minor Watson, Elizabeth Risdon, Victor Kilian, Clara Blandick .

1940 *Strange Cargo (Le Cargo maudit).* 113 min. *Director:* Frank Borzage. Producer: Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Lawrence Hazard, from the book *Not too Narrow, Not too Deep* of Richard Sale. *Photography:* Robert Planck. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons. *Music:* Franz Waxman. *Editor:* Robert J. Kern. *Cast:* Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Ian Hunter, Peter Lorre, Paul Lukas, Albert Dekker, J. Edward Bromberg, Eduardo Ciannelli, John Arledge, Frederick Warlock, Bernard Nedell, Victor Varconi.

1940 *The Philadelphia Story* (*Indiscrétions).* 112 min. *Director:* George Cukor. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Don-

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir, Gene Tierney, Isobel Elsom, Rex Harrison.

No Way Out, Frank Richards, Harry Bellaver, Linda Darnell.

ald Ogden Stewart, from the play of Philip Barry. *Photography:* Joseph Ruttenberg. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons, Wade B. Rubottom, Edwin B. Willis. *Music:* Franz Waxman. *Editor:* Frank Sullivan. *Cast:* Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash, Virginia Weidler, Henry Daniell, Lionel Pape, Rex Evans. (See, in French *Cahiers* No. 115, filmography Cukor, p. 16).

1941 *The Wild Man of Borneo.* 78 min. *Director:* Robert B. Sinclair. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Waldo Salt, John McLain, from the play of Marc Connelly and Herman J. Mankiewicz. *Photography:* Oliver T. Marsh. *Editor:* Frank Sullivan. *Cast:* Frank Morgan, Mary Howard, Billie Burke, Donald Meek, Marjorie Main, Connie Gilchrist, Bonita Granville, Dan Dailey Jr., Andrew Tombes, Walter Catlett, Joseph J. Green, Phil Silvers.

1941 *The Feminine Touch.* 97 min. *Director:* W. S. Van Dyke II. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* George Oppenheimer, Edmund L. Hartmann, Ogden Nash. *Photography:* Ray June. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons, Paul Groesse, Edwin B. Willis. *Music:* Franz Waxman. *Editor:* Albert Akst. *Special effects:* Warren Newcombe. *Cast:* Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche, Kay Francis, Van Heflin, Donald Meek, Gordon Jones, Henry Daniell, Sidney Blackmer, Grant Mitchell, David Clyde.

1941 *Woman of the Year (La Femme de l'année).* 112 min. *Director:* George Stevens. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Ring Lardner, Jr., Michael Kanin. *Photography:* Joseph Ruttenberg. *Editor:* Frank Sullivan. *Cast:* Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, Minor Watson, William Bendix, Ludwig Stossel, George Kezas, Gladys Blake, Dan Tobin, Roscoe Karns, William Tannen.

1942 *Cairo.* 101 min. *Director:* W. S. vank Dyke II. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (not credited) (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.) *Scenario:* John McClain, from the play of Ladislas Fodor. *Photography:* Ray June. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons. *Music:* Herbert Stothart, George Stoll. *Lyrics:* Arthur Schwartz, E. Y. Harburg, Harold Arlen. *Editor:* James E. Newcom. *Choreography:* Sammy Lee. *Cast:* Jeannette MacDonald, Robert Young, Ethel Waters, Reginald Owen, Grant Mitchell, Lionel Atwill, Eduardo Ciannelli, Mitchell Lewis, Dooley Wilson, Larry Dunn, Dennis Hoey, Mona Maris, Rhys Williams, Cecil Cunningham, Harry Worth, Frank Richards.

1942 *Reunion in France* or *Reunion.* 104 min. *Director:* Jules Dessin. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Jan Lustig, Marvin Borovsky, Marc Connelly from the story of Ladislas Bus-Fekete. *Photography:* Robert Planck. *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons. *Music:* Franz Waxman. *Editor:* Elmo Veron. *Special effects:* Warren Newcombe. *Cast:* Joan Crawford, John Wayne, Philip Dorn, Reginald Owen, Albert Basserman, John Carradine, Ann Ayars, J. Edward Bromberg, Moroni Olsen, Howard da Silva, Henry Daniell, Charles Arnt, Morris Ankrum, Edith Evanson, Ernest Dorian, Margaret Laurence, Odette Myrtil, Peter Whitney.

1944 *The Keys of the Kingdom (Les Clés du royaume).* 137 min. *Director:* John M. Stahl. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Nunnally Johnson from the novel of A. J. Cronin. *Photography:* Arthur Miller. *Decors:* James Basevi, William Darling, Thomas Little, Frank E. Hughes. *Music:* Alfred Newman. *Editor:* James B. Clark. *Special effects:* Fred Sersen, *Cast:* Gregory Peck, Thomas Mitchell, Vincent Price, Rosa Stradner, Roddy McDowall, Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jane Ball, Peggy Ann Garner, James Gleason, Anne Revere, Ruth Nelson, Benson Fong, Philip Ahn, Richard Loo, Leonard Strong, Arthur Shields, Edith Barrett, Sara Allgood, Ruth Ford, Kevin O'Shea, H. T. Tsiang, Ai-Lan Chen, Eunice Soo-Hoo, Dennis Hoey, J. Anthony Hughes, Abner Biberman, George Nokes.

1958 *I Want to Live (Je veux vivre).* 120 min. *Director:* Robert Wise. *Producer:* Walter Wanger (United Artists/ Figaro Inc.). *Scenario:* Nelson Gidding, Don Mankiewicz, from the articles of Ed Montgomery and the letters of Barbara Graham. *Photography:* Lionel Lindon. *Decors:* Edward Haworth, Victor Gangelin. *Music:* John Mandel. *Editor:* William Hornbeck. *Cast:* Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland, Virginia Vincent, Theodore Bikel, Wesley Lau, Raymond Bailey, Gage Clark, Philip Coolidge, Lou Krugman, Joe de Santis, Dabbs Greer, Gavin MacLeod, John Marley, James Philbrook, Stafford Repp, Bartlett Robinson, Russell Thorson, Alice Backes, Gertrude Flynn.

It seems that the film was the only production of Figaro Inc. (company founded by Mankiewicz) for whose direction Mankiewicz himself was not responsible. One can note besides that the editor (Hornbeck) is the editor of the two films of Mankiewicz produced by Figaro and the editor of *Suddenly Last Summer.*

III. FILMS DIRECTED

It is appropriate to give here a list of the films of Mankiewicz based strictly on the registry of the copyright and the dates of shooting of the films. Hence, contrary to the majority of the lists which have already appeared, *Somewhere in the Night* must be restored to its true place, the second in the Mankiewicz chronology. Then *The Late* George Apley becomes the third film and *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir* the fourth.

Ernst Lubitsch, ill, gave up directing *Dragonwyck.* He then asked Mankiewicz to be responsible for direction of the film, of which he (Lubitsch) remained in other aspects the producer, on behalf of Darryl F. Zanuck.

1946 *Dragonwyck (Le Chateau du Dragon).* 103 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Ernst Lubitsch for Darryl Zanuck, 20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, from the novel of Anya Seton, from an article that appeared in the *New York Herald* in 1849. *Photography:* Arthur Miller. *Decors:* Lyle R. Wheeler, J. Russell Spencer, Thomas Little, Paul S. Fox.

House of Strangers, Edward G. Robinson, Paul Valentine.

Guys and Dolls, Regis Toomey, Jean Simmons.

Music: Alfred Newman. *Editor:* Dorothy Spencer. *Choreography:* Arthur Appel. *Costumes:* Rene Hubert. *Special effects:* Fred Sersen. *Assistant:* Johnny Johnston. *Collaboration* in the decor: A. E. Lombardi. *Cast:* Gene Tierney (Miranda Wells), Walter Huston (Ephraim Wells), Vincent Price (Nicholas van Ryn), Glenn Langan (Dr. Jeff Turner), Anne Revere (Abigail Wells), Spring Byington (Magda), Connie Marshall Katrina van Ryn), Henry Morgan (Bleecker), Vivienne Osborne (Johanna van Ryn), Jessica Tandy (Peggy O'Malley), Trudy Marshall (Elisabeth van Borden), Reinhold Schunzel (Count de Grenier), Jane Nigh (Tabitha), Ruth Ford (Cornelia van Borden), David Ballard (Obadiah), Scott Elliott (Tom Wells), Boyd Irwin (Tompkins), Maya van Horn (Countess de Grenier), Keith Hitchcock (Mr. MacNabb), Francis Pierlot (A doctor), Tom Fadden (Otto), Grady Sutton.

1946 *Somewhere in the Night (Quelque part dans la nuit).* 110 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Anderson Lawler (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Howard Dimsdale, Joseph L. Mankiewicz from the story *The Lonely Journey* of Marvin Borowsky. *Adaptation:* Lee Strasberg. *Photography:* Norbert Brodine. *Decors:* James Basevi, Maurice Ransford, Thomas Little, Ernest Lansing. *Music:* David Buttolph, Emil Newman. *Editor:* James B. Clark. *Costumes:* Kay Nelson. *Special Effects:* Fred Sersen. *Assistant:* Johnny Johnston. *Cast:* John Hodiak (George Taylor), Nancy Guild (Christy), Richard Conte (Mel Phillips), Lloyd Nolan (Lieut. Donald Kendall), Josephine Hutchinson (Elizabeth Conroy), Fritz Kortner (Anzelmo), Margo Woods (Phyllis), Sheldon Leonard (Sam), Lou Nova (Hubert), Houseley Stevenson (Michael Conroy), Al Sparlis (Taxi driver), Henry Morgan (Bath attendant), Whit Bissell (John, the bartender), Morris Carnovsky (Gangster), John Russell (Captain of the ship), Jeff Corey (Bank employee), Charles Arnt (Little man), John Kellogg (Doctor), Clancy Cooper (Tom, asylum guard), Richard Benedict (Technical sergeant), Philip van Zandt (Navy doctor), Frank Meredith (Motorcycle policeman), Forbes Murray (Executive), Polly Rose (Nurse), Mary Currier (Miss Jones), Sam Flint (Bank guard), Charles Mars (Room clerk), Jack Davis (Dr. Grant), Louis Mason (Brother Williams), Henry de Soto (Headwaiter), Harry Tyler (Baggageman), Jim Davis.

1946 *The Late George Apley* (not released in France). 98 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Fred Kohlmar (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Philip Dunne, from the play of John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman, adapted from the novel *The Late George Apley* of John P. Marquand. *Photography:* Joseph LaShelle. *Decors:* James Basevi, J. Russell Spencer, Thomas Little, Paul S. Fox. *Music:* Cyril J. Mockridge, Alfred Newman. *Editor:* James B. Clark. *Costumes:* Rene Hubert. *Special effects:* Fred Sersen. *Assistant:* F. E. Johnston. *Cast:* Ronald Colman (George Apley), Peggy Cummins (Eleanor Apley), Vanessa Brown (Agnes), Richard Haydn (Horatio Willing), Edna Best (Mrs. Catherine Apley), Percy Waram (Roger Newcombe), Mildred Natwick (Amelia Newcombe), Charles Russell (Howard Boulder), Richard Ney (John Apley), Nydia Westman (Jane Willing), Francis Pierlot (Wilson), Kathleen Howard (Margaret), Paul Harvey (Julian Dole), Helen Freeman (Lydia), Theresa Lyon (Chestnut woman), William Moran (Henry Apley), Clifford Brooke (Charles), David Bond (Hatter), Ottola Nesmith (Head salesgirl), J. Pat Moriarity (Policeman), Stuart Holmes (Old man at the skating rink), Mae Marsh (Agnes's dresser).

1947 *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir (L'Aventure de Mme Muir).* 104 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Fred Kohlmar (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Philip Dunne, from the novel of R. A. Dick alias Josephine A. C. Leslie. *Photography:* Charles Lang. *Decors:* Richard Day, George W. Davis, Thomas Little, Stuart A. Reiss. *Music:* Bernard Herrmann. *Editor:* Dorothy Spencer. *Costumes:* Oleg Cassini (for Gene Tierney), Eleanor Behm, Charles LeMaire. *Special effects:* Fred Sersen. *Assistant:* Johnny Johnston. *Paintings:* The portrait of Captain Gregg and the painting "in the Renoir style" of Miles are the work of the painter Koca. *Cast:* Gene Tierney (Lucy Muir), Rex Harrison (The ghost of Captain Daniel Gregg), George Sanders (Miles Fairley), Edna Best (Martha), Vanessa Brown (Anna Buir), Anna Lee (Mrs. Miles Fairley), Robert Coote (Coombe), Natalie Wood (Anna Muir as a child), Isobel Elson (Angelica), Victoria Horne (Eva), Whitford Kane (Sproule), Brad Slaven (Information), Houseley Stevenson (Gardener), William Stelling (Bill), Helen Freeman (Woman writer), Will Stenton (Doorman), David Thursby (Snoggins), Heather Wilde (The Fairleys' maid), Stuart Holmes (Bothersome man on the train).

1948 *Escape* (not released in France). 78 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* William Perlberg (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Philip Dunne, from the play of John Galsworthy. *Photography:* Frederick A. Young. *Decors:* Vetchinsky. *Music:* William Alwyn. *Editor:* Alan Jaggs. *Assistant:* Roy Parkinson. *Cameraman:* Russell Thompson. *Production manager:* Frank Bevis. *Assistants to Producer:* Freddie Fox, R. E. Dearing. *Cast:* Rex Harrison (Matt Denant), Peggy Cummins (Dora Winton), William Hartnell (Inspector Harris), Norman Wooland (Minister), Jill Esmond (Grace Winton), Frederick Piper (Brownie), Marjorie Rhodes (Mrs. Pinkem, Betty Ann David (Girl in the park), Cyril Cusack (Rodgers), John Slatter (Automobile salesman), Frank Pettingell (Local policeman), Michael (Plainclothesman in the park), Frederick Leister (Judge), Walter Hudd (Lawyer for the defense), Maurice Denham (Lawyer for the prosecution), Jacqueline Clark (Phyllis), Frank Tickle (Mr. Pinkem), Peter Croft (Titch), George Woodbridge (Browning), Stuart Lindsel (Sir James), Ian Russell (Chauffeur), Patrick Troughton (Shepherd), Cyril Smith (Policeman).

1949 *A Letter to Three Wives (Chaines conjugales).* 103 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Sol C. Siegel (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, from the story of John Klempner *A Letter to Five Wives* which appeared in *Cosmopolitan* magazine. *Adaptation:* Vera Caspary. *Photography:* Arthur Miller. *Decors:* Lyle R. Wheeler, J. Russell Spencer, Thomas Little, Walter M. Scott. *Music:* Alfred Newman. *Editor:* J. Watson Webb. *Costumes:* Charles LeMaire, Kay Nelson. *Special effects:* Fred Sersen. *Assistant:* Gaston Glass. *Production manager:* John Johnston. *Cameraman:* Paul Lockwood. *Script supervisor:* Wesley Jones. *Cast:* Jeanne Crain (Deborah Bishop), Linda Darnell (Lora May Hollingsway), Ann Sothern (Rita Phipps), Kirk Douglas (George Phipps), Paul Douglas (Porter Hollingsway), Barbara Lawrence (Babe Finney), Jeffrey Lynn (Brad Bishop), Connie Gilchrist (Mrs. Finney), Thelma Ritter (Sadie), Florence Bates (Mrs. Manleigh), Hobart Cavanaugh (Mr. Manleigh), Patti Brady (Kathleen), Ruth Vivian (Miss Hawkins) Stuart Holmes (Old Man), George Offerman Jr. (Nick), Ralph Brooks (Character), James Adamson (Headwaiter), Joe Batista (Thomasino), John Davidson (A waiter), Carl Switzer (Postman), Mae Marsh (Maid), and under the supervision of Fr. Carvil, one hundred students of St. Paul's school in Manhattan (the students on the picnic), with Celeste Holm (the voice of Addie Ross).

Mankiewicz received the Academy Award for the best direction and for the best scenario.

1949 *House of Strangers (La Maison des Etrangers).* 101 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Sol C. Siegel (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Philip Yordan, from the novel of Jerome Weidman *I'll Never Go there Anymore. Photography:* Milton Krasner. *Decors:* Lyle Wheeler, George W. Davis, Thomas Little, Walter M. Scott. *Music:* Daniele Amfitheatrof. *Editor:* Harmon Jones. *Costumes:* Charles LeMaire. *Special effects:* Fred Sersen. *Assistant:* William Eckhardt. *Production manager:* Sid Bowen. *Cameraman:* Paul Lockwood. *Script supervisor:* Wesley Jones. *Cast:* Edward G. Robinson (Gino Monetti), Richard Conte (Max Monetti), Susan Hayward (Irene Bennett), Luther Adler (Joe Monetti), Efrem Zimbalist Jr. (Tony Monetti), Debra Paget (Maria Domenico), Paul Valentine (Pietro Monetti), Hope Emerson (Helena Domenico), Esther Minciotti (Theresa Monetti), Diane Douglas (Elaine Monetti), Tito Vuolo (Lucca), Alberto Morin (Victoro), Sid Tomack (A waiter), Thomas Browne Henry (Judge), David Wolfe (Advocate general), John Kellogg (Danny), Ann Morrison (Juror), Argentina Brunetti (Woman whose husband is sick), Herbert Vigran (Spectator at the boxing match), Philip van Zandt (Assistant to the advocate general), with the voice of Lawrence Tibbett for "Largo al Factotum," extract from the "Barber of Seville" of Rossini.

1950 *No Way Out (La Porte s'ouvre).* 106 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Darryl F. Zanuck (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Lesser Samuels. *Photography:* Milton Krasner. *Decors:* Lyle Wheeler, George W. Davis, Thomas Little, Stuart A. Reiss. *Music:* Alfred Newman. *Editor:* Barbara McLean. *Assistant:* William Eckhardt. *Costumes:* Charles LeMaire, Travilla. *Special effects:* Fred Sersen. *Production manager:* Sidney Bowen. *Script supervisor:* Wesley Jones. *Cameraman:* Paul Lockwood. *Cast:* Richard Widmark (Ray Biddle), Linda Darnell (Edie Johnson), Stephen McNally (Dr. Daniel Wharton), Sidney Poitier (Dr. Luther Brooks), Mildred Joanne Smith (Cora Brooks), Harry Bellaver (George Biddle), Stanley Ridges (Dr. Moreland), Dots Johnson (Lefty), Amanda Randolph (Gladys), Bill Walker (Mathew Tompkins), Ruby Dee (Connie), Ossie Davis (John), Ken Christy (Kowalski), Frank Richards (Mac), George Tyne (Whitey), Maude Simmons (Mother of Luther Brooks), Ray Teal (Day deputy), Will Wright (Dr. Cheney), Harry Lauter (First orderly), Harry Carter (Second orderly), Don Kohler (Third orderly), Ray Hyke (Fourth orderly), Wade Dumas (Jonah), Fred Graham (Ambulance driver), William Pullen (Ambulance doctor), Jasper Weldon (Henry), Ruben Wendorf (A Pole), Laiola Wendorf (A Polish woman), Ernest Anderson (Schoolteacher), Victor Kilian Sr. (A father), Mack Williams (A husband), Dick Paxton (Johnny Biddle), Eleanor Audley (A woman), Doris Kemper (Another woman), Stan Johnson (First intern), Frank Overton (Second intern), Kitty O'Neil (Proprietor), Phil Tully (A sergeant), Robert Adler (Assistant deputy), Bert Freed (Rocky), Jim Toney (Deputy Sheriff), J. Louis Johnson (An old Negro), Ian Wolfe (Watkins), Emmett Smith (Joe), Ralph Dunn (Sam), Ruth Warren (Sam's wife), Robert Davis (A truant), Ann Morrison (A nurse), Kathryn Sheldon (A mother), Ralph Hodges (Terry), Thomas Ingersoll (A priest), Marta Clemons (The small dark-haired woman who says "Yes Doctor.").

1950 *All About Eve (Eve).* 130 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Darryl F. Zanuck (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, from the story of Mary Orr, alias Anne Caswell, "The Wisdom of Eve," which appeared in *Cosmopolitan* magazine. *Photography:* Milton Krasner. *Decors:* Lyle Wheeler, George W. Davis, Thomas Little, Walter M. Scott. *Music:* Alfred Newman. *Editor:* Barbara McLean. *Assistant:* Gaston Glass. *Costumes:* Charles LeMaire, Edith Head (for Bette Davis). *Special effects:* Fred Sersen. *Production manager:* Robert Snody. *Script Supervisor:* Wesley Jones. *Cameraman:* Paul Lockwood. *Cast:* Bette Davis (Margo Channing). Anne Baxter (Eve Harrington), George Sanders (Addison de Witt), Celeste Holm (Karen Richards), Hugh Marlowe (Lloyd Richards), Garry Merrill (Bill Sampson), Georgory Ratoff (Max Fabian), Thelma Ritter (Birdie Coonan), Marilyn Monroe (Miss Caswell), Barbara Bates (Phoebe), Walter Hampden (The old actor), Randy Stuart (Girl), Craig Hill (Young leading man), Eddie Fisher (Assistant director), Leland Harris (Doorman), Eugene Borden (Frenchman), Helen Mowery (Reporter), Steven Geray (Headwaiter), Barbara White (A fan), William Pullen (Employee), Claude Stroud (Pianist), Bess Flowers (Woman who congratulates Eve on receiving the Sarah Siddon Award).

Mankiewicz received the Academy Award for the best direction and the best scenario.

1951 *People Will Talk (On murmure dans la ville,* or *Docteur Miracle).* 110 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Darryl F. Zanuck (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, from the play of Curt Goetz *"Dr. Med. Hiob Pratorius." Photography:* Milton Krasner. *Decors:* Lyle Wheeler, George W. Davis, Thomas Little, Walter M. Scott. *Music:* Alfred Newman. *Editor:* Barbara McLean. *Assistant:* Hal Klein. *Special effects:* Fred Sersen. *Costumes:* Charles Lemaire. *Cast:* Cary Grant (Dr. Noah Praetorius), Jeanne Crain (Deborah Higgins), Finlay Currie (Shunderson), Hume Cronyn (Dr. Rodney Elwell), Walter Slezak (Pro. Lionel Parker), Sidney Blackmer (Arthur Higgins), Basil Ruysdael (Dean Lyman Brockwell), Katherine Locke (Miss James), Will Wright (John Higgins), Margaret Hamilton (Miss Sarah Pickett), Esther Somers (Mrs. Pegwhistle), Billy House (Conan), Carleton Young (Doctor), Larry Dobin (Administrator), Ray Montgomery (A doctor), Jo Gilbert (An orderly), Ann Morrison (Dietician), Julia Dean (An elderly patient), Gail Bonney (Secretary), William Klein (Student manager), George Offerman (Uriah Hoskins), Adele Logmire (Mabel), Al Murphy (Photographer), Parley Baer (Toy Salesman), Irene Seidner (Cook), Joyce MacKenzie (Gussie), Maude Wallace (Night nurse), Kay Lavelle (Bella), Stuart Holmes (Member of the clinic board), Pal (the dog Beëlzebub).

Shooting title: *Doctor's Diary.* Originally the film was to be acted by Anne Baxter.

1952 *Five Fingers (L'Affaire Cicèron).* 108 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Otto Lang (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Michael Wilson, from the book of L. C. Moyzisch *"Operation Cicero." Photography:* Norbert Brodine. *Decors:* Lyle Wheeler, George W. Davis, Thomas Little, Walter M. Scott. *Music:* Bernard Herrmann. *Editor:* James B. Clark. *Special Effects:* Ray Kellogg, Fred Sersen. *Costumes:* Charles LeMaire. *Cast:* James Mason (Diello, alias Cicero), Danielle Darrieux (Countess Anna Slaviska), Michael Rennie (Colin Travers), Walter Hampden (Sir Frederic), Oscar Karlweis (L.

C. Moyzisch, Herbert Berghof (Colonel von Richter), John Wengraf (von Papen), A. Ben Astar (Siebert), Michael Pate (Morrison), Roger Plowden (MacFadden), Ivan Triesault (Steuben), Lawrence Dobkin (Santos), David Wolfe (Da Costa), Hannelore Axman (von Papen's secretary), Nestor Paiva (Turkish ambassador), Antonio Filauri Italian ambassador), Richard Loo (Japanese ambassador), Konstantin Shayne (Headwaiter), Alberto Morin (Anna Slaviska's headwaiter).

1953 *Julius Caesar (Jules César)*. 121 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* John Houseman (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, from the play *"Julius Caesar"* of William Shakespeare. *Photography:* Joseph Ruttenberg: *Decors:* Cedric Gibbons, Edward Carfagno, Edwin B. Willis, Hugh Hunt. *Music:* Miklos Rosza. *Editor:* John Dunning. *Assistant:* Howard W. Koch. *Special effects:* Warren Newcombe. *Technical Consultant:* P. M. Pasinetti. *Costumes:* Herschel McCoy. *Script supervisor*: Florence O'Neil *Cast:* Marlon Brando (Mark Antony), James Mason (Brutus), John Gielgud (Cassius), Louis Calhern (Julius Caesar), Edmond O'Brien (Casca), Deborah Kerr (Portia), Greer Garson (Calpurnia), Richard Hale (The soothsayer), Alan Napier (Cicero), George MacReady (Marullus), Michael Pate (Flavius), William Cottrell (Cinna), John Hardy (Lucius), John Hoyt (Decius Brutus), Tom Powers (Metellus Cimber), Jack Raine (Trebonius), Ian Wolfe (Ligarius), Lumsden Hare (Publius), Morgan Farley (Artemidorus), John Lupton (Varro), Victor Perry (Popilius Lena), Douglas Watson (Octavius), Preston Hanson (Claudius), John Par-Stephen Roberts (Dardanius), Edmond Purdom (Strato), Chester Stratton Caesar's servant), Bill Phipps (Mark Antony's servant), Michael Tolan (Octavius's officer), Thomas Brown Henry (Volumnius), Rhys Williams (Lucilius), Douglas Dumbrille (Lepidus), Michael Ansara (Pindarus), Dayton Lummis (Messala), Paul Guilfoyle (First citizen), John Doucette (Carpenter, second citizen), Lawrence Dobkin (Third citizen), Jo Gilbert (Fourth citizen), Oliver Blake (Fifth citizen), Donald Elson (Sixth citizen), Charles Horvath (Seventh citizen), John O!Malley (Citizen), David Bond (Citizen), Alvin Hurwitz (Citizen), Ann Tyrrell (Citizen).

Charlton Heston (who had just played in the "Julius Caesar" of Bradley) and Leo Genn had been thought of earlier for the role of Mark Antony.

The text and the music of the film have been recorded on MGM record C 751.

Stock shots from the film are incorporated in the last part of the film of Edward Bernds *The Three Stooges Meet Hercules* (episode of the "time machine").

1954 *The Barefoot Contessa (La Comtesse aux pieds nus)*. 128 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Franco Magli (asst.), Michael Waszynski (asst.) (Figaro Inc./United Artists).

Scenario: Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Photography:* Jack Cardiff (Technicolor). *Decors:* Arrigo Equini. *Music:* Mario Nascimbene. *Editor:* William Hornbeck. *Assistant:* Piero Musetta. *Costumes:* Fontana. *Cast:* Humphrey Bogart (Harry Dawes), Ava Gardner (Maria Vargas), Edmond O'Brien (Oscar Muldoon), Marius Goring (Alberto Bravano), Valentina Cortese (Eleonora Toriato-Favrini), Rossano Brazzi (Vincenzo Toriato-Favrini), Elizabeth Sellars Jerry Dawes), Warren Stevens (Kirk Edwards), Franco Interlenghi (Pedro), Mari Aldon (Myrna), Alberto Rabagliati (Night club proprietor), Tonio Selwart (The "pretender"), Margaret Anderson (The wife of the "pretender"), Bessie Love (Mrs. Eubanks), Enzo Staiola (Busboy), Maria Zanoli (Maria's mother), Renato Chiantoni (Maria's father), Bille Fraser (J. Montague Brown), John Parrish (Mr. Black), Jim Gerald (Mr. Blue), Diane Decker (The drunken blonde), Riccardo Rioli (Gypsy dancer), Gertrude Flynn (Lulu McGee), John Horne (Hector Eubanks), Robert Christopher (Eddie Blake), Anna Maria Paduan (Chambermaid), Carlo Dale (Chauffeur), Olga San Juan.

1955 *Guys and Dolls .(Blanches Colombes et vilains messieurs)*. 150 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Samuel Goldwyn (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, from the musical of Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows, drawn from the short stories of Damon Runyon. *Photography:* Harry Stradling (Eastmancolor-CinemaScope). *Decors:* Joseph Wright, Howard Bristol, Oliver Smith. *Music:* Cyril J. Mockridge. *Lyrics:* Frank Loesser. *Editor:* Daniel Mandell. *Assistant:* Arthur S. Black Jr. *Special effects:* Warren Newcombe. *Color consultant:* Alvord Eiseman. *Costumes:* Irene Sharaff. *Choreography:* Michael Kidd. *Cast:* Marlon Brando (Sky Masterson), Jean Simmons (Sarah Brown), Frank Sinatra (Nathan Detroit), Vivian Blaine (Miss Adelaide), Robert Keith (Lieutenant Brannigan), Stubby Kaye (Nicey-Nicey Johnson), B. S. Pully (Big Jule), Johnny Silver (Benny Southstreet), Sheldon Leonard (Harry the Horse), Dan Dayton (Rusty Charlie), George E. Stone (Society Max), Regis Toomey (Arvid Abernathy, Kathryn Givney (General Cartwright), Veda Ann Borg (Laverne), Mary Alan Hokanson (Agatha), Joe McTurk (Angie the Ox), Kay Kuter (Calvin), Stapleton Kent (Member of the mission), Renee Renor (Cuban singer), Larri Thom (Cuban dancer), and the Goldwyn Girls, among them June Kirby, Barbara Brent, Jann Darlyn, Madelyn Darrow, Pat Sheehan.

Four of the lyrics of the film have been recorded on record CID 100.564: "I'll know" (M. Brando/J. Simmons), "A Woman in Love" (M. Brando/J. Simmons), "Luck be a Lady" (M. Brando), "If I were a Bell" (J. Simmons).

Other lyrics of the film: "Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat, "Sue Me," "The Oldest Established Permanent Floating Crap Game in New York," "What's Playing at the Roxy," "Ever Loving' Adelaide," "A Girl Can Catch a Cold," "Pet Me Poppa," "Take Back Your Mink," "Follow the Fold."

1957 *The Quiet American (Un Américain bien tranquille)*. 120 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Michael Waszynski (asst.). Vinh Noan (asst.) (Figaro Inc./United Artists). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, from the novel of Graham Greene *"The Quiet American." Photography:* Robert Krasker. *Decors:* Rino Mondellini, Dario Simoni. *Music:* Mario Nascimbene. *Editor:* William Hornbeck. *Assistants:* Piero Musetta, Colin Brewer, Giorgio Gentilli. *Cameraman:* John Harris. *Special effects:* Rocky Cline. *Production manager:* Forrest E. Johnson. *Cast:* Audie Murphy (The American), Michael Redgrave (Thomas Fowler), Claude Dauphin (Inspector Vigot), Georgia Moll (Phuong), Kerima (Miss Hei), Bruce Cabot (Bill Granger), Fred Sadoff (Dominiguez), Yoyo Tani ("Hostess", Richard Loo (Mr. Heng), Peter Trent (Eliot Wilkins), Phung-Thi-Nghiep (Isabelle), Georges Brahat (French colonel), Vo-Doan-Chou (Cao-Dai commandant), Le-Van-Le (Representative of the Cao-Dai chief), Le Quynh (Masked man), C. Long Cuong (First lookout), Tu An (Second lookout), Nguyen Long (Masked child).

1959 *Suddenly Last Summer (Soudain, l'été dernier)*. 114 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Sam Spiegel (Columbia Films/Horizon pictures). *Scenario:* Tennessee Williams, Gore Vidal from the play of Tennessee Williams *Suddenly Last Summer. Photography:* Jack Hildyard, *Decors:* Oliver Messel, Joan Ellacott, Scott Slimon. *Music:* Buxton Orr, Malcolm Arnold. *Editors:* Thomas G. Stanford, William A. Hornbeck. *Assistant:* Bluey Hill. *Special effects:* Tom Howard. *Production Supervisor:* Bill Kirby. *Continuity:* Elaine Schreyek. *Statues:* Oliver Messel and Willi Soukop. *Cameraman:* Gerry Fisher. *Costumes:* Oliver Messel, Jean Louis (for Elizabeth Taylor), Norman Hartnell (for Katharine Hepburn). *Cast:* Elizabeth Taylor (Catherine Holly), Montgomery Clift (Dr. Cubrowicz), Katharine Hepburn (Violet Venable), Mercedes McCambridge (Mrs. Holly), Albert Dekker (Dr. Hockstader), Gary Raymond (George Holly), Mavis Villiers (Miss Foxhill), Patricia Marmont (Nurse Benson), Maria Britneva (Lucy), Joan Young (Sister Felicity), David Cameron (Intern), Sheila Robbins (Secretary), Roberta Wooley (Nurse).

1961-63 *Cleopatra (Cleopatre)*. 243 min. *Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz.

Second crew: Andrew Marton, Ray Kellogg. *Producers:* Walter Wanger, Darryl F. Zanuck (20th Century-Fox). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Ranald MacDougall, Sidney Buchman (and those not credited and authors of earlier versions of the script: Nigel Balchin, Ludi Claire, Lawrence Durrell, Nunnally Johnson, Dale Wassermann, Marc Brandel). from the works of Plutarch, Suetonius, Appian, *"The Life of Cleopatra"* of Carlo Maria Franzero, *"Antony and Cleopatra"* and *"Julius Caesar"* of William Shakespeare, *"Caesar and Cleopatra"* of George Bernard Shaw. *Photography:* Leon Shamroy and, for the second crew: Claude Renoir, Pietro Portalup (DeLuxe Color—Todd AO). *Decors:* John DeCuir, Jack Martin Smith, Herman A. Blumenthal, Elven Webz, Maurice Pelling, Boris Juraga, Walter M. Scott, Paul S. Fox, Ray Moyer. *Naval constructor:* Hilyard Brown. *Music:* Alex North. *Editor:* Dorothy Spencer, then Elmo Williams. *Assistants:* Fred R. Simpson, John Sullivan. *Choreography:* Hermes Pan. *Costumes:* Irene Sharaff (for Elizabeth Taylor), Vittorio Nino Novarese, Renie. *Cameraman:* Moe Rosenberg. *Special effects:* L. B. Abbott, Emil Kosa Jr. *Cast:* Elizabeth Taylor (Cleopatra), Richard Burton (Mark Antony), Rex Harrison (Julius Caesar), Pamela Brown (High priestess), George Cole (Flavius), Hume Cronyn (Sosigenes), Cesare Danova (Apollodorus), Kenneth Haigh (Brutus), Andrew Keir (Agrippa), Martin Landau (Rufio), Roddy McDowall (Octavius), Richard O'Sullivan (Ptolemy), Gregoire Aslan (Pothinus), Herbert Berghof (Theodotus), Isabel Cooley (Charmian), John Doucette (Achillas), Michael Hordern (Cicero), Carroll O'Connor (Casca), Mary Anderson (Roman matron), Francesca Annis (Eiras), Jacqui Chan (Lotos), Jeremy Kern (Agitator), Gin Mart (Marcellus), Gwen Watford (Calpurnia), Del Russell (Cesarion at seven years), Robert Stephens (Germanicus), Martin Benson (Ramos), John Cairney (Phoebus), Andrew Faulds (Candidus), Michael Gywnn (Cimber), John Hoyt (Cassius), Marne Maitland (Euphranor), Douglas Wilmer (Decimus), Marina Berti (Double for Cleopatra at Tarsus), John Karlsen (High priest), Loris Loddi (Cesarion at four years), Jean Marsh (Octavia), Furio Meniconi (Mithridates), Kenneth Nash (Cesarion at twelve years), John Valva (Valuvus), Gesa Meiken, Marie Deveraux, Michele Bally, Kethy Martin, Marie Badmajev, Maureen Lane, Francesca Annis (Dancer at the time of Cleopatra's entry into Rome), John Gaylord (Guard who tries to prevent Cleopatra from fleeing at the end: cut in the final editing), Sandra Scarnati, Paola Pitagora (Cleopatra's handmaidens). Boris Nacinovic (Gladiator), Bruna Caruso, Audrey Anderson, Margaret Lee, Eugene (The man who brings the asp).

Let us recall that the shooting of the film began at London on September 30, 1960, under the direction of Rouben Mamoulian. Elizabeth Taylor was Cleopatra, Peter Finch, Caesar, and Stephen Boyd, Mark Antony. On January 19, 1961, Mamoulian gave up the film and Mankiewicz was engaged the 25th of the same month, but the shooting was not taken up again until September 25, and at Rome.

After the American previews of the film were "shortened" by the work of Elmo Williams, and, in France, the film was again cut after the early days of the first showing. Now there no longer remains anything but a sadly truncated print.

The music was recorded on 20th Century-Fox record 418 001.

1965-66 *Anyone for Venice? Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Charles K. Feldman/Famous Artists Prod./United Artists). *Scenario:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz, from the play of Joseph Sterling and the novel of Fred Knott, freely inspired by *Volpone* of Ben Jonson. *Photography:* Gianni Di Venanzo. *Decors:* Boris Jurapa, John DeCuir. *Editor:* David Bretherton. *Assistant:* Gus Agosti. *Choreography:* Lee Thoedore. *Costumes:* Rolf Gerard. *Production managers:* Attilio l'Onfrio, Eric Stacey. *Continuity:* Yvonne Axworthy. *Cast:* Rex Harrison (Cecil Fox), Susan Hayward (Mrs. Sheridan), Cliff Robertson (William McFly), Capucine (Princess Dominique), Edie Adams (Merle McGill), Maggie Smith (Sarah Watkins), Adolfo Celli (Inspector Rizzi), Ferdy Mayne (The Pretender), Herschel Bernardi (Oscar Ludwig), Cy Grant (Revenue Agent), Frank Latimore (Revenue Agent), Ermanno Franquinet (Massimo), Mimmo Poli (Cook), Antonio Corevi (Tailor), Carlos Valles (Assistant Tailor).

First shooting titles: *Tale of the Fox* and *Trail of the Fox.* Gianni Di Venzanno died in the last weeks of the shooting and was replaced by the cameraman. Moreover the film had begun with Pietro Portalupi, whom Mankiewicz replaced after a few days by Di Venanzo. Since the editing of the film has not yet been finished, all the information above is given as purely indicative and not definitive.

IV. OPERA

1952 *La Boheme.* Opera in four acts of Giacomo Puccini. English text of Howard Dietz from the Italian libretto of Giuseppe Giacosa and Luigi Illica. Direction by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Decors and costumes by Rolf Gerard. Conductor: Alberto Erede. Premiere December 27, 1962 at the Metropolitan Opera House of New York. *Cast:* Richard Tucker (Rodolfo), Robert Merrill (Marcello), Clifford Harvuot (Schaunard), Jerome Hines (Colline), Nadine Conner (Mimi), Patrice Munsel (Musetta), Lawrence Davidson (Benoit), Paul Franke (Parpignol), Alessio de Paolis (Alcindoro), Algerd Bravis (a sergeant).

V. TELEVISION

1964 *Carol for Another Christmas. Director:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Producer:* Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Xerox Corporation/Telsum Foundation, Inc., for United Nations. *Distributor:* American Broadcasting Company-TV). *Scenario:* Rod Serling, from the novel *A Christmas Carol* of Charles Dickens. *Photography:* Arthur Ornitz. *Decors:* Gene Callahan. *Editor:* Robert Lawrence. *Costumes:* Anna Hill Johnstone. *Music:* Henry Mancini. *Production manager:* C. J. DiGangi. *Production supervisor:* C. O. "Doc" Erickson. *Executive producer and coordinator:* Edgar Rosenberg.

Cast: Sterling Hayden (Grudge), Peter Fonda (Morley) Ben Gazzara (Fred), Richard Harris (Ghost of Christmas Present), Steve Lawrence (Ghost of Christmas Past), Percy Rodriguez (Charles), Eva Marie Saint (Wave), Peter Sellers (King of the Individualists) James Shigeta (Japanese doctor), Barbara Ainteer (Charles' wife), Joseph Wiseman (Ghost of Christmas Future), Britt Eklund, Pat Hingle, Robert Shaw.

Shooting from October 8-9 to October 25, 1964 at New York and at the Myerberg studios of Long Island. Mankiewicz had produced in 1938 an adaptation of the novel of Dickens under the title of *A Christmas Carol* (direction: Edward L. Marin).

VI. PLANS

Besides the three projects ordinarily attributed to Mankiewicz *(A Midsummer Night's Dream,* from William Shakespeare, in 1954 *Showcase,* from Martin Dibner, in 1958, and *John Brown's Body* from Stephen Vincent Benet in 1960), two appear particularly important in relation to the work of Mankiewicz.

1) *Justine,* from the *Alexandrian Quartet* of Lawrence Durrell comprising *Justine, Balthazar, Mountolive* and *Clea.* Announced from 1960, then taken up again in 1963, when the principal role was to be entrusted to Irina Demick, the project reappears now, with either Elizabeth Taylor or Simone Signoret, and Lee Marvin (according to our colleague the *Hollywood Reporter).*

2) *The Desert Fox.* It seems that in 1950-51, Mankiewicz was to direct for the producer Nunnally Johnson and 20th Century-Fox *The Desert Fox,* for which Johnson was the scenarist, from the autobiography of Brigadier Desmond Young. The project was not carried through and it was Henry Hathaway who directed the film, released in France under the title *Le Renard du désert.* If it is almost impossible to

know the part taken by Mankiewicz, in the elaboration of the scenario, or, quite simply in the preparation of the film, one can remark at the start that the actors are those of other films of Mankiewicz, notably James Mason *(Five Fingers, Julius Caesar)*, who plays Erwin Rommel, Jessica Tandy *(Dragonwyck)* his wife, Luther Adler *(House of Strangers)* Adolf Hitler, John Hoyt *(Julius Caesar, Clopatra)* Keitel, but especially that as to the principal character, the film is almost exactly the rough draft of *Julius Caesar*, which Mankiewicz would direct in 1953. In fact the film studies and describes the life of Rommel almost solely from the psychological point of view, intentionally neglecting all the spectacular aspects of the Afrika Corps, and concentrates on Rommel's behavior towards Hitler, making of him, as Brutus was in relation to Caesar, the defender of freedom facing blind oppression and murderous dictatorship. The scenes between Rommel and his wife (notably that, very remarkable, of farewell) have too much resemblance with those between Brutus and Portia to have been only the action of chance. The entire film of Hathaway, excellent after all, is marked by this deep honesty of Rommel toward the "German cause." One knows to what extent the Roman empire and the Third Reich cut across each other at several places, and if July 20, 1944, unhappily did not have the same consequences as March 15, 1944, the preparation of the two events had more than one common point.

VII. REMAKES AND PREMAKES OF MANKIEWICZ'S FILMS

Escape: In 1930 Basil Dean had directed an *Escape* (from the play of John Galsworthy), with Sir Gerald du Maurier and Madeleine Carroll.

House of Strangers: in 1954 *Broken Lance* of Edward Dmytryk, with Spencer Tracy and Robert Wagner. In 1961: *The Big Show* of James B. Clark, with Esther Williams and Cliff Robertson.

Parallel between *House of Strangers* and its two remakes. *House of Strangers* takes for its base solely the sixth chapter, titled "Max," of Jerome Weidman's novel *I'll Never Go There Any More* and preserves *grosso modo* the brief story of the chapter, aside from the fact that Max is not condemned to a punishment of prison but sees his career of a lawyer broken. The attempt at corruption of a juror does not exist in the book.

Broken Lance already no longer includes Weidman's novel in the credit list but only the scenario that Yordan had drawn from it. The action has been transplanted into a Western framework, and the scenarist Richard Murphy introduces into it a racist hatred of the three brothers for their second mother, hatred which is absent from the film of Mankiewicz since the four sons are born from the same bed. The character played by Debra Paget and that played by Donna Douglas have both disappeared.

The Big Show unfolds in the world of the circus and, this time, mention is no longer made either of the film of Mankiewicz or of the original novel. One can remark moreover that the director of the film, James B. Clark, was a former editor for Mankiewicz *(Five Fingers, The Late George Apley, Somewhere in the Night)*. The length of the film allows the introduction of supplementary characters, among them a sister of the four brothers (C. Christensen and of her fiance (D. Nelson.)

The scripts of the two remakes are rather intelligent, especially, in its transposition, that of *Broken Lance* (cf. the Italian sign of vengeance becoming in the Western framework the lance that Robert Wagner breaks). And both have the enemy brother die, contrary to the film of Mankiewicz.

The two following studies describe in parallel the two films a) as to the characters; b) as to the action. They show to what degree the base of the action remains identical (or almost) while the context (the West, a modern circus) is intentionally changed. For these comparisons, we keep the films in the order already given, that is, *House of Strangers, Broken Lance, The Big Show.*

A) Roles and actors

The father: Edward G. Robinson, Spencer Tracy, Nehemiah Persoff.

The first son: Richard Conte, Robert Wagner, Cliff Robertson.

The second son: Luther Adler, Richard Widmark, Robert Vaughn.

The third son: Efrem Zimbalist Jr., Hugh O'Brian, Franco Andrei.

The fourth son: Paul Valentine, Earl Holliman, Kurt Pecher.

The woman: Susan Hayward, Jean Peters, Esther Williams.

The mother: Esther Minciotti, Katy Jurado, dead.

B) Analyses by sequences of the three films. The initials before each paragraph are those of the films: *HS: House of Strangers, BL: Broken Lance, TBS: The Big Show.*

Anyone for Venice?, Edie Adams.

1 *The Opening*

HS; BL; TBS: The preferred son comes out of prison, determined to avenge himself on his three brothers and make them pay for the death of their father and his years of imprisonment. The three brothers attempt to buy him, but he refuses their money, decided on vengeance.

2 *Flashback.*

a: The past

HS: Gino, Italian banker, has a preference for his son Max. His other three sons undergo his harshness and his bullying. Max, engaged to Maria, falls in love with Irene, one of his clients.

BL: Matt, authoritarian farmer, prefers his son Joe, whom he had by a Mexican woman whom he married on the death of his first wife. The three sons of this first marriage, and especially Ben, hate their stepmother.

TBS: Bruno manages a circus; he wants to combine with Vizzini, whose daughter, Teresa, presents an extraordinary act with polar bears. Josef, his preferred son, becomes the love of Hillary, while Klaus, to please his father, marries Teresa; this leads to the union of the two circuses. Still scorned by his father, Klaus reveals to Teresa why he has married her. Wild with grief, she purposely has herself mangled by a vicious bear.

b. The drama.

HS: Gino is accused of making loans without security, and the government closes the bank. The other three brotherse disassociate themselves from Max, who is ready to do anything to save his father. Max tries to corrupt a woman juror. Denounced by his brother Joe, he is arrested and condemned.

BL: When the stream at which his animals drink is contaminated by wastes from a factory, Matt passes to action and puts the factory out of working condition, after having had it set on fire by his vaqueros. Matt is brought to trial, but to save him, Joe, abandoned by his three brothers, takes everything upon himself. He is sent to a penitentiary.

TBS: The defective condition of the equipment brings about an accident at the time of a balancing act. The only survivor Carlotta, Klaus' former mistress, determines to take vengeance. Trial. To save his father, Josef takes everything upon himself and is condemned.

c: Death of the father.

HS: Gino dies; after that his three sons divide the bank.

BL: Matt dies after a mad ride provoked by Ben, the most pitiless of the three brothers.

TBC: Bruno dies of a heart attack in the course of a trapeze practice; after that the three brothers become the directors of the circus.

End of the flashback in the three films.

3 *The vengeance.*

HS: Joe is determined to kill Max, but his own brother Pietro, whom he has insulted, throws himself upon him and wants to kill him. Max interposes and abandons his three brothers to their fate. He rejoins Irene and leaves with her.

BL: Joe and Ben confront each other in a savage hand-to-hand fight. Ben is preparing to kill Joe when Two Moons, the faithful half-breed, brings him down. Joe pardons his two other brothers.

TBS: Josef and Klaus battle each other furiously. In the course of the fight, Klaus comes too near the bear cage, and the same vicious animal that had mangled Teresa tears him to pieces. Josef pardons his two other brothers, and the circus regains all its splendor of former days. Josef has married Hilary.

People Will Talk: In 1949: *Frauenartz Dr. Prätorius* of Curt Goetz (Germany); in 1965: *Dr. Med. Hiob Prätorius* of Kurt Hoffman (Germany).

All three adaptations of Goetz' play (that of Mankiewiecz is chronologically the second) depart identically from the original work, of which the entire section having Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson intervene has been deleted The version of Kurt Hoffmann follows the film of Mankiewicz (unreleased in Germany) faithfully, even in its slightest details (for example, the railroad, the entire ending, the entire character of Shunderson) and only the performances of Ruhmann and of Fritz Rasp bring a little originality to the whole.

Julius Caesar: The Shakespeare play was adapted in 1908: *Julius Caesar* of William Ranous (USA), with Maurice Costello, Florence Lawrence, Paul Panzer; in 1914: *Cajus Julius Caesar* of Enrico Guazzoni (Italy) with Amieto Novelli, Gianna Terribili Gonzales, Carlo Duse;! in 1950 *Julius Caesar* of David Bradley (USA), amateur film with Charlton Heston.

Guy and Dolls: Remake of the film *A Very Honourable Guy* that Lloyd Bacon had filmed in 1934 with Joe E. Brown, Alice White, Irene Franklin and Alan Dinehart.

Cleopatra the film of Mankiewicz takes as sources too many diverse works for it to be possible really to consider any of the films that precede it as a first version. Nevertheless, let us recall from memory some Cleopatras: Helen Gardner, Theda Bara, Claudette Colbert, Vivien Leigh, Virginia Mayo, and in Italy Gianna Terribili Gonzales, Linda Cristal, Pascale Petit, Magali Noël, and so on.

The reader will find below the titles and the lengths of the films of Mankiewicz for several countries, that is: United States: the lengths indicated are those given by the *Motion Picture Almanac.* France (F): the lengths are those provided by the *Index de la Cinématographie Française.* Germany (G): the number of minutes for the films is that indicated by the three indexes *6000 Filme, Filme 59/61* and *Filme 1962/64.* Italy (I): the titltes come from the *Film Lexicon degli Autori et delle Opere.* (Belgium (B): we have indicated the Belgian titles only when they differ from the French titles. Great Britain: there (for once) all the films of Mankiewicz bear their original American titles. The absence of a German, French or Italian title indicates that the film is unreleased in the respective countries.

Dragonwyck (103'). F: *Le Chateau du Dragon* (90'). G: *Weisser Oleander* (106'). I. *Il Castello di Dragonwyck. Somewhere in the Night* (110'). F: *Quelque part dans la nuit* (111'). I: *Il Banditto senza nome.*

The late George Apley (98'): I: *Schiav del passato. The Ghost and Mrs. Muir* (104'): F: *Aventure de Mme. Muir* (97'). I: *Il fantasmo e la signora Muir. Escape* (78'). I. *Il Fugitivo. A Letter to Three Wives.* (103'). *Chaines conjugales* (103'). B: *Lettre à trois femmes.* G: *Ein Brief an Drei Frauen* (101'). I: *Lettera a tre mogli. House of Strangers* (101'). F: *La Maison des étrangers* (101'). B: *La Maison de la haine.* G: *Blutfeindshaft* (101'). I: *Amare destino.*

No Way Out (106'), F: *La Porte s'ouvre* (106'). G: *Der Hass ist Blind* (105'). I: *Uomo bianco, tu vivrai. All About Eve* (130'). F: *Eve* (15'). G: *Alles uber Eva* (137.) I: *Eva contro Eva.*

People Will Talk (110'). F: *On murmure dans la ville* (108'). I: *La Gente mormora.*

Five Fingers (108'). F: *L'Affaire Cicéron* (99'). G: *Der Fall Cicero* (110). I: *Operazione Cicero.*

Julius Ceasar (121'). F: *Jules César* (120'), G. *Julius Cäsar* (117'). I: *Giulio Cesare.*

The Barefoot Contessa (128'). F: *La Comtesse aux pieds nus* (128'). I: *La Contessa Scalza.*

Guys and Dolls (150'). F: *Blanches Colombes et vilains messieurs* (138'). G: *Schwere Jungen Leichte Mädchen* (139'). I: *Bulli et pupe.*

The Quiet American (120'). F: *Un Américain bien tranquille* (120'). G: *Vier Pfeifen Opium* (105') I: *Un Americano tranquillo.*

Suddenly Last Summer (114'). F: *Soudain l'été dernier* (115.) K: *Plötzlich im letzten Sommer* (114'.) I: *Improvvisamente, l'estate scorsa.*

Cleopatra (243'). F: *Cléopatre* (229'). G: *Cleopatre* (228'). I: *Cleopatra.*

Milos Forman, with Amos Vogel and Marion Billings at Fourth New York Film Festival.

Interview with Milos Forman

by James Blue and Gianfranco de Bosio

JAMES BLUE—In *Loves of a Blonde,* how did you work in relation to the actors?

MILOS FORMAN — I like to mix professional actors with non-professionals. It is difficult to work with amateur actors solely, because one loses the rhythm of a scene, while the professional actor knows how to hold this rhythm and how to save the situation. I choose my non-professional actors almost always among people whom I have known well for a very long time. In this film, for example, the girl who takes the principal role is the sister of my first wife: that makes ten years that I have known her. So I know what I can expect of her, and receive from her. I had known the three soldiers for a very long time too: they were friends from school. I think that this condition is fundamental for working well with non-professional actors.

BLUE—Can you give us an example in your film of a scene that your knowledge of the actor helped you to create?

FORMAN—I think already of the actors when I begin to write the scenario. I think continually of the amateur actors whom I will employ. Already I prepare the situations in relation to them. I do not write specific dialogue; that does not interest me, but I know that these people whom I know well will be like this or like that. In this film, I have a scene in which the three soldiers brawl with one another. Knowing that there is one of them who is dignified and proud, another who is a tease, I prepared the scene so that they would clash with each other. Before the shooting, I said nothing to them. When we made the frame, I said to them that I was explaining the scene to them, and I told the opposite of what I wanted to do. The proud one began to argue with me, saying that he could not do that. And the tease did not stop saying to him, yes, that would be terrific. They began to quarrel with each other. I told them to continue, but this time on the subject that I had given them; and the scene was perfect for me.

BLUE — Here, you speak of a real emotion, that you provoked before shooting . . .

FORMAN — Yes, just before. The camera was ready, as was the lighting. I transferred their real quarrel into the film. I never work in a studio; always in natural settings, with the actors' own clothes, without makeup. I think that that is important if one wishes to avoid creating an actor complex in the non-professional; he must not take himself for an actor. I always say to them that the scene that we are shooting is not important, that it is a little thing, and thus I have them film the high moments.

BLUE—But how do you succeed in making their behavior correspond to your exact ideas?

FORMAN—I tell them what I want to do only at the last possible moment. So I must work rather quickly, and make first the technical tests, do the framing, the lighting; after that, I explain what I want, I read the dialogues to them, but without letting them learn them by heart. Finally, I shoot. If I let them think, they will think only of the logic of the actions or of the words; and I need a psychological logic.

BLUE — Do you not think that it could hamper your actors to know neither the story nor the dialogues?

FORMAN — No, because I always choose these actors among people whom I know well and who trust me; so I say to them that I know what I want, and they should believe me.

BLUE — You always minimize as much as possible the fact that you are making something serious, a work of art.

FORMAN—Yes, one works to amuse oneself, not to make a work of art.

GIANFRANCO DE BOSIO—In your film, I admire very much the scene between the father and the mother. This comedy carried out by non-professionals astonishes me greatly.

FORMAN—First, I have known the actors a long time. The father is the father of a girl whom I know. I know the mother, too. I asked them if it would amuse them to act in the film. They asked me if it would be difficult. I replied to them that I did not like to work with actors, but only to amuse myself, with people whom I like. One day, I called them to my house to make a test. I chose a scene for a ten minute test. I said to the fellow: imagine that you are a father, you have a son, it is midnight and he has not come home. The mother is nervous; you are calm. And I let them improvise. I saw immediately that I could use them. I said to them that that would work very well, and they were quite astonished that that was all there was to it; that calmed and reassured them. However, they did not know each other. When I introduced them to each other, I found a pretext for leaving them alone for two hours. And they talked of one thing and another, they came to know each other before the test. Then, I saw them again the day of the shooting. They arrived, and we continued in the same way that we had done at my house. And I corrected them sometimes, saying to them that they must not want to be better than in actuality, neither more polite nor more intelligent than they were. And I teased them, saying to them that I knew them well and that I knew they were riff-raff. They laughed, and that established the relationship that I was seeking. I said the dialogue to them once or twice, and they improvised on what I had given them. The worst of each scene was the beginning; for they had been able to learn it by heart and it was mechanical. So I had them begin each scene, at the shooting, with something that I intended not using at the editing. For example, I said to the woman to begin by talking about her background, about the city from which she came, then to say what she was doing there, why she had come. So she began to speak of her little girl, then, little by little, she was really speaking of herself. And that is what I kept. And I always tell them to continue acting until the moment when I stop them, and I never stop them. They act first on the subject that I indicate to them, and then they speak of themselves. I give them many subjects; let us say, about twenty. They regularly forget about half. So one makes a second take, when I say to them that that is very good, but that it would be necessary to talk about this or that thing (without interest), then I give them the important subjects that they have forgotten, saying to them that these are details. And again they forget some, but in three or four takes, I succeed in having all the desired material. Obviously I have to choose simple frames in order to be able to edit the important things from each take.

DE BOSIO—How many times do you take a scene?

FORMAN—At least twice . . . but not more than seven times.

DE BOSIO—Because at a certain moment, with non-professionals, it is no longer any use to begin again.

FORMAN — Yes, at a certain moment, they begin really to act, they begin to remember the text, to have mannerisms of acting.

DE BOSIO — Do you film in direct sound, even with non-professionals?

FORMAN—Yes, no one is dubbed.

DE BOSIO—In general, Italian directors shoot without sound. So non-professional actors can say anything at all. Fellini often employs non-professionals, but never in direct sound. They are employed just for the expressions on their faces. In your case, it is even more interesting, because it is complete. Does it often happen that non-professionals make linguistic mistakes, errors of expression?

FORMAN — That happens, but not often. The first days of shooting, they learn a little of the technique of speaking. Another complex of the non-professional: he always imagines that he should speak very quickly. So one must calm them and show them that they can speak slowly.

BLUE—How do you succeed in that?

FORMAN — I take heed especially that they are not upset by the technique. I choose the frame so that the camera can be subject to the actor and not the actor to the camera . . . The camera must serve the actors. That is very important.

BLUE—It seems to me that you leave a great freedom to the performers to say what they want on the given subjects. Are there moments when you insist on an exact sentence, an exact tone of voice?

FORMAN—I always try to have exact sentences learned by suggestion. I work approximately like this: I say: "Let us see, then, you could say . . . what you will . . . for example . . ." and I pretend to seek something, then I say the exact sentence. And I know that non-professionals will repeat the sentence if I set about it well. There too, I must avoid making them feel that it is important. It is a game with them.

BLUE—If you want an exact tone, what do you do?

FORMAN — I say the sentence to them in the way that I want them to say it, but always without giving it importance. And they always catch the tone. But it is still a story of trust.

BLUE—And for comedy one cannot shirk the thing, that must be exact. How do you work? Did the comedy come about of itself, or did you suggest it?

FORMAN—Most of the time, they do not know what is comic. I think that it must be prepared in the scenario, in the dramaturgy. I know that it will be comic if one sees the three characters in one bed at one time. And the more serious they are, the more comic that will be. So it is no longer a question of direction, but a question of scenario. In that scene, at one moment, the mother begins to cry. That woman, who had never played either in cinema or in the theatre, began to laugh; but, as she understood that she must not laugh at that moment, she set about crying, she began to act as if she were crying. That is an actor's intelligence, a fantastic one. I do not understand how she thought of that, with what ghost of talent?

DE BOSIO—That is a child's reaction as well. A boy at school who bursts out laughing in the face of the teacher has also this reflex of turning the laughter into tears.

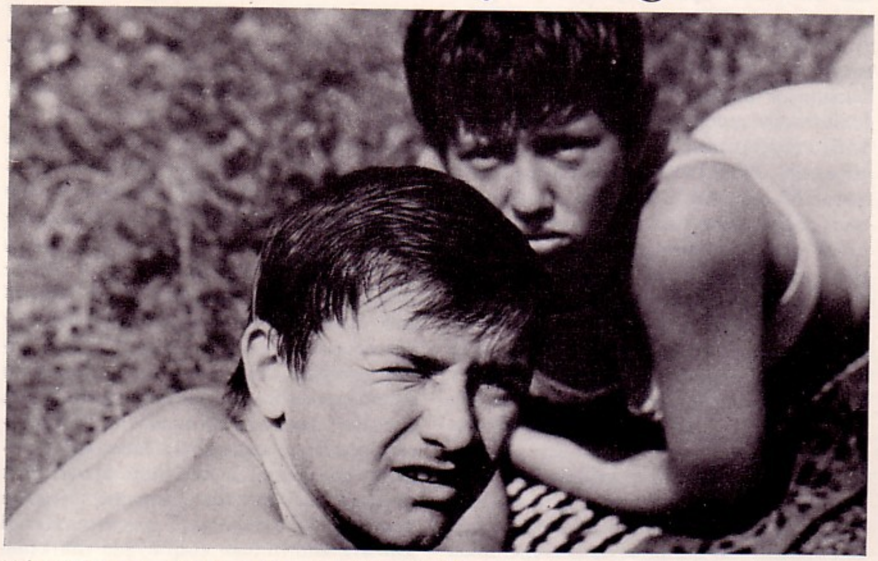
BLUE—Do you never try to provoke exact gestures without asking for them, as with the text?

FORMAN—Ordinarily, I do not set exact gestures, because I have chosen my non-professional actors very specifically, they bring not only their faces, but also their personalities, that is to say, gestures, speech, and so on.

BLUE—What do you do to obtain a specific emotion?

FORMAN—The girl weeps at one moment. I said to her: you must cry now. And when the camera filmed, she did not cry, obviously. So I stopped, and said to her: But what are you doing, you are spoiling everything, I work with expensive material, you must be a nice girl, you must cry. You can cry very well, but you do not want to! And she cried, but not for the film, because of me, because I was angry at her . . . —(Conversation tape recorded by James Blue and Gianfranco De Bosio).

The Smile of Prague



Milos Forman: *Black Peter*, Ladislav Jakim.

Cerny Petr (L'As de Pique, The Ace of Spades; Black Peter) Czech film of Milos Forman. *Scenario*: Milos Forman and Jaroslav Papousek. *Photography:* Jan Némecék. *Music:* Jiri Slitr. *Decors:* Karel Cerny. *Editor:* Miroslav Hajek. *Sound:* Adolf Bohm. *Cast:* Ladislav Jakim (Peter), Jan Ostreil (his father), Bozena Matsukova (his mother), Pavla Martinkova (Pauline), Pavel Sedlacek (Lada), Vladimir Pucholt (Cenda), Frantisek Kosina (the manager of the store), Zdenek Kulhanek. *Producer:* Cesckoslovensky film, 1964. *Distributor:* Studio 43. *Length:* 87 min.

People say that he is a "yé-yé cineaste." To open his second film, a girl plays the guitar and sings with conviction a yé-yé catch song. So there, the reputation. They say that he is full of humor, of irony even. A shot fixed for some time on the girl, a too serious nuance in her way of hammering out the syllables; so there, the smile. They say that he is a realist. But wait a moment. That song is a fragment of dream that gets caught on the screen, installs itself shamelessly, and perhaps will upset our pre-conceptions. Again, wait a moment: the camera slips over a flowered hanging, discovers a table in disorder, outlines of girls in the beds, feet at the ends of the beds. In the semi-darkness, two voices that whisper. Hands, faces. There we are. In two shots, Forman has reversed himself: after the girl who presents herself in performance, the girl who hides herself. After the too assured voice, confidence and murmur. After exhibition, the secret.

At the other end of the film, the same camera will slip along a window dazzling with dawn, thread its way between beds again to those same faces and this interminable confession in an undertone, at the end of the dream. Another song, more ironic still — the Ave Maria of Schubert, yé-yé version — will possibly be able to give us the illusion of having been present at a per-

(Continued on next page)

The mysteries of distribution, still obscuring Skolimowski, Bertolucci, Bellochio and Straub, belatedly bring us the first long film of Forman. *Black Peter* is a film that starts from a very simple and very slack canvas, the better to move away from it and the better to make us feel that it returns there unceasingly. The developing web of relations between generations and of family problems escapes dramatization because, for the amplification prescribed by the subject, is substituted an outbidding of details, of notations, reducing the tension. The conflict is not set forth but minutely characterized. Which results in cancelling every rebound in favor of a comedy of observation, opposite to burlesque. And exactness of line acquires here the conviction that artificial dramatic evolution takes on in tradition situations. So the efficacy gains by the precision, and the depth by the obstinate description. But to this continuous abandonment of ups and downs, indeed of events, in favor of timbre of voice or of spontaneity of attitude, corresponds a parallel abandonment of the prosaic figures of the story. For, if the interest of the *auteur* bears on characters in their individual and quite noticeable complexity, the plot and its embellishments matter little. So the construction does not rest on a rigorous support. It does not let itself go its

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Indiscretions

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

Lasky Jedne Plavovlasky (The Loves of a Blonde) Czech film of Milos Forman. *Scenario:* Milos Forman, Jaroslav Papousek and Ivan Passer. *Photography:* Miroslav Ondricek. *Music:* Evcen Hilin. *Decors:* Karel Cerny. *Editor:* Miroslav Hajek. *Cast:* Hana Brejchova (Andula), Vladimir Pucholt (Milda), Vladimir Mensik (the reservist Vacovsky), Ivan Kheil, Josef Sabanek, J. Vostrcil, Milada Jezkova, Z. Lorencova, A. Blazojovsky. *Producer:* Sebor-Bor, Ceskoslovensky Film, 1965. *Distributor:* Studio 43 Distribution. *Length:* 1 hr., 25 min.

Smile of Prague

(Continued from previous page)

own way on a thread of knowledgable liberations (Skolimowski) or of impressionist correspondence (Bertolucci). Here the digressions bear on the behavior of the characters. They do not satisfy themselves with illuminating the characters or revealing them. They go beyond psychology and end by cutting into and undermining the strength of the narration. In this sense, Forman, like Antonioni, draws out to exhaustion a set situation and repeats it at irregular intervals in a more or less direct way. And so the story takes an interrogative turn, excluding every conclusion and every definition. The structure is circular. The relationships are not resolved, but reverberated.

The film of Forman (like the entire work of Antonioni) is made of successive moments of gratuitousness. Whereas Antonioni dilates and distorts, Forman frames as a miniaturist and concerns himself with effacement and with fidelity. This humility is expressed by the only two options possible for the discreet portraitist: irony and soundness. But that is revealed, too, this very marked taste for this or that detail in outline or behavior mixing malice with tenderness, merging a critical exigency with a determined confidence, joining proxmity to adhesion. There is with Forman, as with Olmi, the subsistence of a neo-realist heritage in which the savor of a line precludes caricature by the introduction of a moral dimension. It is no longer a record but a free chronicle, lived and experienced. From the very start sarcastic laughter gives place to the smile. And it is of this faculty of smiling that, in a final accounting, the cinema of Forman speaks to us.

Olmi, and Antonioni still less, cannot serve as marking points to situate Forman among the cineastes of today. If one thinks of Olmi, it is on the level of detail. The resemblance remains very superficial. If one risks speaking of Antonioni, it is at the end of a too special formal approach. The analogy stops at the deteriorated, worn quality of the scenes that follow upon one another and play the part almost of repetitions. It seems that from film to film, as far as eye can see, Forman will tell us the same conflicts of the generations. In fact, the originality of Forman appears to result from a total simplicity. Not the simplicity of the person who respects the rules, playing the game and succeeding at the same time, as if by chance, in imprinting his mark, but the simplicity of the person who refuses tricks and finds his own sound of voice by dint of looking around him and of letting things act freely. There is no actual overthrow, no audacious burst, but the freedom is none the less perceptible. It is enough to hear the characters speak and to see them move. One quickly realizes that, starting from a pretended every-day banality, well known and much employed, the commonplaces, far from thronging, indeed rather conceal themselves confounded

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Indiscretions

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formance. But on the slightest reflection, the film will appear to us in the uncertain illumination of the waking dream, of evocation, of stammering.

All of an entire film maintained in this no man's land — that is the most apparent newness of the art of Forman. With stealthy pace it is this no man's land that one must explore.

So, in the abetting shadow of the dormitory, Andula shows the ring that "he" has given her. But this hand held out, this sketched story, are only pretexts for plunging into a dream of which she has the secret. In this language of covert words, on these faces half hidden by the bed coverings, what Forman films is less a confession than an emotion found again, the fleeting face of a memory. The girl who is talking is not talking for us or for her friend. She is talking for herself all alone, she is pursuing a dream, and it is this dream that Forman has decided to pursue in his turn. Or more exactly the scraps of this dream, the bits of a rumination. The friend says to her: "You should give him a present." One films the trees of the forest. Around a tree trunk, a necktie. A forester approaches, seeming disconcerted. Andula springs up, like an animal surprised in its familiar gestures. The forester's astonishment is our astonishment. His amazed, then compassionate look is our look that has just violated a secret. The comedy of this obtuse functionary brought to a stop in front of a tree that wears a necktie sends us back to our own indiscretion. We have just seen something that ought not be seen, we have been present at a rite that is no business of ours. Embarrassment follows curiosity. We are trapped in our own snare. One can no longer draw back. One will try at least to get oneself out of the embarrassment: while increasing the curiosity ten times over, while multiplying the indiscretions.

Already, *Black Peter* was the painting of a character who must be — professionally — curious, or voyeur if you prefer, or indiscreet, since his work was to surprise customers in a store who would try to steal. He was detected just as he believed that he was detected since, in his turn, the voyeur became the subject of the film, target of a feline camera attentive not to lose a bit of this little game of hide-and-seek. *The Loves of a Blonde* is again a hide-and-seek. Exactly the reverse of a performance. One sees only what one must not see. One says what one must not say. One hears what one must not hear. Closeups with a telephoto lens, taken from a high angle on characters seen from the back, lost glances that seem to ignore that presence of the camera to such an extent that suddenly we are embarrassed at letting our looks dwell on them. The universe of Forman is entirely under the Zodiac sign of indiscretion. That very indiscretion that will have a suitcase opened by a slightly too excited mother, or that will have the blonde heroine listen at the doors in this house full of anger and shouts in which her fate is ventured. But for the camera, filming indiscreet looks is not the same thing as having an indiscreet look. To attain its end, the camera of a voyeur makes us forget that we are voyeurs. On the contrary, that of Forman never stops reminding us of it. We penetrate into a universe full of curious looks, of tactless ears. And if humor is born of these encounters, this humor interests us to the highest degree.

During the entire film, Forman racks his brains to put his camera in the place of a witness, of an intruder. And to stress the indiscretion enough for it to bring embarrassment, and for the embarrassment to lead to laughter. Even the very official meeting of the factory manager and of the "comrade commandant" follows the rules of this game. It is entirely based on what one must not say, on the gaffe: "Youth has its needs, comrade commandant. . . . Do you not remember when you were young, you had yours. . . . These young men, your soldiers, what will they be good for admitting that we will not have war for fifty years."

This language is still that of someone who talks for himself alone, for his own satisfaction. One thinks that one is dreaming: the camera stresses the gaffe, but the gaffe is at first that the camera is there, that we feel ourselves witnsses of this "saying too much." This gaffe will at least make our curiosity, and our reflection on our curiosity, rebound. In a little station full of people, one waits for the train. We *know* that this train is going to let off the soldiers for the workers. Starting from there, Forman can well show us the most banal images; everything that we will see will immediately become suspect: the furtive gesture of a soldier who does not think that he is seen, the troop of backs that goes off with a song a little too martial (for the occasion)— these perfectly flat images whose flatness is again marked by the telephoto lens, are charged with the strongest affective factor. Between the girls who look and the soldiers who are looked at, the camera could only seemingly be neutral. It is at the point where it must be passed through by the maximum by the newness of approach. Unless they shine with an unsuspected brilliance. Then that is because, under the calm surface of a meticulous naturalism, Forman weaves his subtle hidden dream, as tenuous as the realistic shell is thick. And this mask serves him, not so much as ornament, but as armor, sole means of protection, no doubt, before the throng of story-tellings that haunt him. Those story-tellings are not obscure or abstract. They do not take the form of phantasms or of allegories. They bear witness to a will to hold a moment of youth, to develop it, to restore its thousand contours. But—and that more perceptibly still in his second film, *The Loves of a Blonde*—Forman refuses the distortion, the confused deformation, that memory imposes on the past, however near it was. He excludes from his work all the elements that could let one believe too easily in a generalized uncertainty in a too arbitrary assemblage of memories. Yet, little by little, a disparity establishes itself in the story. However chronological and spontaneous its unfolding may appear, none the less it remains surprisingly broken up, without an actual guiding thread, dramatic or anecdotal. And that, for the sole reason that Forman composes his film in "affective instantaneousnesses." That is to say that he speaks only (and without being reluctant to repeat himself) of things that he knows and that move him. And so he attends to and exploits ceaselessly the moments that he chooses to describe. As if he wanted to prolong them, not to let them pass, to stop them, as the sudden fixity of the last shot of *Black Peter* indicates. For the time of the film is much too present to be "at present." There is in this almost maniacal necessity to put end to end autonomous moments, a stubborness to render a present, that is to say to make it rise again to the surface, while insisting less on the action than on the duration, indeed while directly suppressing the principal attribute of the experienced present, the action. So the disparity is affective. It is a matter of a feeling of the present, which takes us back indirectly to *Adieu Philippine.*

It is significant that people class Rozier and Forman under the common and too badly defined nomenclature of "Yé-Yé cineaste." No doubt the air of the time passes with the same insistence in the work of both auteurs. No doubt human relationships alternate confusedly between depth and vanity. But all these constants are provoked in fact by a light and superficial music, whose echoes must last no longer than the time of a dance. *The Loves of a Blonde* is guided by a song that no longer satisfies itself with accompanying the story but breathes into it its necessity. Then the film takes all its meaning, rising from the passing brilliance of this song and catching itself to it until the last notes. Rozier treats in the same way a girl's course, sprung from a tango air. And that gives to these moments the gravity of lost freshness. The world of youth is the more menaced, "a smile is already a survival," an illusory revenge on a disappeared time.

André TECHINE

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tension, that very tension which engenders laughter. As with Hitchcock, here the spectator is "The man who knew too much." And the seemingly most objective shot is only the mirror of the curiosities that are stretched, images of our own curiosity.

Forman will carry this technique to its highest point in the scene of the dance. Between the soldiers' table and the girls', looks confront each other and flee each other, nothing but looks. We surprise the dialogue of the girls among themselves, and of the soldiers among themselves. Parallel montage installs itself here supremely — one will find it again, no less magisterial, in the final scene at the parents' apartment: that is because in the image of this ring that rolls from one table to another and that could well be the key image of the film, this ring that will make shine at the cantonnade the secret that one wanted precisely to hide, Forman sets for himself the task of newsmongering what should be kept silent. He short-circuits without respite these little worlds that tend to close themselves in, to turn back upon themselves, to charge themselves with dreams and with illusions. His *mise en scène* aims at discharging the condensers after having made the tension rise to the maximum. And the sparks that spring from the operation have the brilliance of slivers of truth. They surprise us and dazzle us all the more in that this truth seemed not to have been made for light, in that one had tamed it in shadow. All that one was was so strongly determined not to express, those furtive looks, those words in the hollow of the ear, those empty seconds in which one tries to collect one's thoughts, become the very substance of the film. "Am I in the inn or in the confessional?" one

Milos Forman: *Loves of a Blonde.*

of the soldiers asks at the dance. To that echoes the long questionnaire put by the boy's mother to the girl who alights. For Forman, it is cinema itself that is inquisition. Cinema cannot but reveal secrets.

The most savory joke of the film will rise from this motif. In the middle of the love scene, when the two characters look for an instant at the spectator, the girl asks the boy to turn off the light. After which, he realized that the window shade is half raised. This window shade that plays tricks, that resists him indefinitely, the light that still succeeds in slipping itself into the intimacy of the love scene—that is the proceeding of the entire film, this derisory struggle of people to escape the broad daylight, to hide their happiness far from every look. The total blackness that falls then on the screen and that weighs so heavily is a marvelous find, with the boy's "Where are you?" Without this indiscretion of the light, of the look, the film would no longer exist, the couple would no longer exist, the characters would be lost in nothingness. On the contrary, the savor of the family scene comes from that intention of the mother to imagine everything, to say everything, to know everything, to illuminate everything in broad daylight. And in parallel, for Forman, to exploit the situation completely: the bed for three people (father — Mother — son), the girl alone.

On reflection one realizes that only the setting among the common people allows such a proceeding. The intention to reveal that guides Forman would have been broken by any other setting. Hypocrisy, conventions, the rule of appearances, would quickly have brought darkness on the film. On the contrary Forman seeks in the common people what Pagnol had found there—that verbal excess that always comes to the end of mystery and of secrecies. Gaffe or indiscretion, everything ends by being known in this world where tongues do not remain held for long.

It is not by chance that the cinema of intimacy is a cinema of the common people and generally southern. For Forman, this volubility of common people has crystallized his deep search, that of a cinema of poetry in which little by little words and forms emerge from darkness, guided by dreams, to meet life.

—Jean COLLET

Alain Resnais: *La Guerre est finie*, Genevieve Bujold end Yves Montand.

La Guerre est finie (The War Is Over). French film of Alain Resnais. *Scenario:* Jorge Semprun. *Photography:* Sacha Vierny. *Cameraman:* Philippe Brun. *Music:* Giovanni Fusco. *Decors:* Jacques Saulnier. *Assistants:* Jean Léon, Florence Malraux. *Editor:* Eric Pluet. *Sound:* Antoine Bonfanti. *Cast:* Yves Montand (Diego), Ingrid Thulin (Marianne), Geneviève Bujold (Nadine), Dominique Rozen (M. Jude), Françoise Bertin (Carmen), Gérard Saty (Bill), Michel Piccoli (The customs inspector), Claire Duhamel (The woman in the dining car), Yvette Etievant (Yvette Ramon), Paul Crauchet (Roberto), Jacques Rispal (Manolo), Gérard Lartigau (The young man), Pierre Leproux (The man in the white smock), Jean Dasté (The man responsible), Annie Farge (Agnès), Marcel Cuvelier (Chardin), Bernard Fresson (Sarlat), Laurence Badie (Bernadette Pluvier), Jean Bouise (Ramon), Anouk Ferjac (Mme Jude), José Flotats (Miguel), Catherine de Seynes (Janine), Jean Larroquette (Jean), Martine Vatel (Martine), Roland Monod

(Antoine), Roger Pelletier (The sport-loving inspector), Jean-François Remy (Juan), Antoine Bourseiller, R. J. Chauffard, Antoine Vietz, Marie Mergey. *Director of production:* Alain Queffelean. *Producer:* Sofracima (Paris), Europe Film (Stockholm), 1966. *Distributor:* Cocinor. *Length:* 2 hrs.

The Times Change

She is called Nadine Sallanches but her actual name is Geneviève Bujold. She is Canadian. Twenty years old, five feet, five inches, ninety-nine pounds. Stubborn, ironic, falsely adult, egoist by her own admission, realistic, captivating, Geneviève-Nadine exists. She is a distant cousin of that Monique Zimmer signed Jean-Luc Godard, her obverse (or lucky side, if one prefers), she is like fifteen students one knows on the university lecture-room benches, irritating sometimes, often, but alive and not without charm. One evening, on the stairs, she meets Diego, the "regular" who makes use of her father's passport to cross the Spanish frontier. That very morning, she has made it possible for him to escape the police. Diego is the messenger of adventure. Worn out from his journey, victim of coincidences, he is unattached.

Nadine offers herself to him. Naked, the light slaps on her flanks, making us rediscover cinema in black and white; her fingers, anxiously clenched, unfold and slowly; her thighs open; and the screen sends back to us, very simply, the image of physical love.

If I have kept myself speaking only of Geneviève Bujold, that was not by chance. I have my reasons: a) she is very beautiful; b) others have taken it upon themselves to talk about the rest; c) *La Guerre est finie* is a political film, and what better way is there to approach politics? d) in the end, we realize it, there is something changed in Alain Resnais—or at least in the vision that henceforth we will have of his work—and that is our subject.

When Diego makes love with Nadine, the sequence in fact does not fail to astonish us. Not so much because of the frankness of the images (although the final shot is unusually honest), but rather because the surface realism shown here is without precedent in the body of work that we had believed passed through the finest sieve of analysis.

The surprise is the same with respect to the relationship between Diego and Marianne — to limit ourselves to the problems of the couple, which, contrary to generally accepted opinion, are not the least in the world foreign to those of politics. For once, everything indicates to us, three days on end, the perceptible weight of reality. The fact is sufficiently unusual to be mentioned. Of course Resnais does not fall into the trap of wanting to show in its entirety the protagonists' use of time, but no break in continuity, no ellipsis, asserts itself conspicuously. The actual length of the film gives its own measure to the movement and to the rhythm. *La Guerre est finie* exists wholly between two privileged instants which are themselves neither beginning nor end. All the rest is arbitrary, mind's view, cinema, one should say, as one says literature.

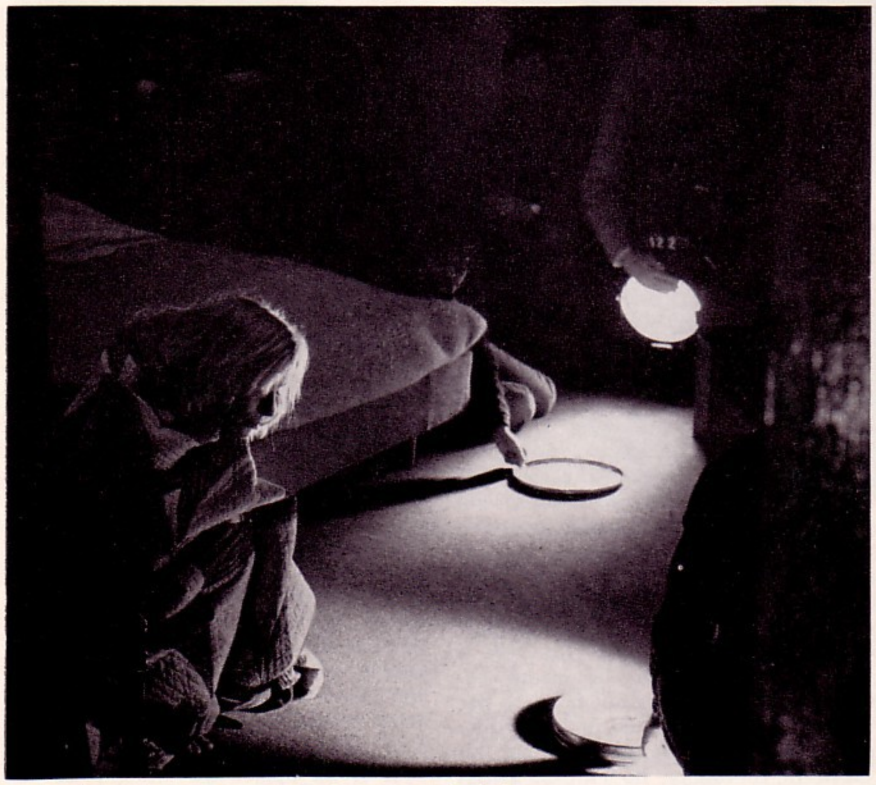
Now, as Fellini persists in showing from film to film, realism does not confuse itself with naturalism. Nothing more normal, then, if the mental representations of the hero, Yves Montand, burst into the midst of very concrete events, and that with an infinitesimal displacement that allows one ultimately to distinguish the lived from the imaginary. As Resnais himself made explicit to us: "Imagination is not always fantastic. It is indeed very exceptionally of fantastic inspiration; most often its representations are rigorously banal, routine.

In this instance, it is no longer the time of Proustian remembrances, it is no longer the immense edifice of memory that weighs upon man, trammeling his decisions, but, in a way, the contrary, the necessary stream of consciousness that precedes the passage to actions. The flashback yields in favor of the flash-forward, the idea precedes the realization, making it possible, in assuring it, in a way, the indispensable kindling. Diego is a dreamer then. So be it, but his dream is necessary, and justifies what one could have taken for a figure of style without any relation to the body of the film.

On the other hand, then, the real world, given, exterior: politics the couple (or the couples); on the other, the idea of the world: the future, possibility, the end to attain. So it is not by chance that Diego's mental representatons, numerous at the start of the film, little by little yield place to reality, but quite simply because action mixes itself indistinguishably into the desire for action. Which means, in other words, that the war continues or begins again, and that that alone matters, even if its outcome is uncertain. So *La Guerre est finie* is the placing of a necessary bet on the future, and in that sense reiterates a theme dear to John Huston and to the new nations. Contrary to *Muriel,* which dispelled all the protagonists little by little with a centrifugal movement, *La Guerre est finie* delineates a center of attraction about which the characters describe several revolutions before being carried along in a vast movement of the whole.

It is no longer the straight line of *Muriel,* broken little by little, bent in

Alain Resnais: *La Guerre est finie,* Yves Montand among the terrorists.



In production: *La Guerre est finie,* Ingrid Thulin.

a multitude of curves, but on the contrary the indecisive pendular movement (here the itinerary France — Spain — France finds a new meaning) that transforms itself imperceptibly into a rectilinear trajectory.

However, the film does not end on a victory beyond appeal. All the questions that have formulated themselves in three days remain, become yet more acute. Will Diego warn Juan? Will the general strike be a success? Will Marianne rejoin Diego?

Resnais and Semprun do not answer these questions, and that is only through honesty; for I find most suspect, the analyses that want to recognize there a conclusion without clouds. Certainly Marianne enters the organization in her turn (indeed someone was needed to warn Diego); certainly Diego is, for a time, reconciled with his own contradictions. What will happen after that, is not for the film to infer. The Spanish regular fixes his eyes on Marianne and twice repeats with agonized obstinacy *"Ca va marcher,"* "It will work." What counts in fact is that two trajectories catch up with each other at last, that the same movement carries along Diego and Marianne and mixes

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

them with each other in the most beautiful dissolve that there is. Open ending, point of departure therefore, active and concrete optimism. There is something to displease conservatives of both parties, not counting those who admit quite well the word "revolution" but absolutely not that of "communist."

Very curiously, moreover, *La Guerre est finie* has annoyed an entire section of Resnaisians of the first hour, those who no doubt admired him for wrong reasons. The lovers of Hiroshima exchanged in bed not very probable litanies; those of Marienbad lost their way in a Borgesian labyrinth; while a monstrous reality led the characters of *Muriel* to nothingness. Each time, reality was sublimated or warped. That was necessary, a kind of justification of the *auteur* facing his environment. It was a way, too (intelligent and elegant), of taking his distance, of showing — by this esthetic option alone — a rare lucidity.

Since everyone today knows Resnais' passion for comic strips, as well to make it explicit immediately: *Marienbad* was Falk plus Raymond, and *Muriel,* Chester Gould. Today the times change; it is no longer enough to be lucid and to show it. So *La Guerre est finie* is an open work, but on the only possible road — action, persistence, and no doubt *allégresse,* joyous liveliness, in the sense in which Johann Sebastian Bach would understand it.

European cinema, and especially French cinema, apparently lacks the hero. Even more than the hero, it is the sense of tragedy that we lack.

Politics is the tragedy of our period. It is that too of *La Guerre est finie.* The heroes are no longer called Mandrake, Dick Tracy or Flash Gordon; Diego just wears the raincoat of Red Barry. The heroes have become tired men, aged, sometimes irritable. Their skulls are balding; they talk for hours around a checkered oilcloth; they journey from HLM to HLM; they catch a little sleep in a DS between Madrid and Irun. They have naive passwords; the sun that rises on Benidorm is their magic key; they are the working mechanisms of an organization; but they exist and no doubt the word happiness has a meaning for them.

Their world is that of underground action; they prefer twilight to terrorist blazes. They die of a heart attack between dog and wolf at the hour when one passes a frontier and when the lights are lighted in Paris whose apartment buildings all look alike. Classic film though it is, *La Guerre est finie* disconcerts at first viewing, shows only rectilinear surfaces without faults, fit to discourage analysis.

How not to be moved to tears by *La Guerre est finie?* There is a miracle there that I do not try to understand. For the first time with so much precision and exactness, cinema, in one and the same movement, establishes the contact between the human being and the surrounding reality. Without this persistence in wanting oneself ceaselessly at the stature of man (a weakness according to some people), would it be so poignant, that extraordinary dissolve in which the face of Ingrid Thulin rises little by little, rejoins that of Montand, giving their entire meaning to the words *enchainé* and *ensemble* — which, too, are themselves passwords, evoking irresistibly the very rhythm of Joyce:— "and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes."

—Michel CAEN

Ode to the Old Left

Alain Resnais' *La Guerre est finie* embellished the 1966 New York Film Festival with its extraordinary excellence. It's a long way from the Abraham Lincoln Brigade to Lincoln Center, but memory and nostalgia have a way of preserving lost causes as the conscience of history. Thus simply for its subject, *La Guerre est finie* should regain for Resnais most of the admirers he lost somewhere on the tracks between Hiroshima and Marienbad. The almost irresistible temptation to insult the Idiot Left must be resisted at all costs. Who is to say that people should not admire the right films for the wrong reasons? It is for the critic to register the right reasons. The creator prefers profitable misunderstandings and confusions so that he can find the funds to continue his career.

If *La Guerre est finie* is in some ways the most satisfying movie Resnais has made, credit is due largely to the lucidity and integrity of Yves Montand's characterization of Diego, a revolutionary engulfed by fears, fantasies and futilities. However fragmented the director's feelings may be, Montand remains a rock of commitment, and with Montand's solidity as an actor serving as an anchor of style, a sea of images can be unified into a mental characterization. Whereas the awesome majesty of the late Nikolai Cherkassov obliterated montage in the late Sergei Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible,* the humanity of Montand domesticates montage in *La Guerre est finie.* We are no longer concerned with the pretentious counterpoint of Love and the Bomb, Past and Present, Illusion and Reality, Society and the Individual, etc. We are obsessed instead with the doubts of Diego, the fears of Diego, the hopes of Diego, the instincts of Diego, even the fantasies of Diego. Through his mind passes what we are to know and feel about the heritage of the Old Left, that last, desperate camaraderie commemorated in kitchens and cemeteries as old comrades grapple with the old rhetoric they are doomed never to forget and the new reality they are doomed never to understand.

La Guerre est finie, Jean Bouise and Yves Montand.

For Resnais, it is enough to celebrate remembrance and mourn forgetfulness as fragments of personality and politics disintegrate in the void of time. Civilization is the process of trying to remember, and Resnais once did a documentary on the Paris Library as the supreme ornament of civilization. Cinema, however, is more than remembering and forgetting. It is also acting, doing, resolving, indeed being. Cinema, like life, is a process of creating memories for the future. Resnais has always drawn on the past without paying for the future. His cinema has been hauntingly beautiful if dramatically improvident in its ghostliness. His characters have been paralyzed by the sheer pastness of their sensibilities. Montand's Diego is no exception, but a marvelous thing has happened. Montand's dignity and bearing have broken through the formal shell of Resnais' art to dramatize the doubts and hesitations of the director. Diego has become a hero of prudence and inaction. He has shown what it is to be a man without the obvious flourishes of virility so fashionable today. (Even the stately explicitness of the love-making is a measure of the hero's stature.) To be a man, it is above all necessary to be patient as one's life dribbles away on the back streets, blind alleys and dead ends of political impotence. The at times agonizing slowness of *La Guerre est finie* achieves the pathos of patience by expressing a devotion to detail common to both Diego and Resnais. It has always seemed that Resnais was more suited to documentary than fiction because of a preoccupation with facts rather than truths. The parts in Resnais always seem superior to the whole and if *La Guerre est finie* is an exception, it is because the integral behaviorism of a performer has buttressed the analytical style of a director. It is as if Resnais were dropping things all over the screen, and Montand was walking around picking them up. That *La Guerre est finie* finally makes us weep is a tribute to Montand's tenacity.

As for what the film actually "says," Jorge Semprun's script is explicit enough for the least sophisticated audiences. The meaning is in the title. The War Is Over, and Resnais, unlike Zinnemann in the grotesquely unfeeling *Behold a Pale Horse,* makes no attempt to reconstruct the agonies of antiquity with old newsreels. The ultimate tragedy of The Spanish Civil War is that all its participants are either dead or 30 years older. Spain still exists as a geographical entity, but it has been repopulated with an indifferent generation. Tourists swarm through Madrid and Barcelona while old Bolshviks haul pamphlets into Seville. The New Left sneers at the Old Left. But it doesn't matter as long as one man can keep the faith in the midst of uncertainty.

—Andrew SARRIS

Editor's Eyrie

by Andrew Sarris

We are saddened by the deaths of Zbigniew Cybulski and Ann Sheridan in the first month of 1967. Cybulski had been labeled the "Polish James Dean," and his death seems as meaningfully gratuitous. He was apparently trying to board a moving train in Warsaw when he was victimized by one of the absurd ironies which one finds in the scenarios of so many Polish film-makers. Ann Sheridan died of cancer. Our favorite Cybulski performances: *Ashes and Diamonds* (Wajda), *The Saragossa Manuscript* (Has), *The Eighth Day of the Week* (Ford), *To Love* (Donner). Our favorite Ann Sheridan performances: *Take Me to Town* (Sirk), *Come Next Spring* (Springsteen), *I Was a Male War Bride* (Hawks), *They Drive by Night* (Walsh) and *King's Row* (Wood).

Blow-Up was voted Best Film of 1966 by the National Society of Film Critics, according to an announcement made last month at the group's first annual awards reception at the Algonquin Hotel. The newly-formed organization also named Sylvie as the year's best actress for her performance in *The Shameless Old Lady,* Michael Caine as best actor for *Alfie,* and Michelangelo Antonioni as best director for *Blow-Up.*

In addition to making its annual awards, the Society will meet regularly during the year: (1) To promote such films as the society deems worthy of support; (2) To register protests against any practice in film production, distribution, and exhibition that the society deems injurious to good films or the public interest; and (3) To serve such fraternal purposes among film-makers and film critics, American and foreign, as shall see appropriate to the members.

Stanley Kauffman, reviewer for Channel 13, is chairman of the society for the society for the current year. The other members are Hollis Alpert (Saturday Review), Brad Darrach (Time), Brendan Gill (New Yorker), Philip T. Hartung (Commonweal), Pauline Kael (New Republic), Arthur Knight (Saturday Review), Joseph Morgenstern (Newsweek), Andrew Sarris (Village Voice), Richard Schickel (Life), John Simon (New Leader).

One of the most pleasant aspects of the voting was the frank discussion of our preferences in open discussion. We employed a system of voting by which a simple majority was required on the first ballot, and failing that, each member would vote his first three choices, and the result would be determined by a point system of three, two, one, for first, second and third choices. All but one of the four categories were decided by the point system, and for the sake of the record, I list each critic's preferences in order.

Best Film: Alpert (*Blow-Up, Man and a Woman, Loves of a Blonde*); Darrach (*Blow-Up, Morgan!, Gospel According to St. Matthew*); Gill (*A Man for All Seasons, Shop on Main Street, Morgan!*); Hartung (*A Man for All Seasons, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, Georgy Girl*); Kael (*Masculine Feminine, Eroica, The Bible*); Kauffman (*Blow-Up, Gospel According to St. Matthew, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*); Knight (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, Loves of a Blonde, A Man and a Woman*); Morgenstern (*Shop on Main Street, Blow-Up, A Man for All Seasons*); Sarris (*Blow-Up, Gertrud, Seven Women*); Schickel (*Blow-Up, Gospel According to St. Matthew, Alfie*); Simon (*Eroica, Alfie, Dear John*).

Best Actress: Alpert (Vanessa Redgrave—*Morgan!, Blow-Up, A Man for All Seasons;* Sylvie — *Shameless Old Lady,* Elizabeth Taylor — *Virginia Woolf*); Darrach (Vanessa Redgrave,

Ann Sheridan, in *Torrid Zone* (left) and *Take Me to Town.*

Zbigniew Cybulski, with Harriet Andersson in Jorn Donner's *To Love.*

Sylvie, Anouk Aimee—*A Man and a Woman);* Gill (Vanessa Redgrave, Sylvie, Mireille Darc—*Galia);* Hartung, (Elizabeth Taylor, Wendy Hiller — *A Man for All Seasons,* Lynn Redgrave — *Georgy Girl);* Kael (Joan Hackett — *The Group,* Vivien Merchant — *Alfie,* Maggie Smith — *Othello);* Kauffmann (Vanessa Redgrave, Sylvie, Elizabeth Taylor); Knight (Sylvie, no 2nd and 3rd choices); Morgenstern (Vanessa Redgrave, Mireille Darc, Sylvie); Sarris

(Sylvie, Tuesday Weld — *Lord Love a Duck,* Janice Rule — *The Chase);* Schickel (Anouk Aimee, Joan Hackett, Ida Kaminska — *Shop on Main Street);* Simon (Anouk Aimee, Sylvie, Irene Handl — *Morgan!).*

Best Actor: Alpert (Michael Caine — *Alfie,* Frank Finlay — *Othello,* Richard Burton — *Virginia Woolf);* Darrach (Jean Louis Drouot — *Le Bonheur,* David Hemmings—*Blow-Up,* Max Von Sydow — *Hawaii);* Gill (Caine, Paul Scofield — *A Man for All Seasons,* Burton); Hartung (Scofield, Burton, Olivier—*Othello);* Kael (Olivier, Sydow, George C. Scott — *The Bible);* Kauffmann (Sydow, Burton, Scofield); Knight (Caine); Morgenstern (Olivier, Scofield, Hemmings); Sarris (Burton, Caine, Terence Stamp—*Modesty Blaise);* Schickel (Caine, Jarl Kulle—*Dear John,* Olivier — *Khartoum);* Simon (Sydow, Caine, Kulle).

The director award was settled on the first ballot with Darrach, Gill, Kauffmann, Morgenstern, Sarris, and Schickel voting for Michelangelo Antonioni; Alpert and Knight voting for Claude Lelouch for *A Man and a Woman,* Kael voting for Jean-Luc Godard for *Masculine Feminine,* Hartung for Fred Zinnemann for *A Man for All Seasons,* and Simon for Giuseppe de Santis for *Italiano Brava Gente.*

Personally I had one regret and one reservation about the voting. My regret was that the balloting for director didn't go a second ballot so that I could cast votes for John Ford and Carl Dreyer.

My reservation concerned the fact that the majority of the group decided that Caine should be honored only for his performance in *Alfie* whereas a minority felt that he should be cited also for his performances in *Funeral in Berlin, Gambit,* and *The Wrong Box.*

Harriet Lundgaard of the Educational Film Library Association reminds us of the vast amounts of non-theatrical cinema being produced these days:

"With American producers of non-theatrical films currently releasing 75 times as many motion pictures as the total annual output of Hollywood, the Educational Film Library Association is shouldering a major share of the task of keeping users of such films informed about a yearly total of 12,000 new releases and new ways of using them through systematic updating of its special service publications. EFLA's latest Service Supplement is a revised edition of its 1961 list of *Films and Filmstrips for the Space Age;* and its next special publication, for sale in February, will be *Using Films; a Handbook for Program Planners,* compiled as a successor to the longtime EFLA best-seller *Making Films Work for Your Community.* Also in work, for March publication, is *Evaluating Films,* a completely rewritten edition of the sold-out 1959 EFLA-UNESCO *Manual for Evaluators of Films and Filmstrips.*

"Covering—as do all EFLA books and pamphlets—films in fields ranging from the art of film to commercial public relations, other recent EFLA publications are a third revised edition of *Recommended Books, Pamphlets, and Periodicals for a Film Information Collection* and *Water Pollution: a Selected List of Recommended and Related Films,* which replaces in part an earlier list of films on *Conservation.* Another basic reference for film users is a brand-new and specialized version of previously published EFLA membership lists, and *Educational Film Library Directory* comprising 211 major film libraries that circulate films outside their own organizations. All of these, EFLA's Administrative Director Emily S. Jones points out, are supplementary to the regular monthly *Filmlist* of new releases and the card-file sets of film evaluations sent each month to EFLA members. EFLA publications are available to non-members at nominal cost; and order blanks may be obtained from EFLA, 250 West 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10019."

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