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Orson Welles

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Lant Kiefenstahl



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Number 5

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LE CONSEIL DES DIX (Council of ten)

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

	Michel Aubriant (Candide)	Robert Benayoun (Positif)	Jacques Bontemps (Cahiers)	Albert Ceroni (France Nouvelle)	Henry Chapier (Combat)	Jean Collet (Telarama)	Jean-Louis Comolli (Cahiers)	Michel Cournot (Le Nouvel Observateur)	Jean-Andre Fieschi (Cahiers)	Georges Sadout (Les Lettres Françaises)
Les Chevaux de feu (Serguei Paradjanov)	★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★
Les Amoureux (Mai Zetterling)	●	●	★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	●
Marie Soleil (Antoine Bourseiller)	★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	★★★	●	★★★	★
Bunny Lake a disparu (Bunny Lake is Missing) (Otto Preminger)	★★	★★★	★★★	★★	★★★	★★★	★	★★	●	★
Le Cher Disparu (The Loved One) (Tony Richardson)		★★★	★★	★★	★★	★		●	★	★★
Les Diamants de la nuit (Jan Nemec)	★★	★★★	★		●	★★★	●	★★	●	★★★
The Americanization of Emily (Arthur Hiller)	★★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★★	★★	
Le Nouveau Journal d'une femme en blanc (Claude Autant-Lara)	★	★	●	★★★	★★	★★	★	●	★	★
L'Espion qui venait du froid (The Spy Who Came In from the Cold) (Martin Ritt)		★★	★★	★	●	★		★	●	★★
L'Or et le plomb (Alain Cuniot)	★★	★★★	★★	★	●	★	●	●	●	★★
The Bedford Incident (James B. Harris)	★★★	★	★	●	●		★		★	
Sept hommes en or (Marco Vicario)	★	★★	★	★★	★	●	●	●	★	★★
Pour une poignée de dollars (Sergio Leone)	★★★	★	★	★	★★	●	●	●	●	★
Les Héros de Télémark (The Heroes of Telemark) (Anthony Mann)		★★	●	★★	★		●		●	
La Corruption (Mauro Bolognini)	●	★	●					★★	★	
Monnaie de singe (Yves Robert)		★			★				●	★
Un monde nouveau (A Young World) (Vittorio de Sica)	★	●	●		●		★	★★	★	★
Moritur (Bernard Wicki)	●	★	★★	★	●	●	●	★	●	★
L'Homme du Minnesota (Minnesota Clay) (Sergio Carbuccio)	★	★	●	★	●	●	●	★★	●	★
Quand parle la poudre (Town Tamer) (Lesley Selander)	●				★	★			●	
Rancho Bravo (The Rare Breed) (Andrew V. McLaglen)	★	★	●	●	★		●		●	
Les Danseuses du désir (Renzo Russo)				★	●			●	●	★
Les Insaississables (V. Tchebotariév)	★	●	●	★	●		●	●	●	●
007 espionnage à Tanger (Gregg Tallas)	●	●			●		●	●	★	
Le Caïd de Champignol (Jean Bastia)					●			●	●	
Du rififi à Paname (Denys de La Patellière)	●				●				●	●

Small Talk

Hollywood Report

Charlie Chaplin is so happy with the *Countess From Hong Kong* that he is preparing another film—to star himself. It is expected that Chaplin will return to the United States from his 12-year exile for public appearances in connection with the release of *Countess*. . . . More second generation news: Nicholas Ray's son, Tony Ray, is following his father's footsteps. Tony is first assistant on *The Long Ride Home*, now directed by Phil Karlson (*The Silencers*) after Roger Corman was fired by Columbia after one week's shooting. . . . Roger Corman, who starts filming *The St. Valentine's Day Massacre* for 20th-Fox in October, said he left Columbia after sharp disagreement between him and Columbia production chief Mike Frankovitch over *The Long Ride Home*. Corman's next, after *The St. Valentine's Day Massacre*, will be *The Trip* about the drug LSD for American International Pictures (AIP), the firm for whom he made most of his horror pictures. . . . Next Batman craze: Dick Tracy. Television rights to the "Dick Tracy" comic strip has been bought by 20th-Fox television and William Dozier, the producer of the television "Batman." The rights were acquired from Chester Gould, the strip's creator, and his partner, Henry Saperstein. . . . Next for Fred Zinnemann: a western for Columbia called *Bent's Fort*. Zinnemann is presently shooting the screen version of Robert Bolt's play *A Man for All Seasons* in England. . . . David Lean's *Dr. Zhivago* is slowly making it despite disappointing reviews. The U.S.-Canadian gross so far has been \$8-million. . . . George Cukor is screen testing Pia Lindstrom in Hollywood. Ingrid Berg-



Charles Chaplin directing Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren, Sydney Chaplin in *A Countess From Hong Kong*.

man's daughter might get her first role in Cukor's on and off project *Bloomer Girl*. . . . Mark Robson has signed Abby Mann (*Judgment at Nuremberg*) to write the screenplay of his next: *The Detective*. The film will be an adaptation of Roderick Thorpe's best seller. . . . The often scheduled and as often postponed filmization of James Joyce's *Ulysses* has started in Dublin under Joseph (The Balcony) Strick's directing. A four-month shooting schedule is planned and Strick has "an open budget." . . . Daniel

Mann set to direct Max von Sydow in "Mr. Ambassador" on Broadway. It would mark Von Sydow's first American stage appearance. . . . Canadian writer-turned-director James Clavell will script his own book *Tai Pan* for MGM-Filmways production in 1968. Clavell, author of the *King Rat* (Eryan Forbes) book and screenplay, is presently making his first film as a director — the Sidney Poitier starrer *To Sir With Love* in London.

Axel MADSEN



Paul Newman

'Hombre'

It was a bad day at the Helvetia Mine. Paul Newman (alias John Russell) lost the stagecoach and was holed up in an abandoned mine shack waiting for bandits. No one wanted to save Barbara Rush from under the klieg lights because "had she not stood by and let the Indians die of starvation?"

The actors seemed as impassive as the old buildings. There was tension to get through the last day in the Santa Ritas on the *Hombre* set.

The making of this 20th Century-Fox release produced for *Hombre* Productions by Martin Ritt and Irving Ravetch was running into the fourth month. The cash register was pounding like a taxi meter. There had been a few bad accidents, lots of rain and flu knocking out

the time schedule but boredom was rampant.

I had asked to see the set earlier but the top of the peak was too hazardous to visit. Finally at a lower level there was a jeep road built to the reconstructed mine on the hillside. PR man Don Boutyette gave us the 'all clear' by the dressing room trailers but warned that everyone was jittery due to the slipping of a 300 lb. light called The Brute.

We could photograph anything on the set but had to be quiet, obey orders and "get out of there as fast as possible." The latter proved the most difficult.

About ten o'clock director Martin Ritt, a veteran of 150 plays and an equal number of TV dramas, pulled his golf

Small Talk

cap down over his eyes and puffed up the 90 degree incline where the bad guys had tied Barbara (Audra FAVOR) out in the sun to die. The camera and sound crew were ready. James Wong Howe, supporting himself on a cane but looking every inch the great cinematographer checked out focus and distance while Audra moved up the trestle for two minutes of anguished emoting. "Quiet, camera rolling" was the signal given but it bounced loudly across the canyons through microphones. No one moved, spoke or possibly breathed.

Since our job was to be inconspicuous we moved to the top and worked for-

black cigarette holder walked to the lunch truck where dozens of T-bone steaks were sizzling for lunch. Between signals there was talk of food. Despite the heat no one ate anything cold. A good production served lots of cold drinks — anything you wanted from coke to cherry phosphate. The food truck had just been on location in Tahiti.

A few extras spun ropes and practiced quick draws on their prop guns. Everyone was complaining there was nothing to do. Once in costume you couldn't very well read a book or write a letter — you just waited around.

ing. The old mining community about five miles down the hill from the constructed set still stands in ruins. Some of *Hombre's* shacks were moved from Helvetia into the scrub oak. For the unknowing this may lead to speculation on where the 'real mine' was originally dug. None of the buildings had interior sets (which will be shot in Hollywood) but a few have 'wild walls' which tumble down for special effects. Everything looked very real. If there's no copper left in those old hills, come next fall when the picture is released there'll be some new gold coined out of its rugged terrain.

Charlotte CARDON

Photos: Pete Balestrero



During the shooting of Martin Ritt's *Hombre*.

ward. This set was dangerous because of loose rock, incline and the heavy equipment being carried down from the top shack. There was some grousing about how many times one scene could be taken — two hours for two minutes of film. The final confrontation between Newman and Richard Boone (Cicero Grimes) would be on the flat. Newman with a real suntan and Boone with reddish grease paint shouted a few lines at each other. They gave orders to Ritt who ignored them and finally settled for a nap in the sun. Jessie (Diane Cilento) had already made her speech: "if nobody raised a finger until people were deserving the whole world would go to hell." The two men duly chastened would ultimately climb the hill and get Barbara away from those cameramen.

Meanwhile the Mexican bandit (Frank Silvera) plus the chief hairdresser, a woman in a French beret and a long

The story line of *Hombre* comes from the Elmore Leonard novel by the same name published in 1961. A melodrama that will make full use of Tucson scenery in color the story is about Dr. Alexander FAVOR (Frederick March) a pompous Indian Agent from the San Carlos Reservation who plans to run away with 12 thousand dollars he has accumulated by cheating the government out of beef contracts depriving the Apache Indians of meat. In a final shoot-em-up scene Russell kills Grimes and is shot himself. The picture closes with the words spoken by Martin Balsam who drives the stagecoach.

"I would like to know his name"

"He was called John Russell" (gasp, sigh).

"A man like any other. It tells you nothing. But he was *muy hombre*."

If these sentiments seem fragile what remains of Helvetia may be more endur-

Vietnam

At the sound of the first clarion of other wars, the film industry stood up and let itself be counted. The Vietnam conflict is unpopular in Hollywood. The entertainment business so far has shown little enthusiasm for ideological alignment, war effort committal or cheer-up-the-boys tours. No war films are being made.

Hollywood is dragging its collective feet, reflecting perhaps less a stand for disengagement than fear of unpopularity and shaky box offices. As a consequence, no Vietnamese *Mrs. Miniver*, showing the heroism of Saigon mothers, no rice paddy *From Here To Eternity*, probing sensitive nerves and asking deep questions, not even a racy *Thirty Seconds Over Hanoi*, hailing tight-lipped bomber crews, have been made. Yet the other side makes anti-U.S. propaganda films. Reports from Geneva said last spring that three Hanoi-made pictures, entitled, in English, *Stop The Assassins*, *Capture Of An American Pilot* and *Determined to Defeat the Americans* have been screened in Switzerland. In Hollywood, a 16mm print of a North Vietnamese propaganda movie, mostly made up of French newsreel footage left after Dien Bien-Phu, has made the Ban-The-Bomb circuit.

John Wayne will co-produce and star in the first Vietnam conflict Hollywood picture. *Green Berets*, telling the adventure of the Special Tactical Force of the U.S. Army, will be based on Robin Moore's novel. No director has been set for the Universal production, set to roll only next spring.

One anti-war satire project has made the rounds of the studios—Stirling Silliphant's *Groundswell*. It was turned down, first by MGM and later by Universal and Columbia, apparently because it was politically too hot to handle.

Silliphant's script is representative of

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the anti-war, anti-Establishment left that Washington policy makers would like to silence in the name of national unity. Telling a lusty tale about 10 Vietcongs sent to the U.S. to blow up the Pentagon, the author of *The Slender Thread* script reportedly has written a wild farce. Disguised as Japanese students, the Vietcong commando of *Groundswell* manage to infiltrate the Pentagon only to get lost in the maze of corridors. In the last reel, however, an obliging major directs them toward the war room.

Silliphant said recently that he was publishing *Groundswell* in book form after having been turned down by a fourth studio.

Entertainment personalities having spoken against the war in Vietnam are few.

Charlton Heston and Marlon Brando, the two most outspoken champions of left-of-center causes that are not necessarily popular, have remained silent on the Vietnam issue, but George C. Scott has published a courageous Vietnam diary in *Esquire*. John Cassavetes has expressed his opposition to the war on TV,

but the most outspoken foe of the conflict is probably that man from UNCLE, Robert Vaughn, who has addressed anti-war college rallies and moderated TV programs.

But if the antiwar faction is small and somewhat timid the Rally Around The Flag party is also having difficulties gaining ground. The troop entertainment tours have received half-hearted backing from the industry. Excluding sidemen of orchestras and bands, less than 50 top personalities have let themselves be enrolled on tours by USO, the organization responsible for troop entertainment during World War II and the Korean war, De-mothballed last September. Since it was reactivated at the request of the Defense Department, USO has appealed to virtually hundreds of entertainers.

Bob Hope, that perennial entertainer of GIs, tops the list of successful Vietnam troupers although his acid humor (especially jokes about draft card burnings) in Saigon did not please higher echelons in the Pentagon.

A.M

George Stevens Vs. Television

George Stevens lost his fight with National Broadcasting Corporation (NBC) over the telecasting, with commercials, of his 1951 *A Place In The Sun*. Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Richard L. Wells found NBC not guilty because its commercial breaks did not hurt the picture.

The trial was sparked by Stevens, who on Feb. 15 obtained an injunction against NBC prohibiting artistic damage to the film through commercial inserts. *A Place In The Sun* was run on NBC's "Saturday Night At The Movies" program a month later and the director succeeded in getting the network hauled into court to defend itself from citation for contempt.

Still to come is Stevens' \$400,000 Superior Court suit against Paramount and NBC accusing the distributor and the net work overstepping his privilege (Continued on page 61)

John Huston, 'The Bible' And James Bond

The Bible is not a religious picture, says its creator, but a poem of myth, legend and pre-History, six films rolled into one and the world's first adventure story.

"*The Bible* is also a misnomer since it covers only 30 pages of the Book of Genesis," says John Huston, who himself plays Noah in the \$18-million epic he directed for two years in Italy and Egypt.

Huston who turned 60 Aug. 5, has just finished a segment of the overblown *Casino Royale* in London and is awaiting the world premiere in September of *The Bible*. This fall he starts *Reflections In A Golden Eye*, to be followed by a Napoleonic super production in which Richard Burton will play the Emperor of France and Peter O'Toole the Duke of Wellington.

Talks of a Vatican premiere of *The Bible* are off. "It's not a religious picture in that sense," says Huston, "it's much more 'The Golden Bough' or some chapters of 'The Iliad' and 'The Odyssey'."

Huston, who hasn't made a picture in Hollywood since *The Misfits* in 1960, and surrendered his American citizenship two years ago to live an Irish squire's life, calls himself an atheist. When pressed to clarify, he says he is a "philosophical atheist" in the existentialist sense.

"I don't conjecture about the exis-

tence of a divinity," he says freely. "I think all churches—Catholics, Protestants and Jews—all, except perhaps some rattlesnake eaters in the South—agree today that *The Bible* is a mixture of myth, legend and history. I consider the book as such with its plots, its poe-

ple and poetry. It's the first adventure story, the first love story, the first murder story, the first suspense, the first story of faith."

Huston and his screenwriter Christopher Fry departed only briefly from the Old Testament, the director told us



John Huston: *The Bible*, John Huston as Noah.

Small Talk

the other day, notably with the introduction of a love scene between Abraham (George C. Scott) and Sarah (Ava Gardner).

"The speech is not contemporary, but King James English and when we did depart, Fry wrote a dialogue close to Greek verse."

On his own incarnation of Noah, Huston said producer Dino De Laurentiis was behind the persuasion after no actor could be found with a rapport for animals. "Director Huston must admit that actor Huston is an unusually intelligent performer," he grinned.

"You can say that *The Bible* is six different films done in different styles," he added seriously, "depicting in a continuous sweep The Creation, Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Noah, the Tower of Babel and the saga of Abraham. The picture was shooting for two years. The Babel sequence runs less than 10 minutes, but we shot it in Egypt with a cast of thousands and almost insurmountable difficulties."

One technical innovation was used. For The Garden sequence, the color film was pre-exposed to a yellow background, rewound, put into the camera and the sequence shot.

"The result is a golden glow to the whole Garden of Eden sequence. Then after The Fall, a black-and-white undertone become predominant."

Huston starts filming Carson McCullers' *Reflections In A Golden Eye* in London in September with Elizabeth Taylor, to be followed by *Waterloo* with Burton and O'Toole. The epic, to be produced by De Laurentiis, will have no running female lead, "but Liz (Taylor) is welcome to play a cameo bit, if she wants." Miss Taylor was a location bystander on Huston's *Night of The Igguana* in 1963.

The screenplay for *Reflections* has been done by little-known English novelist Chapman Mortimer, who has lived in Sweden for several years. "I've been a fan of his for 15 years," specifies Huston. "He wrote strange, haunting novels."

Huston lives in a sprawling Georgian home in wet and windy Galway countryside in Western Ireland. A lavish entertainer (Jean-Paul Sartre is a regular summer guest), he mixes with the Irish and English sporting gentry and is that rare thing—a master of fox hounds.

"I'd been coming to Ireland for a very long time and for the last 13 years, I'd been spending more and more time here," is the way the Nevada, Missouri-born (correct Nevada, Mo.) director explains his renouncing his American citizenship. "I got to love Ireland. I shall always feel very close to the



John Huston: *The Bible*, Ava Gardner, George Scott.

United States, and I shall always admire it, but the America I know best and loved doesn't exist anymore."

Huston describes his *Casino Royale* contribution as "a lark" and innocently leaks the secret of the Sean Connery-less James Bond film. The picture, shooting in London, is one month behind schedule and one-third over its \$6-million budget. To the amusement of Columbia Pictures, *Casino Royale* has become known as *Little Cleopatra*.

What exactly is going on at the Pine-wood Studios has been a state secret. The sets are closed, the stars are forbidden to discuss their roles and are trusted only with the pages of the script in which they appear. The screenplay of Ian Fleming's first James Bonder has had at least 12 rewrites. The current script is the product of Huston, Terry Southern, Wolf Mankowitz, Peter Sellers and Woody Allen.

Huston says the big gag of the picture is that Sir James Bond retired some 30 years ago and that the British secret service is keeping his name and fame alive for the edification of younger counter-spies and is bestowing it on worthy younger men as a code name. Without mentioning Connery, the film has Sir James (David Niven) intimating that the present "Bond" is a brash and vulgar upstart.

Huston's one-fourth of the picture (the other segments are directed by Joe McGrath, a British TV youth hopeful, Robert (In *The French Style*) Parrish and second-unit director Richard Talmadge, deals with bringing the only woman Sir James ever loved across the Spanish border into France to have her

murdered.

The son of a newspaperwoman and actor Walter Huston, the director admires literature.

"I love beautiful writing," he enthused. "That's what made me decide to do *The Bible* in the first place. Christopher Fry's screenplay was what really made me tick. I asked De Laurentiis: 'You must be kidding. You want a Cecil B. DeMille biblical epic, not this!' And when he said it was Fry's script he wanted to put on the screen, I signed up right away. I can always be seduced by good writing." A.M.

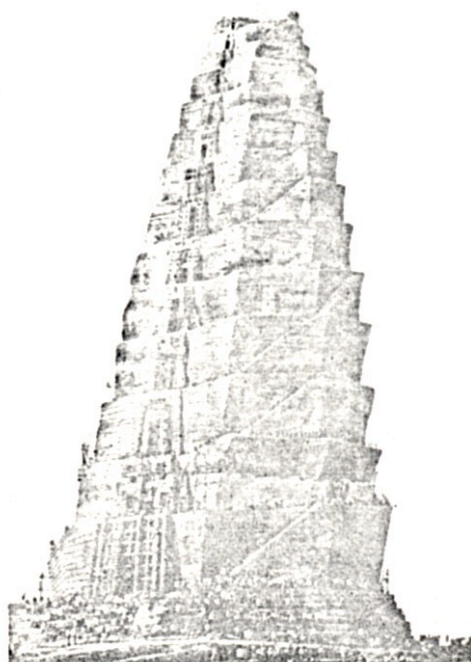
Kurosawa In America

Akira Kurosawa will film *The Runaway Train* in Northern New York state this fall. Based on a Life magazine story by Warren R. Young about the N.Y. Central Railroad, the picture will be shot in color with an all-American cast as a U.S.-Japanese co-production of Joseph E. Levine and Tetsu Aoyagi.

The author of *Rashomon* was to have directed 20th Fox's big Western *The Day Custer Fell*, but the failure of Bernhard Wicki's *Moriturus* and Serge Bourguignon's *The Reward* caused Darryl Zanuck to change his mind about foreign directors. *Custer* was assigned to Fred Zinnemann instead and then postponed indefinitely.

The Runaway Train will be Kurosawa's first film outside Japan.

A.M.



The Tower of Babel.

Small Talk



Marco Bellocchio: *I Pugni In Tasca*.

Letter From Italy

The present year marks an important advancement in Italian cinema: the recognition by the government of the necessity to aid the film industry not only as part of the economy, but as an artistic medium. The passing of the new cinema law — long awaited, much discussed, and violently disrupted by all parties — makes it clear that the government means to support good films: it is now possible to obtain credit for making films even without enormous initial capital guarantees. Directors can form cooperatives to produce their own films. These cooperatives are recognized as economic entities and are subsidized like production companies, enjoying various tax benefits and restitution of entrance revenue on the basis of cultural value. The government has also recognized, after many years of struggle, the six federations of cine-clubs and film-societies that exist in Italy, and has thus made it possible for these to benefit from the same legal support as other recognized cultural institutions. It is widely held, that this recognition will safeguard the future existence of Italy's film clubs, which in past years, despite an increase in critical value and an expansion of activities to include public discussions and university lectures, have been threatened with economic extinction.

The threat of total annihilation of films as a mass medium, which can be

seen by going to any normal cinema in Italy and finding it largely empty (this is the situation in most cinemas, except the very snobbish first-run houses in Rome, Milan and Turin) has not been the only stimulus for the government's moves, however. Over the past year a group of political and cultural functionaries have become involved with cinema, and Italy's first important film festival outside of Venice has solidified its position in the birthtown of the socialist minister of tourism and spectacle. Achille Corona was born in Pesaro on the Adriatic, and in this ugly, hospitable town, filmmakers from 30 countries met for the second time in May/June of 1966 and proved that a young, "new" cinema exists not only in fact, but—and more important—in spirit.

The films which are being made in Italy today fall into two clearly marked groups: those which try to re-attract the large public, and those who hope that a small public will suffice to repay their small budgets. The fact that all the classically important filmmakers in today's Italy: Antonioni, Fellini, Visconti, *et al*, are making films in the first category, symbolises that the crisis of the past years has not been only economic, but also, and more dramatically, a crisis caused by the calcification of film talents. Fortunately the situation is changing rapidly, and the new law may help in assuring the young and exciting new

Paramount Pictures Sold

Paramount Pictures, since 1913 a film company whose blood has run thick through motion picture history, has become a subsidiary of an oil company at the end of a year-long stockholders fight. The firm will continue, but as they say in the movies: "It will never be the same."

Paramount was absorbed by Gulf & Western Industries, Inc. June 30 in a merger that took no one by surprise. Gulf & Western became the largest stockholder in Paramount on April 15, buying up 143,000 shares that had been owned by former dissident board members Herbert J. Siegel and Ernest Martin. Siegel and Martin had tried to gain control of the company. They criticized the management of George Weltner as being "inept" but a service of court injunctions prevented them from gaining control.

Columbia Broadcasting Corp. (CBS), National Broadcasting Corp. (NBC) and American Broadcasting Corp. (ABC), the three U.S. radio and television networks slipped into big business hands during the past year, but Paramount is the first motion picture, with the exception of Universal (owned by Music Corporation of America (MCA)), to get out of show business control.

Paramount had suffered heavy losses in the past two years, both in earnings and in creative talent. Jerry Lewis whose pictures over a 13-year period (1949-62) brought \$140-million in Paramount coffers, left the studio last year and a series of expensive Joseph E. Levine productions that failed heavily helped lay the management open to the Siegel-Martin offensive. Paramount, which missed the television production gravy train, now has Hal B. Wallis, Elvis Presley and Otto Preminger as its main productive assets. A.M.

filmmakers the economic continuity they require. Over the past year at least six new, young feature directors made their debut, and at least four new documentary filmmakers came to the forefront of local and international acclaim. Some of these: Bertolucci, Bellocchio, and Scavolini, have already reaped critical applause, and others, like Anna Gobbi, Giorgio Trentin, Giovanni Venuto, Gianfranco Mingozzi, Paolo Brunatto, Gianni Amico, Ennio Lorenzini and Nello Risi are beginning to be known and appreciated. Even the most commercial best-selling Italian West- (Continued on page 61)

Journal of *Fahrenheit 451*

by François Truffaut

Monday 10 January

Shooting on "*Fahrenheit 451*" was to have begun today, but it has been put off. The insurance company's doctor examined Julie Christie and found her too tired by her nine months work on *Doctor Zhivago*. She should also have a wisdom tooth pulled out before starting. The principal sets for the film have been built at Pinewood Studios, and it seems to me that Universal would stand to lose quite a bit of money were they to cancel the film. That's what I say to reassure myself. They are talking of starting next Monday if all goes well with Julie Christie. Oskar Werner has gone back to Berlin and Paris in order to dub himself in German and French for *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*. On my side, I am guilty of having not yet found an actor to play The Captain, Montag's (Oskar Werner) superior in the Fire Service hierarchy.

Tuesday 11 January

Screening of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*. It's a film with no instinct and no intuitive feeling. There are several good players in it, two of whom could play The Captain. Tomorrow we are going to meet the better of the two, Cyril Cusack, who is Irish. *Fahrenheit 451* is taken from a novel by Ray Bradbury. I read it at the end of 1960 and bought the rights in the middle of 1962. Why have I had to wait three-and-a-half years before making it? Simply for money reasons. In my euphoria over *Jules and Jim*, I launched into a project that was financially too big for me. Responsible French producers who considered it decided it was too risky. I have to add that the adaptation we wrote, Jean-Louis Richard and I, never aroused much enthusiasm except among three or four of our pals.

Then it was the turn of the American companies. Again, reply negative. I remember, for example, that three years ago the New York office of United Artists had to choose between two French subjects, *That Man from Rio* and *Fahrenheit*. It would be churlish to say that they did not make a good choice with Philippe de Broca's film, which won them a fortune.

If the film gets made this time, it will be thanks to having Oskar Werner and Julie Christie in the cast. They have become big stars in the course of these last few months, and by pure coincidence both of them at this moment are receiving a shower of awards and Grands Prix and promises of Oscars.

In June 1963, a New York producer,

Lewis Allen, bought the rights to *Fahrenheit* with the understanding that he would make it only with me. From that moment it became an English-language project, but yet it still took two years to find financial backing. The Music Corporation of America (M.C.A.) had set up a London company, as it happened, to produce independent films with distribution guaranteed by Universal. *Fahrenheit* is the first of these independent productions, the second being *A Countess from Hong Kong* which Charlie Chaplin will start in two weeks, also at Pinewood, and the third a film starring and directed by Albert Finney later, in mid '66.

Wednesday 12 January

Jean-Luc Godard arrived today, expecting to find me in the midst of shooting. I took him to visit the sets, to look at some colour tests, and we went off to see *The Scarlet Empress* at the British Film Institute. A month ago I had the opportunity to see eight of Josef von Sternberg's films there, and this one is perhaps the best, the craziest, the best acted. Like other Sternbergs, it makes one think of Stroheim and Ophüls but also, because it's crammed with humour, of Lubitsch, that poor Ernst whom Lotte Eisner abuses so unfairly in "*L'Ecran Démoniaque*," her otherwise excellent book that I shall perhaps burn with so many others in *Fahrenheit*.

Wednesday evening

I learn that Universal has decided to dispense with the insurance company's blessing and that shooting begins tomorrow, Thursday, and not Monday next. Jean-Luc has gone back to Paris and I start to get the jitters, with buzzing in the ears and so on. Nothing in *8½* is an exaggeration, not even the end where the director is forcibly dragged to work. That film, *8½*, is the film director's film, our film, and we should all be grateful to the one who made it.

After having seen *8½*, my accomplice Helen Scott, who is going to be with me all through *Fahrenheit 451*, said to me: "I never dreamed it was so difficult to make a film. Really what intricate work!"

The second accomplice I've brought in is Suzanne Schiffman, who has been my script-girl ever since *Tirez sur le Pianiste* and Jean-Luc's too. We met her eighteen years ago at screenings in the Cinémathèque, Avenue de Messine. As a tribute to Buñuel I nicknamed her Suzanna the Perverse. And speaking of nicknames, Oskar Werner, who was called Oskar Werther all the way

through *Jules and Jim*, this time becomes Lord Jules and his partner obviously Miss Julia. One needs these little games when one is making a film, just as one needs to give up some of one's attachments. For instance, I sold my car before leaving Paris so as to feel myself a free man, a pedestrian in space, and yesterday I had my head almost shaved so as to avoid having my hair cut again before the end of the film.

So there it is. . . . Tomorrow — forthcoming English film, *Fahrenheit 451*, made wholly in and around Pinewood — and not in Brasilia, Stockholm, Toronto, Chicago or Meudon, all cities that were thought of, checked on, visited, photographed and recorded.

Thursday 13 January

We began this morning, without either Oskar or Julie, with scenes that will only be seen on various television screens in the film. Absurd dialogue between two characters for a TV play game in which Linda (Montag's wife) is invited to take part by replying to inane questions. One of these characters wore glasses and I made him stare into the lens until he looked a bit like Chabrol.

The second television item was a judo demonstration by a man and a woman, and the third a make-up demonstration which Linda will look at on a small portable television set beside her bed.

These television projection plates have to be made as realistic as possible. By trick work, scan-lines and interference of various kinds will be superimposed on them. Then they will be back-projected into the sets, the actors will be able to perform in front of the screens, and we shall be able to do camera movements.

Friday 14 January

We continue the television scenes. We shall see one and the same woman announcer throughout the film, but as she changes hair-style, costume and background it will be as if. . . .

In point of fact, the film adapts itself quite well to this gimmick — giving several parts to the same player, starting with Julie Christie who will play the two female leads, Linda the wife and the Other Woman.

A good intensive day's work with this very talented woman announcer, Gillian Lewis. I did only one take of each of her eight scenes. Colour film is expensive, besides, I want the editing of the film to keep pace with the shooting, so

it's best to have as little footage to handle as possible.

In one corner of the studio compound, between two buildings, we shot a street-scene without a street. We really ought to have built a street set that could have served four or five times in the film. Two firemen ((in caps instead of helmets) stop a boy in the street and cut his hair. The television commentary explains that barbers have received instructions to cut hair shorter, but some little know-it-alls had thought up the idea of cutting one another's hair, as between pals, to escape the law.

That was a Soviet news item that I read in a daily paper. But *Fahrenheit 451* is not going to be a propaganda film, only a film about books.

On 2 May 1964, Mme. Sumarni, a member of the Indonesian Government, set fire in a street in Jakarta to some books no less displeasing to her than to President Sukarno. . . .

Fahrenheit 451 is the super-simple story of a society in which it is forbidden to read and to possess books. The firemen — who once upon a time put out fires — are responsible for confiscating books and burning them on the spot. One of them, Montag, on the point of being promoted to a higher rank,

influenced by meeting a young woman (Clarisse) who questions the order of things, begins to read books and to find pleasure in them. His own wife (Linda) informs on him out of fear, and eventually Montag is brought to the point of literally burning up his own Captain. Then he runs away — and you will only need to buy a ticket to one of the better cinemas to find out where to.

When I was a boy at school and we talked on Mondays about the films we had seen over the weekend, the two questions that always came up were:

(1) Is there a fight in it?

(2) Are there any naked women?

In respect to *Fahrenheit 451*, I can answer yes to the first question and no to the second, but without taking any special pride in it.

In point of fact, this film like all those taken from a good book half belongs to its author, Ray Bradbury. It is he who invented those book burnings that I'm going to have such fun filming, which is why I wanted colour. An old lady who chooses to be burned with her books rather than be separated from them, the hero of the film who roasts his Captain, these are the things I am looking forward to filming and seeing on the screen, but which my imagina-

tion, tied too firmly to reality, could not have conceived by itself. After David Goodis and Henri-Pierre Roché, Ray Bradbury comes to my aid, providing me with the strong situations I need in order to escape from the documentary.

Saturday 15 January

Rest. In British studios they do not work on Saturdays. That allows me to make script revisions with Helen and to prepare the hard labour of the coming week with Suzanna.

Cyril Cusack has agreed to play The Captain. He's an actor who might surprise us. I am sure he has much to offer. Will he be menacing enough?

With Oskar and Suzanna, went to the British Institute to see *The Devil Is a Woman* and extracts from *I, Claudius* put together as a B.B.C. transmission. Very nice evening.

Sunday 16 January

With Suzanna, off to Pinewood to look at the sets next week. The firehouse is a success, but I have some reservations about Montag's apartment.

A science-fiction film makes everybody go creative, sometimes in the wrong way. Someone will say to me smoothly: "To show that the life of



The firepole scene — Anton Diffring (Fabian), Francois Truffaut, Oskar Werner.



Cyril Cusack and Oskar Werner.

these people is dreary, I've made you a dreary what-have-you (a set-design or dressing or costume)." The danger of these booby-traps is enhanced by my own tendency to wave problems aside and say: "Leave it be — we'll look at it later on." I reckon that in this film we shall hit snags at every stage — a snag a day, a snag a set, a snag a scene, in short a proper snag festival.

Three years ago, the concept of *Fahrenheit 451* was an SF film, set in the future and backed up by inventions and gadgetry and so on. Now that we've had James Bond, Courrèges, Pop Art — and Godard, by God, yet — I'll cut off at a bit of a tangent too, as when I made *Jules et Jim* a period film to by-pass the danger — of Jim as a racing driver, Jules a fashion photographer and Catherine as a cover-girl. Obviously it would be going too far to make *Fahrenheit 451* a period film yet I am heading in that general direction. I am bringing back Griffith-era telephones, Carole Lombard-Debbie Reynolds-style dresses, a Mr. Deeds-type fire-engine. I am trying for anti-gadgetry—at one point Linda gives Montag a superb cut-throat razor and throws the old battery-model Philips in to the waste basket. In short, I am working contrariwise, a little as if I

were doing a "James Bond in the Middle Ages."

Monday 17 January

Today we really started the film. The first shot took a long time to line up because I wanted to combine two sets to take advantage of the lovely automatic doors Sid Caine had built. Montag, on whose face the red warning-lights are reflected, goes from the firemen's recreation room into the classroom where he is to lecture to a class on "The Detection of Hidden Books." Because of a defective flame-thrower, we lost a lot of time and I could sense that Oskar Werner wouldn't get rid of his first-day jitters until after we had done a shot. Hastily we lined up another in The Captain's waiting room where two trainee-firemen are whispering to each other a little apart from Montag.

The flame-thrower repaired, we went back into the class-room, but ran only half the scene. One of the trainee-firemen pressed the trigger of the flame-thrower by mistake and got a jet of kerosene in his eyes. On the stage there are studio firemen who stand by to see that we don't set fire to Pinewood. What is going to happen when the old lady burns herself up with her books on

Stage E?

Tuesday 18 January

This is the first day I am happy about. We finished the classroom scene—Montag's demonstration with dummy wooden books on the subject of possible hiding places. We showed a rolled-up book in a Thermos flask and even two ejected from a pop-up electric toaster.

Then in the corridor outside The Captain's office, an improvised scene to take advantage of Sid Caine's attractive set. Montag looks through a small window obliquely across to The Captain's office. Behind the thick hammered-glass panes of the office windows, The Captain can be seen dimly in the process of beating up the two trainee-firemen summoned to his office. Cyril Cusack went through all this dumb show with great zest. He is certainly going to be a worthy partner for Oskar Werner.

The improvisation added of course to our delays and we are now a whole day behind schedule. Yesterday's rushes were good. The classroom came off and the flame-thrower was effective. It's not that I don't give a damn about the colour, but I don't really work at it. The ideal would be to come close to *Johnny Guitar*, Trucolor's masterpiece. Unfortun-

ately we are privileged to be with Technicolor Labs with whom Universal have a tie-in . . .

I have every confidence in my lighting cameraman, Nick Roeg, from whom I have asked the exact opposite of what he did on Clive Donner's *Nothing but the Best*, which was bland and pastel. I liked his crude but violent photography in Roger Corman's *Masque of the Red Death*. On my picture he will go for sombre, hard imagery with true blacks. The camera crew is excellent and I get along very well with Nick and his operator, Alex, who asks me in French after every take: "Ca te plait, Monsieur?"

Chaplin's film has started on schedule on another stage. It seems that Chaplin intimidates all his actors by playing all the parts first himself, to show them how. A few days ago, I asked Geraldine Chaplin if her father had the jitters before he began. Reply: yes, something shocking. Well, well . . .

Before tackling the scenes which take place round the firehouse pole, I asked for a screening of a 16mm copy of *Charlie* in *The Fireman* which Richard Roud had lent us. As I expected, there we found fifty years ahead of us the business of going up the pole in reverse which is in Bradbury's book too. In *Fahrenheit 451*, of course, it's this pole that proves to be the fly in the ointment. Montag, when for the first time he has read a book in secret, will not be able to go up it and will have to use the spiral staircase, thus arousing the suspicions of his mates.

In the French script of *Fahrenheit*, we had in the dialogue a marvellous lapsus. Clarisse is talking to Montag about the men who have decided each to learn by heart a complete book, and she ends by saying: "Ce sont des hommes-livres." I was heartbroken that because the film is now in English, I would have to lose this untranslatable play-on-words. A young poet, David Rudkin, who is collaborating with Helen on additional dialogue — the one tracking down Americanisms and the other anglicisms — made me very happy by contriving a pun using "good people" and "book people."

Those who championed the death of the little rabbit in *La Règle du jeu* have been beaten by an English lady featured in today's newspapers. She has been to see Robert Wise's film, *The Sound of Music*, 330 times in the last six months. Twice a day weekdays and once on Sundays, in the same cinema. The fortieth time the manager questioned her, and thereafter gave her a ticket to the house. At home she wrote down from memory all the dialogue, scene by scene, against the day when the film will end its run in Glasgow, where this true story took place.

I'm bushed. Till tomorrow.

Wednesday 19 January

I have refused to authorize two writers to do a book about the making of the film. When they see this ship's log

of mine they will probably think it is the reason for my refusal. This is not the case. In fact, it is because whenever I work from a novel, I feel a certain responsibility towards the author. Whether it comes off or not, whether it is faithful to the book or not, the film of *Fahrenheit 451* should only favour the sales of one book, the book from which it was taken. A book about the making of the film would only create confusion with Bradbury's. To my way of thinking, the best idea would be to re-issue the novel, illustrating it with stills from the film.

I am making a British film. I have tried as much as possible to avoid national characteristics of which the English are themselves unaware. "Above all," I asked, "no red brick." So they gave me yellow brick. I've tried to cast actors who have an American look, with symmetrical faces and regular features. In spite of that, now and again Great Britain gets in on the act, via some small-part player whom I have not chosen myself or who is replacing one that I did choose who at the last moment isn't available.

Because of the simplicity of theme, some scenes in *Fahrenheit* recall *The Damned* which is not my favourite among Losey's films.

I can now say that working in England is full of pleasant surprises. Pinewood is a truly comfortable studio and magnificently equipped. It is true that the union rules are very strict: for instance, if we are shooting with two cameras, Nick Roeg is not allowed to act as second operator. On the other hand, at any time I can ask for one or two extra cameras and they arrive complete with operators and focus-pullers, recruited on the spot: whether they are kept permanently on stand-by or are employees from another picture, I do not know.

It takes forty-five minutes to get to Pinewood, but it seems to be a remarkably regular journey for, one morning out of two, we go under a certain railway bridge at the precise moment when two silver trains pass one another. If I could write English, I would use this time profitably for finalizing the dialogue of the film. Forty-five minutes is just the right length of time for writing the dialogue for one day's work, providing you have the story continuity firmly in your head.

Thursday 20 January

For a long time I have dreamed of filming a man fainting because he's in trouble. I nearly did it with Desailly in a scene in Rheims for *La Peau Douce*, but I gave up the idea fearing that the audience might say: "Ah, yes — he's a sick man." Wanting to do it undoubtedly goes back to an evening at the Théâtre National Populaire fifteen years ago with Gérard Philipe in "Le Prince de Hombourg," sleepwalking. Later I read somewhere that the playwright, Heinrich von Kleist, on being introduced to a woman whom he found very attrac-

tive, passed out. So I made Oskar pass out today. Towards the end of the story, Montag wants to give up his job as fireman and hand in his resignation. However, he goes one last time to the firehouse in the hope of finding some information about Clarisse and her uncle who had been arrested the previous night. He breaks in to The Captain's office, searches the files and is caught at it by The Captain. The first time, he manages to evade The Captain's question: "How did you get in?", but at the end of the scene when The Captain attacks again with the abrupt question: "How did you get in?", Montag crumples to the floor. We shot the whole of this scene in one go with three cameras. I was very pleased with it.

Friday 21 January

Films in which people tell lies are more difficult to put on the screen than those in which they tell the truth. At any rate, a lying scene requires twice as many shots as a straight scene.

Here's an imaginary example. A good girl, pure and honest, says to her mum: "Mama, I am going to get married." The mother, sweet and loving, says: "Oh, my darling, how happy I am for you!" There is no earthy reason why that scene should not be done in one shot with both women in picture throughout. Now, if the girl were a little tart who is going to marry the man her mother is in love with; or yet again a fine, Snow White-type girl whose mother is an "Ugly Duchess," one has to break the scene down into five or six shots in such a way as to give the audience information it will not get from the characters themselves. Put another way, there are two situations to film instead of one. The example would be even more telling in a scene with three characters. Hitchcock's work is full of them. He is the greatest.

I knew that *Fahrenheit* had some shortcomings, as every film does. In this case it is the characters who are not very real or very strong, and this is because of the exceptional nature of the situations. This is the chief danger in science-fiction stories, that everything else is sacrificed to what is postulated. It's up to me to fight that in trying to bring it alive on the screen.

One very unfortunate thing of which I had not thought at all is the military look of the film. All these helmeted and booted firemen, smart, handsome lands, snapping out their lines. Their military stiffness gives me a real pain. Just as I discovered when I was making *Le Pianiste* that gangsters were for me unfilmable people, so now I realize that I must in future avoid men in uniform as well.

I have had a good week in that enchanting firehouse, but I am impatient to start the scenes with Julie Christie. The interminable dreariness of films that are womanless. During the making of *Les Mistons*, Gérard Blain sometimes said to me: "Et maintenant tu ne voud-

rais pas faire un zoom sur mon sexe"

For several days I have been feeling that something was missing in the treatment of *Fabrenheit 451*, an idea that could be expressed visually in different small details that could be inserted here and there. I hit upon narcissism. Quickly I had a bust of The Captain made in plaster and placed beside his desk. In one of his speeches he says to Montag: "Have you seen my personal medallion? It's a remarkable likeness. You must remind me to give you one." Later in the film he will say the same thing to another fireman who answers: "I already have one, sir." In the sequences in the overhead suburban train, I shall show a passenger who strokes cheek with the wrist like a child asleep, another kissing her own reflection in the window. Linda in her bathroom will stroke her breast inside her dress. There are unlimited possibilities in this idea, which can really work right through the film.

Universal's Hollywood lawyers wanted us not to burn books by Faulkner, Sartre, Genêt, Proust, Salinger, Audiberti, etc. "Stick to books that are in the public domain," they said for fear of future proceedings. That's absurd. I took counsel's opinion here in London and was told: "No problem. Go ahead and quote all the titles and authors you like." There will be as many literary references in *Fabrenheit 451* as in all of Jean-Luc's eleven films put together.

Saturday 22 January

No point in getting up at 6 o'clock today, or tomorrow. This weekly two days' rest is very welcome, for the work is harder here than in Paris particularly for a dirty foreigner (pleonasm!) like me.

Talking of which, I have nothing disparaging to say of the British whose national cinema I dragged through the mud so often when I was a journalist. I have never had so loyal a crew, showing such kindness and so eager to please me as I have here at Pinewood. Everyone wants to help "The French Guv'nor" to come out of it as well as possible.

Sunday 23 January

Starting tomorrow, three-and-a-half days in the home of the old lady who is burned up with her books. Ground floor, landing on the first floor with balustrade, and attic. Kerosene, broken window-panes, doors smashed in, books thrown to the ground, sprayed, and burned by the woman herself who refuses to leave the house and collapses in flames in the midst of her books.

After that we move for two weeks into Linda and Montag's apartment. That's where all the domestic scenes of the film are grouped together and I hope to catch up the two days we are now behind schedule.

A scenario is something positive, the promise of a finished work, almost like a novel. From the first day's shooting onwards, a film becomes something that



Francois Truffaut and Anton Diffring.

Some of the production crew — Truffaut looking through the camera lens, and on the far right, his "accomplice," Helen Scott.





Cyril Cusack and Oskar Werner.

has to be saved like a ship in distress. It's not so much a case of taking the helm, but of keeping the boat on an even keel, otherwise one is heading for the rocks. Because time passes too quickly in relation to thought, you might compare the making of a film to a runaway train that burns up the track to the point where you haven't even time to read the names of the stations it races through.

We're getting the footage, we're making screen-time, we knock off the numbers. In no case can all this expenditure of nervous energy result in a masterpiece, which requires absolute control of all the elements, but at best something that's alive.

Monday 24 January

The seven firemen go into the old lady's house. They spread out on the ground floor like a flock of migrating birds, and I suddenly realize that this scene is like *Johnny Guitar*, probably because of these men in black who have

come to torment a woman who defies them from the top of her staircase.

What's more tiresome to film than seven men in one room? *Fahrenheit 451* is my fifth film and yet today I feel as if I am just a beginner. I tell myself that I am probably making progress, but it's hard to know for sure since I'm tackling things each time that are more difficult or that I wouldn't take on before.

A clause in our contract with Universal stipulates that we shoot the film for wide-screen — an aspect-ratio of 1:1.85 — but with no mask in the camera in order to allow for the possibility of the film being shown on TV, with its format of 1:1.33. This stupidity makes us lose up to an hour a day in last-minute adjustments to parts of the set (ceilings, beams, etc.) in order to hide lamps on the spot-rail that would show in the TV frame. I learn that Chaplin refused to have this clause in his contract, and that he is shooting with wide-screen masks. This evening I asked Lewis Allen to appeal on our behalf to Universal to free

us too from this constraint.

Tuesday 25 January

Seeing the firemen in her home, the old lady on the landing laughs and comes down the stairs saying: "Play the man, Master Ridley, we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace as I trust shall never be put out." A little later in the story through the mouth of The Captain, Bradbury adds: "Words said by a man called Latimer to a man called Nicholas Ridley as they waited to be burned alive at Oxford on October sixteenth fifteen fifty five — for heresy."

Then the firemen push the woman out of the way, go up to the first floor, break down doors and throw books over the balustrade. As there were a lot of things to be broken in the shot, there was no question of doing several takes, so I ran with four cameras. The first, on a crane, covered the whole scene at the height of the balustrade; the second, lower down, took the books falling towards the lens; the third, at the top of the stairs, follows Fireman Fabian smashing in a cupboard with glass doors; and the fourth was angled to get the look of jubilation on The Captain's face. The take lasted forty-five seconds, but edited I think I can get sixty or sixty-five seconds out of it.

The baby Mole-Richardson camera-crane looked so nice with its streamlined silhouette that I asked if I might put it in the film three weeks from now. I shall have it painted fire-engine red and it will have all the appearance of a demonstration model. I shall put on it, instead of a camera, a fireman armed with a flame-thrower. I shall place four or five trainee-firemen in blue shirts around it. We will start the action of crane and flame-thrower together and the flames will lick their way along a sheet of asbestos on the wall. I try out ideas of this kind first on Suzanne Schiffman; she backs me up and in the end I get my way even if everybody makes me feel, as they did this evening that I'm really being rather eccentric.

Wednesday 26 January

The old lady has remained downstairs with Montag. Books rain down on them. Montag picks up a book and reads out: "Once upon a time there was a poor woodcutter . . .", and throws it back before going to join The Captain who is calling him from the attic library.

I chose this woman because she is small and round, a bit comical, to go against the convention of the dignified, valiant lady with the beautiful, ravaged face.

Victory in the war of the screen — sizes: we shoot 1:1.85 and a mask goes into the camera as of tomorrow morning.

Thursday 27 January

In the attic library, a long monologue by The Captain about the usefulness of books. It's a difficult scene for Oskar

Werner for he has to listen without answering back. Here I am again, with my usual problem of the anti-hero.

About a third of the way through the film, Montag reads a book but still continues to do his job normally and to go every day to the firehouse. He's in the uncomfortable position of the character in the Gestapo who would like to get interested in the Resistance without it really upsetting his life.

I have never been able to film courage, probably because it doesn't interest me much. Courage appears to me to be a virtue that is overrated by comparison with tact, for example. I am certain General Oufkir is a man of courage, but for tact he leaves much to be desired.

I have strayed from my subject, the abstract and the arbitrary in the *Fahrenheit* scenario. When I make a film based on reality, I expect the actors to keep up with the feel of the scenario and be as true as the situations and dialogue: I ask a lot of them. When the situations are more imaginary than real, as in *Le Pianiste* and its lack of reference to life, I demand much less from the actors. I like stories of this kind without feeling them strongly and I am grateful to the actors for bringing a little verisimilitude to them. This is why I watch Oskar Werner each day literally breathing life into this film, and I expect no less of Julie Christie.

Friday 28 January

The part of The Captain is stirring — he is stirring too. Cyril Cusack is the most worried actor I have ever worked with. He is a very kind and gentle person, and he can play his scenes in a variety of ways. He can be baroque, sly, lyrical — but he will never ever be frightening. I've stopped worrying about this, for I sense that the role will gain more than it loses. This man, The Captain who spews forth books, is going to be very likable, and it will work out all right. Because of it (or thanks to it) we're getting away from melodrama and the role will be more alive. Whereas the voices of "solid" English actors grate on my ears, Cyril Cusack's Irish brogue delights me almost as much as Oskar Werner's Austrian accent. For several days now my fears about the British aspects of the film have been allayed.

Saturday 28 January

Work session with Suzanne Schiffman to sort out the parts to be doubled up. Such-and-such an actor seen at the beginning of the film will reappear later in another role, as in the theatre when a company of twelve players takes care of maybe twenty characters. We will work this out quite discreetly, in such a way that it won't even be noticed at first sight.

Monday 31 January

Hosing of the books in the old lady's house before the burn-up. Two alternatives: a lot of pressure and clear water,

or low pressure and the water coloured to look like kerosene. We settle for the second. But first I indulge in a little experiment—set in motion by the draught from a broken window, the pages of a Dali album turn over on their own. It works. Then the hosing of all the books. Another "magic" shot: an attempt to shoot in slow motion a heap of books falling down of their own accord. To get the shot as I visualize it would take two days. To be finished with magic, we tried to make a book fly round the empty set like a seagull, to be used as one of the images in the nightmare Montag is going to have. Result only half satisfactory. There again, it would require a whole day . . .

Julie Christie worked for the first time today. In the same clothes as the old lady, she stands in the middle of the books, strikes a match and collapses in slow motion. Julie was jittery but she came through it well.

Tuesday 1st February

Hard day's work with the old lady surrounded by real flames, made by banks of gas jets hidden under the

books. Six times in two hours she waved her arms and smiled before slumping down within a few feet of the gas jets. Her courage won everybody's admiration.

Next we did the reverse angles on the seven firemen. The Captain calls on the woman to leave her heap of books: she refuses. He tries to make her do so by threatening her with the flame-thrower but she forestalls him, throws a lighted match on to the books soaked in fake kerosene and dies like a Buddhist monk.

Talking of the flame-thrower, Oskar Werner became nervous at the way Cyril Cusack was handling it, dangerously he thought, behind his back and there was a violent row between us that lasted for five minutes. This is the second time since the start of shooting that we've clashed, and I realize that it is not possible to tell everything in this diary which is slated to be published before the film is completed. Yet, these last few evenings I have been reading the reminiscences of von Sternberg, and I must admit that Oskar Werner seems easier to work with than Emil Jannings or Charles Laughton!



Oskar Werner and Francois Truffaut.



The old lady (Bee Duffel) surrounded by her books which are soon to be set ablaze.



Wednesday 2 February

Full-shot of the books on fire, then of the house burning. In the middle of the books, a dummy representing the woman. In the background, the seven firemen ready to get out: Montag has to stay till last and go out backwards. Three cameras. The first down low, on the ground, behind the books. The second, shooting in the same direction, high up in the set. The third angled for a close-up of Montag on a long-focus lens. Petrol everywhere, on the books, on the staircase, on the furniture, even on the hidden gas jets. Obviously one take only. It works. The firemen ran out a little too quickly after the fire was lit, but Oskar bravely stepped forward again to pause in front of the fire before backing out of the house.

Then the studio security guards put the fire out in no time flat.

We've moved over to Montag's apartment which isn't a success. Instead of the ancient-modern contrasts I had hoped for, what we have is just a rather good-looking middle-class interior, except for the wall television screens plus the few things I expressly asked for — the three old-fashioned telephones, the automatic doors, the electronic peephole in the front door and a Breton coffee service.

I hastily make some changes in the furniture, get rid of some of the fussy little dressings, but it's too late to do anything about the rest. When you're making films, it doesn't do to be too trusting.

Thursday 3 February

The lengthy tracking shots I am planning in this set will, I hope, allow me to catch up some of the time we have lost, or at any rate keep us from increasing it. But interposed amongst them, there are shots involving the television screens, and they have a tendency to slow things down.

I have had a kaleidoscope effect shot which we can use as an interlude before and after the television items, and a second projector synchronized with the first, and with our camera, dissolves it in and out at the right time. Since the two projectors must start up together, the kaleidoscope effect must have a leader on the front that matches the length of the television item, and this the people at Technicolor were supposed to have put on before they printed it, but they didn't. So a leader had to be joined on here in our cutting room. Unfortunately one of the projectors won't take the joins . . . In short, we lost two hours.

The rushes of the fire were very good. The scene is so strong that I have decided not to do the one which was to follow it — the firemen getting back on to the fire engine and The Captain commenting on the old woman's suicide, which would have killed the tension. Instead we shall go straight to Montag's apartment on a television announcement which winds up with the admoni-

tion: "Be tolerant — today!"

Friday 4 February

Montag and Linda are watching television and Linda is taking part in a program. The game played by the television actors I filmed on the first day's shooting seemed absurd when we saw it in rushes. Now, on the TV screen, properly cut and integrated into the live-action played on the set, it seems to work.

Julie Christie is going to be wonderful, as easy to work on as Jeanne Moreau or Françoise Dorléac; like them, she's trusting, never fusses and never asks theoretical questions like: "What is She feeling when She says so and so and this and that?"

In the role of Linda, I am going to film her mostly in profile, keeping her in full face for the part of Clarisse. Needless to say her profile is very beautiful, in the manner of a Cocteau drawing, a fantastic straight nose and turned-back upper lip, an immensely wide devouring mouth.

Monday 7 February

In Montag's apartment, more trouble with the television projection has again lost us almost the whole morning. We go into the bedroom to film Montag and Linda in bed. She is watching her little portable TV set; he opens his illustrated newspaper which has neither title nor text.

From the start of shooting, we have only been printing one take per scene, which allows the editor, Thom Noble, to assemble each day's work as he gets it. Whenever we set up for a shot that is going to take a long time to light, I go and work in the cutting room, and at other times I send Suzanne there. Thanks to this method which I hope to follow on future films, we should be able to mix a month-and-a-half after shooting is completed.

Tuesday 8 February

Two shots only today, both very difficult for the camera crew. The first one: Montag comes into his apartment, takes off his cap and belt in the hall, casts an eye into the living room where the television is on but with no picture, calls Linda, goes into the kitchen, comes out, sees Linda lying unconscious on the bathroom floor. Whip pan and zoom. He comes into picture again, picks her up and carries her to the bed. Running time fifty seconds with eleven focus changes.

These shots are done on the Elemack, which is a sort of stand on castor wheels with a small vertical steering wheel. The operator, the focus-puller and the grip walk with this Italian machine, so it constitutes a sort of compromise between a dolly and a hand-held camera. Tremendously practical.

Second shot, the continuation of the

first: Montag puts Linda on the bed, unzips the top of her dress, runs first to the telephone in the hall, calls the hospital, dashes across to turn off the television and back again, then goes to the bathroom to find out what kind of pills his wife must have taken and speaks on the telephone there, then returns to the bedroom and speaks on the third telephone, and the shot ends on Linda still lying on the bed unconscious. Running time one minute and forty seconds with sixteen focus changes. Several times the camera crew bumped into walls, went off course; once the television forgot to fade itself out. Finally the fifth take was good all the way through, and from now on the camera crew deserve to be known as The Heroes of Elemack.

Wednesday 9 February

The two male nurses summoned by Montag arrive to give Linda a blood transfusion. I chose them because they looked like wrestlers — but it will be better if we post-synchronize their voices . . .

In five films I have learned only one thing for certain about actors, that whereas the lightest of them can play a serious role, it is quite impossible to impart lightness to the performance of one who doesn't have it.

Thursday 10 February

The day after the transfusion Linda



Francois Truffaut preparing Julie Christie and Oskar Werner for the scene in which they read a newspaper made up of strip cartoons with no text.

has forgotten all about it, but has such an appetite that she can't stop eating and ends up by grabbing Montag and toppling him over on to the bed in a judo hold. I used slow motion progressively throughout the scene — first thirty frames, then thirty-six, then forty-eight.

Oskar Werner has become cooperative again these last few days and this evening I took him to the National Film Theatre to see *La Règle du Jeu*, which he had never seen and thought marvelous. He has just agreed to do a film that Renoir is preparing, based on three or four war stories.

Bernard Herrmann, who is to compose the music for *Fahrenheit 451*, tells me this story of how Renoir, twenty-five years ago, bringing to an end his collaboration with Zanuck on *Swamp Water*, says: "Good-bye, dear Mr. Zanuck, I have been very happy working for Eighth Century Fox."

Friday 11 February

In the kitchen at night, Montag in a bathrobe like a monk's habit is reading aloud to himself with the help of Webster's Dictionary.

I am beginning to have serious worries about the "Montag interior" because we have to be out of it by Friday next so that construction of Chaplin's big sets can start. It seems that Chaplin's film is also four or five days behind schedule, but that "The Guv'nor" thinks he can make them up. In any case, we shall work tomorrow for the first time on a Saturday, and we shall be putting in quite a lot of overtime next week.

Saturday 12 February

All day in the bathroom, where Montag hides his books, where Linda finds them, where they both quarrel.

I have noticed only today that letting books fall out of frame doesn't work — I have to follow their fall right to the ground. In this film, books are characters and to break into their flight is tantamount to leaving an actor's head out of picture. I've felt from the start that several shots of this kind in the film didn't come off and now I know why.

Sunday 13 February

Work session with Suzanne to see whether by breaking up the chronological order of next week's scenes, we could save time in the Montag interior. Conclusion: negative. Whatever we do, the last scene in the set will have to be the one where Montag sets fire to the double bed, to the television and to his own books, before roasting his Captain and running away.

Monday 14 February

Chaplin's art director is tearing his hair out and stacking our stage full of sections of set waiting to be erected. As we are only occupying a corner of this Stage E, I ask why don't they begin building for Chaplin right away? It



Julie Christie.

seems it's a matter of a large ballroom on board ship and that the whole floor has to be raised . . .

We have promised to be through by Saturday and we shall be working every evening until 9 o'clock instead of 5:30. A nice overtime bill for Universal who are, as it happens, financing both films.

A fairly good day's work today with Montag, Linda and her three friends whom Montag will upbraid tomorrow for their empty-headedness before reading them a passage from "David Copperfield."

In the rushes Julie Christie is superb. She uses her eyes to cast wonderful stylized looks, she can do anything. Unfortunately, the role of Linda being what it is, I am using only part of her talent.

Tuesday 15 February

We worked from 8:30 this morning till 9 o'clock this evening and knocked off nine pages of script for a screen-time of six minutes. Today quantity was more important than quality, so we hustled Linda and her three girl friends

around and turned the camera on several scenes that had scarcely been rehearsed. This way of working, which Raoul Coutard calls "guilty conscience shooting," does not necessarily produce poor results. I was rather pleased with a scene that opened in the Montag bedroom with the little portable working and tracked across with him to the front of the big television screen on which the same program is being transmitted.

After that Montag assails the four women, reads them "David Copperfield" and so forth. The three girls, although hastily chosen, were very good. I can't help feeling that no more than one man in ten is suited to acting, yet the calling fits nine women in ten like a glove.

Wednesday 16 February

Quantity again until 9 o'clock in the evening. In the night, Montag gets out of bed, goes into the bathroom where he takes a book out of its hiding place and sits down to read it in front of the television screen. It's really the first time he has ever read a book right from the beginning, so I got a lot of fun out of

having him first decipher the title, then the name of the author, the publisher, the address of the printer and so on, all with the laborious articulation of a child learning to read.

We have nearly finished with Julie as, what my colleague Michelangelo Antonioni would call, the "alienated" wife. Jean-Louis Richard and I did our best to make this part more sympathetic, more human than Bradbury's Mildred, and Julie has made it more sympathetic still, particularly in contrast to Montag who is overplaying the misogyny of the misunderstood husband. All this is becoming rather strange, subtler than the script, and more risky too.

Thursday 17 February

Montag, The Captain and the firemen come into the apartment. Montag throws his own books to the ground, The Captain hands him the flame-thrower so that he may burn them himself, but Montag rushes into the bedroom and first sets fire to the marriage bed. All of this in four shots whereas it should have been eight, but we must finish this set without fail by the end of the week. We won't be working on Saturday, but on Sunday. There are therefore two days left to film Montag burning his television, his books, his Captain, and taking flight.

The final rushes of Julie as Linda are not bad at all.

Friday 18 February

Having decided to finish this scene quickly, I set up a lengthy shot in the course of which we shall burn up the television and the books one after the other with three cameras. I explain to Oskar Werner that there is no danger to him because he is armed with a dummy flame-thrower, and the real one will not go into action until after he is out of picture. He won't listen, refuses to take part in the rehearsal and stalks off to shut himself in his dressing room. I telephone the producer, Lewis Allen, to come on to the stage. When he arrives, we learn:

- (a) that the actors' union authorizes its members to refuse to do dangerous scenes;
- (b) that it is for the actor to decide whether there is danger or not.

So we shoot the scene as planned but with Oskar's stand-in, a delightful Englishman called John Ketteringham, and with Cyril Cusack, The Captain "sans peur et sans reproche." It is so enjoyable working with Oskar's stand-in that I resolve to use him whenever possible. Later on, Oskar comes back and we do the shots that precede the burning up of The Captain.

Saturday 19 February

To the National Film Theatre with Helen Scott and Suzanne Schiffman — Renoir's *This Land is Mine*. As the scenario of "Fahrenheit 451" was written with the Occupation and the Re-

sistance constantly in mind, the two films have much in common. Renoir's is very beautiful, Charles Laughton is superb in it and I find myself wondering whether or not he was easy to work with.

Two months ago, *Fahrenheit 451* as scripted was a tough, violent film, fine in its sentiments and rather serious. As shooting went on, I couldn't help feeling that I wanted to treat it more lightly; which led me to become more detached and to look at the future, as I looked at the past in *Jules et Jim*, with no pressure on the audience, no attempt to impose total belief in the concept. If I were to start the film again from scratch, I would say to the art director, the costume designer, the cameraman: "Let us make a film about life as children see it — the firemen are lead soldiers, the firehouse a super toy. . . ." I don't want *Fahrenheit 451* to look like a Yugoslav film or an American left-wing film. I want it to remain modest, a simple film, in spite of its "big" theme.

One of the nice things about being a film-maker is that you don't need to keep up appearances. You can look like an idiot — or even just a fellow who has put beauty on to celluloid without realising it.

Sunday 20 February

A very good day today, with the unit very happy to be working on a Sunday, and having a lot of fun. Four or five shots with Oskar Werner waving his dummy flame-thrower at The Captain with, behind him, the bed still smouldering. Next, The Captain's death with flames thrown on to a glass screen in front of him — and that was the end of our courageous Captain's work. Finally, as with the old lady's home, general burn-up of the apartment with three cameras. Have the impression that all this was very good — let us hope the rushes won't be disappointing.

Tomorrow we leave Stage E to Charlie Chaplin and go over to Stage H where six or seven small sets are waiting which will keep us busy for only a couple of days each — the basement of Clarisse's house, the corridor of Clarisse's school, a telephone switchboard, Clarisse's bedroom, etc. So Julie now begins her role as Clarisse with her hair short, and Montag will change over from the domestic corrida to romance.

We are embarking on the sixth week's work, we are almost halfway through the film and, as I have always done at this moment on my other films, I examine my conscience — which comes up with something like this: "You've been slap-dash, you've been careless. You could have done better. Now you have the second half in front of you in which to pull up your socks, climb the slippery slope and save the film." To be continued.

—François TRUFFAUT

Translated by Kay Mander and
R. K. Neilson Baxter





Julie Christie and Oskar Werner.

Giulietta and Federico

Visits with Fellini
by Pierre Kast





Monday, July 6th, 1964. I accompany my friend Guido Alberti, with whom I have just been shooting, to the little studio on Palatine Hill. There, Fellini is beginning his first color film, *Giulietta of the Spirits*. We find, not a film crew but another universe, light-years away from what one thinks of as a first day of shooting. Or an Italian Renaissance principality. An interview is mentioned.

Six months go by. This universe has grown. On December 6th, passing through Rome, I find myself in the heart of the film. An immense set at Cinecittà, in sparkling colors. Sandra Milo's salon, where a sort of reception is being given. Dozens of vividly beautiful women, practically nude, incredible apparitions, groups of strange characters, augment this impression of an entirely different planet.

And, for all that, in this excessive and gigantic enterprise, there is a feeling of freedom. And of a group that is quasi-familial. You walk through a production on a colossal scale where everything is done according to the methods of spontaneity, improvisation, if you will, as in a little workmanlike film. You know that at the eye of the cyclone there is a miraculously calm zone. This whole cyclone is run as if it were all eye.

Fellini is in the throes of a formidable amusement. He pulls a scrap of paper out of his pocket, in order to give the actors their dialog, as a sleight of hand artist would pull a dove out of his sleeve. Everyone is enchanted, under a spell.

In the midst of this fabulous agitation, Fellini, four days in a row, will find at least an hour to come and sit down at the tape recorder that belongs to the film, run by a sound engineer who belongs to the film, in order to talk, to answer, to banter.

A month later, a few days ago, he will again find the time, like a general of the Imperial Wars dictating his dispatches while in the distance the battle continues, to reread and to correct, to cut and establish order out of everything that had been taped.

Meanwhile, during lunches, between shots, he still talks, as much as one wants. My memory is flooded. I shall try, as well as I can, to give a feeble echo of these conversations. Thus, you will find, first of all, the text as taped and corrected by Fellini, and secondly, a few fragments that I was able to gather, filtered through the prism of my doubtless unfaithful memory.

A film, says Fellini, is made, not talked about. Its impetuous course modifies any pre-established scheme. Its face appears only gradually, as it is made. Basically, the paradox is that Fellini, the maker, can speak of nothing else and that, however, since he makes it, he is unable to say anything about it. If I had wanted to speak with him of his career, of his films, it would have been

necessary to choose an interlude.

Giulietta of the Spirits seems to me to be an attempt to reconstruct in its totality, beyond all traditional realistic process, the mental world of becoming of a woman, herself captured in full movement. Memories, the events of the present, fears, obsessions, apparitions or representations of presentiments, premonitions, the materialization of fantasies in which obscure terrors are totally mixed. The will to escape the dry limits of reality (what is improperly baptized reality), the national, congealed as it is, the explainable in the Aristotelian sense, is obvious. The story appears to be that of the slow conquest, by a woman, of freedom, from a course that escapes into conventions, into rules, in order to arrive at a sort of other, superior morality, beyond the ruins of conventional morality. In order to arrive at an undefined, rich, multiple zone, which Fellini calls sincerity. A powerful machine crashes the barriers and the limits of human, conjugal, sentimental relations imposed by the current organization of the world. A fantasy, says Fellini. The fantasy of the Greek gods, doubtless, free and laughing—gay, as Nietzsche said, and tragic. Something else. Beyond. Neither magic nor spiritualism; moreover, the pseudo-images has not finished shouting. Decidedly: another sanity.

Twelve days, at three different times, therefore, I came to see and look at that dreadful mechanism in operation, to watch a fabulously alive spirit at work, a spirit curious about everything, impetuous, delirious, passionately seeking a way to get beyond excess. Baroque is a limited weak word to describe it. Abundance is the law, generosity without limit, without precaution. One day I heard Jean Renoir say, "How constantly of that little remark in this tumult of noise and colors, in this delirium that seemed to invent to measure other laws on its scale."

I reread a few lines that touch me to the quick. My greatest hope is that from these visits these few lines are communicated.

KAST—If, now, you were to look back at the films you have made, what in your opinion, would be the result of the curve described by your work? Do you think there is, for your films, an image in the rug, a motif in the tapestry?

FELLINI—This is precisely the type of operation I avoid doing . . . I don't want to look back . . . An ideological motif, do you mean? I don't know. Doubtless a motif returns incessantly in my films, and it is the attempt to create an emancipation from conventional schemes, a liberation from moral rules; that is to say the attempt to retrieve an authenticity of life rhythm, of life modes, of vital cadences, which is opposed to an inauthentic form of life. There, I believe, is the idea that is found

in all of my films, from *The White Sheik* to the film I am making at the moment: *Giulietta of the Spirits*.

KAST—Do you think that having recourse to color for this latest film will enable you to go further than 8½?

FELLINI—This problem of color has obsessed me all through the shooting. Making films in color is, I believe, an impossible operation; cinema is movement, color immobility; to try to blend these two artistic expressions is a desperate ambition, like wanting to breathe under water. In order to truly express the chromatic values of a face, a landscape, some scene or other, it is necessary to light it according to certain criteria, as a function of both personal taste and technical exigencies. And all goes well so long as the camera doesn't move. But as soon as the camera moves in on the faces or objects so lighted, the intensity of the light is heightened or deadened; and, depending on whether the light is heightened or deadened, all the chromatic values are intensified or deadened; the camera moves, the light changes.

There is also an infinitude of contingencies that condition the color (even aside from those very grave things that happen at the laboratory: the negative, once it is in the hands of the specialists who are not seeking to interpret but processing according to a daily routine of scales and figures, and staying within certain safe limits, can be totally transformed and conditioned by its development and printing): these are the innumerable and continual traps that have to be dealt with, every day, when shooting in color. For example, colors interfere, set up echoes, are conditioned by one another. Lighted, color runs over the outline that holds it, emanates a sort of luminous aureola around neighboring objects. Thus there is an incessant game of tennis between the colors. Sometimes it even happens that the result of these changes is agreeable, better than what one had imagined; but it's always somewhat risky and uncontrollable. Finally, the human eye selects and in this way already does artist's work, because the human eye, the eye of a man, sees chromatic reality through the prisms of nostalgia, of memory, of presentiment or imagination. This is not the case with the lens, and it happens that you believe you are bringing out certain values in a face, a set, a costume, while the lens brings out others. In this way, writing becomes very difficult; it is as if, while writing, a modifying word escapes your pen in capital letters or, still worse, one adjective appears instead of another, or some form of punctuation that completely changes the sense of the line. However, in spite of these pessimistic considerations, the film I am working on is in color, because it was born in color in my imagination.

KAST—I have the impression that *Giulietta of the Spirits* is a film in which time does not exist: the past, the



Giulietta Masina.



Giulietta in the pine grove of Fregene.

present, the future and the imaginary are mixed . . .

FELLINI—Yes, that's quite so. The color is part of the ideas, the concepts, in the same fashion as, in a dream, red or green have this or that significance. The color participates not only in the language but in the plot itself. This is why, in spite of deceptions or fears that attend shooting in color, I believe that color is an enrichment, with the disquieting, sinister, carnivalesque, in a certain sense lugubrious, tone that it brings with it.

Obviously, in order to be able to foresee the photographic result, much effort and attention are necessary. In a black and white film there is already—if only on the mechanical level—an artistic interpretation of reality in the sense that when photographing the sea or a meadow one allows the spectator to give this sea or meadow the blue or green of his memory of the sea and his memory of the meadow. But, when the blue of the sea, the green of the meadow are already chosen and fixed, they lose a large part of their evocative power and their force of allusion; they may be refused by the spectator or appear false to him. This is why trying to do a film in which the color can remain both evocative and evoked, open to the individual's receptivity, is not simple: each time one tries to pin down artistic reality, it becomes less poetic because it comes to lack just that margin of in-

definiteness, the unexpressed that truly makes the charm of an artistic evocation . . .

KAST—The part played by reality becomes greater . . .

FELLINI— . . . the *convention* of reality.

KAST—But isn't the problem in *Giulietta of the Spirits* that of attempting to fix the imaginary world, a woman's mental world?

FELLINI—Yes . . . But I should make a preliminary confession: speaking about a film before having finished it is nearly impossible for me, to the extent that since I haven't fully materialized it I don't really know either what it is or what it will be. In this there is neither coquetry nor humor on my part; it is completely impossible for me to explain my film. Everything I say before making a film, or even during the shooting, I say only in order to satisfy those who get me to speak of it; to be honest, it would be better if I kept quiet, because I have found that I always regret what I say before beginning a film—and, in any case, when I don't regret what I have said, once the film is finished it always contradicts me. Intentions, projects, represent for me only instruments of a psychological nature that put me in a condition to realize the film.

The long preparation for my films does not correspond to a desire I might have to be precise about each detail, to foresee very exactly and meticulously

who the actors and actresses will be, to fix the architecture of a set or the choice of a character. No. It's not that. For me, the principal effort is to create an atmosphere in which the film can be born with the greatest spontaneity, without its being forced to remain within the limits or on the paths of the imagination that has given birth to it. I am accused of being an improviser. It's not true. I should say, rather, that there is in me a constant openness to ideas, to changes, to improvements that may be born less out of myself than out of the situation that is created around the film and in which the film lives and takes form. For example, to remain faithful to ten pages of dialogue written three months before anything was known about either the actors or the psychological atmosphere that will hang over the troupe, what does that signify, when one perceives on arriving on the set that some object or other, the color of a pillow or a shadow on a wall can perfectly replace these ten pages of dialogue?

KAST—In this way you reserve for yourself the possibility of utilizing everything that presents itself . . .

FELLINI—Absolutely.

KAST—In short, you make a film as one writes a novel and you are the only director, perhaps, to be able to do that, with the possibility of changing whatever you want to change . . . what is striking about watching you shoot is

the extreme pleasure you take in it — it is the same pleasure as the writer's.

FELLINI—I can work only in this fashion. Such as it is. This is why, as I have said, when the film is finished it is never the film I said I wanted to make.

KAST—It's a different object . . .

FELLINI—It's another thing, another creature, born of certain stimulations and initial conditions, but which has taken on bit by bit a completely different physiognomy. If you want me to speak of my intentions apropos this film, I can talk about them, ready however to deny them when the film is finished . . .

KAST—What is difficult, I believe, is talking about the film while in the process of making it and, at the same time, having a clear enough vision of the past course of your films. I believe there is something very important in your films, in particular in *8½*: a reflection on the current contour of the moral sense. What is sin?, for example. This sin whose frontiers have become particularly soft, changing. But it is I who say that: I see your film once it is finished. For you, now, it is more difficult to talk about it.

FELLINI — I can say, *grasso modo*, what I have started from, I can also say what I imagine the film will represent or suggest. It concerns, once again, the emancipation of certain conditions of education or of psychology, of certain myths, of certain aberrant structures.

This try for freedom is made by a woman, and not a man as was the case in *8½*, although *Giulietta of the Spirits* has nothing to do with *8½* on a figurative of stylistic level. It is completely different—at least that is what I hope. It is the story of the struggle taken up by a woman against certain monsters in herself, which are certain psychic components in her deformed by educational taboos, moral conventions, false idealisms. All this is not told in terms of literary or romantic psychology, nor in psychoanalytical (scientifically psychoanalytical) terms, but in terms of fable. The film takes all of its meaning, finds its true justification on the level of imagination. And then, each one will appropriate it to himself according to his own sensitivity and his own intelligence.

KAST—Are not all your films a depiction of the moral trouble of our times?

FELLINI—It is always a little difficult for me to superimpose my voice on my films. But this thread, this motif that reappears in my films, is, I believe, the effect of a certain ethical point of view. At bottom, I am always making the same film, to the extent that what arouses my curiosity, what interests me definitively, what unleashes my inspiration, is that, each time, I am telling the story of characters in quest of themselves, in search of a more authentic source of life, of conduct, of behavior, that will more closely relate to the true roots of their individuality.

KAST—With something that is not against, but beyond conventions . . .

FELLINI—The stories of my films are always articulated and take their dimension in the course of episodes that also go against conventions; but their most profound, most essential aspect seems to me, as you have said, to go beyond these conventions, in search of something more purely individual.

KAST—I believe that remaining in this way on the side of the individual allows, in fact, for general understanding . . .

FELLINI—Yes, in the sense that a person who really finds himself can insert himself into the collectivity with more freedom, more force and confidence, precisely because he has found his individuality.

KAST—It has at times been said that there is a certain mysticism in your films . . . But I believe that this aspect is secondary in relation to this general intention of retrieving something that escapes the social, mental, even political, limits of life . . . One cannot separate *the whole*, with your films. When I think of your films, I can't consider them one by one; it is as if, each time, there were a supplementary stone in the whole that is being constructed. And I return to this feeling of freedom your work gives, even in the most practical sense . . .

FELLINI — I believe I have already answered you on the subject of this openness to *follow* a film, while trying



Federico Fellini and Giulietta Masina.



Fellini and Valentina Cortese.

to conserve in it its potential for spontaneity, for spontaneous growth. Obviously I must take into account the principal stages of the story I am doing. However, I believe I can say with a certain honesty that, very often, I have modified the story itself when I realized that certain essential, prefabricated, pre-constructed points of the story no longer relate to the new exigencies of the characters, exigencies that have ripened in the course of the shooting.

KAST—It seems to me that your way of working can be defined as a sort of synthesis of two very different ways of working: that of Resnais and that of Godard . . .

FELLINI—That's possible, but I don't know how Resnais works, or even how Godard works.

KAST—Have you seen their films?

FELLINI—No. I rarely go to the cinema.

KAST—That is because your world is, I believe, somewhat apart from others: it seeks its own laws . . .

FELLINI—I am making this confession reluctantly and I don't want it to be interpreted in the wrong way, but going to the movies is a diversion that has no part in the things that interest me. I prefer to go for a walk or to b'ab with a friend. I lost the habit of going out and buying a ticket, going into a hall and sitting down to watch a film with other spectators. At least that is how I justify it to myself: perhaps it's an unconscious way of defending myself.

KAST—There is a universe that you are in which is in search of its own laws, that has no need of knowing how other things evolve. . . .

FELLINI—What you are telling me is very flattering . . . and it makes me uneasy to accept it as a justification for my laziness. I used to go to the movies often when I was young and then, when I started to make my own, I completely detached myself from it. Yes, I've seen a few films . . . I saw two films by Bergman, almost all of Rossellini's, a few Japanese films, by Kurosawa and Mizoguchi . . .

KAST—Have you seen Francesco Rosi's films, which appear to me very interesting within the scheme of the Italian cinema?

FELLINI—I saw *Salvatore Giuliano*. I haven't seen *Le mani sulla città*. But, a few days ago, I saw a few scenes on the moviola from the film Rosi shot in Spain: it seems very fine to me. I have much esteem for Rosi: he is a thoroughbred novelist-journalist, a true cineaste . . .

KAST—In a certain direction, that of naturalism—that rises above naturalism—it is the strongest thing that can be done, I believe. For there is a kind of a barrier with naturalism that doesn't permit one to go any further . . .

FELLINI—Certainly; this somewhat fanatic aspect of sensory reality stands in the way of greater depth—a depth

that can even be dangerous, because it can easily degenerate into divagation. In any case, a journalist's eye is a journalist's eye. That is to say that he is held to give an account, with a certain objective scrupulousness, of what the eye—in the physical sense—registers, with no subjective interpretation at all.

KAST—Alexandre Astruc says that the cinema is not the things shown but the eye of the director.

FELLINI—This definition seems very right to me—in what concerns my cinema. On the other hand, I would like to try—if only to the end of experimentation—to make some short films that would humbly reproduce reality, on the level of the most objective material reality. I think this would be useful to me.

KAST—In any case, style and expression are so alive that, even when one does *cinéma-vérité*, they reappear.

FELLINI—That is a very profound contradiction. Always the same. There is already in the fact of choosing one episode instead of another, one face in place of another, as well as the fact of photographing, a very relative objectivity, since even here there is interposed a choice, a selection, thus an interpretation.

KAST—Are you interested in the whole science-fiction movement, in the literature of fantasy, by everything that tries to arrive at a new mode of reasoning that aspires, despite conflicts and contradictions, to another way of thinking, as if the rules of logic for another thought were not yet found?

FELLINI—All the products of the intelligence, and particularly of the imagination, of human nature, fascinate me, interest me to the highest degree. The literature of science fiction interests me very deeply, doubtless because I, too, am trying to restore a dimension that would be more free, perhaps catastrophic, perhaps deadly and menacing, but which would for all that go beyond ethics and morality that are somewhat congealed, paralyzed by certain taboos. I am profoundly attracted by anything that tends to restore man to a stature that is more vast, more mysterious even, and more anguished, but in any case neither pacifying nor consoling. I prefer a dimension whose contours are lost in obscurity, but which is more vast, to a little well-lighted construction that is a prisoner of very rigid walls. It seems to me that today it is no longer possible to remain there, protected by a type of thought that considers all things as organized and established.

KAST—Do you think the cinema should espouse this ambition or reject it?

FELLINI—It seems necessary to me to maintain this ambition, this conception, within certain limits of modesty. That is why I am a little uneasy about the turn this interview is taking: in order to answer you, I would have to

have a particularly defined culture and philosophy of life . . .

KAST—Let's come back to *Giulietta of the Spirits*: when you came to grips with the subject of the film, had you already chosen the characters?

FELLINI—In fact, I acknowledge no fixed system of work at all for myself. . . . However, if I had to be precise about the phases of my work, I would say that at the start there is always a manuscript, very approximate in structure, because to push for precision in the scenario corresponds, for me, to a halt, a period of stagnation that, far from clarifying my ideas, confuses them. The richest part of this preparation is the choice of faces, heads, that is to say the film's human landscape. The nutritive milieu which will give the film its own physiognomy is elaborated from these meetings, these interviews, these bantering conversations, the irruption of this crowd of looks and smiles. Today, I no longer know whether this way of working is suggested to me by my laziness or whether I superstitiously remain faithful to it as a sort of ritual apt to bring the film to its proper incandescence. During this period, I am capable of seeing up to five or six thousand faces and it is just these faces that suggest the comportment of my characters to me, their personalities, and even the narrative cadences of the film; I would be tempted to say that this is the most serious phase of my preparative work. Then, there is the research of exteriors and, in this case as for the faces, I pin nothing down. I am somewhat lazy about deciding.

KAST—You speak often of your laziness, but it's a fiction . . .

FELLINI—It's true! When, for the same character, I have a choice of five or six faces, this incertitude nearly tears me to pieces: each one of these faces, these types, could give an equally valuable originality or weight to my character.

KAST—For example, when you take Rougeul to play the intellectual in *8½*.

FELLINI—But for Rougeul, I had four or five faces that would have been equally appropriate . . . So, I make some test shots. But this uncertainty may last up to the last hour before shooting. At the last minute, I place myself almost superstitiously in the hands of destiny, that is to say that this "choice" is never definitively motivated, it is guided by something irrational that pushes me to take the one who, because of some ineffable, undefinable element, suddenly appears to me to be not only the most appropriate but the unique choice. Sometimes this choice, having been irrational, proves to be unfortunate. Then, I try to take advantage of this mistake. I abandon the character I had in mind, and I seek the character in the chosen actor or person.

KAST—That corresponds naturally to the pleasure you yourself take in being free . . . one has the impression that

the margin of freedom at the disposal of a character is very large . . .

FELLINI—Very often, it is the actors themselves who suggest the action to me when they tell me their own stories, or when I see how they live off the set, during breaks. It is very important to me to permit the whole troupe, actors or not, to live spontaneously, in order to create a very comfortable atmosphere, a playful ambience in which each one finds himself completely at ease, without ever having the feeling—paralyzing for me—that he is accomplishing a professional duty, but breathing, living, moving in a way that is most familiar to him, most congenial.

CAST—Doesn't that also correspond to an extreme curiosity in you about other people?

FELLINI — Yes, but I believe that curiosity is essential to anyone who wants to express himself visually. The eye must be stimulated by this curiosity and look and discover around it the multiple aspects of reality.

The Capacity For Wonder

For the fourth time, I arrive at Cinecittà, still a bit stupefied by what I have seen on the preceding days, and by the fabulous kindness of Fellini, by his availability, incredible, if you really think about what tension and effort of concentration is represented in the direction of such a mechanism. On another stage, another set, the studio of a sculptor, a woman, another of Giulietta's friends.

Twenty meters of glazed bay give on to a lively ochre beach. The disc of a red sun, in iron, is above the horizon. In half an hour, during which we will walk around on the set, Fellini will show me a clockwork mechanism that, with real timing, will move off and make this disc sink below the horizon, for the entire duration of a shot that is being set up.

White statue-people, giants. Stupefying. These are exact copies of statues by an English sculptor, who died a few years ago, statues that Fellini saw by chance. They are beyond all possible judgement. Figures out of a dream mythology. A winged spirit descends from the sky and kisses a man who is on tip-toe. The whole thing a good ten meters high. It is this statue that Silvana Jachino, who was the most marvelous ingene in the Italian cinema of the forties, is finishing at the moment Giulietta comes to pay her a visit.

The marvelous little crane that is already in place is the one I had already seen on the other set. It rolls on a plywood path that gives it an immense trajectory, from the human group that serves as model, to a group shot (long shot?). Meter to meter, Fellini establishes his shot with an extreme attention to detail. I ask myself what I am doing

in this factory that is making a sort of precision chronometer, I ask myself how I can dare to disturb the man who is there, sitting on a little plastic-covered seat, playing with his winches. I remember that Orson Welles said that the cinema is the finest set of electric trains. I had already noticed, on the preceding days, that part of Fellini's passion is also that of the game, the grave, serious passion that concentrates the whole exterior world in one point and one second. The gravity of childhood, the spirit and heart that are not yet bent to the routine and convention of the adult world.

It's finished. The shot is established. Gianni Di Venanzo begins to light it. Fellini sees me and approaches. I am paralyzed by the idea that someone is going to bring out the tape recorder again, mobilize the sound engineer once more, so charming for all that, and even more attentive than I to what is said. I propose to Fellini that we finish talking while at lunch. I will try to remember what is said. I cannot bring myself to break this attention, by a few questions that are so removed from what is happening. All right. Someone laughs. Then Fellini explains the function of the crane to me at length. Its advantages over others. All that it allows. All that he is doing with it. Then abruptly: *You can do very bad things marvelously with this*, he says. And he bursts into laughter.

With no continuity problem, the set follows along, resolves itself, if you will, as a sort of imaginary vision of the children's theatre that Giulietta went to as a child. One passes naturally, from one to the other; from what is, perhaps, reality, the studio, to a memory, itself profoundly modified by imagination. I begin to understand that *Giulietta of the Spirits* will also be a meditative fantasy on the real and the imaginary, an exploration of the paths of realism.

We go to lunch. My first question is ready; I have been turning it over in my mind for an hour, seeking a way to formulate it, in order to try to pin down what I have glimpsed.

I have no vocation for theories, says Fellini. *I detest the world of labels, the world that confuses the label with the thing labelled.*

Realism is a bad word. In a sense, everything is realistic. I see no line between the imaginary and the real. I see much reality in the imaginary. I do not feel myself responsible for setting all that in order on a rational level. I am indefinitely capable of wonder, and I do not see why I should set a pseudo-rational screen in front of this wonder.

He talks, he eats, he laughs all the time. Everyone laughs. The set is not a cathedral in which you can hear a pin drop. But a very special silence, mostly sonorous. This was not a scene of tip-toeing around a genius at work. But a noisy affection, touched, attentive, a

thousand exuberant liberties, that become another silence. Like at that table, where everyone listens without listening. *Any shot at all*, continued Fellini, *expresses the totality of a world. It totally implies the conception of a world. There is no need to even say it.*

We talk again about *Giulietta*. I fully understand, at the same time, that it is nearly impossible for him to talk about it, for fear perhaps of spoiling an inspiration that is fluidity and suppleness itself, for fear of enclosing within a definition a film that is perhaps a weapon against definitions. One has seen too many valiant relativisms become dogmatic in their attack against all dogmatism. General semantics itself has its sects, doubtless paradoxical, but tearing itself apart with heresies.

Thought, says Fellini, *encloses itself within limits, which are its negation, and beyond which it has a hard time going. One should use thought as a point of departure for going beyond thought, in order to attain to something that would be more itself . . . To get out of prison without inventing the walls of another prison.*

There is an apparent contradiction, from which one can escape only by a certain humility, by means of a certain humble recognition of one's self, one's limits or one's weaknesses . . . There is a certain confusion, a collapse of myths, which is in a sense a farce . . . But a farce that leads to freedom, whose contours one does not see. One cannot see them. With difficulty divine them. But morals, the conventions of morality, the order that flows from them, all that is of another time. Terminated, even if the professional moralists mourn them.

Something else is appearing, still in a mist, in the midst of masks and of monsters, in an infernal din. I see clearly that Giulietta also turns, as if on tip-toe, on an idea of sin . . .

. . . whose frontiers are soft, variable, says Fellini. *The paths of morality are confused, variable. The feeling of guilt is the suffering one experiences on passing these new frontiers.*

The story of a woman's slow progress towards her freedom, her independence. I do not see why a woman must wait for everything to come from a man, or from the convention of the relationship between men and women. One can imagine that she may succeed in discovering a unified interior world, an individual richness. Beyond the sense of propriety, the use of recipes for life in pairs, defined by the couple, or by the man.

Good grace, if you will. One can surely relieve oneself of outdated slaveries. Above all by a complete transformation of morals and mores. I am not charged with being a master of thought, or with thinking for others. Obliging them to think about what happens to them.

It seems to me that freedom, especially a woman's freedom, is a conquest to

be made, not a gift to be received. It isn't granted. It must be taken.

It is dangerous, obscure. The unhappiness of a thousand faces . . . But there is perhaps a kind of felicity beyond it. And, above all, beyond imposed limits. Limits that are changing, without knowing it, and above all without saying it.

Then, there is the danger and the taste for mortification, suffering as a means of redemption, or everything that can mask the ravings of the sense of propriety, or of vanity. Everything that a cunning and avid ego can transfer on to the level of more elegant moral values. More noble. That call themselves more noble. That are charmed to be more noble.

All this obviously turns on a certain institution, let us say marriage. On a delirium of jealousy, visibly provoked by Giulietta as one would an infected tooth, with the same secret pleasure that is hidden behind worrying an infected tooth.

It seems to me that it is more worthwhile to look directly at what is happening, says Fellini, instead of hiding behind morality. Of course, in a sense, Giulietta is a film about marriage. A fable, a serious pleasantry on morality. The limits and the overthrowing of a moral convention. The vanity of words like cheating, jealousy, possession. An attempt to explore what they conceal. A slow and confused approach to another freedom, another morality that is emerging from the old. Remorse, suffering, cradled complacency. And the search for another faithfulness to oneself, for example. Of Giulietta to her-

self, to her profound exigencies, unknown, perhaps. A superior faithfulness.

And then the idea that something will come out of this confusion beyond the word clarity. A freer, and bigger, means of knowing oneself.

I recognize themes, words, that are a constant in Fellini's universe. The universe that he describes seems, in a manner that is more and more free, more and more apparent, more and more open.

My turn to worry at my infected tooth. Won't people say, which would be comical, that Fellini is making literary films? That he had from all evidence a high ambition? I describe how the French critics, the licensed ones, I mean to say, those of the weeklies, those of the dailies, shout with rage, speak of pretention, of aberration, of a ridiculous will to accede to a form of culture in which the cinema has no place. There is much laughter. Fellini has the good humor of the old Greek gods, who knew themselves to be the batt of things and of men.

Of course the cinema may say everything, says Fellini. If people refuse it this, that means that it is themselves, cleverly, that are refused. Out of pride, or out of vanity. They treat others as what they themselves are, primarily. When one shows a world that is open, pretentious, above all because that is baroque, delirious, demanding, clamorous, multiple, contradictory, a farce and a tragedy, there is no reason at all to suppose that it must be less accessible, immediately, than a world enclosed in

convention by force or by usage . . .

Generosity is better, let us say that I like that better than restriction or precaution.

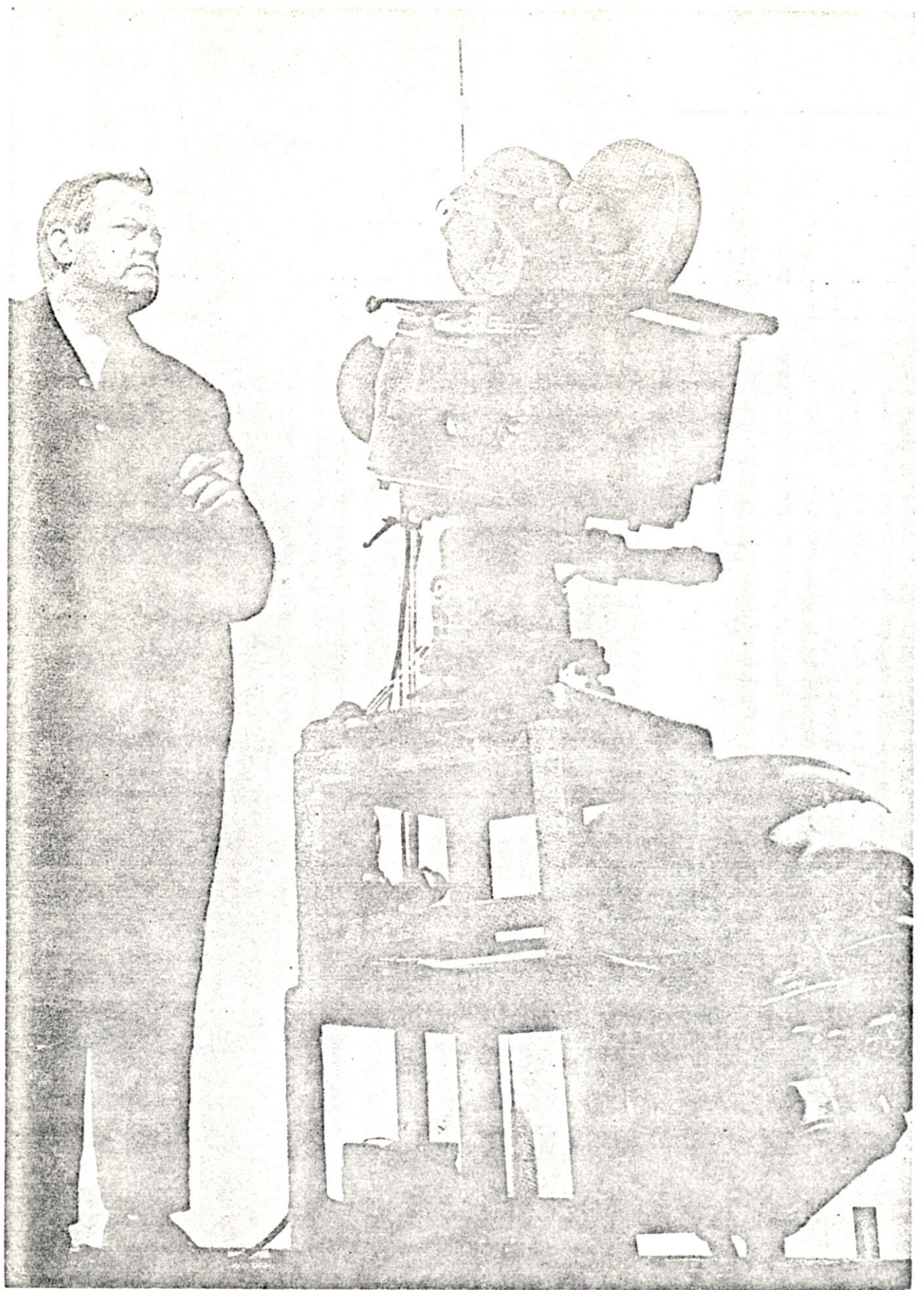
More laughter. We have talked for hours. For all that, I have the impression of having just started. Of having forgotten everything that I wanted to ask. Several weeks later, today, my pen runs across the page, trying to force my uncertain memory, trying to give, even weakly, an idea of the richness of this vocabulary. Not to mention its charm. Multiplied by the charm of the Italian language, the divine Italian volubility. Generosity, openness of spirit, attention to others, all this no doubt explains those stupefying working conditions, that fanatically faithful, fanatically seduced, crew. I was abruptly intimidated, at the end of that meal. All the more curious to know everything, to understand everything. As if I found myself faced with the open road of a new humanism, not yet daring to venture along it.

I can no longer remember the exact words. Only the general tone taken by the discussion. Fascinated by the agility the richness and high speed of this spirit. The first day, I believe, Fellini said: *I am always making the same film.* I see the outline of this total film being drawn, I see the profound intention becoming clarified, and at the same time the true modesty of the work persisted in.

It is time. It is finished. We get up. Arm in arm, we tell jokes, we speak of projects. I leave. Full of melancholy. Giddy, fanatically charmed. And then the lights of Rome.—Pierre KAST



Fellini, Sandra Milo and Giulietta Masina.



A Trip to Don Quixoteland

Conversations with Orson Welles

by Juan Cobos, Miquel Rubio, J. A. Pruneda

CAHIERS—In *The Trial*, it seems that you were making a severe criticism of the abuse of power; unless it concerns something more profound. Perkins appeared as a sort of Prometheus. . .

WELLES—He is also a little bureaucrat. I consider him guilty.

CAHIERS—Why do you say he is guilty?

WELLES—Who knows? He belongs to something that represents evil and that, at the same time, is part of him. He is not guilty as accused, but he is guilty all the same. He belongs to a guilty society, he collaborates with it. In any case, I am not a Kafka analyst.

CAHIERS—A version of the scenario exists with a different ending. The executioners stab K to death.

WELLES—That ending didn't please me. I believe that in that case it is a question of a "ballet" written by a pre-Hitler Jewish intellectual. After the death of six million Jews, Kafka would not have written that. It seemed to me to be pre-Auschwitz. I don't want to say that my ending was good, but it was the only solution. I had to move into high gear, even if it was only for several instants.

CAHIERS—One of the constants of your work is the struggle for liberty and the defense of the individual.

WELLES—A struggle for dignity. I absolutely disagree with those works of art, those novels, those films that, these days, speak about despair. I do not think that an artist may take total despair as a subject; we are too close to it in daily life. This genre of subject can be utilized only when life is less dangerous and more clearly affirmative.

CAHIERS—In the transposition of *The Trial* to the cinema, there is a fundamental change; in Kafka's book, K's character is more passive than in the film.

WELLES—I made him more active, properly speaking. I do not believe that passive characters are appropriate to drama. I have nothing against Antonioni, for example, but, in order to interest me, the characters must do something, from a dramatic point of view, you understand.

CAHIERS—Was *The Trial* an old project?

WELLES—I once said that a good film could be drawn from the novel, but I, myself didn't think of doing it. A man came to see me and told me he believed he could find money so that I could make a film in France. He

gave me a list of films and asked that I choose. And from that list of fifteen films I chose the one that, I believe, was the best: *The Trial*. Since I couldn't do a film written by myself, I chose Kafka.

CAHIERS—What films do you really want to do?

WELLES—Mine. I have drawers full of scenarios written by me.

CAHIERS—In *The Trial*, was the long travelling shot of Katina Paxinou dragging the trunk while Anthony Perkins talks to her an homage to Brecht?

WELLES—I did not see it that way. There was a long scene with her, that lasted ten minutes and that, moreover, I cut on the eve of the Paris premiere. I did not see the film as a whole except for one time. We were still in the process of doing the mixing, and here the premiere fell on us. At the last moment I abridged the ten minute scene. It should have been the best scene in the film and it wasn't. Something went wrong, I guess. I don't know why, but it didn't succeed. The subject of that scene was free will. It was stained with *comédie noir*; that was a fad with me. As you know, it is always directed against the machine and favorable to liberty.

CAHIERS—When Joseph K sees the transparencies at the end, with the story of the guard, the door etc., does this concern your own reflections on the cinema?

WELLES—It concerns a technical problem posed by the story to be told. If it were told at that precise moment, the public would go to sleep; that is why I tell it at the beginning and only recall it at the end. The effect then is equivalent to telling the story at that moment and I was able in this way to tell it in a few seconds. But, in any case, I am not the judge.

CAHIERS—A critic who admires your work very much said that, in *The Trial*, you were repeating yourself. . .

WELLES—Exactly, I repeated myself. I believe we do it all the time. We always take up certain elements again. How can it be avoided? An actor's voice always has the same timbre and, consequently, he repeats himself. It is the same for a singer, a painter. . . There are always certain things that come back, for they are part of one's personality, of one's style. If these things didn't come into play, a personality would be so complex that it would become impossible to identify it.

It is not my intention to repeat myself but in my work there should certainly be references to what I have done in the past. Say what you will, but *The Trial* is the best film I have ever made. One repeats oneself only when one is fatigued. Well, I wasn't fatigued. I have never been so happy as when I made this film.

CAHIERS—How did you shoot Anthony Perkins' long running scene?

WELLES—We built a very long platform and the camera was placed on a rolling chair.

CAHIERS—But it's enormously fast!

WELLES—Yes, but I had a Yugoslavian runner to push my camera.

CAHIERS—What is astonishing in your work in this continual effort to bring solutions to the problems posed by direction. . .

WELLES—The cinema is still very young and it would be completely ridiculous to not succeed in finding new things for it. If only I could make more films! Do you know what happened with *The Trial*? Two weeks before our departure from Paris for Yugoslavia, we were told that there would be no possibility of having a single set built there because the producer has already made another film in Yugoslavia and hadn't paid his debts. That's why it was necessary to utilize that abandoned station. I had planned a completely different film. Everything was invented at the last minute because physically my film had an entirely different conception. It was based on an absence of sets. And this gigantism I have been reproached for is, in part, due to the fact that the only set I possessed was that old abandoned station. An empty railroad station is immense! The production, as I had sketched it, comprised sets that gradually disappear. The number of realistic elements were to become fewer and fewer and the public would become aware of it, to the point where the scene would be reduced to free space as if everything had dissolved.

CAHIERS—The movement of the actors and the camera in relation to each other in your films is very beautiful.

WELLES—That is a visual obsession. I believe, thinking about my films, that they are based not so much on pursuit as on a search. If we are looking for something, the labyrinth is the most favorable location for the search. I do not know why, but my films are all for the most part a physical search.

CAHIERS—You reflect about your

art a great deal.

WELLES—Never *a posteriori*. I think about each of my films when I am preparing for them. I do an enormous amount of preparation for each film and I set aside the clearest sketch when starting. What is marvelous about the cinema, what makes it superior to the theatre, is that it has many elements that may conquer us but may also enrich us, offer us a life impossible anywhere else. The cinema should always be the discovery of something. I believe that the cinema should be essentially poetic; that is why, during the shooting and not during the preparation, I try to plunge myself into a poetic development, which differs from narrative development and dramatic development. But, in reality, I am a man of ideas; yes, above all else—I am even more a man of ideas than a moralist, I suppose.

CAHIERS—Do you believe it is possible to have a form of tragedy without melodrama?

WELLES—Yes, but that is very difficult. For any *auteur* who comes out of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, it is very difficult. Shakespeare never arrived at it. It is possible but up to the present, no one has succeeded. In my cultural tradition, tragedy cannot escape from melodrama. We may always draw from tragic elements and perhaps even the grandeur of tragedy but melodrama is always inherent to the Anglo-Saxon cultural universe. There's no doubt about it.

CAHIERS—Is it correct that your films never correspond to what you were thinking of doing before starting them? Because of producers, etc.

WELLES—No, in reality, in what concerns me, creation, I must say that I am constantly changing. At the beginning, I have a basic notion of what the final aspect of the film will be, more or less. But, each day, at every moment one deviates or modifies because of the expression in an actress's eyes or the position of the sun. I am not in the habit of preparing a film and then setting myself to make it. I prepare a film but I have no intention of making *this* film. The preparation serves to liberate me, so that I may work in my fashion; thinking of bits of film and of the result they will give; and there are parts that deceive me because I haven't conceived them in a complete enough way. I do not know what word to use because I am afraid of pompous words when I talk about making a film. The degree of concentration I utilize in a world that I create, whether this be for thirty seconds or for two hours, is very high; that is why, when I am shooting, I have a lot of trouble sleeping. This is not because I am pre-occupied but because, for me, this world has so much reality that closing my eyes is not sufficient to make it disappear. It represents a terrible intensity of feeling. If I shoot in a royal location I sense and I see this site in so violent a way that, now, when I see these places again, they are similar to tombs, completely dead.

There are spots in the world that are, to my eyes, cadavers; that is because I have already shot there—for me, they are completely finished. Jean Renoir said something that seems to be related to that: "We should remind people that a field of wheat painted by Van Gogh can arouse a stronger emotion than a field of wheat in nature." It is important to recall that art surpasses reality. Film becomes another reality. Apropos, I admire Renoir's work very much even though mine doesn't please him at all. We are good friends and, truthfully, one of the things I regret is that he doesn't like his films for the same reason I do. His films appear marvelous to me because what I admire most in an *auteur* is authentic sensitivity. I attach no importance to whether or not a film is a technical SUCCESS; moreover, films that lack this genre of sensitivity may not be judged on the same level with technical or aesthetic knowingness. But the cinema, the true cinema, is a poetic expression and Renoir is one of the rare poets. Like Ford, it is in his style. Ford is a poet. A comedian. Not for women, of course, but for men.

CAHIERS—Apart from Ford and Renoir, who are the *cinéastes* you admire?

WELLES—Always the same ones; I believe that on this point I am not very original. The one who pleases me most of all is Griffith. I think he is the best director in the history of the cinema. The best, much better than Eisenstein. And, for all that, I admire Eisenstein very much.

CAHIERS—What about that letter Eisenstein sent you when you had not yet started in the cinema?

WELLES—It was a propos *Ivan the Terrible*.

CAHIERS—It appears that you said his film was like something by Michael Curtiz. . .

WELLES—No. What happened is that I wrote a criticism of *Ivan the Terrible* for a newspaper and, one day, I received a letter from Eisenstein, a letter that came from Russia and ran to forty pages. Well, I answered him and in this fashion an exchange began that made us friends by correspondence. But I said nothing that could be seen as drawing a parallel between him and Curtiz. That would not be just. *Ivan the Terrible* is the worst film of a great *cinéaste*.

It's that I judged Eisenstein on his own level and not in a way that would be appropriate to a minor *cinéaste*. His drama was, before all else, political. It had nothing to do with his having to tell a story that he didn't want to tell. It was because, in my opinion, he was not suited to make period films. I think the Russians have a tendency to be more academic when they treat another period. They become rhetoricians, and academicians, in the worst sense of the word.

CAHIERS—In your films, one has the sensation that real space is never respected: it seems not to interest you. . .

WELLES—The fact that I make no use of it doesn't in the least signify that it doesn't please me. In other terms, there are many elements of the cinematographic language that I do not utilize, but that is not because I have something against them. It seems to me that the field of action in which I have my experience is one that is least known, and my duty is to explore it. But that does not mean to say that it is, for me, the best and only—or that I deviate from a normal conception of space, in relation to the camera. I believe that the artist should explore his means of expression.

In reality, the cinema, with the exception of a few little tricks that don't go very far, has not advanced for more than thirty years. The only changes are with respect to the subjects of films. I see that there are directors, full of future, sensitive, who explore new themes but I see no one who attacks form, the manner of saying things. That seems to interest no one. They resemble each other very much in terms of style.

CAHIERS—You must work very quickly. In twenty-five years of cinema, you have made ten films, you have acted in thirty, you have made a series of very long programs for television, you have acted and directed in the theatre, you have done narrations for other films and, in addition, you have written thirty scenarios. Each of them must have taken you more than six months.

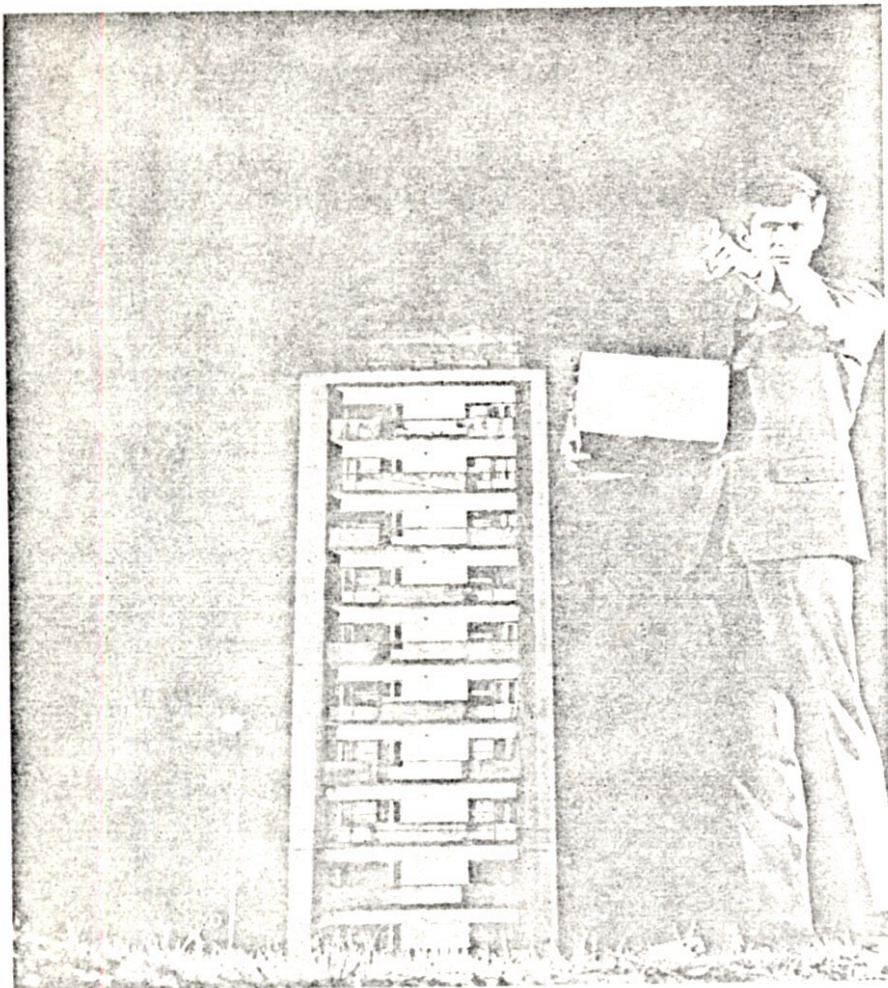
WELLES—Several of them even longer. There are those that took me two years but that is because I set them aside from time to time in order to do something else and picked them up again afterwards. But it is also true that I write very rapidly.

CAHIERS—You write them completely, with dialogue?

WELLES—I always begin with the dialogue. And I do not understand how one dares to write action before dialogue. It's a very strange conception. I know that in theory the word is secondary in cinema but the secret of my work is that everything is based on the word. I do not make silent films. I must begin with what the characters say. I must know what they say before seeing them do what they do.

CAHIERS—However, in your films the visual part is essential.

WELLES—Yes, but I couldn't arrive at it without the solidity of the word taken as a basis for constructing the images. What happens is that the visual components are shot the words are obscured. The most classical example is *Lady From Shanghai*. The scene in the aquarium was so gripping visually that no one heard what was being said. And what was said was, for all that, the marrow of the film. The subject was so tedious that I said to myself, "this calls for something beautiful to look at." Assuredly, the scene was very beautiful. The first ten minutes of the film did not please me at all. When I think of them I have the impression it wasn't



1. Orson Welles: *The Trial*, Tony Perkins.

2. The Courtroom scene.



me that made them. They resemble any Hollywood film.

I believe you know the story of *Lady From Shanghai*. I was working on that spectacular theatre idea "Around the World in 80 Days," which was originally to be produced by Mike Todd. But, overnight, he went bankrupt and I found myself in Boston on the day of the premiere, unable to take my costumes from the station because 50,000 dollars was due. Without that money we couldn't open. At that time I was already separated from Rita; we were no longer even speaking. I did not intend to do a film with her. From Boston I got in touch with Harry Cohn, then director of Columbia, who was in Hollywood and I said to him, "I have an extraordinary story for you if you send me 50,000 dollars, by telegram in one hour, on account, and I will sign a contract to make it." Cohn asked "What story?" I was telephoning from the theatre box-office; beside it was a display of pocket books and I gave him the title of one of them: "*Lady From Shanghai*." I said to him, "Buy the novel and I'll make the film." An hour later we received the money. Later I read the book and it was horrible so I set myself, top speed, to write a story. I arrived in Hollywood to make the film with a very small budget and in six weeks of shooting. But I wanted more money for my theatre. Cohn asked me why I didn't use Rita. She said she would be very pleased. I gave her to understand that the character was not a sympathetic one, that she was a woman who killed and this might hurt her image as a star in the public eye. Rita was set on making this film and it, instead of costing 350,000 dollars, became a two million dollar film. Rita was very cooperative. The one who was horrified on seeing the film was Cohn.

CAHIERS—How do you work with actors?

WELLES—I give them a great deal of freedom and, at the same time, the feeling of precision. It's a strange combination. In other words, physically, and in the way they develop, I demanded the precision of ballet. But their way of acting comes directly from their own ideas as much as from mine. When the camera begins to roll, I do not improvise visually. In this realm, everything is prepared. But I work very freely with the actors. I try to make their life pleasant.

CAHIERS—Your cinema is essentially dynamic. . .

WELLES—I believe that the cinema should be dynamic although I suppose any artist will defend his own style. For me, the cinema is a slice of life in movement that is projected on a screen; it is not a frame. I do not believe in the cinema unless there is movement on the screen. This is why I am not in agreement with certain directors whom, however I admire and who content themselves with a static cinema. For me, these are dead images. I hear the noise

of the projector behind me and, when I see these long, long walks along streets, I am always waiting to hear the director's voice saying, "Cut!"

The only director who does not move either his camera or his actors very much and in whom I believe, is John Ford. He succeeds in making me believe in his films even though there is little movement in them. But with the others I have the impression that they are desperately trying to make Art. However, they should be making drama and drama should be full of life. The cinema, for me, is essentially a dramatic medium not a literary one.

CAHIERS—That is why your *mise en scène* is lively: it is the meeting of two movements, that of the actors and that of the camera. Out of this flows an anguish that reflects modern life very well. . .

WELLES—I believe that that corresponds to my vision of the world; it reflects that sort of vertigo, uncertainty, lack of stability, that *mélange* of movement and tension that is our universe. And the cinema should express that. Since cinema pretends to be an art it should be, above all, film and not the sequel to another, more literary, medium of expression.

CAHIERS—Herman G. Weinberg said, while speaking of *Mr. Arkadin*, "In Orson Welles' films, the spectator may not sit back in his seat and relax, on the contrary he must meet the film at least half-way in order to decipher what is happening, practically every second; if not, everything is lost."

WELLES—All my films are like that. There are certain *cinéastes*, excellent ones, who present everything so explicitly, so clearly, that in spite of the great visual power contained in their films one follows them effortlessly—I

refer only to the narrative thread. I am fully aware that, in my films, I demand a very specific interest on the part of the public. Without that attention, it is lost.

CAHIERS—*Lady From Shanghai* is a story that, filmed by another director, would more likely have been based on sexual questions. . .

WELLES—You mean that another director would have made it more obvious. I do not like to show sex crudely on the screen. Not because of morality or puritanism; my objection is of a purely aesthetic order. In my opinion, there are two things that can absolutely not be carried to the screen: the realistic presentation of the sexual act and praying to God. I never believe an actor or actress who pretends to be completely involved in the sexual act if it is too literal, just as I can never believe an actor who wants to make me believe he is praying. These are two things that, for me, immediately evoke the presence of a projector and a white screen, the existence of a series of technicians and a director who is saying, "Good. Cut." And I imagine them in the process of preparing for the next shot. As for those who adopt a mystical stance and look fervently at the spotlights. . .

For all that, my illusion almost never ends when I see a film. While filming, I think of someone like myself: I utilize all of my knowledge in order to force this person to want to see the film with the greatest interest. I want him to believe what is there on the screen; this means that one should create a real world there. I place my dramatic vision of a character in the world . . . if not, the film is something dead. What there is on the screen is nothing but shadows. Something even more dead than words.

CAHIERS—Do you like comedy?

WELLES—I have written at least five scenarios for comedy and in the theatre I have done more comedies than dramas. Comedy fills me with enthusiasm but I have never succeeded in getting a film producer to let me make one. One of the best things I did for television was a program in the genre of comedy. For example, I like Hawks' comedies very much. I even wrote about twenty-five minutes of one of them. It was called, *I Was a Male War Bride*. The scenarist fell ill and I wrote almost a third of the film.

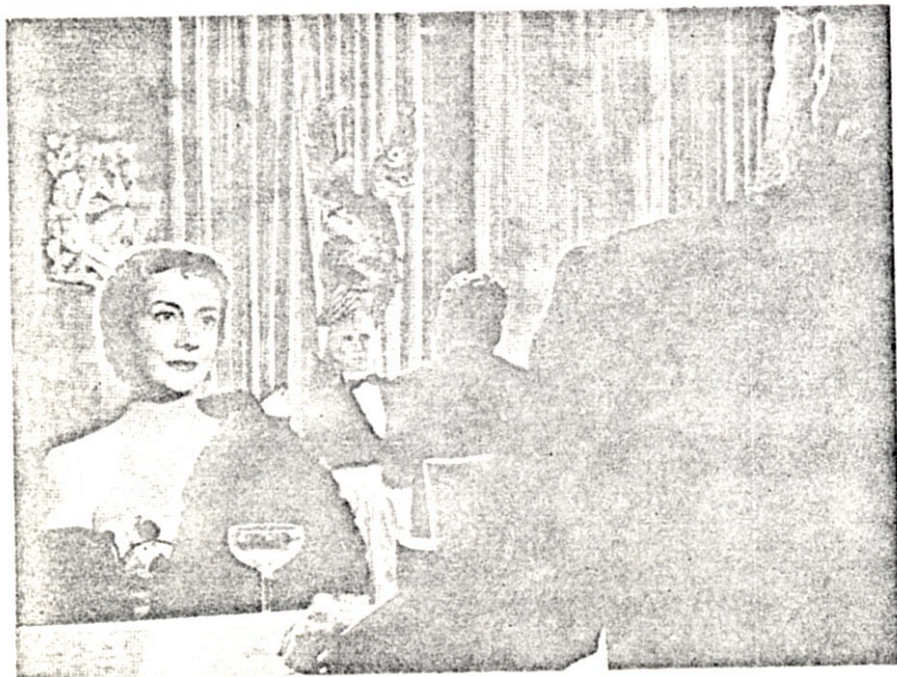
CAHIERS—Have you written scenarios of comedies with the intention of making them?

WELLES—I believe the best of my comedies is "Operation Cinderella." It tells of the occupation of a small Italian town (which was previously occupied by the Saracens, the Moors, the Normans and, during the last war, by the English and, finally, the Americans) by a Hollywood film company . . . and this new occupation unfolds exactly like a military operation. The lives of all the inhabitants of the town are changed during the shooting of the film. It's a gross farce. I want very much to do a comedy for the cinema.

In a certain sense, *Quixote* is a comedy, and I put a lot of comedy in all of my films but it is a genre of comedy that — and I regret to tell you this because it is a weakness — is understood only by Americans, to the exclusion of spectators in other countries, whatever they may be. There are scenes that, seen in other countries, awake not the slightest smile and that, seen by Americans, immediately appear in a comic vein. *The Trial* is full of humor, but the Americans are the only ones to understand its amusing side. This is where my nationality comes through: my farces are not universal enough. Many are the arguments I've had with actors due to the fact that scenes are posed in absolute forms of comedy and only at the last five minutes do I change them into drama. This is my method of working: showing the amusing side of things and not showing the sad side until the last possible second.

CAHIERS—What happened when you sold the subject of *Monsieur Verdoux* to Chaplin?

WELLES—I never argued with Chaplin because of *Monsieur Verdoux*. What annoys me is that now he pretends that he did not buy this subject from me. As an actor, Chaplin is very good, sensational. But in the comic cinema I prefer Buster Keaton to him. There is a man of the cinema who is not only an excellent actor but an excellent director, which Chaplin is not. And Keaton always has fabulous ideas. In *Limelight*, there was a scene between the two of them that was ten minutes long. Chaplin was excellent and Keaton sensational. It was the most successful thing he had done in the course of his career. Chaplin cut almost



Mr. Arkadin (*Confidential Report*): Suzanne Flon, Orson Welles.



Orson Welles: *The Lady From Shanghai*: Welles, Rita Hayworth, Glenn Anders.

the entire scene, because he understood who, of the two, had completely dominated it.

CAHIERS—There is a kinship between your work and the works of certain authors of the modern theatre, like Beckett, Ionesco and others . . . what is called the theatre of the absurd.

WELLES—Perhaps, but I would eliminate Ionesco because I do not admire him. When I directed "Rhinoceros" in London, with Laurence Olivier in the principal role, as we repeated the work from day to day it pleased me less. I believe that there is nothing inside it. Nothing at all. This kind of theatre comes out of all types of expression, all types of art of a certain epoch, is thus forged by the same world as my films. The things this theatre is composed of are the same composed in my films, without this theatre's being in my cinema or without my cinema's being in this theatre. It is a trait of our times. There is where the coincidence comes from.

CAHIERS—There are two types of artists: for example, Velasquez and Goya; one disappears from the picture, the other is present in it; on the other hand you have Van Gogh and Cezanne . . .

WELLES—I see what you mean. It's very clear.

CAHIERS—It seems to me that you are on the Goya side.

WELLES—Doubtless. But I very much prefer Velasquez. There's no comparison between one and the other, as far as being artists is concerned. As I prefer Cezanne to Van Gogh.

CAHIERS—And between Tolstoy and Dostoevsky?

WELLES—I prefer Tolstoy.

CAHIERS—But as an artist . . .

WELLES—Yes, as an artist. But I deny that, for I do not correspond to my tastes. I know what I'm doing and when I recognize it in other works my interest is diminished. The things that resemble me the least are the things that interest me the most. For me Velasquez is the Shakespeare of painters and, for all that, he has nothing in common with my way of working.

CAHIERS—What do you think of what is called modern cinema?

WELLES—I like certain young French cineastes, much more than the Italians.

CAHIERS—Did you like *L'Année dernière à Marienbad*?

WELLES—No. I know that this film pleased you; not me. I held on up to the fourth reel and after that I left at a run. It reminded me too much of Vogue magazine.

CAHIERS—How do you see the development of the cinema?

WELLES—I don't see it. I rarely go to the movies. There are two kinds of writers, the writer who reads everything of interest that is published, exchanges letters with other writers, and others who absolutely do not read their contemporaries. I am among the latter. I go to the movies very rarely and this is not because I don't like it, it is because it gives me no enjoyment at all. I do not think I am very intelligent about films. There are works that I know to be good but which I cannot stand.

CAHIERS—It was said that you were going to make "Crime and Punishment"; what became of this project?

WELLES—Someone wanted me to do it. I thought about it, but I like the book too much. In the end, I decided that I could do nothing and the idea of being content to illustrate it did not please me at all. I don't mean to say by

that that the subject was beneath me, what I mean is that I could bring nothing to it. I could only give it actors and images and, when I can only do that, the cinema does not interest me. I believe you must say something new about a book, otherwise it is better not to touch it.

Aside from that, I consider it to be a very difficult work, because, in my opinion, it is not completely comprehensible outside of its own time and country. The psychology of this man and this constable are so Russian, so nineteenth century Russian, that one could never find them elsewhere; I believe that the public would not be able to follow it all the way.

CAHIERS—There is, in Dostoevsky, an analysis of justice, of the world, that is very close to yours.

WELLES—Perhaps too close. My contribution would most likely be limited. The only thing I could do is to direct. I like to make films in which I can express myself as *auteur* rather than as interpreter. I do not share Kafka's point of view in *The Trial*. I believe that he is a good writer, but Kafka is not the extraordinary genius that people see him as today. That is why I was not concerned about excessive fidelity and could make a film by Welles. If I could make four films a year, I would surely do "Crime and Punishment". But as it costs me a great deal to convince producers I try to choose what I film very carefully.

CAHIERS—With you, one seems to find, at the same time, the Brechtian tendency and the Stanislavski tendency.

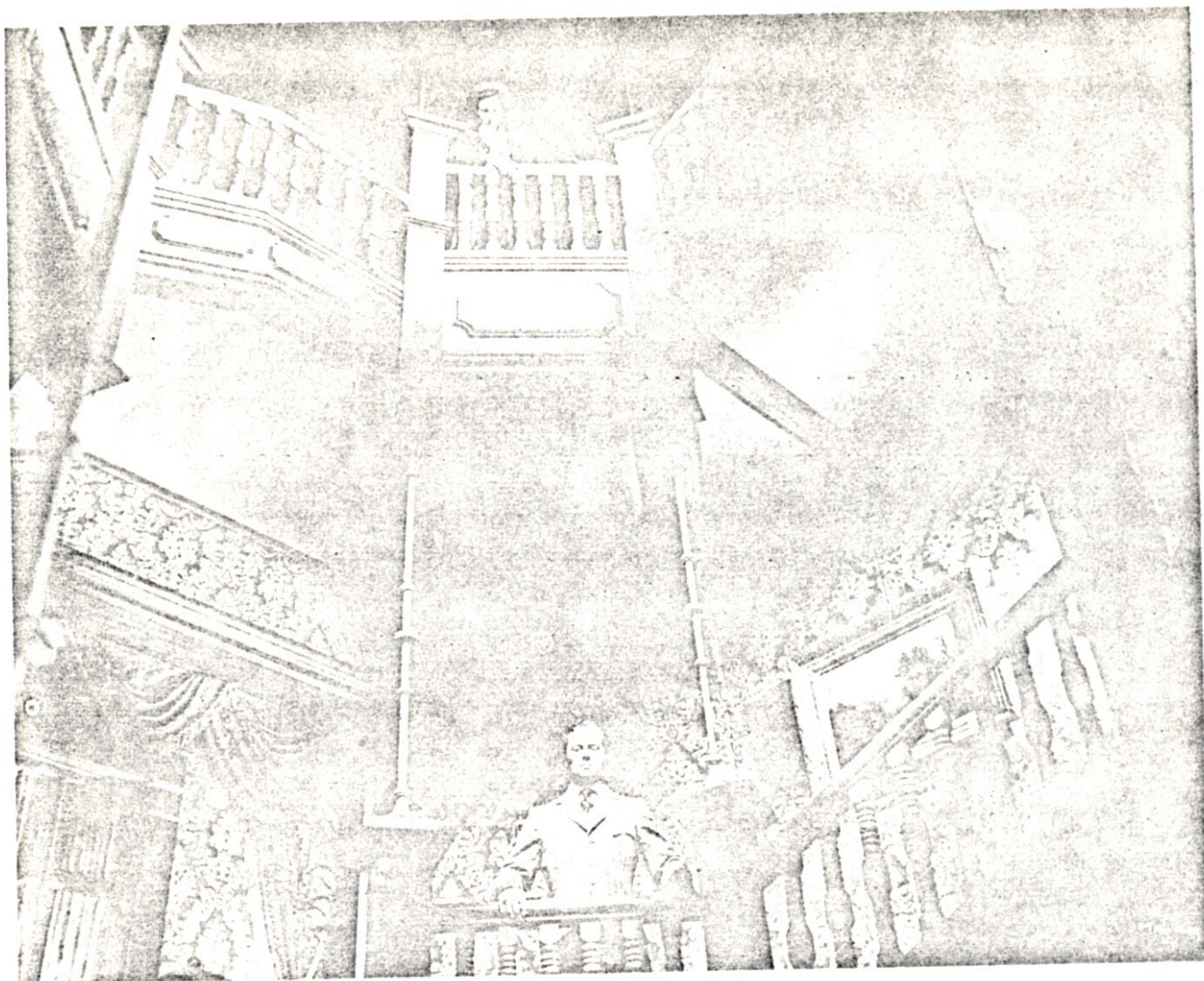
WELLES—All I can say is that I did my apprenticeship in Stanislavski's orbit; I worked with his actors and found them very easy to direct. I do not allude to "Method" actors; that's something else altogether. But Stanislavski was marvelous. As for Brecht, he was a great friend of mine. We worked together on "Galileo Galilei". In reality he wrote it for me. Not for me to act in, but in order for me to direct it.

CAHIERS—How was Brecht?

WELLES—Terribly nice. He had an extraordinary brain. One could see very well that he had been educated by the Jesuits. He had the type of disciplined brain characterized by Jesuit education. Instinctively, he was more of an anarchist than a Marxist, but he believed himself a perfect Marxist. When I said to him one day, while we were talking about "Galileo", that he had written a perfectly anti-communist work, he became nearly aggressive. I answered him, "But this Church you describe has to be Stalin and not the Pope, at this time. You have made something resolutely anti-Soviet!"

CAHIERS—What relationship do you see between your work as a film director and as a theatre director?

WELLES—My relationships with these two milieux are very different. I



Orson Welles: *The Magnificent Ambersons*, Agnes Moorehead, Tim Holt.

believe that they are not in intimate rapport, one with the other. Perhaps in me, as a man, that relationship exists, but technical solutions are so different for each of them that, in my spirit, I establish absolutely no relationship between these two mediums.

In the theatre, I do not belong to what has succeeded in becoming the Brechtian idea of theatre, that particularly withdrawn form has never been appropriate to my character. But I have always made a terrible effort to recall to the public, at each instant, that it is in a theatre. I have never tried to bring the scene to it. And that is the opposite of the cinema.

CAHIERS—Perhaps there is a relationship in the way the actors are handled.

WELLES—In the theatre there are 1,500 cameras rolling at the same time—in the cinema there is only one. That changes the whole aesthetic for the director.

CAHIERS—Did Huston's *Moby Dick*, on which you worked, please you?

WELLES—The novel pleases me very much but it doesn't please me as a novel so much as a drama. There are

two very different things in the novel: that sort of pseudo-biblical element that is not very good, and also that curious 19th century American element, of the apocalyptic genre, that can be rendered very well in the cinema.

CAHIERS—In the scene you acted in the film—did you make any suggestions as to the way of handling it?

WELLES—All we did was discuss the way in which it would be shot. You know that my sermon is very long. It goes on throughout a full reel, and we never repeated it. I arrived on the set already made-up and dressed. I got up on the platform and we shot it in one take. We did it using only one camera angle. And that is one of Huston's merits, because another director would have said, "Let's do it from another angle and see what we get." He said, "Good", and my role in the film ended right there!

CAHIERS—You are in the process of preparing for a film on bullfighting.

WELLES—Yes, but a film about the amateurs of bullfighting, the following . . . I think that the true event in the *corrida* is the arena itself—but one cannot do a film about it. From the cine-

matographic point of view the most exciting thing about it is the atmosphere. The *corrida* is something that already possesses a well defined personality. The cinema can do nothing to render it dramatic. All one may do is photograph it. Actually, my biggest preoccupation is knowing that Rosi is already in the process of shooting while I have put in four years, off and on, writing my scenario. Because of him, finding the necessary money will be more difficult: they'll say to me, "We already have a film about bullfighting, made by a serious cineaste; who wants one more?" However, I hope I will succeed in making this film, but I still don't know how I'm going to find the money. Rosi shot something last year at Pamplona, in 16 mm. He showed it to Rizzoli, and said, "Look at this beautiful thing," and Rizzoli gave him *carte blanche*. Now it's only a matter of knowing whether it will be a good film or a bad film. It is better for me that the film be good. If it fails, I will have even more trouble raising the funds.

CAHIERS—There is talk from time to time of your first sojourn in Spain, before the Civil War . . .

WELLES—When I arrived in Spain, for the first time, I was seventeen years old and had already worked in Ireland as an actor. I only stayed in the south, in Andalusia. In Seville, I lived in the Triana section. I was writing detective stories; I spent only two days a week on this and it brought in three hundred dollars. With this money I was a *grand seigneur* in Seville. There were so many people thrilled by the *corrida* and I caught the virus myself. I paid the novice fee at several *corridas* and thus was able to debut—on the posters I was called “The American”. My greatest thrill was being able to practice the *métier* of *torero* three or four times without having to pay. I came to the realization that I was not good as a *torero* and decided to apply myself to writing. At that time I hardly thought of the theatre and still less of the cinema.

CAHIERS—You said one day that you have a great deal of difficulty finding the money to make your films, that you have spent more time struggling to get this money than working as an artist. How is this battle at this time?

WELLES — More bitter than ever. Worse than ever. Very difficult. I have already said that I do not work enough. I am frustrated, do you understand? And I believe that my work shows that I do not do enough filming. My cinema is perhaps too explosive; because I wait too long before I speak. It's terrible. I have bought little cameras in order to film if I can find the money. I will shoot it in 16 mm. The cinema is a *métier* . . . nothing can compare to the cinema. The cinema belongs to our times. It is “the thing” to do. During the shooting of *The Trial*, I spent marvelous days. It was an amusement, happiness. You cannot imagine what I felt.

When I make a film or at the time of my theatrical premieres, the critics habitually say, “This work is not as good as the one of three years ago.” And if I look for the criticism of that one, three years back, I find an unfavorable review that says that that isn't as good as what I did three years earlier. And so it goes. I admit that experiences can be false but I believe that it is also false to want to be fashionable. If one is fashionable for the greatest part of one's career, one will produce second-class work. Perhaps by chance one will arrive at being a success but this means that one is a follower and not an innovator. An artist should lead, blaze trails.

What is serious is that in countries where English is spoken, the role played by criticism concerning serious works of cinema is very important. Given the fact that one cannot make films in competition with Doris Day, what is said by reviews such as *Sight and Sound* is the only reference.

Things are going particularly badly in my own country. *Touch of Evil* never had a first-run, never had the usual

presentation to the press and was not the object of any critical writing in either the weeklies, the reviews or the daily papers. It was considered to be too bad. When the representative from Universal wanted to exhibit it at the Brussels Fair in 1958, he was told that it wasn't a good enough film for a festival. He answered that, in any case, it must be put on the program. It went unnoticed and was sent back. The film took the *grand prix*, but it was no less sent back.

CAHIERS—Do you consider yourself a moralist?

WELLES—Yes, but against morality. Most of the time, that may appear paradoxical but the things I love in painting, in music, in literature, represent only my penchant for what is my opposite. And moralists bore me very much. However, I'm afraid I am one of them!

CAHIERS—In what concerns you, it is not so much a question of a moralist's attitude but rather an ethic that you adopt in the face of the world.

WELLES — My two Shakespearean films are made from an ethical point of view. I believe I have never made a film without having a solid ethical point of view about its story. Morally speaking, there is no ambiguity in what I do.

CAHIERS—But an ambiguous point of view is necessary. These days, the world is made that way.

WELLES — But that is the way the world appears to us. It is not a true ambiguity: it's like a larger screen. A kind of a moral cinemascop. I believe it is necessary to give all the characters their best arguments, in order that they may defend themselves, including those I disagree with. To them as well, I give

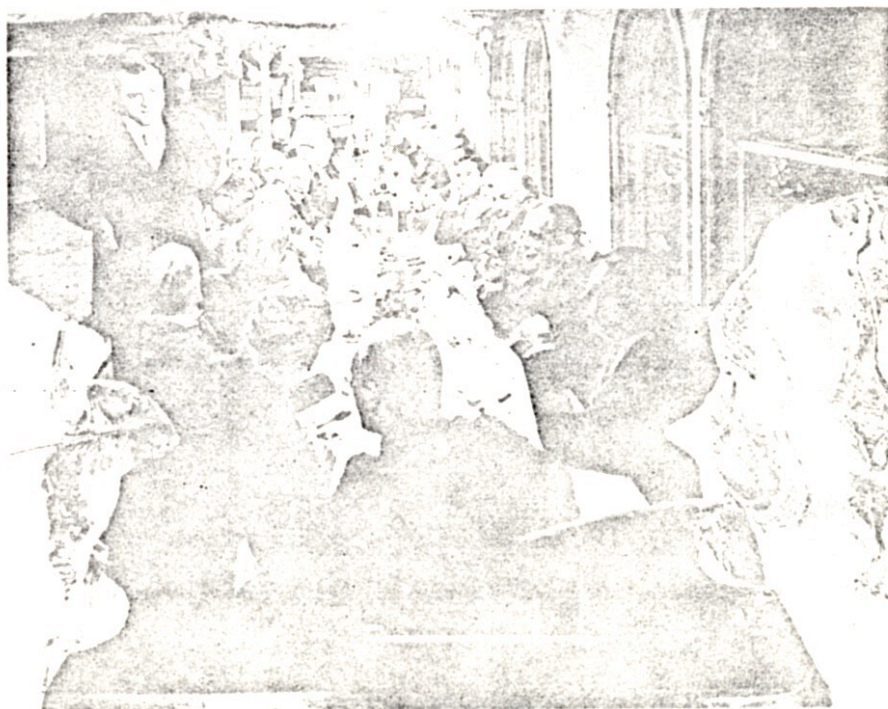
the best defensive arguments I can imagine. I offer them the same possibility for expression as I would a sympathetic character.

That's what gives this impression of ambiguity: my being chivalrous to people whose behavior I do not approve of. The characters are ambiguous but the significance of the work is not. I do not want to resemble the majority of Americans, who are demagogues and rhetoricians. This is one of America's great weaknesses, and rhetoric is one of the greatest weaknesses of American artists; above all, those of my generation. Miller, for example, is terribly rhetorical.

CAHIERS—What is the problem in America?

WELLES—If I speak to you of the things that are wrong it won't be the obvious ones; those are similar to what is wrong in France, in Italy or in Spain; we know them all. In American art the problem, or better, one of the problems, is the betrayal of the Left by the Left, self-betrayal. In one sense, by stupidity, by orthodoxy and because of slogans; in another, by simple betrayal. We are very few in our generation who have not betrayed our position, who have not given other people's names . . .

That is terrible. It can never be undone. I don't know how one starts over after a similar betrayal, that differs enormously, however, from this, for example, a Frenchman who collaborated with the Gestapo in order to save his wife's life; that is another genre of collaboration. What is so sad about the American Left is that it betrayed in order to save its swimming pools. There was no American Right in my generation. Intellectually it didn't exist. There were only Leftists and they mutually



Orson Welles: *Citizen Kane*

betrayed each other. The Left was not destroyed by McCarthy: it demolished itself, ceding to a new generation of Nihilists. That's what happened.

You can't call it "Fascism". I believe that the term "Fascism" should only be utilized in order to define a quite precise political attitude. It would be necessary to find a new word in order to define what is happening in America. Fascism must be born out of chaos. And America is not, as I know it, in chaos. The social structure is not in a state of dissolution. No, it doesn't correspond at all to the true definition of Fascism. I believe it is two simple, obvious things: the technological society is not accustomed to living with its own tools. That's what counts. We speak of them, we use them but we don't know how to live with them. The other thing is the prestige of the people responsible for the technological society. In this society the men who direct and the savants who represent technique do not leave room for the artist who favors the human being. In reality, they utilize him only for decoration.

Hemingway says, in "The Green Hills of Africa," that America is a country of adventure and, if the adventure disappears there, any American who possesses this primitive spirit must go elsewhere to seek adventure: Africa, Europe, etc. . . . It is an intensely romantic point of view. There is some truth in it, but if it is so intensely romantic it is because there is still an enormous quantity of adventure in America. In the cinema, you cannot imagine all that one may do in it. All I need is a job in cinema, is for someone to give me a camera. There is nothing dishonorable about working in America. The country is full of possibilities for expressing what is happening all over the world. What really exists is an enormous compromise. The ideal American type is perfectly expressed by the Protestant, individualist, anti-conformist and this is the type that is in the process of disappearing. In reality, a very few of him remain.

CAHIERS—What was your relationship with Hemingway?

WELLES — My relationship with Hemingway has always been very droll. The first time we met was when I had been called to read the narration for a film that he and Joris Ivens had made about the war in Spain; it was called *Spanish Earth*. Arriving, I came upon Hemingway, who was in the process of drinking a bottle of whiskey; I had been handed a set of lines that were too long, dull, had nothing to do with his style, which is always so concise and so economical. There were lines as pompous and complicated as this: "Here are the faces of men who are close to death," and this was to be read at a moment when one saw faces on the screen that were so much more eloquent. I said to him, "Mr. Hemingway, it would be better if one saw the faces

all alone, without commentary."

This didn't please him at all and, since I had, a short time before, just directed the Mercury Theatre, which was a sort of avant-garde theatre, he thought I was some kind of faggot and said, "You — effeminate boys of the theatre, what do you know about real war?"

Taking the bull by the horns, I began to make effeminate gestures and I said to him, "Mister Hemingway, how strong you are and how big you are!" That enraged him and he picked up a chair; I picked up another and, right there, in front of the images of the Spanish Civil War, as they marched across the screen, we had a terrible scuffle. It was something marvelous: two guys like us in front of these images representing people in the act of struggling and dying . . . we ended by toasting each other over a bottle of whiskey. We have spent our lives having long periods of friendship and others during which we barely spoke. I have never been able to avoid gently making fun of him, and this no one ever did, everyone treated him with the greatest respect.

CAHIERS — As an artist and as a member of a certain generation, do you feel isolated?

WELLES—I have always felt isolated. I believe that any good artist feels isolated. And I must think that I am a good artist, for otherwise I would not be able to work and I beg your pardon for taking the liberty of believing this; if someone wants to direct a film, he must think that he is good. A good artist should be isolated. If he isn't isolated, something is wrong.

CAHIERS—These days, it would impossible to present the Mercury Theatre.

WELLES—Completely impossible for financial reasons. The Mercury Theatre was possible only because I was earning three thousand dollars a week on the radio and spending two thousand to sustain the theatre. At that time, it was still cheap to sustain a theatre. Plus I had formidable actors. And what was most exciting about this Mercury Theatre was that it was a theatre on Broadway, not "off." Today, one might have a theatre off-Broadway, but that's another thing.

What characterized the Mercury Theatre was that it was next door to another where they were doing a musical comedy, near a commercial theatre, it was in the theatre center. Part of the neighboring bill of fare was the Group Theatre which was the official theatre of the Left: we were in contact without having an official relationship; we were of the same generation, although not on the same path. The whole thing gave the New York of that time, an extraordinary vitality. The quality of actors and audiences is no longer what it was in those marvelous years. The best theatre should be in the center of everything.

CAHIERS — Does that explain your

permanent battle to remain in the milieu of the cinema and not outside of the industry?

WELLES—I may be rejected but, as for me, I always want to be right in the center. If I am isolated, it is because I am obliged to be, for such is not my intention. I am always aiming for the center. I fail, but that is what I try to attain.

CAHIERS—Are you thinking of returning to Hollywood?

WELLES—Not at the moment. But who knows what may change at the next instant? I am dying to work there because of the technicians, who are marvelous. They truly represent a director's dream.

CAHIERS—A certain anti-Fascist attitude can be found in your films . . .

WELLES—There is more than one French intellectual who believes that I am a Fascist . . . it's idiotic, but that's what they write. What happens with these French intellectuals is that they take my physical aspect as an actor for my ideas as an *auteur*. As an actor I always play a certain type of role: Kings, great men, etc. This is not because I think them to be the only perons in the world who are worth the trouble. My physical aspect does not permit to play other roles. No one would believe a defenseless, humble person played by me. But they take this to be a projection of my own personality. I hope that the great majority at least considers it obvious that I am anti-Fascist . . .

True Fascism is always confused with Futurism's early Fascistic mystique. By this I make allusion to the first generation of Italian Fascism, which was a way of speaking that disappeared as soon as the true Fascism imposed itself, because it was an idiotic romanticism, like that of d'Annunzio and others. That is what disappeared. And that is what the French critics are talking about.

True Fascism is gangsterism of the low-born middle class, lamentably organized by . . . good, we all know what Fascism is. It is very clear. It is amusing to see how the Russians have been mistaken about the subject of *Touch of Evil*. They have attacked it pitilessly, as if it were a question of the veritable decadence of Western civilization. They were not content to attack what I showed: they attacked me too.

I believe that the Russians didn't understand the words, or some other thing. What is disastrous in Russia, is that they are fully in the middle ages, the middle ages in its most rigid aspect. No one thinks for himself. It is very sad. The orthodoxy has something terrible about it. They live only by slogans they have inherited. No one any longer knows what these slogans signify.

CAHIERS—What will your *Falstaff* be like?

WELLES—I don't know . . . I hope it will be good. All I can say is that

from the visual point of view it will be very modest and, I hope, at the same time satisfying and correct. But as I see it, it is essentially a human story and I hope that a good number of stupid cinema people will feel deceived. That's because, as I just said, I consider that his film should be very modest from the visual point of view. Which doesn't mean it will be visually non-existent but rather that it will not be loud on this level. It concerns a story about 3 or 4 people and these should, therefore, dominate completely. I believe I shall use more close-ups. This will really be film completely in the service of the actors.

CAHIERS—You are often accused of being egocentric. When you appear as an actor in your films, it is said that the camera is, above all, in the service of your personal exhibition . . . For example, in *Touch of Evil* the shooting angle moves from a general shot to a close-up in order to catch your first appearance on getting out of the car.

WELLES—Yes, but that is the story, the subject. I wouldn't act a role if it was not felt as dominating the whole story. I do not think it is just to say that I utilize the camera to my profit and not to the profit of the other actors. It's not true. Although they will say it even more about *Falstaff*; but it is precisely because in the film I am playing Falstaff, not *Hotspur*.

At this time I think and rethink, above all, of the world in which the story unfolds, of the appearance of the film. The number of sets I will be able to build will be so restrained that the film will have to be resolutely anti-Baroque. It will have to have numerous rather formal general shots, like what one may see at eye level, wall frescoes. It is a big problem creating a world in period costumes. In this genre, it is difficult to get a feeling of real life, few films arrive at it. I believe this is due to the fact that one has not concretized, in all its details, before starting to work, the universe presupposed by such a film.

Falstaff should be very plain on the visual level because above all it is a very real human story, very comprehensible and very adaptable to modern tragedy. And nothing should come between the story and the dialogue. The visual part of this story should exist as a background, as something secondary. Everything of importance in the film should be found on the faces; on these faces that whole universe I was speaking of should be found. I imagine that it will be "the" film of my life in terms of close-ups. Theoretically, I am against close-ups of all types, although I consider few theories as given and am for remaining very free. I am resolutely against close-ups, but I am convinced that this story requires them.

CAHIERS — Why this objection to close-ups?

WELLES—I find it marvelous that



1. Orson Welles: *The Stranger*, Welles, Loretta Young.

2. A radio broadcast: Paulette Goddard, Welles, Benny Rubin, Ray Collins.

2





1. Orson Welles: *Othello*, Michael MacLiamoir, Welles.

2. Orson Welles: *Touch Of Evil*, Janet Leigh.



the public may choose, with its eyes, what it wants to see of a shot. I don't like to force it and the use of the close-up amounts to forcing it: you can see nothing else. In *Kane* for example, you must have seen that there were very few close-ups, hardly any. There are perhaps six in the whole film. But a story like *Falstaff* demands them, because the moment we step back and separate ourselves from the faces, we see the people in period costumes and many actors in the foreground. The closer we are to the face the more universal it becomes; *Falstaff* is a somber comedy, the story of the betrayal of friendship.

What pleases me in *Falstaff* is that the project has interested me as an actor although I am rarely interested in something for the cinema in terms of being an actor. I am happy when I do not perform. And *Falstaff* is one of the rare things that I wish to achieve as an actor. There are only two stories I wish to do as an actor that I have written. In *The Trial* I absolutely did not want to perform and, if I did it, it is because of not having found an actor who could take the part. All those we asked refused.

CAHIERS — At the beginning you said you would play the part of the priest . . .

WELLES—I shot it, but, as we hadn't found an actor for the role of the lawyer, I cut the sequences in which I appeared as a priest and started shooting again. *Falstaff* is an actor's film. Not only my role but all the others are favorable for showing a good actor's worth. My *Othello* is more successful in the theatre than on film. We shall see what happens with *Falstaff*, which is the best role that Shakespeare ever wrote. It is a character as great as Don Quixote. If Shakespeare had done nothing but that magnificent creation, it would suffice to make him immortal. I wrote the scenario under the inspiration of three works in which he appears, one other in which he is spoken of, and complete it with things found in still another. Thus, I worked with five Shakespeare works. But, naturally, I wrote a story about *Falstaff*, about his friendship with the prince and his repugnance when the prince becomes King. I have great hopes for this film.

CAHIERS—There is a line spoken by John Foster Kane to his banker, which we would like very much to hear you explain: "I could have been a great man, if I hadn't been so rich."

WELLES—Good, the whole story is in that. Anything at all may destroy greatness: a woman, illness, riches. My hatred at richness in itself is not an obsession. I do not believe that richness is the only enemy of greatness. If he had been poor, Kane would not have been a great man but one thing is sure and that is that he would have been a successful one. He thinks that success brings greatness. As for that, it is the character that says it, not I. Kane ar-

rives at having a certain class but never greatness.

It isn't because everything seems easy to him. That is an excuse he gives himself. But the film doesn't say that. Obviously, since he is the head of one of the biggest fortunes in the world, things become easier, but his greatest error was that of the American plutocrats of those years, who believed that money automatically conferred a certain stature to a man. Kane is a man who truly belongs to his time. This type of man hardly exists anymore. These were the plutocrats who believed they could be President of the United States, if they wanted to. They also believed they could buy anything. It wasn't even necessary to be intelligent to see that it isn't always like that.

CAHIERS—Are they more realistic?

WELLES—It's not a question of realism. This type of plutocrat no longer exists. Things have changed a great deal, above all economic structures. Very few rich men today succeed in retaining absolute control of their own money; their money is controlled by others. It is, like many other things, a question of organization. They are prisoners of their money. And I don't say this from a sentimental point of view; there is no longer anything but boards of directors and the participation of diverse opinions . . . they are no longer free to commit the sort of follies that used to be possible. The moment has passed for this type of egocentric plutocrat, in the same way that this type of newspaper owner has disappeared.

What is very specific about Kane's personality is that he never earned money; he passed his life doing nothing but spending it. He did not belong to that category of rich men who made fortunes; he only spent it. Kane didn't even have the responsibility of the true capitalist.

CAHIERS—Did *Citizen Kane* bring in a lot of money?

WELLES—No, it's not a question of that. The film went well. But my problems with Hollywood started before I got there. The real problem was that contract, which gave me, free and clear, carte blanche and which had been signed before I went out there. I had too much power. At that time I was faced with a machination from which I have never recovered, because I have never had an enormous box office success. If you have such success, from that instant on you are given everything!

I had luck as no one had; afterwards, I had the worst bad luck in the history of the cinema, but that is in the order of things: I had to pay for having had the best luck in the history of the cinema. Never has a man been given so much power in the Hollywood system. An absolute power. And artistic control.

CAHIERS—There are *cinéastes*, in Europe, who possess this power.

WELLES—But they don't possess the American technical arsenal, which is a grandiose thing. The man who pushes the camera, those who change the lights, the one who handles the crane—they have children at the University. You are side by side with men who don't feel themselves to be workers but who think of themselves as very capable and very well paid artisans. That makes an enormous difference; enormous.

I could never have done all that I did in *Touch of Evil* elsewhere. And it is not only a question of technique, it essentially concerns the human competence of the men with whom I worked. All this stems from the economic security they enjoy, from the fact that they are well paid, from the fact that they do not think of themselves as belonging to another class.

Throughout the entire European cinema industry, to a greater or lesser degree, one feels that there is a greater barrier posed by educational differences. In all European countries one is called "Doctor," "Professor," etc., if one has gone to a university; the great advantage in America is that there, at times, you find directors who are less learned than the man who pushes the camera. There is no "professor." Classes do not exist in the American cinema world. The pleasure one experiences working with an American crew is something that has no equivalent on earth. But you pay a price for that. There are the producers, and that group is as bad as the technicians are good.

CAHIERS—How did you shoot that very long sequence in Marcia's living room during the interrogation of Sanchez?

WELLES—In Europe, there are three cameramen as good as the American cameramen. The one who made *The Trial* with me is sensational. But what there isn't is someone capable of handling the crane. In America, this man has an enormous auto, he is instructed, and considers himself as important to the film as the cameraman himself. In that scene in Marcia's house there were about sixty chalk marks on the ground: that tells you how knowledgeable and intelligent the man who guides the camera must be in order to do well. At that moment, I am at his mercy, at the mercy of his precision. If he can't do it with assurance, the scene is impossible.

CAHIERS—Was it really Charlton Heston who proposed you as director of *Touch of Evil*?

WELLES—What happened is even more amusing. The scenario was proposed to Charlton Heston who was told that it was by Orson Welles; at the other end of the line, Heston understood that I was to direct the film, in which case he was ready to shoot anything at all, no matter what, with me. Those at Universal did not clear up his misunderstanding; they hung up and automatically telephoned me and asked me to direct it. The truth is that Hes-

ton said, textually, this: "I will work in any film at all directed by Orson Welles." When they proposed that I direct the film I set only one condition: to write my own scenario! And I directed and wrote the film without getting a penny for it, since I was being paid as an actor.

CAHIERS—In relation to the original novel, you made many changes. . .

WELLES—My God! I never read the novel; I only read Universal's scenario. Perhaps the novel made sense, but the scenario was ridiculous. It all took place in San Diego, not on the Mexican border, which completely changes the situation. I made Vargas a Mexican for political reasons, I wanted to show how Tijuana and the border towns are corrupted by all sorts of mish-mash, publicity more or less about American relations; that's the only reason.

CAHIERS—What do you think of the American Cinema, as seen from Europe?

WELLES—I am surprised by the tendency of the serious critics to find elements of value only among the American directors of action films, while they find none in the American directors of historical films. Lubitsch, for example, is a giant. But he doesn't correspond to the taste of cinema aesthetes. Why? I know nothing about it. Besides, it doesn't interest me. But Lubitsch's talent and originality are stupefying.

CAHIERS—And von Sternberg?

WELLES—Admirable! He is the greatest exotic director of all time and one of the great lights.

CAHIERS—Let's talk about other directors. What do you think of Arthur Penn? Have you seen *The Left-Handed Gun*?

WELLES—I saw it first on television and then as cinema. It was better on television, more brutal, and beyond that I believe that at that time Penn had more experience directing for television and so handled it better, but for cinema this experience went against him. I believe him to be a good theatre director, an admirable director of actresses—a very rare thing; very few *cinéastes* possess that quality.

I have seen nothing by the most recent generation, except for a sampling of the *avante-garde*. Among those whom I would call "younger generation" Kubrick appears to me to be a giant.

CAHIERS—But, for example, *The Killing* was more or less a copy of *The Asphalt Jungle*?

WELLES—Yes, but *The Killing* was better. The problem of imitation leaves me indifferent, above all if the imitator succeeds in surpassing the model. For me, Kubrick is a better director than Huston. I haven't seen *Lolita* but I believe that Kubrick can do everything. He is a great director who has not yet made his great film. What I see in him is a talent not possessed by the great directors of the generation immediately preceding his, I mean Ray, Aldrich, etc. Perhaps this is because his tempera-



Orson Welles: *Chimes At Midnight*, Keith Baxter, Welles.

ment comes closer to mine.

CAHIERS—And those of the older generation? Wyler, for example? and Hitchcock?

WELLES—Hitchcock is an extraordinary director; William Wyler a brilliant producer.

CAHIERS—How do you make this distinction between two men who are both called directors?

WELLES—A producer doesn't make anything. He chooses the story, works on it with the scenarist, has a say in the distribution and, in the old sense of the term American producer, even decides on the camera angles, what sequences will be used. What is more, he defines the final form of the film. In reality, he is a sort of director's boss.

Wyler is this man. Only he's his own

boss. His work, however, is better as boss than as director, given the fact that in that role he spends his clearest moments waiting, with the camera, for something to happen. He says nothing. He waits, as the producer waits in his office. He looks at twenty impeccable shots, seeking the one that has something and, usually, he knows how to choose the best one. As a director he

is good but as a producer he is extraordinary.

CAHIERS—According to you, the role of director consists in making something happen?

WELLES—I do not like to set up very strict rules but, in the Hollywood system, the director has one job. In other systems he has another job. I am against absolute rules because even in the case of America we find marvelous films achieved under the absolute tyranny of the production system. There are even films much respected by film societies that weren't made by directors but by producers and scenarists . . . under the American system, no one is capable of saying whether a film was or was not directed by a director.

CAHIERS—In an interview, John Houseman said that you got all of the credit for *Citizen Kane* and that this was unfair because it should have gone to Herman J. Mankiewicz, who wrote the scenario.

WELLES—He wrote several important scenes. (Houseman is an old enemy of mine). I was very lucky to work with Mankiewicz: everything concerning Rosebud belongs to him. As for me, sincerely, he doesn't please me very much; he functions, it is true, but I have never had complete confidence in him. He serves as a hyphen between all the elements. I had, in return, the good fortune to have Gregg Toland who is the best director of photography that ever existed and I also had the luck to hit upon actors who had never worked in films before; not a single one of them had ever found himself in front of a camera until then. They all came from my theatre. I could never have made *Citizen Kane* with actors who were old hands at cinema, because they would have said right off, "Just what do you think we're doing?" My being a newcomer would have put them on guard and, with the same blow, would have made a mess of the film. It was possible because I had my own family, so to speak.

CAHIERS—How did you arrive at *Citizen Kane's* cinematic innovations?

WELLES—I owe it to my ignorance.

If this word seems inadequate to you, replace it with innocence. I said to myself: this is what the camera should be really capable of doing, in a normal fashion. When we were on the point of shooting the first sequence, I said, "Let's do that!" Gregg Toland answered that it was impossible. I came back with, "We can always try; we'll soon see. Why not?" We had to have special lenses made because at that time there weren't any like those that exist today.

CAHIERS—During the shooting, did you have the sensation of making such an important film?

WELLES—I never doubted it for a single instant.

CAHIERS—What is happening with your *Don Quixote*? It was announced so long ago.

WELLES—It's really finished; it only needs about three weeks' work, in order to shoot several little things. What makes me nervous is launching it: I know that this film will please no one. This will be an execrated film. I need a big success before putting it in circulation. If *The Trial* had been a complete critical success, then I would have had the courage to bring out my *Don Quixote*. Things being what they are I don't know what to do: everyone will be enraged by this film.

CAHIERS—How do you see the central character?

WELLES—Exactly as Cervantes did, I believe. My film takes place in modern times but the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho are exactly as they were, at least, I repeat, to my way of thinking. This wasn't the case with Kafka; I utilize these two characters freely but I do it in the same spirit as Cervantes. They are not my characters, they are the Spanish writer's.

CAHIERS—Why did you choose to film *Don Quixote*?

WELLES—I started by making a half hour television show out of it; I had just enough money to do it. But I fell so completely in love with my subject that I gradually made it longer and continued to shoot depending on how much money I had. You might say

that it grew as I made it. What happened to me is more or less what happened to Cervantes, who started to write a novella and ended up writing "Don Quixote." It's a subject you can't let go of once you've started.

CAHIERS—Will the film have the same scepticism as the novel?

WELLES—Certainly! I believe that what happened to the book will happen to my film of chivalry and he ended up creating the most beautiful apology for them that can be found in literature. However, touching on the defense of that idea of chivalry, the film will be more sincere than the novel, even though today it is more anachronistic than when Cervantes was writing.

I myself appear in the character of Orson Welles, but Sancho and Don Quixote say only the lines given them by Cervantes; I have put no words in their mouths.

I do not think the film is less sceptical because I believe that, if we push the analysis to the end, Cervantes' scepticism was in part an attitude. His scepticism was an intellectual attitude: I believe that, under the scepticism, there was a man who loved the knights as much as Don Quixote himself. Above all, he was Spanish.

It is truly a difficult film. I should also say that it is too long; what I am going to shoot will not serve to complete the footage—I could make three films out of the material that already exists. The film, in its first form, was too commercial; it was conceived for television and I had to change certain things in order to make it more substantial. The drollest thing about it is that it was shot with a crew of six people. My wife was script-girl, the chauffeur moved the lights around, I did the lighting and was second cameraman. It is only with the camera that one can have his eye on everything in such a way.

(Material taped in Madrid; May, June, July, 1964).

—Juan COBOS

—Miguel RUBIO

—Jose Antonio PRUNEDA

2



Orson Welles: *Chimes At Midnight*, (1). Norman Rodway, Marina Vlady, (2). Keith Baxter.



Leni Riefenstahl at three different periods. 1. Early in her career. 2. In *The Blue Light* in 1931. 3. In Africa recently

3



Leni and the Wolf

Interview with Leni Riefenstahl

by Michel Delabaye

From 1926 to 1931, Leni Riefenstahl acted, under the direction of Arnold Fanck, in the following films: *Der Heilige Berg* (The Sacred Mountain), *Der Grosse Sprung* (The Big Leap), *Die Weisse Holle von Piz Palu* (The White Hell of Piz Palu, co-directed by C. W. Pabst), *Stürme über den Mont Blanc* (Storm over Mont Blanc) and *Die Weisse Rausch* (White Frenzy). She also appeared in *The Tragedy of Mayerling*, for another director, in 1928. The same year, she gave her last performance as a dancer — her first *métier*.

In 1931, she wrote (in collaboration with Bela Balasz), produced, directed and acted in *Das Blaue Licht* (The Blue Light). In 1934 she appeared in *S.O.S. Eisberg*, for Universal, under the supervision of the explorer, Knud Rasmussen.

In 1934, the Nazis came into power and this young woman abruptly became the *auteur* of one of the cinema's greatest political films, *Triumph of the Will*, preceded by *Sieg des Glaubens* (Victory of Faith). In 1936, in Berlin, she made *Olympia*. Meanwhile, she was asked to specialize in political films. She declined this "honor," refusing in order to do a film on Horst Wessel. Leni Riefenstahl has made no films since *Tiefenland* (1940-45), the film about wolves.—M. D.

CAHIERS—Let us begin at the beginning: how did you enter the cinema?

LENI RIEFENSTAHL—I must tell you first of all, that before entering films, I was a dancer. I was still a very young girl when I studied ballet, then modern dance, with Mary Wigman, among others. At the same time, I received a certain amount of training at the Berlin Academy of Art and I devoted myself to painting. If I mention these things, it is because these two elements, dance and painting, have played a role in forming what were to become my personal images.

But, one day, while dancing, I hurt my knee and that was the end of my dancing career.

During that period I saw, quite by chance, in Berlin, a film about mountains: *The Mountain of Destiny*. This film made such a strong impression on me that soon I wanted to know about mountains, and the director of the film as well. This was Doctor Arnold Fanck, who became my mentor, and who taught me the fundamentals of my technique of *mise en scene*. This Doctor Fanck was an outsider and, if consequently, I myself became an outsider, it is doubtless due to him. Doctor Fanck had his

own crew, on the fringe of the normal cinema industry. He was a savant, a geologist, besides being a photographer who, with certain other dreamers, had founded a small company. I was the only girl on the crew. To start with, I had to learn to ski, to climb and, by the press of circumstances, I also found myself somewhat involved in the camera work and at times collaborated on the direction. At any rate, I did not stop watching, observing and it was not long before I noticed that I often saw things differently than Fanck, although he, too, had come to the cinema by way of nature and, like me, he loved beautiful images. When what he did didn't agree with what I felt, my personal sense of art seemed violated and it was in this way that I came to ask myself how I might give form to this sense. I set about, therefore, seeking a thread, a theme, a style, in the realm of legend and fantasy, something that might allow me to give free rein to my juvenile sense of romanticism and the beautiful image. It was thus, still very young, that I decided to make my first film. And, naturally, I made this first film with myself as producer, scenarist, actress and director, for I had little money. I made it using, as a point of departure, a certain idea that concretized everything I had been seeking for a long time. This idea was *The Blue Light*.

CAHIERS—Where did that idea come from? Perhaps from Heinrich von Ofterdingen's "Blue Flower"?

RIEFENSTAHL—No. I didn't think of that. However, if I must go back to the origin of the idea, I find a dance. A dance I performed, which was my first success. It was called "The Blue Flower." This idea took on its full meaning only when linked with mountains. I told you: that is how I came to the cinema, although for a long time the idea that I might remain in the cinema never occurred to me.

Therefore, I was going to make a film. Writing a role, was, for me, the occasion of giving form to some *thing* as well as to myself. This role was that of a strange young Italian girl who, sleepwalking, climbs, at night, towards a blue light which is at the summit of a certain mountain and which is visible only on nights when the moon is full. It is a glimmering emitted by the crystalline rocks of a grotto when the light hits them from a certain angle. But this light has its secret, and this secret, in its profound sense, as described by a legend, is that young beings tend towards a certain light: an ideal.

The young girl, Yunta, is the only one to be able to attain to this light. The others, the people of the village, fail when they try it and evil befalls them. Until the day that a young painter, in love with Yunta, discovers the crystal grotto. Believing that, he acts in the interests of his beloved, whom he believes is under a spell, he reveals to the people of the village, the secret path that leads to the grotto. He is the realist who kills the dream. Who kills his beloved. For, when she discovers that her secret has been violated by the crowd, her heart is broken and she falls from a precipice. But her death brings happiness to the others, to all those who didn't understand her, the peasants and the painter as well, those who accused her of having cast a spell on the village, who pursued her in order to throw stones at her and who would willingly have burned her as a sorceress.

To the above was grafted something that fascinated me, which is the composition of the image ("Bildgestaltung"). I didn't have enough money to work in a studio, so I had to shoot out-of-doors and, in order to render the atmosphere that I wanted, I was forced to stylize the images instead of stylizing the decors. I had to calculate the shadow, the lights and the framing in such a way as to obtain some particular thing that would engender a step back, into legend. If I had to treat realistic material, I would have photographed in a realistic fashion, as I was to do later in my other films but, at any rate, I was then too young for that — I was still at the age when one romanticizes. This style of image played its part, perhaps, in the charm of the film, but the great success it had was doubtless equally due to the fact that by spontaneously expressing what I felt, I must have unconsciously rendered things that profoundly struck a sensitive chord with the public. They felt something authentic in the moral of the fable.

But, in making this very romantic film by instinct, without knowing exactly where I wanted to go, I also found myself charting the path I would follow later. For, in a certain fashion, it was my own destiny of which I had had a presentiment and to which I had given form.

CAHIERS—Don't you think that this juvenile dream of idealism and purity persists in your following films?

RIEFENSTAHL—Without a doubt, but I didn't know that and wouldn't know it until much later. I knew that

in all of my films, whatever they were, whether it concerned *Triumph of the Will*, *Olympia* or *Tiefeland*, there was... yes: let us say purity. Yunta was a young girl, intact and innocent, whom fear made recoil from any contact with reality, with matter, with sex and, later, in *Tiefeland*, the character of Martha was nearly the same. But I didn't know this. I was searching. When I got somewhere, it was unconsciously.

I only know that I have a great love for beauty. The form taken by beauty, and not only its exterior form but its interior form. I only know how happy it makes me when I meet good men, simple men. But it repulses me so much to find myself faced with false men that it was a thing to which I have never been able to give artistic form.

CAHIERS — After *The Blue Light*, what was there?

RIEFENSTAHL — There was *S.O.S. Eisberg*, but I only acted in it. When Dr. Fanck agreed to do the film, for Universal, the company had found no one who could take the role, as it required a great physical effort. At that time, I was beginning to become accustomed to snow and ice. I was able to take the role. I lived in Greenland for several months under the conditions called for by the film. This was the last film in which I was merely an actress.

When I returned to Germany, at the end of this very long shooting schedule I again threw myself into the making of a film. This was in 1934. The film was my first documentary. It was *Triumph of the Will*.

CAHIERS — At that time, had you seen many films?

RIEFENSTAHL — Not many. I seldom went to the cinema, and when I made films it was always without knowing whether they were going to be good or not, or whether they would have a success, as I kept changing genres. I had only the joy of working and I always did my work as well as I could. When my films were successful, I was the first to be surprised. There is no doubt that, in their genre, they were new.

CAHIERS — Did you know, let us say, Lang, Murnau, Sternberg?

RIEFENSTAHL — The first film of Sternberg's that I saw was *The Docks of New York*, when it opened, and I liked it very much. Sometime after that I visited Sternberg, in Berlin. I experienced great joy on seeing him; he filled me with enthusiasm. We understood each other very well. He and Pabst were the first to believe that I had talent as a cinéaste.

One day Sternberg asked me, in an amused tone, "But what pleases you so much about my films?" I answered, "What pleases me is that everything which is interesting, you don't show!" "Ah," he said, "but these are not omissions at all! These are ellipses! . . . That is my way . . ." But my answer

had pleased him very much.

During that period I was working, as an actress, on my first film, *The Sacred Mountain*. Sometime after that, *Faust* came out. It was an admirable film. Lang's films struck me by their construction and their composition.

CAHIERS — Did you see *Potemkin*?

RIEFENSTAHL — Yes, of course. I rarely went to the cinema but, all the same, that one I did see. And I also see why you ask me that question: it is because certain people have compared our two films. See here, I am not in agreement. It is difficult to compare a film with *mise en scène* to a documentary. *Triumph of the Will*, a pure documentary, is very different, in spirit and in form, from Eisenstein's film; he directed, himself (and with genius, there is no doubt at all), in film with *mise en scène*, a film with orientation.

CAHIERS — Don't they at least have in common their being political films?

RIEFENSTAHL — But my film is only a documentary. I showed what everyone was witness to or had heard about. And everyone was impressed by it. I am the one who fixed that impression, who registered it on film. And that is doubtless why people are angry with me: for having captured it, put it in a box.

CAHIERS — How did you put it in a box, first of all, technically?

RIEFENSTAHL — With very primitive means. It was a very cheap film. It cost only 280,000 marks. I had only two cameras at my disposal. As I had, as yet, done nothing in this realm, it was very hard. I still had a great deal to learn about what a camera is, and about cameramen. I had to make many tests, improvise many things. In this way, one day I had a little elevator installed on one of the great masts that carried the oriflames that would rise to the top and thanks to which my camera was able to effect, at any given moment, a movement that I considered rather successful. The trouble was that my installation was considered very inopportune, for it bothered people and threw the harmony of the group into disequilibrium. Therefore my crew was turned out and my elevator dismantled. I was furious about it, for it had been hard work to install all that gear but, at any rate, it was one of those occasions that enabled me to discover what may be done with a camera. But the great difficulty resided in the fact that the events, such as they were, repeated themselves constantly, in the same form: there were nothing but speeches, marches and mobs. It was thus infinitely harder than the Olympics were to be, harder to set the event in a captivating fashion; the nature of the event, itself, sometimes determined the fashion of capturing it. In any case, it was during this film that I acquired the experience that was to serve me for *Olympia*.

Following that, I had great difficul-

ties with the editing, above all with the synchronozation. For at that time good sound equipment was still rare. What I had had for filming and what I now had for editing were not among the best, far from it: the better equipment was already at hand, in the hands of cinéastes much better known than I. In addition, I had to edit this film absolutely alone. I already had several notions about editing, having done the editing of the French version of *The White Hell of Pitiu*, but the work I had to do here was enormous: very confining, very exhausting, above all for a girl, and almost all of it had to be done at night. I tried hard to get help but that was a lost cause.

For if I wanted someone, it was to help me. Not to edit the film in my place, not even to do a part of the editing. I had drilled the technical crew, formed it, but I couldn't form anyone to edit this material. Editing, outside of the rules, the current recipes, is not something that is taught.

CAHIERS — Now I must pose a question, delicate but necessary: what have you to say about the troubles the film brought you, and more generally, about the accusations made against you?

RIEFENSTAHL — This is not a thing about which I like to speak. Neither is it any longer a thing about which I am afraid to speak. But, doubtless, it was necessary for you to ask me the question . . . and, doubtless, it is necessary that I answer you. Very well!

Among other accusations brought at the beginning, was this: I had been Hitler's mistress. There were many others. I deny all of them, absolutely. All that anyone has ever been able to establish — and God knows after what research! — is that Hitler declared that I was talented. It happens that others also said so . . .

What did I do that was political? I was not a Party member. I was someone who was well-known before Hitler came to power. I made infinitely more films before his rise to power than after. I had money. I was self-sufficient. I was, in 1931, already my own producer: "Leni Riefenstahl Studio Films" was founded before *S.O.S. Eisberg* was filmed.

Triumph of The Will brought me innumerable, very hard troubles after the war. It was, effectively, a film made to order, proposed by Hitler. But that was happening, you must remember, in 1934. And, assuredly, it was impossible for the young girl that I was to foresee what was going to come about. At that period, Hitler has acquired a certain credit in the world for himself, and he fascinated a certain number of people — among them Winston Churchill. And I, I alone, I should have been able to foresee that one day things would change?

At that time, one believed in something beautiful. In construction. In peace. The worst was yet to come, but



Olympia.

who knew it? Who said it? Where were the prophets? And why should it have to have been me, to be the one? How could I have been better informed than Winston Churchill who was still declaring in '35-'36 that he envied Germany its Fuhrer? Could this be required of me?

Of whom else was it required? Many, many cincastes were shooting films then and many others accepted commissions. But none of them were accused as I was. Not one. Only me. Why? Because I am a woman? Because the film was too successful? I don't know.

Here, however, I could begin my defense. But I have never defended myself in a public fashion and I am not going to begin now. There is also the proverb: Whoever defends himself accuses himself. This remains: a commission was proposed to me. Good. I accepted. Good. I agreed, like so many

others, to make a film that so many others, with or without talent, could have made. Well it is to this film that I am obliged for spending several years, after my arrest by the French, in different camps and prisons. But if you see this film again today you ascertain that it doesn't contain a single reconstructed scene. Everything in it is true. And it contains no tendentious commentary, for the good reason that it contains no commentary at all. It is history. A pure historical film.

CAHIERS—But don't you think that the impassioned reality espoused by the film (a thing that necessarily is part of its beauty) implies, no less necessarily, a certain significance?

RIEFENSTAL—This film is purely historical. I state precisely: it is *film-verité*. It reflects the truth that was then in 1934, history. It is therefore a documentary. Not a propaganda film. Oh!

I know very well what propaganda is. That consists of recreating certain events in order to illustrate a thesis or, in the face of certain events, to let one thing go in order to accentuate another. I found myself, me, at the heart of an event which was the reality of a certain time and a certain place. My film is composed of what stemmed from that.

Moreover, it is difficult for me to think that in 1947, two years before the war, France would have awarded its *grand prix* to a propaganda film . . . That said, it must be recognized that the tribunals of Jews, Americans, Frenchmen admitted, in the end, that they had misunderstood, after the war, an important fact: that it was very comprehensible that one saw things before the war, out of different eyes than after.

Be that as it may, we are henceforth sufficiently far from that period to be able to consider the film with a purer eye and see in it, as I said to you, *film-verité*. From this point of view, the film had, from that time on, such importance that it introduced a certain revolution in the style of newsreels, which were then filmed in a purely static fashion. I had sought to make a striking and moving film. A poetic and dynamic film. But it was while working on the film that I began to feel that I could do that. Previous to that I knew nothing at all about it. Everything came from the rhythm.

If you ask me today what is most important in a documentary film, what makes one see and feel, I believe I can say that there are two things. The first is the skeleton, the construction, briefly: the architecture. The architecture should have a very exact form, for the montage will only make sense and produce its effect when it is wedded, in some fashion, to the principle of this architecture. But that has no value as a general example, for one may also succeed in showing certain things in the opposite way, by making the montage and the architecture discordant. Can one explain everything? Perhaps these things basically come from a gift that one has or does not have.

I told you, just before, that there were two important things. The second is the sense of rhythm.

CAHIERS — Could you be precise about the nature of the connection between the rhythm and the architecture? What I mean is, are you conscious of the way the work as a whole acquires and maintains this dramatic movement that your films have?

RIEFENSTAL—In *Triumph of the Will*, for example, I wanted to bring certain elements into the foreground and put certain others in the background. If things are all at the same level (because one has not known how to establish a hierarchy or chronology of forms) the film is doomed to failure from the start ("Kaput"). There must be movement. Controlled movement of successive highlight and retreat, in both



Tiefland.

the architecture of the things filmed and in that of the film.

The ensemble must also be very precisely directed to the end so that the strong points may be brought out (it should be noted that in many documentary films there is a strong point not at the end but at the beginning); and, since you ask me how the film, without any pre-existing dramatic treatment, acquires a certain dramatic effect nevertheless, I answer by referring you to what I just said: this dramatization is part of the architecture. This holds true for *Olympia* as well.

CAHIERS—Here we arrive at what the two films have in common: they both give form to a certain reality, itself based on a certain idea of form. Do you see something particularly German about this concern for form?

RIEFENSTAHL—I can simply say that I feel spontaneously attracted by

everything that is beautiful. Yes: beauty, harmony . . . And perhaps this care for composition, this aspiration to form is in effect something very German. But I don't know all these things myself, exactly. It comes from the unconscious and not from my knowledge. I possess, in myself, a certain representation of things and events and seek to express it in images. What do you want me to add? Whatever is purely realistic, slice-of-life, what is average, quotidian, doesn't interest me. Only the unusual, the specific, excites me. I am fascinated by what is beautiful, strong, healthy, by what is living. I seek harmony. When harmony is produced, I am happy. I believe, with this, that I have answered you.

CAHIERS—A little question now, before coming to *Olympia*: is it correct that you received offers from Moscow?

RIEFENSTAHL—Yes, that is true. I

was asked to go and work in the U.S.S.R. Over there, they liked what I did very much. Only, I did not feel really capable of expressing myself except in my own country. I didn't imagine working anywhere else. I had to live in my country. That's all.

CAHIERS—We are up to *Olympia*. What was your idea at the beginning?

RIEFENSTAHL—First of all, it took me a long time before I knew whether or not I was going to make this film. My first interest in it was the sports. I had always been involved and interested in athletics. In addition, thanks to *Triumph of the Will*, I knew the cinema. I wanted to make a marriage of sports and cinema.

Once I had this idea, I started to doubt again, persuaded that this would be too hard. I hesitated, vacillated for a long time until, finally, I decided. Then everything went very rapidly. I immediately attacked the problem of the camera work, all the while telling myself that it would be nearly impossible to render the plenitude of the event on film. Thus I came, automatically, to the solution of doing two films, one for gymnastics and the other for other sports.

After I had made up my mind to that, my interest was principally attracted by two things. The title of my book, "The Beauty of the Olympic Contest" contains both of them. It implies first of all, from an individual point of view, the complete domination of the body and the will; after that, a great tolerance, introduced by the feeling of comradery and loyalty which is at the very heart of the contest. For, in such a confrontation, all men and all races must, for themselves and for others, give the best that they have. From this results an extraordinary atmosphere lifted well above ordinary life. This is what I sought to render. In the film, the human point of view and the aesthetic point of view are linked, to the extent that they are themselves already linked in the event, by the nature of the Olympic contest. The problems I started with were not resolved so easily. Among other things, it had become evident to me that the film could be interesting only on one condition. It would doubtless be possible for the camera to capture everything that could interest the spectators but for that, it would have to take on the weight not so much of the event, as in a newsreel, but the form ("Gestaltung") of the event. From that moment on, I began to look at each sport with the eye of the lens.

Each time, it was necessary that I think about things in order to find the reason behind the camera's position in relation to this or that event. There was no principle that demanded that the camera always be one or two meters from the ground, that it always be far from the object or even on the object. Little by little, I discovered that the constraints imposed at times by the

event could often serve me as a guide. The whole thing lay in knowing when and how to respect or violate these constraints. Thus, there were some perspectives that had to be respected. There were others that had to be found. At the time of a race, for example, we had installed a hundred meters of track, and the camera ran along it very well, but it seemed to me that the image of the race should be completed with extremely close shots. There was no middle course between extreme proximity and following the movement at a constant distance. As there was no question of getting close to the runner, it called for the use of a telescopic lens. I withdrew to find a vantage point. It was at this moment that we began to employ the gigantic telescopic lenses that were to serve us from then on. It was the fusion of static shots, rhythmic shots and shots animated by technical movement that there were to give the film its life, its rhythm. Thus, in the face of each problem, it was necessary to feel one's way, to make tests, and each test resulted in new ideas, some small and some big. For example, we tried to attach the camera to the saddle, but, in order to keep it from bouncing too much, it was necessary to put it in a rubber bag, full of feathers. While the marathon was in progress, we had a little basket on us, in which was a miniature camera that was set off automatically, by movement—all this was so that the runner wouldn't notice anything. And so it went, from idea to idea, for we always had to find new ones. This also provided us with as much amusement as possible.

I must say that we formed an extraordinary crew. For entertainment, as well as while working, we always stayed together, even on Saturday and Sunday. When we stayed in the tents, we talked, always letting the ideas come, and they always came. That's good practice. There were also nocturnal conversations.

CAHIERS — It was said that your means were gigantic.

RIEFENSTAHL—We had less than people said. Look at the photos and documents of the period, they give rather a feeling of improvisation . . . For the most part the effects obtained by our crew were improvisatory coups. Much obliged: people didn't know or it wasn't pointed out, how many things we discovered. The noiseless camera, made so as not to bother the athletes, was brought about by one of my cameramen, and the camera for underwater shots by another. During this time we were looking for other tricks and even the most modest were utilized. Thus we had the idea of digging trenches (and it was very hard to obtain permission for this) from which we might film the jumpers, in order to express their effort more dynamically.

The swimming pool, above all, inspired us enormously. We had a little

rubber boat, the camera was on a little frame attached to the edge of the boat and we pushed this with a pole—oars being out, because of the motion. In this way we were able, during a shot, to start with a face, seen from up close, and move off from it. There were also underwater shots, sometimes followed by emergence, shots made at water level, as well as shots made with the lens half submerged. Naturally, this required a lot of very hard work on the part of the technicians, given the working conditions and the abrupt changes of light. For the ten-meter dive, for example, the cameraman, after having set the focus in order to be able to follow the diver, dove with him, filmed him as he fell, filmed him under the water and came to the surface with him. Obviously, the focus was difficult to hold and the brutal variations of light did not make things easier. In addition, the operation included, at the bottom of the pool, a change of lens. But everything had been carefully rehearsed in such a way that this could be done as rapidly and as mechanically as possible. Obviously, with these methods, for every 100 meters of exposed film, 95 were no good.

CAHIERS—I return to your great resources.

RIEFENSTAHL — We didn't have gigantic resources for the good reason that we didn't have gigantic sums of money. Quite simply. And we didn't have gigantic sums for the good reason that no one believed that a reportage on the Olympic games could be a success. I had exactly 750,000 marks at my disposal for each part. A million and a half in all. And it was little enough, when you consider the quantity of film used: 400,000 meters—of which 70% turned out to be unusable. In addition, the tests, tentative procedures and improvisations that I told you about absorbed a lot of money. Beyond that: we had the problem of lack of experience with some of the cameramen. We had engaged the best that we could but for the most part the very best cameramen were out of our reach as the big companies had a monopoly on them. Afterwards, the film's immense success allowed Tobis to recoup the money they had (imprudently, according to some) advanced. Several weeks after the opening the film was reimbursed, six months later, Tobis had taken in 4,120,290 marks and the money continued to come in . . . But in the beginning no one believed in it and we had to arrange things so as not to go over the budget we had been allotted. Then, the cranes . . . we had, above all, ladders. They went from ordinary ladders to firemen's ladders. But we rapidly eliminated the first because they had an inconvenient way of oscillating. Zcheil, the cameraman who specialized in this type of work, often had a depth of field of no more than 30 cm (12" approx.). It is obvious that with the

slightest oscillation everything would be ruined.

To off-set that, we had towers. Steel towers, set in the middle of the stadium, from the top of which the cameraman could take in and follow, the total panorama. This type of tower, used for the first time, afterwards appeared at other Olympiads. As for the balloons, yes, from time to time we had some. A balloon, during that period, was as ordinary as a helicopter is now. Except that directors had forgotten to attach cameras to them. We took care of that oversight.

The balloons in question were furnished with automatic cameras, which led to the necessity of running ads in the papers every day so that when they came down in Berlin, people would know they had cameras inside. With this system, out of a thousand meters of exposed film, perhaps ten were good. But they were very good. We had one just above the finish line of the sculls (which was equally assured by a 120-meter travelling shot). Unfortunately, at the last minute the games committee vetoed the whole operation. Sad end to an experiment . . . I cried.

As for the cameras, there was nearly always only one camera for one shot. But I remember that one time we were able to work with two big cameras at the same time: this was the first day of the games, when Hitler gave the opening speech. In the event of mechanical troubles there was no question of retakes for a shot like that. Therefore we had an auxiliary camera.

Here is the way our crew was composed. Six cameramen formed the principal crew, they were the only ones with the right to go into the stadium. Sixteen others (eight cameramen and eight assistants) took care of the trials that took place elsewhere. To which should be added ten non-professionals whom I had asked to mingle with the crowd, with little cameras, to get reaction shots. Thus, there were thirty-three people in all, who had to suffice for the shooting of all the trials, in all the localities in which they took place. Including the sequence in Greece. I can swear to you that my cameramen would have wanted to be a little more numerous! . . .

CAHIERS—Certain people have said that you were aided, in both your documentary films, by Walter Ruttmann.

RIEFENSTAHL—I have never had either an artistic collaborator or a directorial collaborator. It has been said, in effect, and you have heard, that Mr. Walter Ruttmann, who made *Berlin*, collaborated on *Triumph of the Will* as well as *Olympia*. To that I answer that I know—or rather knew—Mr. Ruttmann well, but he didn't shoot a single meter of my films *Triumph of the Will* and *Olympia*. During the shooting of these films, quite simply, he wasn't there.

CAHIERS—On the subject of these

two films, exactly what happened between the project and the execution? What I mean is, what guided you in the concretization of your idea? Did you draw up a text? A sketch? A plan? . . .

RIEFENSTAHL — I didn't write a single page of text for either *Triumph of the Will* or *Olympia*. The moment I had a clear picture of the film in my head, the film was born. The structure of the whole imposed itself. It was purely intuitive.

Starting from that idea, I organized, then sent the technical crew out on different tasks, but the true establishment of the form began with the editing. I edited *Olympia* alone, as I had edited *Triumph of the Will* alone. This was necessary, for each editor sets his own stamp on a film. Experience shows that if two or three different people edit a film, it is impossible for any sort of harmony to emerge. The nature of my films demands that they be edited by a single person. And that person must be the one who had the idea for the film, who was looking for precisely such a harmony. Harmony would not be born out of another montage.

For *Olympia* I spent, I lived in the editing room for a year and a half, never getting home before five o'clock in the morning. My life was tied to the material and the film. In my editing rooms, I had glass partitions built, on each side of which I hung filmstrips that went down to the floor. I suspended them one next to the other, very regularly, and I went from one to the other, from one partition to the other, in order to look at them, compare them, so as to verify their harmony in the scale of frames and tones. Thus, in the long run, as a composer composes, I made everything work together in the rhythm.

But I had to make many tests. I made and I unmade. Sometimes I would change a detail in function of the ensemble, sometimes the whole ensemble in function of a detail, for where one left off, the other began. In this way, I was able to establish that with the same material, edited differently, the film wouldn't have worked at all. If the slightest thing were changed, inverted, the effect would be lost. Therefore, I was engaged in a continuous struggle to arrive at what I wanted. I wanted the film to have, silent, a dramatic efficacy. For the rest, I refer you to what I said concerning the relationship between editing and the architecture of the film.

However, I am going to try to be precise about certain things, although all that is very hard to explain. It's a little like the foundation of a house.

There is, first of all, the plan (which is somehow the abstract, the precise of the construction); the rest is the melody. There are valleys, there are peaks. Some things have to be sunk down, some have to soar. And now, I am going to be

specific about another thing; this is that as soon as the montage takes form, I think of the sound. I always have a representation inside of me and I always take every precaution so that the sound and the image never total more than a hundred percent. Is the image strong? The sound must stay in the background. Is it the sound that is strong? Then the image must be secondary. This is one of the fundamental rules I have always observed.

CAHIERS—You said a little while ago that *The Blue Light* foretold your destiny. Do you want to clarify what you meant by that?

RIEFENSTAHL—I was thinking of this: in *The Blue Light*, I played the role of a child of nature who, on the nights of the full moon, climbed to this blue light, the image of an ideal, an aspiration dreamed of, a thing to which each being, above all when young, ardently desires to attain. Well, when her dream is destroyed Yunta dies. I spoke of that as my destiny. For that is what was accomplished, much later, in me, after the war when everything collapsed on us, when I was deprived of all possibility of creating. For art, creation—this is my life, and I was deprived of it. My life became a tissue of rumors and accusations through which I had to beat a path; they all were revealed to be false, but for twenty years they deprived me of my creation. I tried to write, but what I wanted to do was to make films.

I tried to make films, but I couldn't. Everything was reduced to nothingness. Only my vocation was left. Yes, at that moment, I was dead.

But if I were able to be reborn, I must thank the fate that led me, in 1956, to Africa. There, I found my ardor again, and my vital force of times gone by.

CAHIERS—At the beginning of the war, you had begun a film: *Tiefland*.

RIEFENSTAHL—Just before the war, I was preparing "Penthesilea". When the war started, I began *Tiefland*. Why I made *Tiefland*, why was the shooting so prolonged and finally interrupted: I am going to tell you this.

When the war broke out, I was offered very important political films to do. Dr. Goebbels wanted me to make a film on the press that would have had for its title: "Sieg der Grossmacht" ("Victory of Power"), and I was sound-ed out for films on the Western Front as well. I refused. I had good reasons. After that, I made up my mind to escape into the ancient romantic ages. I took an old Spanish play and on opera by Eugen d'Albrecht as pretext for *Tiefland*. But, for this romantic and harmless opera of the highlands, I was absolutely denied the support that would willingly have been granted me for the other films. In any case, everything went for the war. Also, I was obliged to interrupt my work often, once for two years. Then I had to let

the people I had with me go. One by one. Soon I no longer had anyone. And is this way the war ended before my film was finished.

CAHIERS—Since the war, have you seen many films?

RIEFENSTAHL — I still go to the cinema very rarely. Shortly after the war, I saw *Forbidden Games* by René Clément, which pleased me very much. I liked Cayatte's films. But above all I like Clouzot. There is also another film I liked very much: *Diary of a Country Priest*, by Robert Bresson. As for the New Wave, I have hardly seen anything except *Breathless*, which pleased me enormously.

CAHIERS—Since the war, what have you done?

RIEFENSTAHL — It's very simple: '45-'48, various camps and prisons. From '49 to '53, I was engaged in a struggle for my rehabilitation and I retrieved my films, which had been dispersed, in Paris and in Rome (but in Rome, a misfortune occurred: the negative to *Triumph of the Will* disappeared, as if by magic, on the train). In 51-'52, I established the Italian version of *The Blue Light*, with new editing and new music. In '54, a circuit of Germany and Austria to present *Tiefland*. In 1955, I succeeded in preparing to shoot a mountain film, in color, but the operation failed. In 1956, Africa; in 1957, Spain (where I wrote three scenarios: "Three Stars in the Mantle of the Madonna", "Light and Shade" and "Dance of Death") in 1958-'59, I did a tour of Germany with *Olympia*. In 1960 I was in London where I wrote, with two English scenarists, a remake of *The Blue Light*, as a ballet. In 1961, Africa again; in 1962-'63, still Africa and in 1964, I meet you, who questions me, in Berlin, then in Munich, but never about Africa. Why?

CAHIERS — We'll come to that in a little while. For the moment, I would very much like you to speak of those two big projects that miscarried: "Penthesilea" and "Voltaire and Frederick."

RIEFENSTAHL—Good. The story of "Penthesilea" had a specific reason for being. During the period when, still very young, I didn't know that one day I would become a cineaste and saw myself as remaining a dancer for life. I made the acquaintance of Max Reinhardt. When he saw me he cried, "I have finally found my Penthesilea!" At that time, I had no idea at all what this could be, but I set forth informing myself, and then I knew who the Queen of the Amazons was and who Heinrich von Kleist was. From that moment on I began to seriously read everything concerning this Queen, everything by Kleist (I read all of his work, while I was at it) as well as everything by the "Ancients." I thus read a great deal, and what I read was very curious and very remarkable. The more so since, at the outset, I experienced a particular feeling: Penthesilea and I formed an indivisible entity. Each of her words, each

of her experiences—I had the feeling of having already lived them myself.

It was then that I made the acquaintance of another theatre director: Tairoff (who had just directed "Girofle-Girofla"); and Tairoff, too, as soon as he saw me, cried, "Penthesilea!" . . . Decidedly . . . Well at that point, there was already talk of making a "Penthesilea" in which I would have acted, but it would have been a silent film. In my opinion, the film would have lost its *raison d'être*, for the most beautiful thing in it was Heinrich von Kleist's language. However, the idea stayed with me and, after *The Blue Light*, I envisaged concretizing it. Shooting "Penthesilea" became my greatest desire.

Years went by before things began to take shape. But in the end, I had lived with that story for so long that I felt mature enough to give it its proper style. I was persuaded that Kleist's "Penthesilea", in full, could be filmed. There was a moment when I had the idea of filming the play in a reduced version, but no: it was necessary to keep everything. As a play, it is made for the ear. As a film, it could be concretized with a stylized architecture that would give the word its full resonance. The representation I had of "Penthesilea" called for an action of image, decor and frame that would be the equivalent of verse; a rhythmic unity.

Do you know the film by Emil Jannings, after a play by Kleist, called *The Broken Jug* (The Cracked Jug)? It is an excellent example of what shouldn't be done. The film begins, in a realistic fashion, in a room. But when you show an ordinary room in a film, with ordinary furniture, like a bed, and on this bed there is a man who suddenly starts speaking in verse, you have a rupture that ruins everything. On the contrary, it should have been possible in "Penthesilea", with the step back in time implied by the play, to make the verse correspond to the spirit of the times, at least such as we imagine them in mythical recreation. This authorizes a super-dimensional representation in the stylization, in the spirit in which the verse itself constitutes a stylization. From this one could obtain unity, harmony: what I am looking for.

I don't really see the film in studio decors. I see nature. But nature magnified. There would be, for example, the sun, the real sun, but ten times as big. A tree, a real tree, with branches, but enlarged ten times. And in the middle of all that, the face, and the characters, but each at another level. And without ever forgetting that the language, it too, must be composed with the images in terms of the harmony.

And now, "Voltaire and Frederick". This concerns another very dear project, and this was done with the complicity of a very dear friend: Jean Cocteau. I made his acquaintance shortly after the war, in Kitzbuhel, where he had gone

for a rest, and I was happy when he said he liked my films. A friendship developed between us and even the beginning of a collaboration, since he did the French adaptation of the dialogue for *Tiefland*. After we had met several other times, in both Munich and Paris, he told me about a marvelous idea: "Leni, I would like to realize, under your direction, a desire I've had for a long time. I would very much like to play a double role, that of Voltaire and Frederick the Great, and the film would have as its title, let us say "Voltaire and Frederick".

I was filled with enthusiasm. We began to construct the thing right away, and an exchange of letters developed between us on this subject. His were signed "Voltaire and Frederick" and, sometimes, "Voltaire, Frederick and Jean" — which gave the impression of three roles instead of two. Soon, we began to write the scenario. I met him on the Riviera for that and we set ourselves to writing. Our idea was to make the film that would have for its background Germano-French relationships (this pretended Franco-German hatred), expressed in the form of light parody. Unfortunately, death did not leave this marvelous master the leisure to lead our project to a good end.

CAHIERS — Now I ask you about

Leni Riefenstahl.



Africa. What did you do there, what are you counting on doing there?

RIEFENSTAHL — When the cinema became virtually forbidden to me, I started taking photographs. And, when I discovered Africa, I took them only as a function of my interest in Africa. I started with Kenya and Tanganyika. I was carried away. After that I started, with a friend, to write a documentary fiction: "Black Cargo", whose theme was the contemporary slave traffic. I submitted this project to the London Anti-Slavery Society.

Then I had a little misadventure. We were travelling with some foresters towards Northern Kenya to mark some decors there when our Landrover fell into a dry river-bed. I had a compound fracture of the skull and some broken ribs. I had to stay in the hospital in Nairobi for some time.

It was there that, after I got better, I pursued the writing of the scenario. Everything went quickly and, in the autumn of '56, we were ready to begin. We were doing test shots when another misfortune arrived: the Suez war. All of our equipment was on a boat that spent two months getting through the canal. When we finally recovered it, the rainy season had come. We had to do 2,000 km., with our cars, from the Pacific Ocean (Atlantic) to the Congo, but the trip cost us so much in time and money that, when we arrived, there was no longer enough money to do the film. Therefore I took a plane for Germany, in order to talk with a distributing company, with the aid of my associate. But on my arrival I learned that this one had just fallen into a ravine with his car, in Austria. He had to stay in the hospital for several months, between life and death. My plan had come to nothing.

But I still had a nostalgia for this country, I made other plans, and in 1961, I set out again. I had found new friends with whom I was to make a documentary on the Nile. I profited from this by coming to know Uganda, the Sudan and East Africa. When I returned to Germany, to organize the definitive expedition, everything looked good. Unfortunately, the day after I arrived in Berlin, the wall started to be built. My associates had business interests in Berlin. They underwent repercussions. The source of money had dried up again.

Today, in November '64, in Munich, I am making preparations for another expedition. Object: the Sudan. Shooting time: November '64 to June '65. But I have had to resign myself to 16 mm.

All this represents an exhausting, hellish, enormous work, but it is in this way that my life is beginning again.

The departure is set for the day after tomorrow.

(Material taped and translated from German by Michel Delahaye)

Paris Openings

7 French Films

Le Caid de Champignol, film of Jean Bastia, with Jean Richard, Michel Serault, Martine Sarcey, Alfred Adam. — Champignol is not Cantenac; a caid is not a baron; Jean Bastia is not . . . but let us not insult anyone. From time to time Jean Richard makes one regret that he does not choose better directors; if we might venture to advise him, we would suggest Hunabelle, whose *Funès* is remarkable.—A.J.

Du rififi à Panama, film in scope and color of Denys de la Patellière, with Jean Gabin, Nadja Tiller, George Raft, Mireille Darc, Gert Fröbe. One sees in it a Gabin red-faced, weary and more wrinkled than ever, exchanging dialogue in a picturesque English with George Raft — who plays (not entirely) with his gun, as in past times; Mireille Darc, a prostitute sensitive to the charm of Simon of the Desert become policeman; and a thousand other things, which — on condition that one be, as we are, accustomed to them — in the end are more gay than actually depressing.—J.B.

Marie Soleil, film of Antoine Bourseiller. — See, in French *Cahiers* 166-7, "Contingent 65 1 A" (Moulet), p. 60; and critique in a future issue.

Monnaie de singe, film in scope and color of Yves Robert, with Robert Hirsch, Sylva Koscina, Jean-Pierre Marielle, Jean Yanne, Christian Marin. — The staggering stupidity of this story of false banknotes and genuine imbeciles, its ugliness beyond what one can imagine, did not really need Sylva Koscina and Robert Hirsch to go beyond the limits of the endurable; that is to say that the efforts of Marielle are not enough to avert this dismal disaster.

J.B.

Le Nouveau journal d'une femme en blanc, film of Claude Autant-Lara, with Danielle Volle, Michel Ruhl, Claude Tittre, Josée Steiner, Bernard Dhéran.—See critique in a future issue.

L'Or et le plomb, film of Alain Cuniot. See critique in a future issue.

Un monde nouveau (A Young World), film of Vittorio De Sica, with Christine Delaroche, Nino Castelnuovo, Pierre Brasseur, Georges Wilson, Isa Miranda.—The intention to depict the life of a girl medical student and of a young Italian photographer exiled in Paris, from a script by his old friend Zavattini, gives De Sica the occasion to put his signature on his most unrealistic film. Thus the manifest falseness of speech and behavior rapidly leads to an unintentional

remoteness, in which the problem of abortion seems envisaged in itself, and in the most total abstraction. De Sica is against it: good; but let him return quickly to Naples.—J.A.F.

9 American Films

The Americanization of Emily (Les Jeux de l'Amour et de la Guerre), film of Arthur Hiller, with James Garner, Julie Andrews, James Coburn, Melvyn Douglas, Edward Binns.—Is worthy essentially for the single-minded strength of its subject, one of the most methodically anti-militarist and anti-American scripts ever filmed. That said, to achieve the intentions of the script would have required the impetuosity and the formal generosity of the Kubrick of *Strangelove*; and instead of this the fable is packed into its container in the most anonymous of televised styles, which, paradoxically, brings out the exaggerations of the accusation instead of obliterating them. To see nevertheless, for curiosity.—J.A.F.

The Bedford Incident (Aux postes de combat), film of James B. Harris, with Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier, James MacArthur, Martin Balsam, Wally Cox. —For his début as a director, Harris, formerly Kubrick's right arm, must follow in the footsteps of his master; and this incident is a maritime remake of *Dr. Strangelove*, in which, once again, an American officer, by seeking a quarrel, finds it. So the well known anti-Communism of Widmark (co-producer) finds the occasion to manifest itself, but the paradox of the film requires that, little by little, the spectator take the side of the Russians, prisoners of their submarine and tracked down by this fascisizing officer. Moreover the subtlety of James Poe (scenarist) moderates this bellicosity by the presence of a commodore of the former Hitler navy, full of humanity and wisdom. A certain tendency to austerity (no women), even sometimes a certain intelligence (it is, I believe, the first film in which the presence of Sidney Poitier does not lead to the customary reflections on racism), in short a sobriety of good alloy, permit us to await with interest, if not impatience, a "next film."—P.B.

Bunny Lake Is Missing (Bunny Lake a disparu), film in scope of Otto Preminger.—See, in French *Cahiers* 121, "Entretien Preminger," pp. 4, 8 and 10, and critique in a future issue.

The Loved One (Le Cher Disparu), film of Tony Richardson, with Robert Morse, Robert Morley, Dana Andrews,

Rod Steiger, Roddy McDowall.—See, in French *Cahiers* 166-7, *Les invités d'Hollywood* (Madsen), p. 109.—Richardson and Ransohoff are counterweight enough so that Evelyn Waugh + Terry Southern + Christopher Isherwood = (strangely) a very bad film. Laughter can be born only from recognition. Good caricature, accentuating the essential characteristic, brings to recognition what has till then been only a glimpse. Here, the film — in contrast to the book — losing sight of the real and juxtaposing conventional ideas, could only be this monument of boredom, built on timid exaggerations that fall short of the target, in which imagination is singularly lacking. So the error (and people have not done without it) consists in believing that Richardson's *Candide*, in his exploration of a decadent universe where bad taste rules, is revealing the New World to us — when he is only making us traverse the world — in the end very lackluster — of his *auteur*.—J.B.

The Love Goddesses (Les Déeses de l'écran), montage film of Saul J. Turell and Graeme Ferguson, with Marlene Dietrich in *Blonde Venus*, Morocco and Der Blau Engel (*The Blue Angel*), Lilian Gish in *True Heart Susie*, Louise Glaum in *Leopard Woman*, Theda Bara in *Cleopatra*, Mae Marsh in *Intolerance*, Fannie Ward in *The Cheat*, Agnes Ayers in *The Shiek*, Clara Bow in *Hula*, Nita Naldi in *Blood and Sand*, Pola Negri in *Woman of the World*, Lya de Putti in *The Sorrow of Satan*, Gloria Swanson in *The Loves of Sunya*, Louise Brooks in *Das Tagebuch einer Verlorenen*, Hedy Lamarr in *Symphonie der Liebe*, Brigitte Helm in *L'Atlantide*, Greta Garbo in *Luffar Peter*, Jean Harlow in *Platinum Blonde*, Bette Davis in *Cabin in the Cotton*, Ruby Keeler in *Gold Diggers of 1933*, Carole Lombard in *No Man of her Own*, Ginger Rogers in *Professional Sweetheart*, Jeanette McDonald and Myrna Loy in *Love Me Tonight*, Mae West in *I'm No Angel*, Barbara Stanwyck in *Baby Face*, Shirley Temple in *Now and Forever*, Lana Turner in *They Won't Forget*, Betty Grable in *College Swing*, Dorothy Lamour in *Her Jungle Love*, Rita Hayworth in *Gilda*, Elizabeth Taylor in *A Place in the Sun*, Marilyn Monroe in *Clash by Night* and *Some Like It Hot*, Sophia Loren in *It Started in Naples*, Hayley Mills in *Tiger Bay*, Audrey Hepburn in *Roman Holiday*, Heather Sears and Simone Signoret in *Room at the Top*, Sylvia Sims in *Expresso Bongo*, Claudette Colbert in *Cleopatra*.

To aim at retracing in less than an hour and a half the history of woman in the world's cinema shows already the vanity of the enterprise, and, as the *auteurs* have manifestly not had access to

prints from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and 20th Century-Fox, the amateur must draw up the list of what he has not seen. Useless then to search for sequences from *Mata Hari* or from *The Flesh and the Devil* to illustrate Garbo; we have a right only to two stills from M.G.M. and to a short scene from "Luffar Peter" (her first Swedish film), totally without interest. Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer are not even named in the course of the film, nor is Mary Pickford. Marilyn Monroe appears only in two films without value as far as she herself is concerned (it had to be *Niagara* . . .), Sophia Loren in an American film (the last straw), Elizabeth Taylor in *A Place in the Sun* (where are *Butterfield 8*, *Cleopatra* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*?), Rita Hayworth in one of the worst sequences of *Gilda*. W

Jennifer Jones and Ingrid Bergman (and *Casablanca*), Ava Gardner (*Pandora*? *La Comtesse*.) and Vivien Leigh (the success of *Gone with the Wind* called for the inclusion of at least one sequence) are missing from the roll. Jean Harlow is represented only by one of the weakest extracts from *Platinum Blonde*; on the other hand, none of the M.G.M. films that made her success (among them the mythical *Red Dust*). And again let us not speak of actresses less well known but often more seductive and typically representative of the feminine myth of Hollywood; Janet Leigh in *Scaramouche*, Jean Peters in *Captain from Castille*, Gail Russell, Anne Baxter, Yvonne de Carlo, Jeanne Crain, Lana Turner (solely represented by some shots of *They Won't Forget* which, detached from their context, no longer mean anything), Linda Darnell, Gene Tierney (*Laura*, *Dragonwyck*), etc.

On the purely historical level, the importance of Betty Grable (the pinup of the combatants of the Pacific) is not even indicated. Brigitte Bardot does not have the right to a single scene, but only to some bad photographs.

That said, if the film had been called *Paramount's Love Goddesses*, it would have merited only compliments, for the choice in what concerns Marlene (the gorilla sequence in "Blonde Venus" and the admirable travesty scene from *Morocco*) or Mae West is excellent. The intermittent spectator can only be enchanted by this kind of film, a poor man's digest, after all always fascinating to see, but the amateur must be more severe and, all choice being necessarily subjective, must dream of a film containing his preferred sequences. Moreover the whole is aggravated by a commentary now inept (very American *cinéphile-sociologist*) now basely touting. P.B.

Morituri, film of Bernard Wicki, with Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner, Janet Margolin, Trevor Howard, Martin Benrath.—See, in French *Cahiers* 166-7, *Les invités d'Hollywood* (Madsen), p. 110.—Definitive abdication of Wicki. No long-

er an intellectual alibi, like the Durrenmatt play in his previous film. Cinema for popular consumption and nothing more. On the German cargo ship, commanded by Yul Brynner, that goes from Japan to Europe in spite of Allied blockades, a Brando no more German than the other actors, but very remote and scornful, keeps boredom from setting in. In the midst of rather shoddy work, two or three shots filmed from a helicopter stand out for their aesthetic attractiveness. Note Janet Margolin, in the key role of these thoughtful productions, that of the Jewish maiden promised to warrior rape. Wicki shows himself original. In place of Teutonic barbarians, he chooses as amorous initiators twenty starved Americans. This sequence — which would be interesting and instructive — is evaded.—M.M.

The Rare Breed (Rancho Bravo), film in color of Andrew McLaglen, with James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith, Juliet Mills, Don Galloway.—Evokes the knife without a blade whose handle is missing, or again caper sauce without capers. You will have grasped the point: Ford without Ford. What more sad than this absence sustained like an inadequate little fire; McLaglen junior blows on it desperately to no purpose, he does not revive it, and instead fills his own eyes with sand. A fine motive for weeping, but not enough. J.-A.F.

The Spy Who Came In from the Cold (L'Espion qui venait du froid), film of Martin Ritt, with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, Oscar Werner, Sam Wanamaker, Cyril Cusack.—From a quite good novel envisaging espionage from the viewpoint of neorealism, Martin Ritt has drawn an honest and remarkably dull film, contenting himself with a simple and awkward transposition of the text into images without preoccupying himself with finding visual equivalents for the climate described by Le Carré. The *mise en scène* withdraws continually into the background before the performances of the actors. Let us point out especially Burton in a role of screaming authenticity, that is to say consuming on the average a fifth of White Horse per shot. M.C.

Town Tamer (Quand parle la poudre), film in scope and colors of Lesley Selander, with Dana Andrews, Terry Moore, Bruce Cabot, Lon Chaney, Lyle Bettger.—An attractive subject (of Frank Gruber): the rise of hatred in a little town, and the creation of a militia charged with thwarting the action of the sheriff and his deputies, all killers. But the reunion of all the "has-beens" of the western (producer Lyles obliges), if it continually evokes pleasant memories (especially in what concerns Dana Andrews), in the end gives the film an almost prehistoric character very harmful to the action. As for Selander, he

contends himself with directing the traffic flatly.—P.B.

8 Italian Films

La Corruzione (La Corruption), film of Mauro Bolognini, with Alain Cuny, Jacques Perrin, Rosanna Schiaffino (1963).—Religious vocation and the loss of virginity of a simpleton are the noble lines of force that weave the powerful web of this sturdy Bolognini of a severity very much in the manner of Mauriac. It is indeed difficult to preserve spiritual values in an industrial society enslaved by money and pleasure; therefore one must be grateful to the *auteur* for putting us on guard, paternally and firmly, against the dangers that lie in wait for our souls. Seen from another angle, *La Corruzione* is also frankly comical.—J.-A.F.

Das Nest der gelben Viper (F.B.I., opération Vipère jaune), film in color of Alfredo Medori, with Sam Garter, Helmut Lange, Moira Orfel, Massimo Serato, Gerard Landry.—Once noted that the secret agent is named Van Dongen, that the gangsters use as a weapon vipers' (!) venom, and that the chief of the band is (once more) that of the police, let us lower the curtain.—P.B.

La Garconniere (Flagrant délit), film of Giuseppe De Santis, with Eleanora Rossi-Drago, Raf Vallone, Gordala Miletic, Marisa Merlini, Maria Fiore (1960).—Born ten years after its time, released five years after its making, this film is one-fiftieth as good as it would have been in the 1950's. The talent of de Santis is no longer at its height; only half believing in his scenario, he tries to save face by a laborious — not *mise en scène*, *mise en place*.—A.J.

Minnesota Clay (L'Homme du Minnesota), film in scope and color of Sergio Corbucci, with Cameron Mitchell, Georges Rivière, Diana Martin, Ethel Rojo, Anthony Ross.—One goes astray in this land where murderers are innocent and sheriffs gangsters. In it we see a little clearly only when the justiciary, this innocent condemned man, escaped, sees no longer; his eyes burned, he brings down his enemies, proving his innocence by becoming an assassin.—J.-P.B.

Per una valigia piena di donne (Les Danseuses du désir), film in color of Renzo Russo, with the attractions of the music-hall.—The "French" of the list of production credits — *Les Danseuses* (sic) *du désir* — shows clearly enough on what level of indifference the professional conscience of the producers is situated. Note nevertheless an effort to include in the scenario a series of gags visibly destined for semanticists, an attempt that will never go beyond the level of intentions. One very beautiful strip (that of a red-headed gorgon-panther) extract-

ed from an earlier film of the same series and replacing here a number cut by the distributors.—M.C.

Per un pugno di dollari (*Pour une poignée de dollars*), film in scope and color of Bob Robertson (Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood, Marianne Koch, John Wells, Antonio Prieto, Margherita Losano.—Clearly superior to all other European westerns,—which does not mean, far from it, that it offers the least interest, since if anyone is convinced of the futility of the enterprise it is indeed Leone himself. Of a total disenchantment, therefore, and of a violence too exacerbated to be efficacious (besides it does not mean to be), it is an emphatic frame in sham for a canvas that does not exist, and, besides, a plagiarism of the fine *Yojimbo* of Kurosawa—which has seen others.—J.B.

Sandokan alla riscossa (*Le Trésor de Malaisie*), film in scope and color of Luigi Capuano, with Ray Danton, Franca Bettoja, Guy Madison, Mario Petri, Alberto Farnese.—Ray Danton seems to have definitely chosen Europe, where he descends lower and lower. The presence of another American on the list of credits does not for all that bring to this band the charm that would have been necessary for one to be able to bear to the end the adventures of Sandokan.—A.J.

Sette uomini d'oro (*Sept hommes en or*), film in scope and colors of Mario Vicario, with Rosanna Podesta, Philippe Leroy, Gastone Moschin, Gabriele Tinti, Maurice Poli.—See, in French *Cahiers* 171 *Venise* (Fieschi-Techiné), p. 49.—nth repetition of the scientific holdup. Vicario goes farther than his predecessors. He estimates that the lure of money accomplishes miracles. So he makes a pastiche of industrial documentaries on Gas de Lacq, coal mining, electricity, running water, and so on—in short, everything that bores spectators in the first part—and hopes from the gold, and from the detective drama, a renewed attraction. He loses his wager, for tinkering, money or no money, interests only tinkers. The *déjà vu* ruins this film—the rebounds and the immorality of the end, as well as Rosanna Podesta imitating Louise Brooks and Philippe Leroy making himself up as Claude Rich. This is no longer cinema; it is picking pockets.—M.M.

2 Spanish Films

La Nueva Cenicienta (*Le Rossignol de Castille*), film in color of George Sherman, with Marisol, Robert Conrad, Antonio, Fernando Rey, Antonio Casal.—If George Sherman had escaped the temptation of the peplum, that was, it seems, only to fall lower still, and to direct in the Spanish studios the second Iberian monster: Marisol. The complete

resignation of the *mise-en-scène* and the barn-storming of the actors are aggravated the more by solid musical numbers and by a wretched scenario (a new Cinderella) of a rare infamy. The fact that the actors bear their own names in the film does not even bring that sometimes salutary element of immediacy.—P.R.

077 spionaggio a Tangeri (*077 espionage a Tanger*), film in scope and color of Gregg Tallas, with Luis Davilla, José Greci, Anna Castor, Perla Cristal, Alfonso Rojas.—The strangest thing about the film is not the fact that one of the gangsters is a professor of philosophy, but the "efforts" of Tallas (*Prehistoric Women*) to make it uninteresting from beginning to end. Over and past the gadgets and JB girls. The hero on duty uses only the most down-at-the-heel devices (automatic and handcuffs); bullets are stopped, not by special vests, but by books, as in the good old time of the *Spies* of Lang; and to torture a man and make him speak, no need of perfected equipment, an old soldering iron is enough. . . . This austerity is not anti-pathetic, but a little humor, for lack of efficacy, would not have harmed the enterprise.—P.B.

2 Soviet Films

Teni Zabypch Predkov (*Les Chevaux de feu*), film in color of Serguei Paradyanov.—See, in French *Cahiers* 166-7, Mar del Plata (Kast), p. 18 (Shadow of Our Forgotten Ancestors), and critique in a future issue.

Les Insaisissables or *Agents secrets contre S.S.*, film in scope of Vladimir Tchebotariov, with A. Azo, V. Strjelchik, M. Goloubkina.—We know that the Soviets triumphed over the Germans in 1945. We did not know the important role that the spy-officer Valerie played in allowing the plan "Auroch" to be made to fail. Here is fact accomplished. Kinopanorama, Sovcolor, and the trusty Soviet actors give some strength to this account too tangled for one to unravel the snarl of good first intentions.—J.P.B.

1 English Film

The Heroes of Telemark (*Les Héros de Téliemark*), film in panavision and color of Anthony Mann, with Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris, Ulla Jacobsson, Michael Redgrave, Eric Porter.—Remake of *La Bataille de l'eau lourde*, inferior to the original: total poverty of illustration, long explanatory scenes, conventions of all kinds, perfect inexpressiveness of an impersonal transposition into images, clichés in the direction of the actors. The great frozen stretches are there to remind one that Mann has been a good landscapist. Moreover, everything

is there to remind one of something, but the film evokes nothing, drowned in an academism of execution and of intentions that goes so far as to make one regret the few small flashes of delirium of the Eronston period. Mann will have much difficulty climbing back up the slope, confused today with the piece workers from whom yesterday one distinguished him, the sorry figures Daniel and Delbert.—J.-A.F.

1 Czechoslovakian Film

Demanty Noci (*Les Diamants dans la nuit*), film of Jan Nemec, with Antonin Kubera, Ladislav Jansky.—See, in French *Cahiers* 166-7, *Contingent 65 1 A* (Moullet), p. 60.—Useless to turn the knife in the wound. Without returning to severe but just judgments, let us try to appreciate the good joke that the *auteur* has inflicted, intentionally or not, on the socialist bureaucracy. As in the worst avant-garde masterpieces of the corrupt West, Nemec does not stint with dream analysis at a bargain price, pederastic disturbances, psychoanalytic symbols (locks, stairs and so on), narrative obscurity, misogyny. But all that would be nothing, were not the enthusiasm of critics in difficulty for *auteurs* who swell this solemn platitude into an imposture that will mark an epoch.—M.M.

These notes were written by Jean-Pierre Biesse, Jacques Bontemps, Patrick Brion, Michel Caen, Jean-André Fieschi, Albert Juross and Michael Mardore.

1 Swedish Film

Ålskande Pär (*Les Amoureux*), film of Mai Zetterling.—See, in French *Cahiers* 168 *Cannes* (Ollier), p. 66, and critique in a future issue.

N. Y. Openings

Moment To Moment, American, film in color of Mervyn LeRoy, with Jean Seberg, Honor Blackman, Sean Garrison, Arthur Hill.

The Oscar, American, film in color of Russell Rouse, with Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer, Milton Berle, Eleanor Parker.

The Sleeping Car Murder, French, film of Costa Gavras, with Simone Signoret, Yves Montand, Pierre Mondy, Catherine Allegret.

Dear John, Swedish, film of Lars Magnus Lindgren, with Jarl Kulle, Christina Schollin, Helena Nilsson, Morgan Andersson.

Johnny Reno, American, film in color and scope of R. G. Springsteen, with Dana Andrews, Jane Russell, Lon Chaney, John Agar.

The Heroes Of Telemark, American,

film in color and scope of Anthony Mann, with Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris, Ulla Jacobsson, Michael Redgrave.

Band Of Outsiders, French, film of Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, Claude Brasseur.

Hamlet, Russian, film in scope of Grigori Kozintsev, with Innokenti Smoktunovsky, Elsa Radzin, Mikhail Nazvanov, Uri Tolubeyev.

The Silencers, American, film in color of Phil Karlson, with Dean Martin, Stella Stevens, Daliah Lavi, Victor Buono.

The Group, American, film in color of Sidney Lumet, with Candice Bergen, Joan Hackett, Elizabeth Hartman, Shirley Knight.

The Singing Nun, American, film in color and scope of Henry Koster, with Ricardo Montalban, Greer Garson, Agnes Moorehead.

Shakespeare Wallah, British-Indian, film of James Ivory, with Shashi Kapoor, Felicity Kendal, Madhur Jaffrey, Geoffrey Kendal.

La Fuga, Italian, film of Paolo Spinola, with Giovanna Ralli, Anouk Aimee, Paul Guers, Enrico Maria Salerno.

Harper, American, film in color and scope, of Jack Smight, with Paul New-

man, Lauren Bacall, Julie Harris, Arthur Hill, Janet Leigh.

Cast A Giant Shadow, American, film in color and scope of Melville Shavelson, with Kirk Douglas, Angie Dickinson, Senta Berger, James Donald.

Frankenstein Meets The Space Monster, American, film of Robert Gaffney, with James Karen, David Kerman, Marilyn Hanold, Robert Reilly.

Flame And The Fire, French, anthropological documentary in color and scope of Pierre Dominique Gaisseau.

The Murder Game, American, film of Sidney Salkow, with Ken Scott, Marla Landi, Trader Faulkner.

The Spy With My Face, American, film in color of John Newland, with Robert Vaughn, Senta Berger, David McCallum, Leo G. Carroll.

To Trap A Spy, American, film in color of Don Medford, with Robert Vaughn, David McCallum, Luciana Paluzzi, Patricia Crowley.

The Tsar's Bride, Russian, opera film of Vladimir Gorikker, with Raissa Nedashkovskaya, Natalya Rudnaya, Otar Koberidze, G. Shevtsov.

The Molesters, German, film of Franz Schnyder, with interpolated exploitation footage shot in New York, featur-

ing Gigi Darlene.

Mondo Freud, American, film in color and scope of R. L. Frost, with footage of strippers, nudists, fetishists, etc.

One Way Wabine, American, film in color and scope of William O. Brown, with Anthony Eisley, Edgar Bergen, Joi Lansing.

The Young Sinner, American, film of Tom Laughlin, with Tom Laughlin, Stephanie Powers.

The Doll That Took The Town, Italian, film of Francesco Maselli, with Virna Lisi, Haya Harareet, Franco Fabrizi, Antonio Cifariello.

Murder in Mississippi, American, film of Joseph P. Mawra, with Derrek Crane, Sheila Britton, Lew Stone, Tine Lewis.

An Evening With The Royal Ballet, British, ballet film in color of Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan with Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev, David Blair.

The Brigand Of Kandabar, British, film in color of John Gilling with Ronald Lewis, Oliver Reed, Duncan Lamont, Yvonne Romain.

The Naked And The Brave, German, film with Elke Sommer, Horst Bucholz.

Marine Battleground, American-Philippine, film with Jock Mahoney.

Editor's Eyrie

by Andrew Sarris

Sharp-eyed and perhaps even casually glancing readers of *Cahiers du Cinema in English* may have noticed that Julie Christie has appeared on two consecutive covers. Why? Rather than rationalize this unprecedented repetition, let us simply tip our hat to Miss Julie. Was it Pascal or Frank Capra who said that the heart has its own reasons? Anyway, let's chalk up another first for *Cahiers du Cinema in English*.

We have felt for many years that Alfred Hitchcock's suspense fantasies impinged on the real world more than some of his socially conscious critics supposed. Indeed when a sensible film history is finally written, Hitchcock will be treated more properly as the moral chronicler of the nightmares and neuroses of an age. What prompts these ruminations is an item in *The New York Times* of Saturday, May 14, 1966, which item may serve as part of the documentation on *Rear Window*: "TER-RACE BURGLAR IN 'VILLAGE' GETS 9 MONTHS IN JAIL: A man spotted through binoculars as he climbed around a Greenwich Village apartment house last Saturday was sentenced yesterday to nine months in jail."

"The defendant, Joseph Winkler, who lives at 103-12 89th Street, Ozone Park,

Queens, had pleaded guilty to a charge of unlawful entry before Chief Criminal Court Judge John M. Murtagh, who imposed the sentence.

"Winkler was seen prowling on the terraces of a building at 2 Fifth Avenue by Richard M. Clurman, 41-year-old chief of Time, Inc. correspondents. Mr. Clurman, who was standing on the terrace of his apartment at 11 Fifth Avenue when he spotted Winkler, called the police.

"The police complaint against Winkler said that the defendant had told the police that he was a narcotics addict and was looking for money to support his habit.

"Mr. Clurman was at home convalescing from a case of hepatitis contracted while he was in Vietnam two months ago. He uses the binoculars for watching sports events, conventions and an occasional fire in Greenwich Village."

We mourn the demise of still another New York daily, *The New York Herald Tribune*. At this rate, there may soon be an insufficient number of "regular" reviewers to constitute any kind of a consensus, and the kinky counsels of *Cahiers* may become respectable. Bar-tender, quick, some Byrrh on the rocks, s'il vous plait."

George Patterson, whose encyclopedic expertise on film is to Toronto what Bill Everson's is to New York, writes us this month with his crisp authoritative-

ness: "Have read the first two issues of *Cahiers* in anglais and enjoyed them very much, natch. They certainly are going to fill a long-felt need, as they say. I can read enough French subtitles to follow a movie (if they have them as sometimes in Montreal), but not quite enough French to have had the ambition to tackle *Cahiers* in the original. (Incidentally I have been making out beautifully with the subtitles on the silent Russian films shown in the Cinematheque Canadienne weekends—one down, one to go—which have Russian, French and Flemish and have found the French more than sufficient).

"Just a few comments:

"I'm amazed you haven't run into anyone who could give you the simple factual information that, of course, the Camilla Horn still was from *Faust*, in which she played Marguerite — she wasn't in *Tartuffe* at all, whoever imagined she was? Lil Dagover was. A 2-minute phone call to Bill Everson, to name only one source, could have cleared that up. I had thought of writing about it

after reading the first issue, then decided against it as I figured someone would have been bound to tell you long before my letter could get there! To me the gaffe seemed quite as obvious as the *Tabu-Nosferatu* one. (I'm more than ever convinced you should join the Huff society).

"But I was truly astonished at the appalling ignorance of Betty Comden and Adolph Green. There were certainly musicals 'partly shot out of doors' before *On the Town*, but their most amazing statement was that 'until then, the heroes of musical films sang and danced only on the stage,' and that it was 'new' to present characters in a musical comedy that 'didn't belong to the world of show business.' What halderdash! In many of the very earliest screen musicals, people sang and danced in many places other than a stage setting (it's true that this was a stage convention, transplanted to the screen at that time in a stagey manner, but the point is that in the stories they often were *not* show biz folk 'performing' in a show-within-a-show). Later this sort of thing was done in a much more filmic manner, especially in the memorable and critically neglected genre of the Lubitsch or Mamoulian musicals (*The Love Parade*, *Monte Carlo*, *One Hour with You*, *The Smiling Lieutenant*, *Love Me Tonight*, *The Merry Widow*, etc.) in none of which the characters were show-biz people, and in which they sang wherever and whenever the spirit moved them. In the Eddy-MacDonald operettas, too, we find Nelson singing 'Rose Marie' to Jeanette on the water in a canoe; or Nelson rimping off 'Stout Hearted Men' while marching through the forest with his trusty comrades, etc. Not to speak of such famed shows as *Meet Me in St. Louis*, *The Wizard of Oz*, etc. in which

Judy Garland and her colleagues were never near a stage and sang all over the welkin. Where have Betty and Adolph been—if they're all that young, they must have seen some of these films on TV or as revivals."

Mr. Gary L. Davis of the Yale Film Society:

"The still on page 70 of the first issue of *Cabiers du Cinema in English* is from *Faust*. It is Gretchen, wandering despairingly in prison near the film's end. According to Lotte Eisner's book on Murnau, the actress must be Camilla Horn, as the caption said."

Mr. Herman G. Weinberg corrected us on Camilla Horn in much the same spirit of scholarly assistance, and I wish to thank the Messrs. Patterson, Davis and Weinberg for their vigilance. We of *CdCiE* will try to mend our ways in the future, but with such proven experts Out There, there is an irresistible temptation to let our readers serve as our researchers, or as they say in Toronto, to let George do it.

Richard Koszarski of The Hofstra Chronicle takes up the question of a director's intention and a critic's interpretation of that intention:

"I must take issue with M. Comolli:

"In his *Alphaville* critique (*Cabiers du Cinema in English* No. 3) he singles out the negative sequence during Lemmy Caution's scene in the garage, and his subsequent trip to the Alpha 60.

"He tells us, 'nothing lets one suppose . . . that Godard at the moment of shooting even then saw it 'reversed'."

"Obviously untrue, as well as unimaginative! Even the most casual observer of M. Godard's work could give testimony to his penchant for throw-backs and allusions to older films.

"In *Alphaville*, Godard's main preoccupation in this regard seems to be

an involvement with Murnau's *Nosferatu*. (Even Mr. Bosley Crowther saw this, although he, too, misinterpreted this scene, labeling it as 'good for nothing except to startle the viewer!')

"On recalls that when the agent travels to the castle of the vampire, Murnau (or probably his cinematographer, Fritz Arno Wagner) felt it advantageous to show, part of the trip in the negative.)

"Now Murnau's vampire is, among other things, symbolic of the pestilence of superstition. Alpha 60, on the other hand, is a technological pestilence, sapping the life blood of those in its power with similar effect.

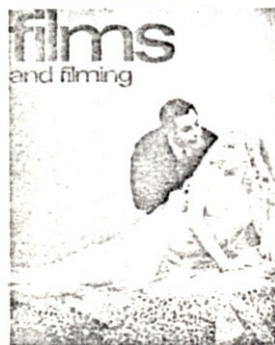
"When one realizes that throughout the film Lemmy Caution is told of a 'Dr. Nosferatu' who existed at some time in the past, but who has now been superseded by Alpha 60 and its associates ('Dr. Nosferatu is dead; today we have only Dr. Von Braun,' he is told) the meaning is made doubly obvious.

"What is also made clear is that this is a logical continuation of M. Godard's use of *Nosferatu* metaphors.

Now I have no wish to argue with M. Comolli's explanations of the meanings of this, but an understanding of the bases for M. Godard's allusions should be of prime importance in a discussion of his conclusions."

At this point, the Jerry Lewis poll looks like a virtual stand-off. The Ouis and Nons will probably split the vote about fifty-fifty, and I am not too surprised. The canons of taste should never be governed by referenda, but it is interesting to check out what one's readers are thinking. The poll results will be announced next month in these columns, but I am sure that the last word on Jerry Lewis has not yet been recorded.

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Small Talk

(Continued from page 9)

erns, like *Per Qualche Dollaro In Più* (sequel to *Per Un Pugno di Dollari*) show evidence of a consciousness of new techniques and engagements.

Critics and young filmmakers alike have been expressing concern over the growing domination of the Italian distribution of films by American companies, stating that it is becoming more and more difficult to show one's films, because they must in many cases be sold, first, to an American distributor before they can be seen in Italy. This situation, however, was originally caused to a large extent by the previous law, which blocked some of the monies earned by American films in Italy, and which the American companies utilised to extend their Italian holdings, and by the near-bankruptcy of the distribution subsidiaries of the major Italian producers. Whether the new law, by helping production and filmic education, can materially change the situation and increase the size of the filmgoing audience, remains to be seen.

26-year-old Marco Bellocchio is a former acting student of the Centro Sperimentale in Rome, who has also had a scholarship at the Slade School in London. This is his first film, and with it he has catapulted himself to the absolute forefront of young film making in Italy. Within less than a year his name has become a household concept where serious cinema is discussed. Together with 25-year-old Bernardo Bertolucci he is generally considered the white hope of the Italian film. All this with one film, one idea, and a traditional technique.

I Pugnali In Tasca is the story of an epileptic boy who kills his equally epileptic mother and brother, to "free himself" from the ugliness in his way, from that which he feels keeps him eternally in the claustrophobic, small-town, petit-bourgeois milieu that the obligations to his family tie him down to. At the film's end his sister allows his death to occur: she has been told of the murders, and perhaps fears to be the next victim.

The story of the film is elliptical; essentially this is not a story film, but a film of *ambiance*. In its small details are expressed all the stagnation, the restrictiveness, the frustration of an entire generation of Italians: a generation disappointed with the ideals of both church and marxism, of the old and the non-achieved, which symbolises most of Italian cultural life today. What Bellocchio sees and portrays, without formal experiments or other, "new," cinematic means, is a simple, terrible truth; that of a living death.

Bellocchio himself is aware of the

fact, that the "story" in his film, although directly symbolic, could cause the insensitive viewer to discard the message of the film as that of a sick, untypical outsider, and he plans to make his next film in a more directly engaged manner. But his work will doubtlessly remain a guidepost for a generation of filmmakers. Like a true artist, he has seen the obvious—that which all Italians see every day, and feel every day—and has fixed it in a sphere of greater truth than simple reality: in the sphere where recognition can turn to action.

Pier Paolo Pasolini, the major Italian theoretician of today's cinema, has made an attempt to classify it into films of prose and films of poetry; the first being films in which the story and the message that it carries are the most important thing, and the latter being films which are primarily expressive through their form; films, he says, in which "you can hear the camera." While Bellocchio's film clearly falls into the prose category, the one by Bertolucci, *Before the Revolution* must be classified as poetry, because it does not, primarily, tell a story, although through this film, too, we get an image of the fatality of modern life, and especially of the senselessness of the traditional engagements. We see segments of the daily lives of a number of people in Parma, a smaller Italian town in the northern Po valley region; a young man, his girl, a desperate intellectual, an ineffectual dawdler. These are shown in a landscape both physically arid; grey-white in color and desperate in morality. Their lives pass, and we feel them passing, as one feels the hours passing in the waiting rooms of busy dentists: slowly but uselessly.

Marco Bellocchio: *I Pugnali In Tasca*.



There is an election, but we don't know, nor care for, its outcome; there is love, but no passion; there are ideas, but no belief.

Bertolucci is a friend and former collaborator of Pasolini, this is his second film. With it, he, too, has earned for himself a major position in the new Italian film. He, too, like Bellocchio, sees reality in today's Italy as it is, and he, too, far from relinquishing responsibility, passionately pleads for feeling, for love, for caring, for belief and for a meaning to existence. Formerly a poet, a documentary filmmaker, a writer, he appears to have found a way to condemn in poetic terms that which the conscious men of Italy have for years known and found themselves helpless to change: the indifference of the young Italian towards his own fate.

In *A Mosca Cieca* Scavolini is the first Italian director who has dared to make a film that is in its entirety removed from traditional film making methods. His day in the life of a young man in Rome, walking and running in the rain, meeting and losing people, contemplating the industrial deadliness of the age, fleeing—evermore removed—his own involvement in life, in love, in responsibility, is a shattering account of modern man. Nothing happens in this film, except perhaps this: a young man, one morning, alone in the middle of Piazza Venezia in the rain, finds a gun. The unusual object catapults him into an abstraction of his own life, his existence becomes stylised, rhythmical, staccato intensity, and his search becomes, for a moment, our search, his desperation our desperation.

This is a hectic film that will have difficulty with the great public, except that it is at the same time the first all-filmic, all-musical film from modern Italy. Constructed like a composition, moving in movements, broken up into chords, and finally expressive solely in the images it stimulates in the mind, it is the cry of anguish from within. While Bellocchio describes, coolly, from without, and Bertolucci haltingly ventures out into the ice, careful of losing his realist footing, Scavolini is lost, way-out, in mid-stream, flowing, carried by the uncontrollable tornado which is life in the modern city. An extraordinary, frightening, and totally talented film.

Gideon BACHMANN

(Continued from page 7)

to final cut approval and of misrepresenting his creative work.

Ironically, Judge Wells' ruling said the "main reason" why NBC's commercial blurbs didn't hurt *A Place In The Sun* was "the power and strength of the film."

Small Talk

Montreal's Number 7

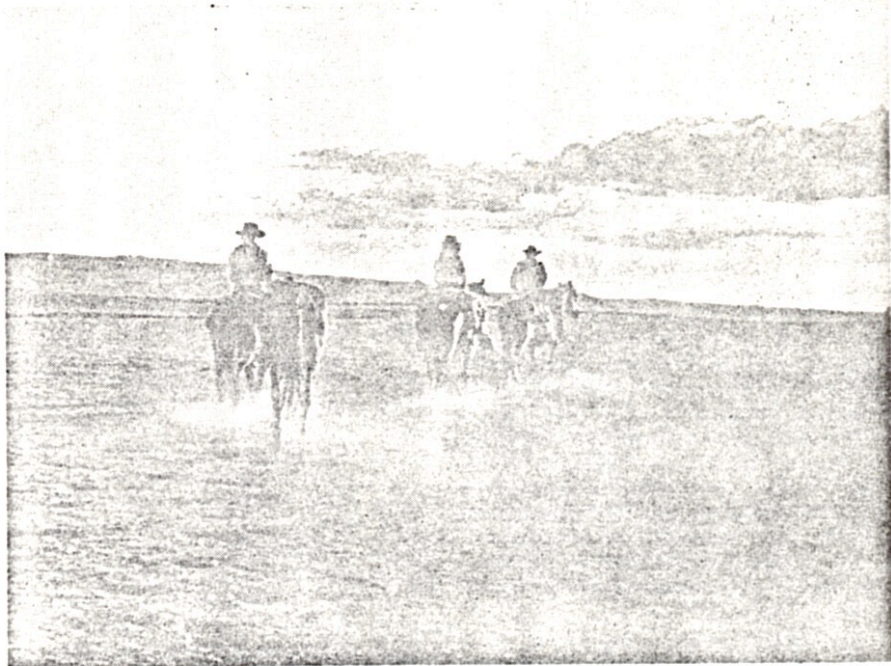
The recently held Seventh Montreal International Film Festival held in conjunction with the Fourth Festival of Canadian Films was not the most successful one held there, in terms of sell outs, or even in terms of consistently noteworthy film fare. However, in terms of gathering a representative cross section of what is being done in contemporary cinema around the world and in terms of eliciting enthusiastic response—pro and con—from its denizens and the many visitors who attended, this occasionally eye-weary viewer came away very impressed.

The two films which were complete sell outs well in advance, are both currently in distribution in U.S., where both are doing excellently. Allied Artists' *A Man And A Woman* was greeted with great zeal by a jam packed audience just as it was in N.Y. This viewer, not being susceptible to soap operas, even when done plushly, remained as unimpressed by this viewing as he had been the first. The most interesting thing about Montreal's reaction to it, as also to Cinema V's *Morgan*, is the similarity of that city's tastes in modern jazzed-up cinema to American taste.

Of the almost twenty films this viewer saw, four made a great impression. Foremost is Monte Hellman's *The Shooting*. Described and perhaps aptly, in the Festival's handout as a "strange Western



Monte Hellman.



Monte Hellman: *The Shooting*: Jack Nicholson, Millie Perkins, Warren Oates.

with Millie Perkins," the film is *mirabilist*, that rarity: a complete, full-blown work of art from a little-known director. Currently represented on screens around the country for his fine editing of AIP's Roger Corman film *The Wild Angels*, Hellman has previously directed two Lippert programmers, a horror film, and *Ride In The Whirlwind*, another unreleased Western with Miss Perkins and Cameron Mitchell. His film was completed last year, and while it has been shown to distributors, so far there have been no takers. Both he and his co-producer Jack Nicholson (who is also one of the actors in the film) are reluctant to categorize it as anything more than a Western.

A wise policy maybe, but I would venture to classify it as perhaps the first "Art Western" ever made. An allegory, which traces its influences to such serious works as Albert Camus' "The Myth Of Sisyphus," it also has the quality of almost summing up a whole series of great American Westerns of the past. Hellman admits candidly to being influenced by every film he sees, and while the viewer cannot say he has consciously emulated any other director's film, one is overwhelmed by the press of nostalgia as the passion, beauty, violence and pessimism of King Vidor's *Duel In The Sun*, John Ford's *The Searchers*, Raoul Walsh's *Pursued* rush forward and pervade the film with an almost dreamlike, under-conscious force. As the characters wander in the beautifully

photographed, flat, desolate Utah landscape, saying little, yet remaining entirely true to their director's conception of life as a futile struggle to escape suicide, the viewer is absolutely galvanized.

Here's hoping some distributor picks *The Shooting* and gives it the kind of prestigious art house opening it is not only entitled to, but which will allow Hellman-Nicholson and their talented scripter, Adrian Joyce, to go on making more films.

Among the other worthwhile films showed in Montreal were Luis Bunuel's wonderfully funny, anti-religious 50 minute *Simon Of The Desert*. Also set for the Fourth New York Film Festival next month, *Simon* has no distributor. Young French director Edouard Luntz was represented by his first full-length feature *Les Coeurs Verts* (Green Hearts). A wistfully sad, superbly directed study of a band of young delinquents, this too unfortunately does not yet have a distributor. A likely commercial art house entry, its talented director is currently in New York attempting to rectify this situation. The other really worthwhile film was the first showing in over a quarter of a century of one of America's great directors' first full-length Western, John Ford's *Straight Shooting*. Made in 1917, it is suited only for film societies, but it does bring to mind how worthwhile festivals—like Montreal's—can be in covering these masterpieces.

—Ralph BLASI

Small Talk

Richard Brooks 'In Cold Blood'

On the screen, *In Cold Blood* will be unknown faces enacting a senseless crime, an American dream gone sour under leaden skies of wintry prairies with little suspense and no happy ending.

The makers of the film will hew close to Truman Capote's best seller and when Richard Brooks starts the cameras rolling in Holcomb, Kans., in December, he will preside over one of the most unglamorous casts and crews ever to create the movie version of a literary sensation. The picture will have no stars, it will pit no iron-willed protagonists against hard-nosed antagonists, it will have no whodunit mystery or cliffhanging rescue, but reconstruct a tale of absurd crime and punishment.

Brooks, 54, is intensely aware of the instant bestsellerdom, excitement, acclaim and Big Money surrounding Capote's "nonfiction novel" resulting from almost six years of researching the murder of the Clutter family in Holcomb. His main concern now is to keep the filmic *In Cold Blood* within the bounds of sanity which, at this point, means quiet work on the screenplay and minimum publicity. A scenario writer (John Huston's *Key Largo*) before graduating, in 1950, to directing, Brooks has been his own screenwriter (credited or not) of all his films and *In Cold Blood* will be no exception (Capote has approval rights). No screenplay will be finished for months—officially, so as to discourage demands from Kansas authorities for a look and once the filming starts cast and crew will only get one peek at the complete script.

Brooks got *In Cold Blood* because of reasonable assurance to Capote that the 343-page enquiry into the darker eddies of crime will reach the screen with intelligent fidelity, not because he and Columbia outbid other filmmakers such as Otto Preminger, whose hot-blooded altercation with literary agent Irving Lazar in a New York restaurant in January became the most celebrated fight for the screen rights. Brooks refuses to spell out the exact figure paid for the screen rights or the percentage of profit that Capote will get. Time claimed Columbia paid \$400,000 for the rights and Esquire, repeating New York Times estimates that Capote will earn \$2-million on the property, suggested an even bigger sum.

Brooks is already deeply involved in preparations. On a pegboard in his Columbia Studio office, he has tacked up photos of the dramatis personae of the real-life slaying in 1959 of well-to-do farmer Herbert Clutter, his neurotic wife, his pretty 16-year-old daughter, Nancy, and his 15-year-old son, Kenyon,

on which Capote built his book. Next to the photos of the victims are those of the murderers, Richard Hickock and Perry Smith, who went to the gallows in the Kansas State Penitentiary 16 months ago after five years of legal delays. Next to them are the photos of the chief of police, the prison warden, a fellow inmate of the killers, the judge and jury members, stills of various sizes culled from newspapers, magazines and Kansas police files.

Also on the board is a clipping of suggestions for casting from 'Spectator.'

When we saw Brooks in his office in June, he was between pipe racks, a photo of wife Jean Simmons and mementos of filming on exotic locations putting finishing touches on release data for *The Professionals*, his 17th and latest picture, starring Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Jack Palance and Claudia Cardinale, a picture that hopefully will go a long way to counteract the disappointing reaction in boxoffice and critique to *Lord Jim*.

CAHIERS: You're almost finished with the editing on *The Professionals*?

BROOKS: Getting close. Close to a preview. Then I'll see what's wrong with it. You know it's been four months in the editing.

CAHIERS: You do everything yourself physically?

BROOKS: I work with a fellow who splices for me, but I sit there with a pencil and make the frame mark.

CAHIERS: You've always done that?

BROOKS: Ever since I was allowed to. Since *Blackboard Jungle*.

CAHIERS: Now it's in the contract, the Director's Guild of America contract (the "Bill of Rights" section giving directors a 'director's cut').

BROOKS: As long as the pictures don't lose money. When that happens, they won't want it. In which case I'll have to leave here and go to Europe, I guess. Maybe I should do that anyway. Maybe I will after that one.

CAHIERS: Now comes *In Cold Blood*.

BROOKS: Very difficult to do. A difficult story to make into a film because it doesn't follow the usual pattern. The book is very well written, but it's not a question of will the police catch the murderer or any doubt that the boys who are accused are innocent. It's not that, so it's another form entirely. And that's one of the things that makes it difficult for it to sustain itself to its conclusion. There are some people featured in a magazine that ran a piece in which these people told whom they would cast in this picture. Now there

are real people up there (photos of murderers, victims, chief of police, etc. on board). You should see the names these spectators have chosen to play these parts. You want to jump off a bridge when you read some of the names they've got for the cast. There's the father up there, Mr. Clutter, he looks like Harry Truman and somebody suggested Zero Mostel. Now you know . . .

CAHIERS: But how are you going to get around it?

BROOKS: Well, most of them will be cast as unknowns. The two boys will be unknowns.

CAHIERS: Will you shoot it up there in Kansas?

BROOKS: Yes. We're trying to make all the arrangements now. They're very nervous up there, but I think we'll get to shoot a good deal.

CAHIERS: Especially if you're unobtrusive perhaps, minimum crew, lean cast, so that nobody really knows what's going on. Put up a huge camera on the Main Square and go somewhere else for real.

BROOKS: Main thing is there can't be a script, you see. I can't let anyone see anything because then there'll be nothing but problems.

CAHIERS: You mean the civil authorities will want to approve, etc.

BROOKS: As long as there is a script they will want to see it. It won't work, not in this picture.

CAHIERS: Just like in *Casino Royale*, nobody knows what's going on.

BROOKS: Oh no. There will be a script and they will read it once—the cast and the crew and then we'll put it aside and work day for day. As long as they know the graph of the pic. I don't think they should have it at all times, but their sections day by day.

CAHIERS: Have you read all the critics on the book?

BROOKS: I've read it all. I tried to get out of the press from the very first day, because Truman Capote is enough publicity in himself. He carried the ball.

CAHIERS: You have always said that in cinema it's the auditive and the visual we retain. I always remember you said in the theatre it's a line of dialogue we remember, in the movies it's a door slammed. Bresson had just said that the ear invents better, that a locomotive whistle can make us invent whole railway stations, trains, gray weather and what not.

BROOKS: Yes, sounds are what you hear, what you see with the eye is international, what you hear in words is just from a certain area, that's interpre-

Small Talk

tive. But a sound is common, whether it's a train whistle, whether the train is going to China from Hong Kong or it's running in India or in Africa. The visual is more specific.

CAHIERS: Where do you think you are going personally? You've done very personal films, even if *Lord Jim* is an adaptation.

BROOKS: I believe what I've got to do and really intend to do it, is to get original material and at the lowest possible cost so that not only for myself but all of those involved in making the film are successful. Everyone will share it. If it's not successful, no one will be hurt. Then I can be more truthful because the cost will not inhibit me. And that's what we're doing with *In Cold Blood*. When we talked to Truman, I said 'I can't afford to buy the book for what you're talking about. Now either you want to be a partner or someone else will have to make the story'. So he went along. True he was paid a good deal of money, but nevertheless, he didn't get what he could have gotten at another studio.

CAHIERS: So he favored integrity.

BROOKS: Yes he did. And that's the way I feel about it. I think that if the picture costs a great deal of money, we would have to please too many people, thereby perhaps, please very few. We could make *Elmer Gantry* that way because we make it for less money. That picture today made with everybody getting his full money could cost twice as much or more.

CAHIERS: Has the cost gone up that much?

BROOKS: Yes, yes. It's everyone's cost. What Lancaster got on *The Professionals* is three times what he got on *Elmer Gantry*. But he needs an *Elmer Gantry* once in a while in order for him to keep functioning in the rest of his . . . programs. But the story materials—this is the real basis for any future work as far as I'm concerned. I think that we are a little hampered by having our feet stuck in the past. By that I don't mean that you can't make a story about the past, but the concept of the material, our feet, are rooted in the past, we always go back to the same formulas, the same ideas. It's wrong for me.

CAHIERS: Yes, one would also like to see cinema become sort of more independent, to depend less on literature, on theatre, etc.

BROOKS: And also as far as freedom of expression in form. The form of the film is so good; yet we rarely utilize it. For example, a beautiful picture like *King And Country*, made beautifully. It is rooted in the past nevertheless. *Morgan*, which is a delightful film, is

current, today. Not that there isn't room for all of them. Just as far as I'm concerned, I've just got to stop that because I get no gratification from making a film that is just another job. It takes me too long and I have to work too hard. I might as well do something I enjoy doing, that I feel can sustain me for that long a period of time. It takes me 18 months to make a picture. To cut for four months you have to want it in order to stay with it frame for frame every day.

CAHIERS: Aren't you afraid of lost perspective when you get so close so it.

BROOKS: I'm aware of it and try to guard against it. I think I'm fairly honest and ruthless about it, more so because it's my own work. Because I know that at the end I have to go and show it to some people who have never seen it before and I don't want to be sorry and say 'Well — they're wrong.' They're not wrong. I'm the one who is wrong not they.

CAHIERS: It is a little too easy to blame others, to play Arthur Penn and write scathing letters to *The New York Times*. And you'd go toward your own original ideas, your own . . .

BROOKS: Yes, mine or anyone else's. As long as the material is not forced into the demands made by the book or the play.

CAHIERS: That you can impose you or the cinema upon the book or play and not . . .

BROOKS: That's right, the cinema. Of course that's where the European filmmakers, due to the fact that they couldn't compete with the amount of money the U.S. industry for properties, they had to go to original material. That was the best thing that happened to them.

CAHIERS: It's hard to see that happen here because the motion pictures here still lean too much on the other arts.

BROOKS: Yes, no question, lean too much and borrow too much and be afraid. The fear of failure is the real disease.

CAHIERS: It can totally paralyze.

CAHIERS: Your *Professionals* is one of the most fascinating periods of the Mexican history. Is it another sort of *Viva Zapata*?

BROOKS: No, no. These men come from the United States. They are just hired. By this time the U.S. broke with Mexico in 1916 and even started sending Gen. Pershing into . . . because Villa raided New Mexico. And even those in the revolutionary armies, the Americans were no longer welcomed. There was a lot of bad feelings. Anyway, these four men are hired independently by one man who claims that

his wife (Claudia Carindale) has been kidnapped by a Mexican revolutionary bandit and held for ransom. He can't appeal to the U.S. government for help because there are no relationships. So he hires these four men, each a specialist in his field, to get in there where an army couldn't maybe four men can, to bring this woman back. And that's the springboard for the story. They go across too. The man who has kidnapped her is the man who they once fought together with in the revolution. So that the revolution is woven around the story.

CAHIERS: Do you carve deeper in on the side of justice?

BROOKS: We try.

CAHIERS: The double values of these things is perhaps the most fascinating subject of modern cinema. The fact that it's not too easy, not too clear cut.

BROOKS: As a matter of fact before it's over the four men who go there to rescue this woman who has been kidnapped—as it turns out—these four men become the kidnappers. To bring her back, what they've heard, what they find out it was not a kidnapping after all in the first place. They've been hired really to kidnap a woman, so their own moral standards come into conflict with what they were hired to do.

CAHIERS: How do you see *In Cold Blood* now?

BROOKS: Difficult.

CAHIERS: Not that I say the moral standards in *In Cold Blood* are double although I'm sure they could provide a passionate plea.

BROOKS: I don't know at the moment. I think that the crime without motive is really what this is about and everyone in the world is asking 'Why?' 'How did this happen?' That what the story is really about—how could two kids go out to do this because it's senseless. Now what motivates a senseless crime? That's what this piece is really about, what makes people lock their doors and say 'It's not a matter of someone coming in to rob us because if they want to rob us let them take what they want.' That's nothing, but it's nothing.

CAHIERS: *L'acte gratuit*, the apparently senseless seems to be something to put up there (pointing to board with clippings).

BROOKS: Yes, it is senseless. The crime itself was senseless. Their lives before that were senseless and the end is senseless because it solves nothing.

CAHIERS: When will you actually start shooting?

BROOKS: I don't know. I hope by December. I don't have much time.

—Axel MADSEN

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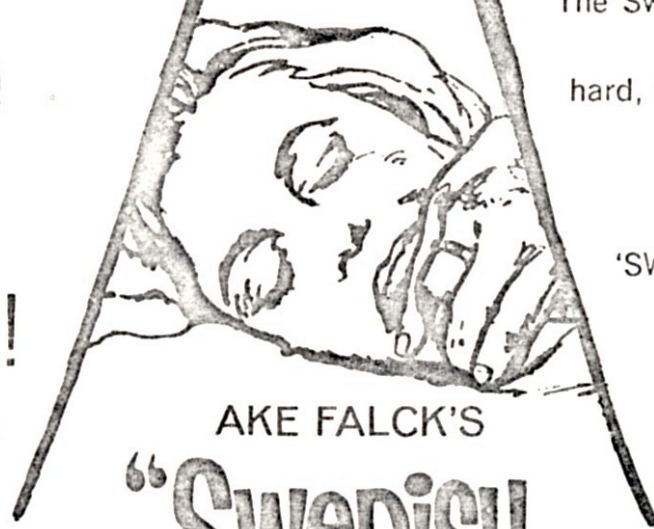
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