

Diary of Future Visions

by Sergio Grmek Germani

Do you think they can cure this fire? Why do they have to cure her? She wants to leave the mark of her desire on every living creature in the world. If she was a Caesar she'd do it with a sword. If she were a poet she'd do it with words. But she is Lilith; she has to do it with her body.

Lilith - Jean Seberg in the film written and directed by Robert Rossen, from the novel by J.R. Salamanca

We will not boast by ourselves (a program that is ever more rich, the many partners collaborating with us, a catalog that contains so much, now also in English, etc.) since all of this is nothing but a script for a film to be made. The festival will be realized in Trieste from the 19th (with a pre-event on the 18th) to the 27th of September, along with a few marginal notes (in Turin from October 1-3, and in Trieste again for the Wiseman survey, etc.). Even if the program and its scheduling are the result of choices that have determined each film and grouping, we would be fools not to have learned from cinema – the art of bodies – that the important thing is to encounter other bodies, to reach their eyes that await an image that can change their lives, like with the crystallization desired by Stendhal (*De l'Amour*). We will avoid the conventional mystification of false popularity, of a public presumed to be settled and interested, naturally, only in what they already know, impervious to all discovery. We will not reproduce the fake rituals of fashionable events and mass media appeal, precisely because we love so much that cinema is the place of incarnation: for a festival desires to revive, through the presence of the living (and, ordetly, also those that are no more, since, as we have learned from Canetti, Audiberti, and Lang, “death is not a solution”) and the intensity born of the

adjacency of the presence on the screen and the presence in the theater. We will be the first to admit (like Stendhal and Truffaut, lovers of actresses) that we would gladly welcome to the red carpet Nicole Kidman, Sharon Stone, Uma Thurman, and Charlize Theron, that we envy the super-fashionable festival of Capri Hayden Panettiere and Lindsay Lohan. We are convinced that these presences would be thrilled, as they would be with a Warholian icon or the visual encyclopedia of Sacha Guitry, to be beside the presences that come to our festival, next to the images that appear on our screen. And certainly not only the 15 minutes of fame that a nihilist civilization allows each person, but rather with desire for Glory that Audiberti elected as a destiny that neither deceives nor is mistaken.

What is there in cinema greater than its power to not let us forget the bodies? We will present in this year's program several of the greatest beacons of this awareness, from Dreyer's miraculous *Ordet*, a central locus of embodied thought, to Rossen's final masterpieces, *The Hustler* and *Lilith*, that this writer considers among the ten most beautiful films of all time, just as Genina's *Tre storie proibite* is, together with the crowns of Rossellini and Cottafavi, the absolute apex of Italian cinema, a film that crashes into the fate of a civilization that sweeps away bodies and opposes them with the *désordre* of passion: for us it is a film that, centered on a catastrophe that sweeps away bodies, smashes against the weaknesses of the present-day civilization, what we accept without expression in the television news, but not only there – also in our culpable neglect of the coexistence of here and elsewhere, in the banality of evil that leads us to constantly accept that, at this very moment, from somewhere, an untiring death may be advancing, that the *profit motive* may stop the *ubisping wind*.

Thus we continue on to a diary of a reality

that, during the festival, must still happen, we will walk through the “program,” hoping that this diary will be read by real viewers, that the inalienable plurality of cinema (of desires and bodies) will reach the plurality of I mille occhi – of a thousand eyes. The program may be seen by a concrete audience in its integrality, hopefully (and certainly not terroristically) since we are a one-theater festival that plays around only through offering several alternatives of informational supplements in the video room (where whatever has no alternative in our theater can be seen, as such, and whatever does, belongs to a *second life* that we hope will be more than just virtual).

This program is directed towards living eyes, even when they belong to those who are no longer with us, from our cinephile friends like Piero Tortolina, to those in the program to whom we are dedicating our screenings (“Screening for...,” in which we hope that the significance of Mass and the lightness of a spectacular screening will be united), and to those whom we can only name: directors of true style, like Dino Risi and Joseph Pevney, the presences of women (whom the preceding had also *imagined*), like Anicée Alvina, Yvonne De Carlo, and also (last year) Deborah Kerr, Hazel Court, Eva Dahlbeck, Cyd Charisse. Our contemporaries and the presences of our desire, through a festival that rejects totalitarian thought (cf. *Vampyr*) – according to which, on one hand, there should be the cinema of conventional “production” that would exist for today's viewers, and on the hand, retrospectives aimed at specialized enthusiasts and scholars, those that belong to a “niche” or a “cult,” “fanatics” of “candies” and other vacuities. There is none of this in our festival, where everything appears in the present and nothing is retrospective or presented in a coffin for the dead. A festival that believes in fidelity to all who encounter it (be they cineast or view-

er), even while knowing that the visions we long for but that are still unknown are infinite.

Thursday, September 18. A place not yet crossed by the festival (the Bay of Duino), that brings to mind our first year by the sea, at Molo IV, averting then the indifference that dominates the pseudo-politics of culture to which we must be connected. The film of Breda Beban (that we will speak about by means of a “replica” in the theater) returns to the location where it was filmed, Duino. Inspired by lines from Rilke's *Duino Elegies*, like Lav Diaz's *Death in the Land of Encantos*. We will see it as a life performance, because we would like to see it expand beyond the cinema.

Friday, September 19. To begin a festival one needs, quite literally, the right title. *They Won't Forget*, with its melancholic warning to memory, is it. It is also the proper chronological starting point of our journey with Robert Rossen, the director whose name is in Roberto Rossellini; we would like to honor the hundredth anniversary of his birth, in opposition to the disagreeable selectivity of celebrations. It is this film that contains the first Rossenian revolt against the sacrifice of female bodies, with an extremely young Lana Turner, victim of a (serial?) murder whose true culprits remain unpunished, sacrificing instead the lamb of the weak on behalf of a homicidal society. From Rossen we have chosen, among the films for which he wrote the script, before he started directing, the most pre-auteur, closer even to the magic of the late Rossen than to the tiresome “conquest of the image” (to borrow an expression from Cottafavi) of his earlier films. We had to lay aside two other scripts from our program (that can be seen upon request, like everything else made by the filmmaker, in the video room), *Dust Be My Destiny*, that we

would have wanted to add not only for the marvelous James Wong Howe and the epochal John Garfield, but also for the enchanting pre-Lilith marriage with the radiant Priscilla Lane who returns in successive Warner Brothers films: and also *Edge of Darkness*, for its Northern European setting that unites Ibsen and the Resistance, through the vulnerable Polish prostitute Nancy Coleman, and through the esoteric (therefore Rossenian) internationalism that invites the Resistance fighters to be like *steel*, in sound and meaning – the word repeated for it to be well understood – evoking the name of Stalin: in short, it is a film that offers itself as a body of evidence for the McCarthyist persecution of Rossen. The title illustrates wonderfully the antisocial and revolutionary potential of the classic Warner Brothers.

For a *second life* in the video room, another title-incipit: *De l'Amour*, even if we find this Aurel based on Stendhal via Saint-Laurent (preferable perhaps in his pure and “vulgarized” form rather than in conjunction with Stendhal) less convincing than his other, still with Anna Karina, that we will see in the theater.

In video, we can then follow the Rossen's journey with his un-credited script for Seiler, *Heart of the North*, with his striking anti-nihilist determination in the scene of the old man who takes revenge after the killing of a tree.

While in the cinema we have the first Baratier of the period that we are focusing on this year, from the late '50s to the early '70s: *Goba*, a film with multiple versions that will be projected this year using the filmmaker's personal print. With a young man Omar Sharif, an extremely young Claudia Cardinale who emerged from a contest as the “Most Beautiful Italian Girl in Tunisia,” and with the appearance of character actors such as Lauro Gazzolo and Daniel Emilfork.

Two small exhibitions will open, introducing Bruno Pincherle and Vittorio Cottafavi, who probably never knew each other, even if the two had both met Stendhal. Nor do we know if our fellow Triestine had ever seen a film adaptation of Stendhal, which we will offer him in this festival. We know, however, that he wrote an essay on Alfonso Corti, a scientist who studied both the retina and the spiral canal of the ear. And that Cottafavi dedicated his publishing house to the rogue Migliaresi, just like the bandit-poet Ferrante Palla whose name Pincherle adapted as a pseudonym to defend himself from anti-Semitism (and like this penning a Stendhalian edition edited with Bruno Maffi, translator of Marx and for a long time the director of the Bordiga's journal).

The pre-inaugural evening, with Stock advertising, is described in a text within the catalog. This is not a touch of *trash* (a term that may only be used in between quotation marks) added to the program, but rather the committed wandering across the multiplicity of cinema. Like Audiberti, we believe that many things (like many women) deserve our love. If the age of exclusive love in cinema was a vital period (the age of the great critics, especially the French, between the '40s and the '60s), then today one may be inclusive without suffering from eclecticism. The day ends with the unabridged long version of *L'Amour fou* by Jacques Rivette (already as a critic one of the greatest of the great), in the presence of Bulle Ogier: one of the most beloved presences in the history of cinema (perhaps only with Natalie Wood is a filmography so filled with masterpieces, and each passes through her, fully an actress and yet distinctly herself: truly *Bulle toujours*, not only in order to recall Oliveira's absent masterpiece that glosses Buñuel, the director who brought Bulle closer to cinema). We may say straight away, moreover, that with *L'Amour fou* we are looking for a rhyme between the open-

ing and the closing of the festival, since Rivette was among a group of critics who immediately fell in love with *Lilith*, and in this masterpiece that soon followed, several things (the same light, that writing on the wall that articulates an unconscious) evoke for us Rossen's supreme masterpiece. With the play within the film, *L'Amour fou* pre-udes the journey that next year we would like to dedicate to Racine in cinema.

Saturday, September 20. The video screening of *The Roaring Twenties* is obligatory for anyone interested in Rossen: here and elsewhere (*Gentleman Jim*, *Band of Angels*) Walsh, even when close in theme and reference, appears as incommensurable with Rossen on account of his light and adventurous adhesion to the image. And yet the film that follows in the cinema (*A Child Is Born*) contains not only a Warner return of cast, with the excellent Gladys George, but also from her very own lips, a signature of the screenwriter Rossen, who makes her sing “Melancholy Baby,” sung in the preceding film by Priscilla Lane. Interestingly enough, Walsh's film became a cinema lesson for Rossen: he told Robert Parrish to be inspired by the film's montage in order to put in working order the overly long film *All the King's Men*.

And while for a *second life* we have in the video room the most recent television movie version of *Le Rouge et le Noir*, with worthy performances by Judith Godrèche and Carole Bouquet, in the cinema we have no choice but show *A Child Is Born*, which in turn demands a sequel in *Ordet*, since it ends on a wish for resurrection, with a childbirth that kills the mother – precisely what Dreyer could not accept. There are other things in Bacon's film that affect us through Rossen, such as the character of the pre-lilith madwoman. We should point out that the film (or rather the text that inspired it) was remade by Camerini, *Una storia*

d'amore, which we thought of projecting here, but in the end decided to reserve for a more appropriate occasion: it is a beautiful film to the extent that it is Camerini, and the origin of the source is actually quite immediate.

As for *Ordet*, it is sufficient to refer to Rohmer's text within the catalog, a masterpiece of criticism, also for his personal and avowed idiosyncrasy concerning the childbirth scene. Which is a turning point against the falsification of cinematic methods: we hear the real sounds of childbirth of the actress-protagonist, because, Dreyer said, to want to oppose death it is necessary to live reality. We will only add that this film on the word blends together magnificently with other words in the program: those of Mankiewicz, Audiberti, and even Rossen... And that this is the first program of the transversal series *Convergenze parallele* [Parallel Convergences], that deliberately borrows the verbal invention of the great political cinephile, Aldo Moro.

With *La Salamandre*, we find again the great Bulle, whom Tanner in fact discovered in *L'Amour fou*, and for this reason she was chosen for the film instead of another great Rivettian, Juliet Berto, as Tanner explains in his wonderful video-statement that we will see before the film. Tanner, who even if he has up to now not been physically present, will return to our festival with another of his series centered around women, the triptych with Myriam Mézières that we presented in our first year, in her presence.

Dragées au poivre is not only Baratier's provocation to the nouvelle vague and cinéma direct, it is also one of the most enjoyable (and we attach great importance to this word) films of the '60s, with an enchanting plurality of presences, including the anthropologist-stripteaseuse Rita Renoir in a Bacchante scene that is sure to be engraved into your memory.

We will be able to present the only existing copy of the film, thanks to the permission of the Italian co-production (praise to them, with further multiplication of presences, among them the splendid Caprioli); it is the company of Tonino Cervi and connected to Piero Vivarelli, and for this reason we wanted to add the pleasure of a contemporaneous film directed by Vivarelli that had the same production.

Sunday, September 21. The day begins with Bulle, and a tender documentary dedicated to her.

As for the *second life*, there is a Stendhal improperly handled by Christian-Jaque (and which was going to replace a literary adaptation by Aurenche, just as Autant-Lara's later project will not be seen), but with an interesting cast however (seen also in the Italian version: in each version the foreign actors are dubbed with other voices).

And in the cinema Baratier takes over, with his pre-'68 *Eden Miseria* (which at the time was paired with *Le Désordre à vingt ans*, though we know that both Baratier and his producer Dauman happily played around several times with the variable combinations of short films or film segments) and the post-'68 erotic film with the beautiful Nathalie Delon and Muriel Catala. We would have liked to combine *Vous intéressez-vous à la chose?* with Cicero's *Ultimo tango a Zagorol*, since both parody Bertolucci: we already presented Cicero's film a few years ago, yet only limitations of space forced us to hold back here, although it stood out as a fitting response to the recent manifestations of the most overrated Italian director and festival director.

Following an encounter with and on Baratier, we will screen his directorial debut, the short *Désordre*, several times re-edited (even this seems to be the second version, "critiqué par Paul Guth," replacing the earlier comment by Gabriel Pomerand).

Beginning at 7:30 PM a marathon of female climaxes. Five segments directed by Brecha Beban, evoking Saint Teresa of Avila through orgasmic close-ups.

The diptych of Cottafavi, with women who kill the male killers of love, is among the absolute pinnacles of Italian cinema. The construction *en abîme* of the first film, with the protagonist who refuses the fate of the Butterfly, just like at the end the woman who avoids repetition refuses the fate of Karenina, and with Lianella Carell who learns from Lidia Cirillo (who in the film relives her own true story of being charged with murder), returns in the second film with Carell in the same role of a rejected model who was Cirillo's character in the first film. There is also music (Renzo Rossellini and Tchaikovsky), words from the Bible, as in Rossen and Dreyer, the celebration of inexistentialists like in Steno's film that would be Dreyer. In short, the greatness of Cottafavi, that only a blind man would be permitted not to recognize.

In the end, Aurel's beautiful *Lamiel* from Stendhal via Saint-Laurent, with an emotional Anna Karina who encounters the fiction of "and so, this is love? Is there nothing more?" in other words of one of the places in literature that is already great cinema and a great mirror to life. Still, we would like to have seen realized the literary adaptation that Jean Aurenche wrote with Paul Gégauiff in 1960 for Chabrol.

Monday, September 22. In the morning we present on video a work that is quite well-known, but perhaps one of Dario Argento's most underrated films, with Asia Argento as the lead actress: even if its connection to Stendhal is "arbitrary," it seems right to present it within the context of this survey. Though it will be advisable not to miss the double Baratier program in the cinema, which is also a tribute to the great Jacques Dufilho, one of the French comedians

(together with Bourvil, De Funès, etc.) upon whom it is worth lingering. The feature film is based on Audiberti and introduces us to the universe of one of the greatest French writers, completely ignored and seldom translated in Italy. Also a great writer on cinema, as one may gather from several articles that we have translated for our catalog.

Regarding *Tre storie proibite*, it has already been said how highly we regard this film, both in the beginning of this text as well as in an essay included within the body of the catalog that attempts to trace the various threads contained in the program. It is enough to add, as further confirmation of the film's exceptional nature, how it is able to unite a body-center (the sublime Eleonora Rossi Drago, to whom we are dedicating the screening) with a plurality of presences, meeting at the location of a catastrophe and in the interwoven fictions of the episodes: in the first, another presence with a tactile voice, Lia Amanda (whose mother is played by one of the first carnal divas of the '30s, Isa Pola); in the second (dubbed by Rosetta Calavetta, the Italian voice of Marilyn) a brilliant and sensual Antonella Lualdi, who stands out among the key presences in this festival, given that we find her again in both of Autant-Lara's Stendhal films. We will merely add that the sacrifice of Eleonora Rossi Drago is among the most absolute traumas of cinema (but Geninian sacrifices, from Louise Brooks to Ines Orsini and Marta Toren, were not welcomed by the direction), as if in Griffith's *Intolerance*, in which a man condemned to death would not be able to save himself: already in Griffith the Christian myth of election (in a film that begins with Christological sacrifice) is almost parodied; in the presumed man of order, Genina, the myth is nullified. Only from here can begin the word of Dreyerian resurrection, that is to say, of the director

whose cinema moves across religious cultures, collecting desires but with the conviction that their responses will arrive more from the nature of cinema, the art of bodies, than from transcendence.

While in the video room one may integrate the para-Stendhalian texts of Brancati, in the cinema we will encounter Ornella Volta, a fundamental figure connected to Trieste. We are referring to her long and engrossing autobiographical text, within which it is hard to choose which of the lives she lived left the most fertile mark (the mythology of horror, the columnist of May 1968 and sinister plots in Italy, the Felliniesque, the Satiean...), just as we admire the clarity in her choices of life, the rebellion against the totalitarian murder of the Rosenbergs, and so forth. With Ornella Volta, I mille occhi hopes to continue a long journey of dialogue and cooperation.

Piège, in which she collaborated (distilling fantastic mythographies), is an excellent Baratier from '68, where beside the superbly fetishistic Bulle (here the more-than-actress Bulle finds playful and physical abandonment, like in Barbet Schroeder's *Maîtresse*, and even in a Salce film that must be recovered) we meet Bernadette Lafont, another icon of the nouvelle vague who with Bulle lived a parallel fate of personal trauma that stole the life of their lovable actress-daughters, and our Jackie Raynal in the role of actress, not to mention a storytelling Arrabal in the frame-story (the circular *Prologue* of the film).

Les Vamps fantastiques summarizes, with several holes (for example Ferronis's *Le baccanti*), the female fantastic, interviewing the mythographer Volta, among others.

The evening is the inaugural and central moment of our survey of Stendhal: in which the postponement of the "Italian Chronicles" is inevitably an arbitrary act, but necessary given the scale the program has taken, beginning "by chance" out of our desire to

insert it within the tribute to Pincherle, whom the other great Stendhalian, Trompeo, called the “most passionate of all Stendhalians.” Naturally there were other great Stendhalians, in Italy (Foscolo Benedetto) and in France (Martineau, Michel, and Del Litto), and they like the great writers returned to this great work (see the summary volume by Sciascia). Among these scholars, Pincherle interests us not only because he is from Trieste, but also for his Rossellinian claim for the dilettante, of the “craft of man” applied to scholarship. Beloved pediatrician, a politician with integrity (to use a Sankarian concept), the Stendhalian Pincherle places himself in profound agreement with Stendhal, the writer of passion (in love, politics, and aesthetics). In cinema he perhaps did not find the author’s rage that both Rivette and Rohmer dedicate to Balzac... or perhaps he did, because Autant-Lara has to be discovered in his greatness, like Aurenche and Bost, and he chose Stendhal to be his one god. Stendhal teaches that love can pass through hatred, that the Truffautian denigration of quality cinema, critically so fertile, had decidedly chosen mistaken targets to shoot at, or perhaps they were like the shot fired by Julien Sorel at his lover. Indulging ourselves, from the dilettantes unworthy of Pincherle to Stendhalian wandering, we have discovered marvels among the Stendhalian destinies of cinema: it is enough to consider that two masterpieces of fantastic cinema, Wiene’s *Caligari* and Dreyer’s *Vampyr*, had Stendhalian origins, the first in the viewing of one’s own funeral, borrowed from *San Francesco a Ripa*, the second in the very name Caligari, which Carl Mayer (who also wrote the script for a *Vanina*) had found in the letters of Stendhal. In addition, another great Stendhalian, Michel Crouzet, revealed the origins of *Mina de Vanghel* in Honoré d’Urfé’s *Astrée*, recently rewritten by

Rohmer (after Zucca). This film of unusual length based on a story, a film much admired by Bazin and Breton, reveals the Stendhalian source of Surrealism, and we discovered that the director of photography is the great Schuftan, who collaborated with Rossellini and filmed Rossen’s two final masterpieces.

The combination with *The Barefoot Contessa*, a film with a remote Stendhalian source, allows us to bring together the reviews evoking Stendhal by Bazin and the rebellious son Truffaut (both are found in the catalog). And concerning the incredibly beautiful film by Mankiewicz, we write *passim* (also in the text about Genina), and it is difficult to add anything essential in just a few words, other than that the barefoot Cinderella Ava Gardner is, together with her role in Lewin’s *Pandora*, one of the wonders of creation, worthy of the Mediterranean myths that she embodies.

The evening ends with the *Tère époque* of *Lucien Leuwen* by Autant-Lara, a rare work that we are pleased to present in a video master made from the 16mm original.

Tuesday, September 23. In the morning we will try to learn from the greatness of Audiberti, taking a look at the few audiovisual documents with his presence (we have already seen him in Baratier’s *Le Désordre à vingt ans*), and statements by people who were close to him and loved him – among them, Baratier is among the most faithful. The radiant testimonies of Sophie Matti and Françoise Vatel in *Portrait d’Audiberti* form one of the most beautiful responses to the request of Audiberti, that one should deny death, words that he directed towards feminine looks; even if, as Claude Nougaro says in the same television portrait, for him “women were a key that was getting jammed inside the lock.” And one may add more to this by comparing Audiberti’s rewriting of Jeanne d’Arc with that of

Dreyer. The habitual reading of Audiberti was one of the merits of Truffaut, the inventor of criticism, just as the writer showed a considerable fidelity to Beniamino Joppolo, a Sicilian comedy writer who was reinvented by Audiberti in translation, brought into contact with Rossellini and Godard.

In the video room we will screen a British-Australian television version of *Le Rouge et le Noir*, while in the cinema we will have a marathon of three films by Cottafavi, that we hope will inaugurate more ample surveys of the author (well introduced this year by a monographic issue of “Bianco e Nero” and a dossier from “Filmcritica,” to which I would refer the reader, also to find there texts that project onto Cottafavi much of my own passion for cinema). It would be a waste of time at this point to recall the stupidity with which Venice received *Fiamma che non si spegne*, rivaled only by Chiarini’s rejection of *Lilith*. At this point the diptych on paternity and maternity, made up of this film and *Nel gorgo del peccato* is so above the average level – that we love too (up until the ‘70s) – of Italian cinema, that it dazzles and it moves us. To see *Maria Zef* directly afterwards, the great film whose mirror Friuli could not endure, would be almost unbearable, even for us, were it not for the extension across three films of so radical a beauty. The screening will be dedicated to Siro Angeli, the Friulian writer who must absolutely be discovered, a decades-long friend and collaborator of Cottafavi. *La Ville Bidon* is the second version, the only one that can be seen today, of a 1968 film by Baratier, *La Décharge*, that places itself immediately beyond the social upheaval. Our discovery of Baratier will be interrupted here with this screening, a journey that began last year upon the brilliant suggestion of Jackie Raynal and that will hopefully continue next year with the rediscovery of films that still elude us (*Le Métier du danseur*, *L’Or du duc*, *L’Araignée du*

satin), together with all his anthropological “documentaries,” of which *Le Désordre à vingt ans* is, after all, a variant, a film that already this year, if we are lucky, we will be able to present with the most recent re-editing by the director.

And then to bed, but only after the *2ème époque* of *Lucien Leuwen*.

Wednesday, September 24. In the video room, two versions of *Le Rouge et le Noir*, the first an experimental television movie (but Pierre Cardinal is not *déraciné* like Cottafavi as a television director), with the beautiful Micheline Presle and Marie Laforet, and the second by Autant-Lara with Gérard Philipe (to whom we dedicate a transverse tribute in our program), Danielle Darrieux and Antonella Lualdi. We are expecting next year to track down a 35mm print of this beautiful film, within a first segment dedicated to Autant-Lara that we would love to pair with Leo McCarey’s “genius of Catholicism.” This year’s examination is thus only a symbol of our desire: we could not have left out, at least in video, perhaps the most interesting film adaptation from Stendhal. Of which the behind-the-scenes action is quite prominent, as Autant-Lara much insisted, of Bazin responsible for the production cuts.

And so let’s go to the cinema to watch Shirley Clarke’s *The Cool World*, the first film (as producer) of Frederick Wiseman (that will therefore draw attention to the survey in November in which I mille occhi is pleased to participate, included within a tribute to Basaglia), based – the primary reason for its inclusion in the program – on a play by Rossen, a confirmation of how our director was, in his final phase, beyond Hollywood.

Regarding the survey of John Gianvito that we will inaugurate with a program of his short films and those of contiguous directors, chosen by him, we refer the reader to

texts in the catalog by Olaf Möller, who has curated the survey and is one of the most free and discerning critics of our day (who we are proud to have as a member of the festival's terrific artistic committee), by Jurij Meden, the first one to propose the idea and write about it in his brilliant magazine *Kino!*, as well as by Federico Rossin. It is enough for us to add that the diversity of the director's films, as Möller suggests, accompanies well the diversity of Dreyer's cinema ("to find a style for each film"), and that psychiatric setting of the magnificent *What Nobody Saw* continues Shirley Clarke, seen just earlier.

It was necessary to postpone our tribute to Matjaž Klopčič, but we wish to realize it indirectly at least. Clément's *Monsieur Ripois*, which Audiberti suggested as a prologue to Autant-Lara's *Le Rouge et le Noir*, whose ending brings to mind that of Ophüls' *Le Plaisir*; and a return to both in the ending of *Ljubljana je ljubljena*, Klopčič's last film, that we presented two years ago and that stirs us each time with greater force as a free work about the tyrannies of political history. Without forgetting the brilliance of this Anglo-French film by Clément (outside of a time that will lead to *swinging London*), we will use it to re-echo Klopčič's love-hate relationship with Slovenia (with the appearances of women that turn it towards love). We may also observe, given the combination with Ophüls' film, that Maupassant appears in cinema, and perhaps also in literature, as a fragmented mirror of the Stendhalian Romanesque.

Lumumba, Ecology of a Crime, was the name we wanted to give to our African survey in progress, with this year only a trace, unfortunately, due to the impossibility of holding a retrospective for the talented Congolese director, Balufu Bakupa-Kanyinda, who could have joined the political figures of Lumumba and Sankara. The

title, already fascinating merely as a title, clearly takes after that of Bava, whom Luc Moullet had acutely brought closer, though his *carte blanche*, to Cottafavi's *Maria Zef* in short, it will be noted that some of our titling are slips in the program (*De l'Amour* migrated from Stendhal to Cottafavi, who as an editor published that treatise). It is a slip that this bizarre film by Bennati, containing rare images of the moment after Lumumba's assassination, with Kasavubu and Mobutu, then propagandized by an uncontrollably propagandistic film by Roger Kwami Mambu Zinga (of which Marina Mottin has rediscovered materials that we will include next year in a retrospective), with the presence of the Lilithian Jean Seberg, very dear to us, and later militant of Black Power. We would have also screened the actress in Garrel's *Les Hautes solitudes*, which unites her with Nico and Tina Aumont, that we remembered last year.

At the end of the evening, the *3ème époque* of *Lucien Leuwen*.

Thursday, September 25. The informative video screening of the American version of *Mambo* by Rossen (while in Turin they will project the Italian version) leads us here to a flashback/flashforward of Rossen's journey as a director, which in Turin one can become fully acquainted with. Born in a critical moment in the history of blacklisting, Rossen's work intersects with other figures, from Dmytryk to (via Garfield) Kazan and Abraham Polonsky, who wrote the script for *Body and Soul*, a film that speaks from a distance with the boxing diptychs of Robson and Wise, just as *The Brave Bulls* confronts the bullfighting triptych of Boetticher (and, if we like, with the unfinished Cottafavi on the corrida). It is easy to give reasons for cataloging Rossen as *less than meets the eye*, confirmed by Andrew Sarris and substantially strengthened by the *Cabiers du cinéma*, before the sudden elec-

trocution of *Lilith*. It is easy to observe that Kazan, Polonsky, the sublime Boetticher of *Bullfighter and the Lady*, and at times also Wise (only Robson is undeniably lovable because of his vulnerability) are, as already said for Walsh, more "transparent." And that Ford's political films are more decisive than *All the King's Men* (which John Wayne, the producer of Boetticher's great Mexican film, hated with all his might); while naturally Aldrich, Fuller, and Losey win on the field of turgid sickness, Preminger in orchestration. And so, is Rossen condemned to a lesser destiny? It seems to us that in the directorial work of Rossen, a path was chosen towards the dazzling bursts that explode in his two final masterpieces that, as much as we are aware of the superiority of Ford or Walsh or Dwan, we will not hold back, not in exchange for any other work, from ranking it among the greatest, and for us indispensable, films. In this path towards dazzling explosions, the encounter of two women in his debut film *Johnny O'Clock*, a film which is, by the way, extremely beautiful, like a bachelor clock machine, when they encounter in the pre-finale, one leaving, the other arriving, to the man they both loved left dead, exchanging the glances of strangers unaware of what unites them, it is an unforgettable trace. Similar to this is the lightness of Lilli Palmer in *Body and Soul*, the fatality of *All the King's Men*, the universe of fragility and arbitrary violence in *The Brave Bulls*, in which the corrida (hated by Rossen, loved by Boetticher) is the last stop of unsustainable sacrifices of the two splendid female presences, the Jewish Czech and displaced Mexican Miroslava [Stern] (as beautiful as in her role in Buñuel's film) and the latina Charlita. Rossen's displaced period prompted him to move from Mexico to Italy, for this *Mambo* that naturally is, first of all, a splendid eccentricity of Italian cinema, a documentary about Silvana Mangano attracted to and

also distant from a fondness towards show-business, a Veneto film that was co-written by Piovene, a cult film with the songs of Bernardo Noreiga, the music of Rota and Lavagnino, and the choreography of Katherine Dunham. A film that lives off of the unscrupulousness of Italian cinema, produced by Ponti and De Laurentiis, to the point that it becomes difficult to trace the film back to an auteur-director. And yet, if we are not mistaken, there is a cameo (to be confirmed) by Rossen, playing one of Gassman's colleagues at the casino who informs him about Rennie's hemophilia. There is a sense of the fatality, perhaps also introduced by Piovene and Perilli, but certainly congenial to Rossen. The curious thing is that, while the Italian version is longer and more complete (the American version lacks, among other things, the most hilarious and politically incorrect musical number, with the "negro" Silvana Mangano), the true original version, with the voices of Silvana, Gassman, Rennie, and Shelley Winters, is precisely that "international" American version, the voices being dubbed in the Italian version by Lydia Simoneschi, Emilio Cigoli, Giulio Panicali, Dhia Cristiani, (and the presumed Rossen by Carletto Romano).

In Rossen's following three films (even with the director's script in at least two of them, and the other one self-produced) his direction seems to lose control of what had become an incredibly spectacular machine (that also somewhat weakened Ray and Mann in the Bronston universe, and only Mankiewicz knew how to portray the *ratage* of the superb *Cleopatra*, even if he didn't believe in Hawksian or Walshian transparencies). The vulnerability of Claire Bloom and Danielle Darrieux in *Alexander the Great*, and of Dorothy Dandridge, Joan Fontaine, and Patricia Owens in *Island in the Sun* (the most successful of the three films) leads to the theorem on the traitor of

They Came to Cordura, where Gary Cooper is less flagrant than elsewhere, and the vulnerability of Rita Hayworth is too prominent for a role of treachery. But from this is born the dazzling Rossen in his final phase.

With *Address Unknown* Gianvito supervises a “planned” film directed in several episodes with other directors. At the same time in the video room, Visconti’s *Senso* (that, although admiring Alida Valli, one can only consider essential because of Marcella Mariani), which blends well with Bertolucci’s *Prima della rivoluzione* as a variation starting from Stendhal. But the day’s program offers multiple alternatives: the project *Cinema con i giovani* [Cinema with the Young] at the Cinema Ariston, carried out with conviction and innovative spirit by Mila Lazić, as well as the first segment of our tribute to Landolfi in the video room.

We are preparing for a memorable evening. To unite, from the work of Straub following the death of Danièle Huillet, his beautiful *Le Genou d’Artemide* to *The Hustler* is, it seems to us, to perform a gesture towards cinema that we augur with great intensity. To the Rohmerian *Le genou de Claire* (continuing with other *Cambrure*), to the unfetishized sensuality of the bodies of Jean-Marie and Danièle in *Geschichtsunterricht*, we join together now the hobbling gait of Piper Laurie in the fiction (although strongly lived) of *The Hustler*, revealing that curve of the knee with a close-fitted skirt, discovered by chance in a set photo, that we have chosen to be the image of the festival, from a film four years earlier, Robert Wise’s *Until They Sail*, in which she already meets Paul Newman and performs the role of a melancholic nymphomaniac killed by her jealous husband: with a chance discovery of the body that we worry may be of a double. A film that we would have certainly tried to project, had we discovered it earlier. This fantastic set photo will suffice, a worthy step

among the images that we have chosen these past years, none of them conforming to a rule or a figurative domain but all of them belonging to that body with that name: Jean and Lydou Vigo, Leni Riefenstahl, Jean Seberg, Amparo Matiz, Dawn Addams, Belinda Lee, now Piper Laurie, and perhaps next year Sylvia Lopez.

The projection of *The Hustler* is also for Anatole Dauman, who distributed the film in France and who also loved *Lilith* (chosen by him, and also Vecchiali, as one of best films of the year in the *Cabiers*) We want also to recall Claude Ollier’s beautiful review of *The Hustler*, a first step towards winning the attention of the lofty French critics.

The film is among the greatest points of an anti-sacrificial discourse, perhaps by metaphor also the most beautiful film on the Shoah, together with Munk’s contemporaneous *Pasažerka*. A film that, without confining itself to the dominion of the moral battlefield, denies the acceptability of crime. The final image that Piper Laurie sees in the film is that of a mirror on which she writes the words not of suicide but of the impossible flight from an imposed death sentence, of the mocking underlining of her own handicap. And there one of those caesurae of death with which Rossen denies every deception. Soon afterwards this role that was so intensely lived, Piper Laurie withdrew to private life, abandoning cinema, to which she returned many years later in the role of an oppressive mother in *Carrie* by De Palma (a director who strangely intersected Rossen also by casting his daughter, Carol Eve Rossen, who had already performed in Kazan’s *The Arrangement*, in *The Fury*, while the other daughter, Ellen, appeared only in her father’s *Alexander the Great*).

I still remember when one day, many years ago, my dear friend Marco Melani spoke to me about having seen *Lo spacccone* the night

before on television, amazed by the beauty of that film. Even on television the beauty of that black-and-white scope reaches us, and perhaps not even commercials can destroy the sense of suspended time in the film. Although over the decades it has become an American classic (badly highlighted by the Scorsese’s sequel), the film has not yet been perceived in its maximum greatness. A greatness united with beauty: light, interiors with those parentheses of an external landscape of real sound, and music by Kenyon Hopkins (who like Shuftan returned in the next film, while the unencoded editing by Dede Allen becomes more apparent in comparison with the freedom found in Aram Avakian’s montage). And there still remains the *4ème époque* of *Lucien Leuwen*.

Friday, September 26. In the video room, three Stendhalian variations, the notable film by Clair, the frankly annoying one by Vadim (that, alas, also weakening *La Ronde* takes pleasure in quoting *De l’Amour*, but while in *Le Désordre à vingt ans* he reveals himself as a pleasant storyteller, and while as a talent-scout of female presences, from BB to Sirpa Lane, he has been invaluable, as a director he is frankly irrelevant), and that of Visconti which is the third film with Claudia Cardinale in our program (*Goba, Il bell’Antonio, Il Gattopardo*).

In the cinema we will meet again the group of Italian directors Malastrada, who have had the merit and the tenacity to direct a film for Thomas Sankara. A film rightfully present at more than one festival, being productively possible precisely because of the support of festivals, that I mille occhi wishes also to confirm in the future.

The program that unites the film of Gianvito with Tom Conser and the film of Conser (who is no longer with us) is of a special intensity, and the Artaud quotation in the first is appropriate here.

In the evening, two films in which we enjoyed finding the echo of female names (*The Mad Songs of Fernanda Hussein, The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*). The longer film by Gianvito is Griffithian, and it is not by chance that the second chapter is entitled *Orphans of the Storm*, like the first, chosen as an exergue from Pavese. As we write, we still do not know what will happen in the American presidential election, nor have we asked Gianvito what he thinks (we can do this at the festival), but meanwhile we detect in this oppositional film a political gesture, compared to which politics still seems extremely backwards. Thus a film like this exists in America, while in Italy we have seen nothing analogous. Our Anno uno Prize, in its fifth year, after being awarded to Kira Muratova, Mircea Daneliuc, Werner Schroeter (who now even Venice knows how to honor) and Paulo Rocha, has decided that the awardees can be masters of all ages. We will continue making the selection without imposing binding rules, the only certainty is in our conviction to nominate fruitful cineasts (as was also the case with Vittorio De Seta, almost implicitly awarded an Anno uno Prize). The film noir of Rossen, his last important script before becoming a director, is truly one of the heights of his career. We are dedicating its screening to Elizabeth Scott, still living, since this actress of Slovakian origins, of a sensual face that some wanted to select as a lesbian icon, seems to us one of the most thrilling vulnerable women of Rossen’s cinema (she also later appeared in one of Rossen’s collaborations, *Desert Fury*, in color, while this film is one of his numerous black and white film noirs, among which is Cromwell’s *Dead Reckoning* fascinatingly given the Italian title of *Solo chi cade può risorgere*, with open sensuality, where one speaks of her *busky voice* and of her scent of jasmine, and then in the double role of *Stolen Face*, with our much loved Terence

Fisher). In Milestone's film a biblical esotericism is exalted which Rossen completes in *Lilith*: the two hotel bibles are like books on the encounter of love (while the other vamp, Barbara Stanwyck, says to Heflin, "you know your Bible," in other words, she minds her business, but it is also a parody). In the end, the repeated phrase "Sam's wife," by the bride and groom of the final marriage, prolongs the Rossenian nuptial rites (*Dust Be My Destiny*, *Lilith*) with the desire that the ritual become flesh.

Saturday, September 27. In the morning, the second appointment with Landolfi: for this segment of the program, in which we have had a lot of faith, we refer to the text in the body of the catalog. The friends whom we mention elsewhere have helped us in a crucial way to realize this double tribute to Tommaso Landolfi and Idolina Landolfi.

The first projectable version of *Le Rouge et le Noir*; by Righelli: we hope to track down for next year additional works based on the Stendhalian novel that has been most filmed, both earlier (Bonnard) and later (the sound Righelli version, Gerasimov). Which must then be followed in the video room with the longer version of *La Certosa di Parma*, with Marthe Keller, stolen unfortunately from Autant-Lara who hoped to complete the Stendhalian triptych. Comencini refused it, and it turned to Bolognini, a specialist in films designed by others (*La vera storia della signora delle camelie* was supposed to be the third Cottafavian version of the character). In the cinema, *Altromondo*, a medium-length film of the Triestine Katja Colja, whose scene of the Academy of madness won us over, where in the couple of Claudio Misculin & Valentina Sussi there occurs something of that nihilist threat to love that is linked with the evening film by Rossen.

The last program of John Gianvito, with his latest, fantastic *Profit motive and the whis-*

pering wind, a journey through the America of the sacrificed, including Griffith, who in a few days we will see at the Giornate del cinema muto, the Silent film festival in Pordenone, his late films, and perhaps his most beautiful, especially the last, *The Struggle*, a radical film if there is one here.

Lilith Night: what will come of it? Can the woman sacrificed as we exited the history of myths once again be made flesh? In the masterpiece of Straub (with Huillet as the co-screenwriter and co-producer), performed by Fassbinder, and Lilith Ungerer becomes Marie in the theater.

Concerning the film by Rossen, the most precious film of all, if there is one (and we are referring here to all of cinema), it is difficult to add anything in so few words compared to what is available in our catalog from the 2004 festival, where the film was screened already (including texts by myself, Jean-André Fieschi, and Jean Seberg, also with unpublished materials, with many photos).

Let us speak then about the Lilith (Diane, perhaps) who has adopted this name for her career as an actress of hardcore films, performing a role in *Axelle*, a work of apparent personal involvement, and who seems to have decided to withdraw from cinema. As we write this diary of future visions, we still hope that on the night of September 27 she will be embodied in the theater, and that she will give a real sense of how much has happened during the festival. Gloria Morano, in the catalog note, wisely speculates that this Lilith crossed through cinema looking for a personal experience, and then accomplished this outside of cinema. Perhaps she has never seen *Ordet*, *Gertrud*, or *Vredens dag*, perhaps not even Rossen's *Lilith*, that at last tonight she would see. At the moment we can only add that the relationship between mimesis and experience in her performance is moving (the deflowering scene, even if

feigned, is one of absolute flagrancy); immediately after the film (which in the beginning contains an extremely short cameo by Ovidie) we will see her in a luminous video interview by Didier Noisy, who directed the *Making* of the preceding film by Martin Cognito, starring Ovidie, with her in a small role: in the interview, already with her face stripped clear of the film's lesbian fetishization, with a different hairstyle, it is hard to decide where she is most beautiful and true, though here we see her bright smile, perhaps the most inalienable element of a woman's face; and then in the *Making* she says playfully that, in her role of one of the two Dalmatiennes/Dalmachiennes, she truly became a dog. Perhaps she also truly became Lilith. ("Did you see? I became Lilith," Jean Seberg told Fieschi, as he met her for the last time, many years after Rossen's film).

The possible moment of truth has already passed. At midnight one can choose to go the party at the bar, watching the *Lilith Fair* concert out of the corner of one's eyes, or perhaps to stick around in the theater to watch Ovidie's *Lilith*, somewhat *routinier*, as one calls a hardcore film with no notable flagrancy.

Tomorrow morning we will wake up a bit sad, if in the meantime nothing was born.