

Masculin/Feminin. Notes on the modern actor's body

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“Actors are film-makers’ essential element of dialogue... The actor’s body pervades the cinema until it becomes its true history. A history that has never been told because it is always intimate, erotic, made up of piety and rivalry, of vampirism and respect. However, as the cinema ages, it is that history films are witnesses to...” (Daney, 1996, 201). Serge Daney’s reflections come from a study of Wim Wenders’ *Lightning Over Water* or *Nick's Movie*, 1979, a programme on lineage, vampirism and the spectral body of the cinema if ever there was one. Daney’s story may have difficulties adjusting to the history of ideas because of the amount of interplay it generates. However it encourages us to think of the actor as the agent of historic mutations and, naturally, to analyse the modern cinema of the sixties —the core of my present research— as a particular chapter in the confrontation of bodies and gazes, before the beginning of the indeterminate process of serial reproduction that is television and its clonic types.

That journey of merging could begin in 1948 from a small legend: the telegram Ingrid Bergman sent to Roberto Rossellini (on his birthday) proposing that they should work together after her discovery of *Roma Città Aperta* and *Paisà* (1). We know the background to that call: Rossellini could not recall ever having seen one of the actress’s films, though she was at the height of her career in the American cinema, but they met in Hollywood and later she began her own particular “viaggio in Italia” and became his wife and the heroine of his films between 1949 (*Stromboli*, *Terra di Dio*) and 1954 (*Giovanna di Arco al Rogo* and *La Paura*). That decision, as sublime as it was painful, was to stir up a worldwide controversy (illustrating in a way aspects of the confrontation between classicism and modernity, America and Europe, and obviously confirming Rossellini’s own statement when he said that many film chroniclers are no more than the militia of the established order) and, at the same time, ruin both their careers: her popular success in the American cinema and his critical neo-Realist strength (all the so-called “Bergman-films” were total commercial flops).

The first effect of Ingrid Bergman’s arrival was the director’s separation from Anna Magnani, his companion and favourite actress, and from everything directly linked to the neo-Realist canon. In the context of a morality and an aesthetic like those of neo-

Realism, the actor seemed an object of repulsion. The cast of Paisà were chosen from barracks, convents and streets at the moment when the locations were set up. In practice the only recognisable actors in that non-professional game were Aldo Fabrizi, an actor who spoke Roman dialect, and Anna Magnani, a music hall singer, two concentrated examples of the synergy between the comedian and the popular figure. With high precision gestures and mime, Magnani was the living representation of the Roman wolf: she was the image of the resisting city (Roma Città Aperta) and would be the postwar Italian mother with Visconti (Bellissima) and Pasolini (Mamma Roma) before she ended up retiring to her mansion. Before that, however, she responded to Fellini's pursuit of her for his collage of Rome with a "Lascialo stare, Federico, va dormire...". In short she was a "landscape body", as Giovanna Grignaffini points out in his excellent study "Il femminile nel cinema italiano", framing the symptoms of a historic change in Italian culture and life, but above all in the structure of the cinema and its relation to what can be seen. Its conventions are perfectly explained in the actors' bodies and gestures (Brunetta 1996, 376).

The switch from Magnani to Bergman in Rossellini's life and work is something more than a substitution of leading ladies. Above all it heralds Rossellini's distancing from his own mystique and imposes a new relation with reality, in which strangeness and fear are superimposed on any idea of photographic documentation. Karin, the female character in Stromboli, exchanges the refugee camp for an island where she is even more enclosed and where she is incapable of understanding the inhabitants. From her arrival in Italy, Ingrid Bergman said that she felt anguished by her projection into an anthropological, cultural and linguistic universe which she did not understand. It was therefore a merging relation, a shared, if diverse, feeling of strangeness which was to be explosively inscribed on the "family films" of the fifties which were the prelude to a new poetics of modern cinema.

That woman who climbed the volcano in Stromboli until she found reconciliation, that Irene who descended into hell and stirred up a scandal in Europa 51 or that Katherine lost in Naples in Viaggio in Italia are the exalted bodies and faces of a character and an actress fascinated by heterogeneity. An encounter with otherness which is not far removed from violence, as happens in La Paura, where the fictional character, Irene Wagner, and the actress Ingrid Bergman are subjected to an exhausting interrogation by a husband whom we only see foreshortened and through a camera that moves gloatingly around her, until they both decide to abandon their inquisitors. The film, based on Stephen Zweig's *The Angst* and filmed in Munich, was the extreme example of that merging process and, one need hardly say, the last film of their marriage (2).

Among Rossellini's writings collected by Alain Bergala there is an extraordinary tête à tête between Renoir and Rossellini organised by André Bazin in 1958. In it the French director refers to the camera as the religion of the cinema. "There is a camera," Renoir points out, "stood on a tripod or a crane, which is exactly like the altar of the god Baal: around it the high priests, who are the directors, lead children as burnt offerings to the camera and throw them into the flames. And the camera is there, almost motionless, and when it moves it follows the instructions of the high priests, not the

victims.” (Rossellini, 1984, 151-152). If their condition as progenitors of modernity was not enough to bring the two authors together, there was no lack of reasons to link them in that practice of torture. Besides working majestically with Rossellini's two actresses after their separation —Ana Magnani in *Le Carrosse d'Or* (1952); Ingrid Bergman in *Eléna et les Hommes* (1956)— and, like him, turning to television, as if it were an laboratory for experiments with *mise en scène* and the new acting registers, Renoir carried out one of the toughest and most exuberant exercises on the suffering of the actor: a 27-minute gem in which he put the stage actress Gisèle Braunberger through a series of tormented improvisations in the television documentary *La direction d'acteurs par Jean Renoir* (1968).

The camera as instrument of torture. Bergala is right when he sees that one of the great concerns of modern cinema is that concept of the camera as forceps. The camera has to drag out of the actor a more or less controlled statement of his truth in a process of contamination-merging with his character, whilst recording the effects of its own violence for the audience, who thus have their position as impassive voyeurs shattered (Rossellini, 1984, 14). The films of Jacques Rivette are largely a confirmation of that thesis, which is not surprising when dealing with a film-maker somewhere between the discovery of Rossellini as the beacon of modernity —his *Lettre sur Rossellini* was published in April 1955— and praise of Jean Renoir as the *mise en scène* of relativity —his programme in the series *Cinéastes de notre temps. Jean Renoir le patron*, 1967. Rivette is a modern film-maker interested in the actor's body and the rules of the game, a twofold movement that has enabled him, among other things, to produce two masterpieces linked to an endless drift: a Renoiresque work like *Céline et Julie Vont en Bateau*, in which two women and two actresses (Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier) curl up in a ball and create phantasmagoric children's games in a kind of outdoor picnic in Montmartre, and a Rossellinian film, secret and corrosive, like *L'Amour Fou*, where the show (an interrupted performance of Racine's *Andromaque*) and private life (the break up of the couple formed by Claire and Sebastian, Bulle Ogier and Jean Pierre Kalfon) are constructed as radical experiences and physical clashes recorded surgically by Rivette's camera (like that impressive sequence of the couple at home in which Kalfon, standing in front of the mirror, slashes his clothes with a razor and scissors whilst weeping bitterly, a process that is quite the equal of the poet's tears in *Gertrud* or those of the lovers in *L'Avventura*, trying to drown between emotional disturbance and fiction).

Theatre of Cruelty, perhaps. But most of all a process of vampirism between actor and character, an encounter between the cinema and individual conscience, two shameless forms of capture. It was the basis for the personal and cinematic encounter between Rossellini and Ingrid Bergman and was to be the axis of the great tandems of modern cinema: Godard / Anna Karina, Antonioni / Monica Vitti, Bergman / Liv Ullmann, Rivette / Bulle Ogier (or John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands on the other side of the Atlantic). A particular alchemy based on the actor's work —on his inner truth, rather than any outer direction, which is extremely nebulous— and in trust in *mise en scène* as an aesthetic process.

Modern cinema has never ceased to tell stories and variations on the couple wondering about their limits and troubles, making up different pathologies in a clash with a reality packed with enigmas. That idea of the married couple, however, has a quite particular dimension insofar as it rests on the female point of view. In the interview-book *Persévérance* Serge Daney pointed out that the modern cinema, especially the Nouvelle Vague, changed the cinema of the ideal (only men have ideals) for the cinema of otherness (women move in search of a certain truth). And so the cinema of the couples we have mentioned feeds on that idea of the female condition in which women personify ways of being and existing. And in that kind of “*identificazione di una donna*” those actresses became their authors’ partners and the dissonances of their discourse, “Trojan horses in the citadel of the *metteur en scène*” in the words on one of the directors most involved in that dialectic between intelligence and instinct, Michelangelo Antonioni in *Réflexions sur les Acteurs* (Antonioni, 1990, 262-263). With a secret pact, a conspiracy with the clinical eye of the camera, as Bergman said of his actors, even though, like Elisabeth Bogler in *Persona*, they became actresses snared by doubt (the vulnerability of the artist is one of the great modern themes, not only Bergman’s) and are struck dumb by the powers of *mise en scène*.

Those couples turned that axiom into an absorbing, even painful, programme. Naturally they start from different points. It would be enough to compare Bergman’s journey through the desolate volcanic island of Stromboli, with a crew given up to a hostile nature, with no outside communication, waiting several days for the tuna fishing, with Mònica Vitti’s on the rocky archaeological reef of Lisca Bianca, without any communication, without supplies and with a crew in a situation of forced unemployment; or, so as not to move out of island territory, Harriet Anderson’s summer escapade on Ornö Island in the Stockholm archipelago filmed by a small crew, snapped at random by the camera lens. We would obtain different narrations of life and the cinema, but an identical result: a freeing in which the act of filming, like the act of living, loses its condition as an innocent gesture and becomes a moral question and a subterranean tumult underground upheaval. There are differences between the mystical concept of Irene in *Europa 51* going into a Moloch factory to reach the truth of a trauma (her son’s suicide) and that of Giuliana in *The Red Desert*, going into a factory and an industrial wasteland with her son to explain her neurosis. However, in both transits we shall find the same inexplicable composition between figure and space which affects the territory of symptoms and which the actresses’ bodies and faces transform into a feeling of impotence between the ego and the world.

It is impossible to imagine a radical aesthetic change that does not alter the idea of figuration / composition and through it our relation to the image. Hence the fact that many of the changes proposed by modernity refer to the characters’ ways of appearing and being there, their entry and composition in the shot, as well as the decoding of their visible and invisible effects on the frame. The confluence of body/actor/character in modern cinema rings deep changes both in the way of acting and the way of being filmed (3). The alchemy between Godard and Anna Karina, a brand image of modernity, becomes that particular accommodation to the shot, that capture of the fragility and fleetingness of the gesture. Something similar could be said of the relation

between the transitory figures and the framing of Antonioni, Fassbinder, Wenders, Resnais or Bresson. A bodily figuration enlivened by a simple physical behaviour that shows their condition of mystery and fragility within an also unstable composition and story.

If we look in the modern actor of the sixties for the formulas of training and glamour that adorned the classical cinema, it will be in vain. Jacques Aumont refers to the furniture-actor of classicism, regularly trained, with a brief outline of the requirements of the plot. "The body of the classical actor is there, in the place of any other body the audience would like to superimpose on him or replace him with (their own, that of their "race", their class or their type). That 'in the place of' is neither innocent nor spontaneous; it is obtained by considerable labour, well represented by the formula of the tree-actor..." Something similar could be said about the talking face: "The ordinary face of the cinema is a place of images where meaning is inscribed fleetingly and superficially by a circular power... The ordinary face is ideally straight, the encoded signs of some emotion have to pass across it like ripples on water..." (Aumont, 1998, 54-55). And so in the field of composition the new poetics of modern cinema would try to move away from the theatrical tradition towards the photographic-pictorial lineage of the portrait. At least in two circumstances: working the body in its plastic aspect (without the contortionism of the schools of the Actor's Studio variety) and capturing the face as a form of revealing time... The everyday body has to be incorporated into a field of psychological operations, along the lines indicated by Deleuze: that the categories of life are the attitudes of the body, its postures, and not direct thoughts (Deleuze, 1987, 251). Outburst, exhaustion, hope, despair and poverty, rage and masquerade, naturalness and affectation, mime and grimace (so frequently practised by the directors of the Nouvelle Vague, to Bresson's despair, but also by a modern director like John Cassavetes, the promoter of a real gestural "maladie")... a set of attitudes of the modern body, the body as representation and theatre of the inner experience. "That representation I call my body and which I am aware of as will," says the transsexual Elvira playing with Schopenhauer in *In A Year of Thirteen Moons* by Fassbinder, undoubtedly one of the great modern directors engaged in the staging of the human body.

In their early days the Nouvelle Vague admitted two constructions, the vegetable body (Brigitte Bardot) and the ordinary face (Harriet Anderson), to take a new look at the human body. The future directors of the movement justified their affection for Bardot's body in *And God Created Woman* as if it were the source of certain modern gestures (youth, freedom, sensuality). However it is easy to deduce that their devotions were aimed in a different direction which they could not acknowledge, as it coincided with the morality of censorship, i.e. the morbid fascination arising from the fact that it was her husband, the former photographer Roger Vadim, who stripped her, transferring Rossellini's correlation between private life and cinematic life to the level of a spread from *Paris Match* (4). Godard, one of his first enthusiastic critics, did not do the same with Anna Karina, his "muse", in seven films, in spite of the nature of his female characters and the constant reflections on cinematic obscenity (strictly speaking, the first nude shot of a heroine did not come until 1984 with Miriam Roussel playing the

Virgin Mary) (5). In 1963, however, Godard took over from Vadim and stripped Bardot in *Le Mépris*, with no hint of daring or complaisance (of the kind showed by Louis Malle two years earlier in *Vie Privée* through a fable on the servitude of fame, making BB the European equivalent of Marilyn Monroe). In that case the invocation of the erotic myth could not be more curious: a full nude shot and an oral *découpage* of Bardot herself on each fragment of her body in front of her lover-voyeur-audience before turning into a block of marble as powerful as the statues of the gods that people the film.

The other crucial moment is provided by Harriet Anderson in Ingmar Bergman's *Summer with Monika* (1952). On the one hand it is an affirmation of sensuality and the generous curves that create a red hot myth for Antoine Doinel in *Les Quatre Cents Coups* (stealing the photo of the actress's bust from the foyer of a cinema) and for François Truffaut (taking Bergman home). It is also a libertarian way of understanding human relations. Rohmer took advantage of it in his moral confessions (it would not be difficult to find connections between Bergman's film and Rohmer's *Comedies and Proverbs*, starting with *Claire's Knee*). Lastly there is a fascinating sustained shot of Harriet Anderson looking at the camera which establishes a direct communication between the actress and the audience (twenty years later it would be the dying face of *Cries and Whispers*). Here is a gaze that dazzles Godard as an accidental but live incident, a kind of attack on the status of the classical face and its prohibition to look at the camera (6). We can thus understand the insistence of the extraordinary sequence in *Vivre sa Vie*, which confronts the wet faces of Ana Karina, Nana, and Maria Falconetti, Joan of Arc, in a kind of mystical exchange between an audience and an emotional image. And, outside that nature as icon, Godard's characters' gazes at camera which interfere with the continuity of the "story" with the dizziness of a direct inquisition, systematic after *Pierrot le Fou* (which not by chance Bergala situates in a spiral of reminiscences with *Summer with Monika* (Bergala, 1999, 183-210).

Just after moving into the market, the *Nouvelle Vague* directors invented their own actor on the basis of a generation overlap and shared positions (Emmanuelle Riva, Juliet Berto, Bulle Ogier, Stéphane Audran, Jean Claude Brialy), although the "burning years", that convergence of *metteur-en-scène* and leading actor, were seen as a Sadeian relationship that ideologically determined the film-makers' "petit bourgeois writing." (7) At the opposite pole from the *Nouvelle Vague* was the cinema of Bresson, which pointed up the differences between cinema and cinematography, between the actor with all kinds of psychological appendages and the model, a non-professional actor doomed to disappear after the film. A glacial but epidermic face, with persevering gestures and behaviours, a declamatory, monotonous tone, a broken body, a mask and on occasions armour... Naturally we are looking at two antithetical constructions, but Alain Philippon is right when he says that it may have been Bresson's coherent and inimitable seal that helped the directors of the *Nouvelle Vague* to look for support in the diametrically opposite direction, that of Renoir (8). It is not difficult to identify that inclination in two of the most singular prototypes (Anna Karina apart) of modernity: Jean Pierre Léaud (1944) and Jean Paul Belmondo (1933). The former is a ritual body that guarantees a set of physiological and emotional ideas in the case of Truffaut's

Doinel series and which is perpetuated through certain values of presence and mime in all the films in which he has appeared: Godard (Masculin-Féminin, La Chinoise) Skolimowski (Le Départ), Bertolucci (Last Tango in Paris), Pasolini (Porcile), Eustache (La Maman et la Putain) and Kaurismäki (I Hired a Contract Killer). As for Belmondo, he is the closest figure to Renoir's ape characters, who constructs a parodic, existential role in French cinema (with Godard, especially, but also with Truffaut and Resnais in two minor films related to genre, La Sirène du Mississippi and Stavisky, before turning to the genre extravagance of Deray and Philippe de Broca. This is a seesaw similar to another of the most renowned figures of sixties cinema, Alain Delon, jumping from Visconti's conscience-characters (Rocco and his Brothers, The Leopard) and Losey (Mr. Klein) to the followers of the detective thriller, ending up in a singular turn of the screw with Godard acting as a central character of the Nouvelle Vague.

Actors of the modern cinema have an extraordinary capacity for adaptation and innovation (which is eventually called versatility), a coincidence between the precision of the gesture and the distance, the warmth and the cold that can be summed up in Diderot's "actor's paradoxes". Many of their careers are a splendid journey of intelligence and audacity and unconsciously or acceptingly they suffer all the shocks of modern cinema. Such is the case of Jeanne Moreau (1928) and Marcello Mastroianni (1924-1995), two singular cinematic bodies of modernity without whom many of the summary images plugged into our memory cannot be explained. In the sixties alone Moreau was the adulterous Florence in Louis Malle's *Lift to the Scaffold*, wandering through the Paris night like a sleepwalker to the accompaniment of Miles Davis' score, and Lidia Pontano in Antonioni's *La Notte*, surrendering to an inner monologue on the outskirts of Milan, watching the wreck of her marriage; the ebullient Catherine, placed between two men in *Jules et Jim*, and the exterminating angel of four others in *The Bride Wore Black*, both by Truffaut: the religious mantis stalking the streets of Venice in Losey's *Eve* and Buñuel's fetishistic servant in *Diary of a Chambermaid*, not forgetting, among other parts, her great compositions in Welles' last films, *Chimes at Midnight* and *Immortal Story*, as well as her majestic appearance in *Le Petit Théâtre de Jean Renoir* (1969) as a Marlene Dietrich style *chansonnière* singing "Quand l'Amour Meurt" in a sustained shot.

Marcello Mastroianni ranged over a good part of postwar Italian cinema and became the outstanding chronicler of its social tragicomedies. We can say that he was a faithful companion of the careers of Visconti (*The Stranger*, *White Nights*), De Sica (*Marriage Italian Style*, *A Place for Lovers*, *Sunflower*), Ferreri (*La Grande Bouffe*, *La Cagna*, *Ciao Mascio*), as well as Zurlini, Bolognini, Petri and Ettore Scola. But most of all it is the association with Federico Fellini that gave him the status of actor-medium. From Marcello in *La Dolce Vita* to the pathetic dancer in *Ginger and Fred* by way of the phantom-like film director in crisis in *Eight and a Half* and the Kafkaesque visitor in the erotic "Sistine Chapel" of *La Città Delle Donne*, Mastroianni has been involved in all Fellini's stages and crises, acted as spokesman for his anxieties and the sarabande of spectres and dreams that make up the legacy of his cinema. In this actor there is no hint of motiveless vanity, only a vital movement to breathe life into characters of great depth. That would explain that a number of weak films only take wing with his

strength, such as *Black Eyes*, after a story by Chekov, or *Sostiene Pereira*, based on a story by Tabucchi. And at the end of his life, faced with cancer, he produced an outburst of emotional intensity in Manoel de Oliveira's *Journey to the Beginning of the World* and Theo Angelopoulos' *The Beekeeper* and *The Suspended Step of the Stork*, where, indeed, he was reunited with Jeanne Moreau in a powerful interplay of reminiscences of the same errant feelings that had brought them together in Antonioni's *La Notte*.

The list could be extended to actors regarded as mediums for directors, but also bearers, in their narrative and symbolic functions, of codes of identity of the cinema to which they belong. Such is the case of certain actors of "free cinema" (Tom Courtenay, Albert Finney, Rita Tushingham), of Fassbinder's troupe and the powerful actors of German cinema (Rudiger Vogler, Bruno Ganz, Edith Clever, Hanna Schygulla, Ingrid Caven, Wolker Spengler) or the unmistakable Portuguese actors which Manoel de Oliveira's memory falls back on (Leonor Siveira, Diego Dória, Luis Miguel Cintra). In short, modern cinema rests on an acting task often founded on a process of "transubstantiation" with the character, thus preserving its phantasmagoric nature. The active presence of Delphine Seyrig in Resnais' cinema (and in certain works by Marguerite Duras and Chantal Ackerman) would be a good example. Or, in a direction more inclined towards make-up and affectation, Dick Bogarde, the prototype of British gesture and a certain gay iconography which he represented faithfully in the perverse game of the films of Losey (*The Servant*, *Accident*), Visconti (*Twilight of the Gods*, *Death in Venice*), Resnais (*Providence*), Cavani (*Night Porter*) and Fassbinder (*Despair*).

The Bergman troupe is worthy of special mention. They are actors familiar with the resources of the theatre and *mise en scène*, endowed with an alchemist's gift for revealing Bergman's court of ghosts and lighting up confessional therapies heavily charged with emotions with their bodies, faces and voices (9). In a beautiful passage from his book *Bilder (Images)* Bergman tells how Victor Sjöström, the old Isaak Borg in *Wild Strawberries*, took over his text with the authority and passion of his personality and, taking the shape of his father, occupied the director's *anima* (Bergman, 1992, 25). A transfer relation he corroborates at the end of the book in the form of direct questions: "What would *Persona* have been like if Bibi Anderson had not played Alma, and what would my life have been like if Liv Ullmann had not taken charge of me and Elisabeth Vogler? Or *Summer with Monika* without Harriet Anderson? Or *The Seventh Seal* without Max von Sydow? Viktor Sjöström and *Wild Strawberries*, Ingrid Thulin and *The Communicants*? I would never have dared to make *Smiles of a Summer Night* without Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand..." (1992, 270). So important is the actor's role that Bergman makes it a metaphor for the human condition, as well as the stuff of fiction itself, from an underrated masterpiece such as *The Face (Ansiktet)*, 1958) to the small gem entitled *After the Rehearsal (Efter Repetitionen)*, 1983), a suite-epilogue to the whole of his work conceived as a duet between an old *metteur-en-scène*, Erland Josephson, and a young actress, Lena Olin, within the eternal entertainment-life antinomy, where the two sides of the mirror are uncovered with unusual force and precision (10).

Alongside a new arrangement with theatricality, modern cinema proposes a different relation between body and voice (not only for direct cinema). The psychological introspection process of modernity needs new ways of being and saying. In outline, divergent ideas affecting the field of performance might be brought into this section: Fellini's carnival construction, animated by a troupe of anonymous extras duly adorned and made up so that a tracking shot can grant them an imprecise, fleeting stretch of image (like their corresponding performance straight to camera), and Pasolini's sacramental bodies in a kind of primitive anthropology which includes both the infinite transvestism of Ninetto Davoli, the strength of two impregnable women such as Maria Callas or Silvana Mangano or the "Raphaelite" figures of his Life Trilogy transformed into pure merchandise in *Salo*; the asceticism and simplicity of Bresson's characters and Fassbinder's or Buñuel's mannequins, so close to Kleist's "social puppets"; Marguerite Duras' sleepwalking, dissociative figures, still lifes close to a world of statuary and ritual, and Straub-Huillet's hieratic bodies, exposed to the sky, the earth and the text with a rigid framing. In all cases we can speak of the body-space-word conjugation and within it the actor is completely free, knowing that he has lost his condition as actor-character in favour of the model-subject pair, to use Jacques Aumont's terms, which characterise a certain tendency of the modern cinema. (Aumont, 1998, 139).

It is not simple to identify with those models, at least in the traditional sense. They remain resistant to any system of projection or demand by the audience precisely because, in the face of all the formal conditions of the actor's work—which, through its own essence, tends towards disproportion—their quality of presence is boosted. That anonymous, often ghostly presence that pervades the space like violence towards representation and its masks.

Notes:

(1) "I have seen your films *Roma Città Aperta* and *Paisà* and I liked them very much. If you need a Swedish actress who speaks very good English, who has not forgotten her German, who can make herself understood in French and in Italian can only say "Ti amo", I am ready to go and make a film with you for the sheer pleasure of the experience."

(2) The relationship was seen in different ways by each of its members. Whilst in his memoirs Rossellini talks about fear and refers to the reason-intuition equation as the basis of the conflict, in hers Ingrid Bergman explains the vicissitudes of the framing and the shoots to assure that nothing worked properly, in life or in the cinema. See Ingrid Bergman, *My Story*, And Roberto Rossellini, *Le cinéma révélé*, Flammarion Paris, 1984.

(3) The magazine *Iris* (Autumn 1997) is entirely given over to the character in modern cinema, after a rather scant theoretical treatment. From a semiotic perspective, André Gardies.

(4) François Truffaut's defence: "I would like to thank Vadim for having directed his young wife by making her redo her everyday gestures in front of the camera, the most trivial ones like playing with her sandal, and the least trivial ones, like making love in full daylight, but both equally realistic."

(5) In "Nul mieux que Godard", Alain Bergala has discussed the nude in his films and his disposition to consider women in a relation between the sexual body and the social role, in addition to a kind of extraordinarily prudish figurative iconoclasm. (Bergala, 1999, 125-141)

(6) Godard wrote a review in Cahiers du Cinéma no. 85 (1958) when Bergman's film was rereleased in Paris. See Godard par Godard. Vol Y. pp. 128-132.

(7) Cf. the series of articles by Jean Pierre Oudart, "L'idéologie moderniste dans quelques films récents", published in Cahiers du Cinéma nos. 234/235, 236/237.

(8) "Génération". Cahiers du Cinéma nos. 407-408 (1988).

(9) Bergman deals with that in his passionate, severe work diaries, *The Magic Lantern and Images*, written between 1987 and 1990 (see bibliography). Likewise references to the actors run through the books of interviews with the director: Stij Borjckman, Torsten Manns and Jonas Sima, "Conversations with Bergman", and Olivier Assayas / Stig Björkman, "Conversation avec Bergman", Cahiers du Cinéma / Étoile, Paris, 1990.

(10) On the two epilogues to Bergman's filmography, *After the Rehearsal* and *In the Presence of a Clown*, both made for television, which essentially use theatrical staging while exploiting the means of expression of the cinema, see: Domènec Font, *La última mirada: testamentos fílmicos*. Edic. la Mirada, Valencia, 2000.

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