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SELF-PROJECTION

THE DIRECTOR'S IMAGE IN ART CINEMA

LINDA HAVERTY RUGG

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The Director's Image in Art Cinema

LINDA HAVERTY RUGG

For Henry Haverty Rugg
and in memory of Ernst Ingmar Bergman

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Without love it doesn't work. Without a you, no I.
　　　　　　　　—Ingmar Bergman, *The Magic Lantern*

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

INTRODUCTION

Without a You, No I: Cinematic Self-Projection

HERE IS A MOMENT many of my readers will recognize: The concluding image from François Truffaut's *Les 400 coups* (*The 400 Blows*, 1959). "Freezing" within its frame, fixing the viewer with the young actor's gaze, this image means to arrest; it arrests the young fugitive, the narrative, the viewer caught in the act of watching a film. For now, as we see the word *Fin* emblazoned across the boy's face, it is time to get up and leave the theater. But the boy has stopped in his tracks and seems to regard us from that "other side," the place where fiction lives, as if it were possible to cross through the screen and address us. Here, at the conclusion of a story in which the boy has been ignored, discounted, misjudged, shunted aside by the people who are supposed to care for him, he seems to stage a final appeal, or at least demand recognition. What difference should it make to us that this boy, Antoine Doinel, played by another boy, Jean-Pierre Léaud, represents, *at least to some degree, in some way*, the director François Truffaut? Certainly we can watch the film, empathize with the boy, without any knowledge of his relationship to the director. But what difference might it make for us to know? And why would the director create such a relationship in the first place? This study aims to answer these questions not only for this film but, more broadly, for a particular kind of film by a particular kind of director. The films I have in mind create a relationship in which a recognized director/author, who is understood by the viewer to be the ultimate source of the vision on-screen, projects an image to the viewer that the viewer in turn identifies with the director—not only with a specific aesthetic associated with a director, but with the director as person. In the relationship between director and viewer, mediated by the entire apparatus of auteurist cinema,

directorial self-projection emerges as a form of intimate address, like the boy gazing out toward the space where the viewer sits in the darkness. But even now it will be apparent to the reader that it is not a truly direct address. The boy is not Truffaut, and even if the actor in the scene were François Truffaut, he would not be addressing the viewer as himself—or would he? This will be a study, then, not only of a genre of film and filmmaking, not only a modality of spectatorship, but of how the cinematic medium complicates the act of representing a self and complicates even the matter of how we define what a self is.

The word *Fin* superimposed on the boy's face tells us that this is "the end," but I would argue that this end marks a beginning. *Fin* is the cinematic moment that marks our return to off-screen life. In this case, it marks the intersection between on- and off-screen life, the place where a relationship is claimed between the figure on-screen and the viewer, between the person off-screen, whose childhood provided the material for Antoine Doinel's part, and the actor Truffaut chose to play the part, between the director and the spectators he challenges to *see him*. This end marks the beginning of a discourse of cinematic spectatorship that depends on the spectator's recognition of the film's author, and the author's desire to be seen through the self he projects. It is not necessary to argue that there is a single founder of this discourse, but because François Truffaut is one of its most active proponents, and because he so beautifully (and vexingly) expresses its parameters, I will place him at the head of the line in the paragraphs that follow.

Film in the First Person, Film as "Act of Love"

> The film of tomorrow appears to me as even more personal than an individual and autobiographical novel, like a confession, or a diary. The filmmakers will express themselves in the first person and will relate what has happened to them: it may be the story of their first love or their most recent; of their political awakening; the story of a trip, a sickness, their military service, their marriage, their last vacation . . . and it will be enjoyable because it will be new and true. . . . The film of tomorrow will resemble the person who made it and the number of spectators will be proportional to the number of friends the director has. The film of tomorrow will be an act of love.[1]

In 1957, Truffaut, then a young film critic at the journal *Cahiers du cinéma*, soon to be a young filmmaker, wrote a manifesto intended to launch a new era of filmmaking and film criticism. The quotation

The closing frame of The 400 Blows, *directed by François Truffaut*

above comes from that essay, a piece as prophetic as it is enigmatic. There are several points worth pursuing in this short passage, particularly since Truffaut's vision of the "film of tomorrow" turned out to be more than the overwrought outpourings of an impassioned young artist. His ideas seem to have struck a spark and taken fire with the other critics, reviewers, filmmakers, and filmgoers who would collaborate to create the art-cinema movement. The "film of tomorrow" he envisions, then, becomes the film of today, or at least a particular genre of film today: art cinema, films directed by recognized film authors. This genre depends upon precisely the idea of a person—an author—and claims the author's preeminence just a decade before Roland Barthes proclaims the death of the author, in a famous essay of 1968.[2] What Truffaut describes here is a kind of filmmaking in which the author communicates something of himself to his audience, projects a self, a life, and creates a relationship.

For a moment, in this context, it is important to consider Barthes's argument because it emerges from the political situation of 1968 as an antiauthorial (antiauthoritarian) statement: readers, Barthes argues, must liberate themselves from the tyranny of the idea of an author's authority over textual meaning. Meaning, he maintains, is something produced not by the author, nor by the author's text standing alone, but by the reader. Release from textual authority in Barthes's argument runs parallel to liberation from religious (scriptural) and political authority. More specific to literary criticism is Barthes's injunction to scholars to leave behind centuries of rooting in authorial biographies for "clues" to the meaning of the text. The biological author of

the text is dead (if not literally dead, then at least absent and usually unavailable for comment). His remains (in the form of his recorded life's events) do not constitute a relic that might be consulted by readers in the quest for true meaning. But Truffaut (writing nearly a decade before Barthes's essay) introduces an interesting twist to the status of the author in relation to the reader (or in this case, the viewer). His author is imagined as very much alive and in possession of a life story that is constructed in relation with the viewer. As "friends," the author and the reader are imagined as always already understanding one another, perhaps in an act of mutual recognition: the emblematic events Truffaut describes as the stuff of the "film of tomorrow" (first love, military service) could potentially be instances in which the spectator would see not only the author's life but also his (or her, in some cases) own. But more than that, Truffaut argues for a form of address in film that begins with an "I," the first person, and that "I" is identified with the author. One might respond to Truffaut's declaration by saying that it merely revives a Romantic, reactionary notion of authorship as creative genius, inviting the spectator into the web of biographic investigation. But I would argue that his idea of the spectator as friend and cinema as an act of love leads in a different direction, one that reflects the collaborative nature of filmmaking itself. By holding fast to the idea of "I" within cinematic discourse, Truffaut introduces the possibility of a collaborative, interactive selfhood, with the cinematic screen offering a field for its projection. The reader is born not through the death of the author but, as the cinematic author tells his story, projects a self.

The film critics and directors of the *Cahiers du Cinéma* of the 1950s and '60s, and the generation of critics that follows their lead, develop the concept of film authorship in a way that make acts of cinematic self-projection a possibility, and for art cinema, even a necessity. The art-cinema movement (supported by a scholarly and popular critical apparatus, national cinema funding in Europe, and art-house distribution) promoted in viewers an understanding of narrative film as an authorial project. As a result, a recurring aspect in the work of some art-house directors is explicit autobiographical reference, accompanied by meditations on film authorship, self-representation, and, ultimately, what it means to be or have a "self."

When one reads Truffaut's manifesto with care, it seems that he is talking about some kind of *cinéma vérité*, with a first-person voice-over

narrative explaining footage of family vacations or marital struggles. How else can one understand his idea of confessional/diaristic film that is "more personal" than an autobiographical novel? How does one interpret the notion of film "expressed in the first person," unless through the vehicle of the voice-over narrative? And what could it mean to say that a film "resembles" the person who made it? In what way does a film resemble a person who may or may not appear on the screen? And finally, the most intriguing question: Does Truffaut really mean that the film's spectators and the director's friends are one and the same? That the film, in addressing the director's friends, performs an act of love?

To begin to think about these questions, we can return to the film Truffaut directed, once he had delivered his proclamation. Truffaut has described *The 400 Blows* as an episode from his childhood, in which (to summarize roughly) he was truant from school, stole a typewriter, and was subsequently shipped off to a detention center for juvenile delinquents. The release of the film caused an uproar in Truffaut's family; his mother and father reacted so strongly to what they felt were negative depictions of their family life that Truffaut agreed to publish, on the day of the film's opening, a denial that its material was autobiographical. Up to that point he had said frankly in interviews that the film depicted events from his childhood. In order for viewers to understand nondocumentary films like Truffaut's as autobiographical, then, there must be someone who is understood as the author of the film, and, in most cases, there must be significant knowledge of what literary critic Gérard Genette calls the *paratext*.[3] A paratext, broadly put, consists of elements that surround and inform the body of a text, either in the materials accompanying it (in the case of film, credits, dedications, epigraphs, etc.) or sources that pertain to it (interviews, commentary, critical reviews or essays, etc.).[4] An important paratext for Truffaut's work generally is his biography, where we find the following comment about *The 400 Blows*: "Though the narrative was autobiographical down to the last detail, Truffaut wanted to present it as a fiction."[5]

I think it important to consider the idea that "Truffaut wanted to present [his story] as a fiction." The autobiographical form that art cinema transmits is necessarily fictional, for reasons I will explore more thoroughly below. It would seem on the face of things that Truffaut's insistence in his manifesto that the "films of tomorrow" should be "true"

runs afoul of his intention to create fiction. But in this instance, one needs to distinguish between the factual and the true. Fiction provides the field for *mimesis*, or "resemblance," as in "the film of tomorrow will resemble the person who made it." And the creation of mimesis in cinematic terms involves relationship, both between the Paris of Truffaut's childhood and the Paris of the time of the film's making, and between the actors in the film and the people of Truffaut's childhood. The work of creating a self-image will take place through resemblance-relationship, and the first relationship, we might say, exists between the director and his other. Instead of documentary footage, there is an actor, Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is given the task of resembling the young truant through the vehicle of the character Antoine Doinel.

For some theorists of autobiography, it is precisely the insertion of a figure like Antoine Doinel, played by a young actor who is not (yet in some sense resembles) Truffaut, that complicates the matter of cinematic autobiography. Philippe Lejeune set a benchmark for autobiography studies in the 1970s with his insistence on an "autobiographical pact," a kind of contract between the autobiographer and the reader that promises an absolute identification between the writer, the person whose name is given on the title page, and the subject of the autobiography.[6] In a subsequent attempt to define a cinematic form for autobiography, Lejeune leaves fictional films aside and turns instead to the documentary form, narrowing his view to those films that focus the camera on the filmmaker at the time of narration. The filmmaker may then relate episodes from his or her past that appear framed within the documentary as public or personal archival footage.[7] Given the photographic foundation of film, it is clear why Lejeune feels he must craft his definition in this way. If a cinematic autobiographer does not use archival footage but instead stages an event from the past in which, for instance, the filmmaker appears as a child, it is clear that the photographed subject is not the same as the autobiographer's past self. Consequently, nondocumentary film cannot help but break Lejeune's autobiographical contract.

There are indeed documentary films that satisfy Lejeune's requirements; one thinks of films like Ross McElwee's *Sherman's March* (1986) and Jonathan Caouette's *Tarnation* (2003), to name just two. (See Jim Lane's *Autobiographical Documentary in America from the 1960s to the Present* for a detailed history of the genre.)[8] And Truffaut's manifesto would seem to be in perfect alignment with Lejeune's requirements, but

we see in *The 400 Blows* that when he makes a film, he interprets these requirements rather differently, choosing fiction over documentary. One might argue, in fact, that the films in my study are allied most closely with autobiographical fiction, and that a category for discussing these films thus already exists in the realm of literary theory. But my work on photography and autobiography leads me to view cinema as a special case; it is in fact precisely photographic representation that poses a problem for Lejeune and opens up an avenue of discourse for me.[9]

In *Picturing Ourselves: Photography and Autobiography*, I argue that the invention and proliferation of photographs led to new ways of thinking about and representing selfhood and life histories. A few points from that book bear repeating in this context because film, after all, is a photography-based medium (I am leaving aside for the moment the question of digital cinema). The first is the issue that creates problems for Lejeune, namely, that photographs are a trace of a person's physical presence in space and time. But because each photograph represents a *specific* place and time, it cannot stand for the entire person across time and space, as the pronoun "I" is made to do in textual autobiography. Lejeune's autobiographical pact argues for identification between the author, the narrator, and the protagonist; photographs insert a wedge between the personae. One of the outcomes of this separation of selves is the possibility of regarding the self as another, in a material way. So the photograph is both a true trace of a person and the true sign of the present self's separation from its past.

If we reflect on what this might mean for cinema as a medium of self-projection, a couple of ideas emerge: first, cinema offers the possibility of creating the illusion of presence. In the moment that we watch a film, the figures on the screen are present to us as people who have lived (Barthes, in *Camera Lucida*, says that they have *been there*). Ingmar Bergman (who is not alone in this observation) writes that he feels he is watching ghosts when he watches a film. The presence on the screen is spectral (a shade, a trace, a shadow) of something that *was material*. Cinema offers the opportunity to reenter (with some of our senses) a reality of the past, in other words, and in that sense it produces the potential for a powerful addition to autobiographical discourse, which attempts to re-create a past world in language. Unlike language, a photograph seems to give us the world (or at least some aspects of the world) with a kind of immediacy and traces of physical substance. Theorists of textual autobiography have pondered the connection of

language to world, making it clear that one of the significant engines driving autobiographical discourse is the conviction in the possibility of that connection.[10] From my point of view, photography both strengthens and complicates the connection between the world and the represented self, while film, adding the qualities of "motion" and sound, pushes us further in seeing some direct link between world and representation. In the films I will discuss, we hear the voice of Ingmar Bergman, we see Truffaut and Almodóvar and Allen. Two of these men are dead. And all of them will be. But their recorded images and voices continue to reach audiences and will presumably continue to reach audiences when all of them are dead. This is perhaps the power that draws certain filmmakers into an act of self-projection.

At the same time, the films of these directors express awareness of the fatal flaws in this idea. Cinema does not give us the world as it was or any immediate "reality." The photographic property of allowing a person to see him or herself as an Other finds full expression in cinema, where the film author works collaboratively, often with a host of collaborators, to produce self-projection. If film is imagined as an act of self-representation, that self disperses and takes up residence in the bodies and senses of others (actors, technicians, audience). Still, this dispersal offers an alternative model for thinking about selfhood and self-representation, which is why I part ways with Lejeune on his notion of what an autobiographical cinema might be. Narrative cinema, fictional cinema, and, in particular, cinema produced by directors who are identified as "authors" create a platform for exploring the collaborative and compromised and polyvocal act of self-creation. Theorists of textual autobiography such as Susanna Egan, G. Thomas Couser, Sidonie Smith, and Gillian Whitlock have explored the ways in which writers formulate identity and life stories intersubjectively, often with an aim toward expressing a communal identity of some kind (gender, political, disability, postcolonial, etc.).[11] So the notion of the self created through the presence of others is not original or unique to cinema. In addition, these theorists all remark on the central importance of a representation of the body as key to self-representation and self-formation, so the material presence of the body is not only significant in photographic or cinematic media. But there is a difference, which is the viewer's sense of direct access to the body when viewing a photograph or a film. Not only that, but as photography theorists Roland Barthes and Alan Trachtenberg both hint (in the face of reason and logic), we

as viewers get the sense that the photographed person might be able to view us.[12] The possibility of opening up a circuit between the body of the author and the body of the viewer is one of the linchpins of my study. I want to argue that the films I analyze here move beyond the realm of self-representation and attempt to engage a closer encounter with the viewer.

The work of another theorist, Elizabeth Bruss, offers a hint as to how we can proceed. Bruss argues that it is the truth-telling nature of photography, its testimonial power, that gets in the way of autobiographical discourse in narrative film: we can no longer pretend that the "I" narrating (behind the camera) is one with the "I" narrated (on-screen).[13] The process of fictionalizing or constructing a self exists just as fully in textual autobiography and autobiographical fiction, but the division between narrating and narrated selves becomes graphic—material, visible—in fictional cinema's staged, reenacted past. Bruss's essay, however, unlike Lejeune's, does allow for the consideration of nondocumentary films; in fact, the ones she mentions are all works by well-known directors of fictional films. She contemplates the question of why some nondocumentary art-house films are understood as autobiographical and wonders in conclusion whether, rather than closing off the category of autobiography to exclude such films, we ought to reconsider the evolving nature of autobiography and selfhood as they are transformed through this genre of cinema.[14]

Auteurs as Autobiographers

One sign of the auteurist film's construction of a palpable subjectivity (a subjectivity tied to the identity of the director) is the frequent employment of autobiographical gestures on the part of art-cinema directors, and here I will examine those autobiographical moves more closely. As I proceed in my analysis, and the study of cinematic autobiography becomes a study of cinematic of self-projection, we will see that it is not so much my point that particular auteurist films are autobiographical (though they are widely understood as such); it is more to the point that autobiographical elements and gestures within a film indicate the construction of a personalized cinematic subject, a subject that becomes recognizable to the viewer and seems to want to move into the viewer's space through the apparatus of cinema. Beyond the use of autobiographical elements, then, we will see in auteurist films a

number of strategies that perform what I call authorial self-projection. For instance, there might be repetitions of aesthetic elements or narrative topoi or actual lines or scenes that lead viewers to recognize a directorial signature; that is, signs that indicate the presence of a particular author. In other films, the director actually appears within the narrative, either as him or herself or as a fictional character. Another form of self-projection can occur through the repeated employment of a particular actor or group of actors, sometimes including persons attached to the director in "real life" (family members, spouses, etc.). Finally, metanarrative references to the work or apparatus of filmmaking point to the presence of a director behind the scenes, even as the evocation of the apparatus seems to suggest at the same time that it is the machine, and not the director, that makes the film. In this study, I will trace the various signs that indicate directorial presence, claiming them as an extended autobiographical form, one that pushes against the boundaries of autobiographical discourse by extending the model of self-construction and self-representation into an act of self-projection. I accept, in fact, many of Philippe Lejeune's arguments about why a narrative film (like *The 400 Blows* or *Fanny and Alexander*) cannot be an autobiography, no matter how autobiographical.[15] Narrative films with autobiographical content are limited in scope because of the boundaries imposed by typical narrative film length, so at best we will see only a short episode from the subject's life. Truffaut's remarks about how the "film of tomorrow" will tell the story of the director's "first love" or "military service" underscore this point. Narrative focalization functions differently in films and texts; while Truffaut proclaims that the film of tomorrow will be "narrated in the first person," it is not always clear how the cinematic spectator will understand where that person is located. The viewer's attention moves frequently among various subjective positions established by the camera or the narrative, shifting away from the strict attention to "I" typical of textual autobiographical narrative. The communicative link between author and viewer takes on a different form in cinematic discourse, particularly in the discourse of art cinema. As Lejeune notes, we have a problem of vocabulary: "autobiography" is not quite right, even if we sense the presence of an autobiographical subject in narrative film.

"Self-projection" as a term offers more than just the obvious pun on cinematic screen projection. The term represents a shift in vocabulary, from a focus on life story and self-representation to the use of the

cinematic apparatus (actors, projector, screen, cinematography) as a means of creating the sense of an author, *and* as a means for that author to reach out, to project to spectators. Though I do not want to describe cinematic self-projection as a defense mechanism necessarily, or to diagnose any particular neurosis or other condition in art-cinema directors, it can be instructive to allow for some resonance with psychoanalytic theory. For if we think metaphorically, we can see how projection—described as the ascription of one's own traits, feelings, ideas, and beliefs onto others (as well as onto an actual screen)—might offer some insight into how autobiographical self-representation works for an art-cinema auteur. In Freudian terms, projection occurs in order to relieve anxiety by allowing expression of forbidden desires without having to claim them consciously as one's own. But in an artistic setting, an arena or theater is created for the expression of those impulses and desires that is removed from present time-and-place relations. Not only the author, but the actors, the spectators, and even the cinematic apparatus itself engage in the performance of a projection that yields a vision ascribed to an author; ultimately, the image is projected back onto the author, or rather, the constructed author. In performing this projection, something becomes clear: that the presence of the Other is necessary for the construction of the self. This is true in psychology and philosophy as it is true for textual as well as cinematic self-representation (see Freud, Lacan, Buber, Levinas), but in cinema the act of employing others (particularly actors, but also spectators and the apparatus) as a means of projection becomes particularly visible.

One might claim that the auteurist directors, and I in analyzing them, fall prey to what is no more than an illusion, not unlike the one experienced by the characters in Andrei Tarkovsky's science-fiction film *Solaris*: the auteurist's cinematic subject, the director as recognizable author. (In Tarkovsky's film, the hapless voyagers on a space station are taken in and held captive by illusory others, projected from their own psyches.) But in looking more closely at the films I will study, one finds that it is more complicated than that. The directors often present an autobiographical connection, only to undo it, undermine it, complicate it. The films emphasize the fluidity of identity, its intersubjective construction (that is, its dependence on others), the instability of identity, role-play and masks, the elusive quality of memory, competing narratives, and so on. Even as particular groups of films under a particular director's name seem to produce a recognizable image—a Bergman

film, a Fellini film, a Herzog film—the connection between the films and their directors is prone to break, reconnect, and break again. Under these circumstances, how do we perceive a film as autobiographical?

At the conclusion of Louis Malle's *Au revoir les enfants* (1987), a male voice-over comes in as a kind of oral footnote, and asserts that the narrative we have just followed is a true story from the unidentified and invisible speaker's childhood. Following Kaja Silverman's thoughts on male voice-over, we can propose that though we have no image of the director, or perhaps precisely because we have none, the power of the voice-over suggests the voice of authority. Silverman contends that the "sequestered" male voice in cinema—that is, the voice on the soundtrack that is not uttered by a figure on the screen—"works to align the male subject with potency, authoritative knowledge, and the law," and she goes on to aver that in fact "this disembodied voice can be seen as 'exemplary' for male subjectivity, attesting to an achieved invisibility, omniscience, and discursive power."[16] In the case of Malle's film, the connection between the body and voice does not occur on-screen, but it does occur very powerfully off-screen, in the paratext surrounding the film. The marketing and distribution and reception and criticism surrounding the film (including interviews packaged with the DVD version) announce that the story of the film comes from Malle's childhood, so that the viewer familiar with this background can connect the voice not to just any body, but to the director's body. In this way, the paratext supports a reading of the film as autobiographical in a way that viewing the film on its own does not. When we consider other ways in which the filmmaker might have delivered the "true story" information (giving it as a title screen with his name attached, for instance), we can see that he plays a game of hide-and-seek with the viewer. Malle both does and does not wish to present this story as his own, which might in part relate to the focus of the narrative: the attempted rescue of Jewish children by a Catholic priest, and the betrayal of them by their community (and ultimately, their nation). It is, in other words, both autobiographical and not an autobiography, a story from Malle's life, but not the story of *his* life. At the same time, he gives the story his imprimatur in the form of his voice, which operates as a coda: look at the film *da capo*, viewer, and see what difference it makes when we know it is "true."

One of the central figures in Pedro Almodóvar's *La mala educación* (*Bad Education*, 2004) is Enrique, a filmmaker who draws his film

Bad Education*, directed by Pedro Almodóvar: the boyhood friends go to the movies*

narratives from newspaper stories: "real life." As the film opens, he receives a visit from a man purporting to be his childhood friend (and first lover), a person who had fallen prey to a sexually abusive priest while he and Enrique were in boarding school. This visitor (who is an impostor; he is actually the brother of the now-deceased friend) wants Enrique to produce a film based on a short story he has written—"The Visit"—which is in fact based on a "true story" Enrique should recognize: the story of his own early sexual experiences and the abuse by the priest. As this short summary begins to show, Almodóvar's narrative produces a tangle of interwoven, partly fictional, partly "true" stories (fictional or true within the narrative, that is). And in fact, the underlying concern of this narrative tangle, with its layers of disguises and repeated betrayals, is the relation of cinematic storytelling to "real life." Given that one of the protagonists of the film is a gay filmmaker, who, as the final title card of the film tells us, continues to make films *passionately*, it does not take a great leap of the imagination to identify the film as autobiographical; the Spanish director's films project an image of sensuality and preoccupation with sexuality.[17] And Almodóvar's production company, after all, is called *El Deseo* (Desire). Indeed, discussions around the film just after its release centered on the possibility of its autobiographical nature, with particular reference to the possibility that the Spanish director was sexually abused by a priest while a young student. In response to questions about the film's relation to his life, Almodóvar explains in a commentary that "*Bad Education* is

a very personal film, but not exactly autobiographical; that is, I want to say that I am not relating the story of my life in school." But he goes on to remark in the same interview that "everything that is not auto-biography is plagiarism. . . . The film is autobiographical, but in a deeper sense; I am behind the characters, but I am not telling the story of my life."[18] And in answer to the interviewer's direct question about whether he was abused, he asserts, "Me da igual"—"It's all the same to me." Thus we can say that Almodóvar offers yet another version of the autobiographical Fort-Da game: now it is, now it is not, about him.

Woody Allen's *Annie Hall* (1977) involves a romance between Alvy Singer, a stand-up comedian played by Allen (who was a stand-up comedian before he made films) and Annie Hall (played by Diane Keaton, who had a real-life romance with Allen before the making of the film and whose original name was Diane Hall). It is with performances like Allen's that the issue raised by Silverman's argument gets brought into play—namely, whether the masculine voice in cinema maintains its power through a separation from the image of the enunciating body. Allen's self-representation on both corporeal and vocal planes indeed seems to point toward impotence, but as an ironic turn, since in fact the narrative is dominated by and constructed through his presence. But I will say more about Allen's self-representations in a later chapter. The humor of *Annie Hall* turns upon the supposedly irreconcilable cultural differences between the two protagonists (one a Jew—Singer, the other a WASP—Hall). While the film exaggerates the ethnic markers for comic effect, they are essentially biographically correct for Allen (born Alan Konigsberg into a New York Jewish family) and Keaton, who was raised a Methodist. Not surprisingly, many viewers understood Annie Hall as an autobiographical film, though Allen has stated explicitly in interviews that it is not.

Within the narrative of Annie Hall there is a humorous allusion to authorial authenticity communicated through an author's body: when Alvy Singer, standing in line at a movie theater, becomes annoyed by a conceited self-styled intellectual's flawed explication of Marshall McLuhan's theories, Alvy produces McLuhan himself, who assures the offending intellectual that "You don't understand my ideas at all." Thus Allen allows Alvy to legitimate his own interpretation of McLuhan's theories by producing McLuhan, indicating the strength of authorial presence for the production of truth, even as Allen (in the film's paratext) vigorously denies the authorial significance of his own body situated in

what appears to be his story. It is here, and in the other denials and half-denials I have cited, that an impression of the complexity of the auteur's relationship to his cinematic self-projection begins to take shape.

Even when a director frankly acknowledges the autobiographical content of his narrative, complications seem inevitable. In Ingmar Bergman's documentary, *Dokument Fanny och Alexander* (*The Making of Fanny and Alexander*, 1986), we watch Bergman painstakingly direct the young Bertil Guve, who plays Alexander in the film. It seems a rather trivial scene: the boy is playing idly with a toy theater stage; his head rests on one outstretched arm and is visible to the film camera behind the open stage curtains; the other hand moves the paper puppets desultorily. Bergman sits close by and watches intently, giving minute instructions for moving, coughing, positioning the body and arms. At one point he says, "Feel, like, sick" ("Må, liksom, illa"). At another point he observes, "You want your mother." These seem odd directions from a director to an actor, but Bergman is in fact working to produce an inner state in the young actor that he himself knows intimately. The intertitle that precedes this sequence in the documentary reads: "I attempt to re-create a few moments from my childhood." And the completed sequence, the boy's face looming large behind the toy stage, makes up the opening moments of Bergman's film *Fanny and Alexander* (1982).

The opening scene in Fanny and Alexander, *directed by Ingmar Bergman: Alexander plays with his toy theater*

The documentary *The Making of Fanny and Alexander* seems a clear instance of paratext, a kind of commentary on the feature film from behind the scenes. But in watching the documentary, a question arises as to how separately one ought to view *Fanny and Alexander* and *The Making of Fanny and Alexander*. The latter was filmed simultaneously with the former, using different camera angles and capturing different parts of the action: the sequences that appear in the feature film and the sequences of Bergman directing them. It is of course possible to watch *Fanny and Alexander* without reference to the documentary, but once one has seen the documentary, it is as if the double nature of the feature film is suddenly revealed: it is both by and about Bergman. The intertitles tell us this explicitly, and we see the relationship between Bergman and Alexander enacted. In the sequence described above, in which Bergman directs Bertil Guve as his childhood self, he cautions the camera operator for *Fanny and Alexander*: "Keep me out of the shot." Strewn throughout the documentary are moments like these, in which a dance of cameras allows the parallel films to be recorded independently of one another. Another paratext for *Fanny and Alexander* is Bergman's autobiography, *Laterna Magica* (*The Magic Lantern*), which appeared the same year as *The Making of Fanny and Alexander* and includes accounts of numerous incidents that made their way, more or less unchanged, into the film *Fanny and Alexander*. So it would seem that Bergman offers ample support in his self-crafted paratexts for the reading of his epic feature film as a kind of autobiography.

And yet—Alexander of Fanny and Alexander is not Ingmar Bergman for a number of reasons. One of the most obvious is that he is called Alexander, which already breaks with Philippe Lejeune's rule of author/narrator/protagonist name identification for the autobiographical contract. Bertil Guve is not the young Ingmar Bergman. And then Bergman places his fictional film in the year 1907, eleven years before his birth. Alexander is, therefore, more than twenty years older than Bergman, if we are imagining both of them as real people living in real time, which they are, obviously, not. And there are many other deviations: Alexander has one sister; Bergman has a sister and a brother. Bergman's mother and father were not theater people (unless one counts a pastorate in the Swedish Church as a theatrical profession, which Bergman sometimes is inclined to do). This is leaving aside the film's supernatural events, which would remove it in any case from the verification process that Lejeune describes as a necessary distinction in

the reading of autobiography. But now we can see that Bergman's film fits the pattern I have been tracing: he places significant paratextual clues leading to the reception of his films as autobiographical, yet makes it impossible to read the film as an autobiography.

What seems to emerge in auteurist art cinema is both a stubborn adherence to embodied self-agency (that of the author/director) and the notion of a boundless or permeable self, a self that includes and absorbs others, even as the very definition of the auteur wants to claim individuality and uniqueness for the director. This accounts, perhaps, for the tension expressed in all of the above cases between the admission of an autobiographical pact and its denial. Elsewhere I have argued that the scene between Ismael and Alexander cited above offers an image of Bergman's relationship to the Swedish playwright August Strindberg, whose work Bergman frequently staged.[19] By explicitly situating the narrative in 1907 (eleven years before Bergman's birth, the year in which Strindberg's *A Ghost Sonata* had its premiere), and by naming the madman Ismael (one of Strindberg's autobiographical aliases), and by openly identifying (in various places) Alexander's experiences as events taken from his own childhood, Bergman seems to propose in this scene a merging of minds between Strindberg (who died before Bergman's birth) and himself as a child. The presence of Strindberg in the film, which becomes more explicit as the film goes along, brings home the idea that the film is not the product of a single imagination, but a merged imagination.[20] By pulling Strindberg into his life narrative (or allowing Strindberg to appropriate him as amanuensis), Bergman extends his life beyond the parameters of his birth and death years, beyond the experience of his individual body.

Auteurist autobiographers engage other bodies in their acts of self-representation. Truffaut, for instance, consistently uses the same avatar for his life story: the actor Jean-Pierre Léaud. In *The Adventures of Antoine Doinel*, Truffaut writes that the figure they create together through a suite of autobiographical films, Antoine Doinel, becomes an amalgam of the two men—a merged selfhood. And all the actors (and unseen actors, such as technicians and producers) involved in an authored film become in some sense emanations of the author's vision, extensions of the director's thought. Despite the merging of self and other(s), something that would seem to disrupt ordinary understanding of what autobiographical discourse performs, the audience, usually with the aid of some hint from reviews or other aspects of the film's paratext,

receives the narrative as autobiographical. There exists, in other words, a compact between auteurist filmmakers and their audience that parallels the autobiographical pact that Lejeune described. And the division of the autobiographical subject into two parts, one in front of the camera and the other behind the camera, may prove not to be an absolute obstruction to understanding narrative film as autobiography. Instead, it can be a way to open up a new way of thinking about autobiography, selfhood, and film spectatorship, one that evolves through the technology of cinema.

One might well ask why it is important to consider the autobiographical elements of art-house films. Certainly it is possible to enjoy, interpret, and understand a film like *The 400 Blows* or *Fanny and Alexander* without any knowledge of the director's life. But I would argue that art-cinema culture desires a spectator with knowledge broader than an acquaintance with a single film; it begs for a familiarity with the entire oeuvre of a given director, and with the works of other directors (thus the cross-referencing between art-house directors), and with the paratext surrounding the author's work. While any one of the narratives of this study can stand alone as a text, they were created and distributed with this richer tapestry of knowledge in mind, and the references to the directors' lives and persons scattered throughout these films act as signposts pointing toward that shared pool of knowledge and relationship. The spectator, in other words, plays an important role in the construction of the author. With the viewer's cooperation, the idea of an intersubjective model of selfhood takes on flesh in the films of these authors, as they explore what it means to be a collaborative and constructed self.

Boundless Selves

> Kanske är vi samma person? Kanske har vi inga gränser? Kanske flyter vi genom varandra, strömmer genom varandra, obegränsat och storartat!

> Maybe we're the same person? Maybe we have no boundaries? Maybe we flow through each other, stream through each other, boundlessly and magnificently![21]

In the scene cited above, the boy Alexander finds himself locked in a room with the "dangerous" madman Ismael (or is it a madwoman? the male character is played by a female actress). The man/woman Ismael

Ishmael and Alexander in Fanny and Alexander, *directed by Ingmar Bergman*: *"Maybe we're the same person?"*

has asked Alexander to write his name on a piece of paper, but when the boy reads out what he has written, the name on the paper is not "Alexander Ekdahl," but "Ismael Retzinsky." Somehow the boy has written the name of the imprisoned madman, a name he did not know and cannot even pronounce, which moves Ismael to speculate that they are "the same person," that there are no boundaries between them. In staging this scene, Bergman repeats a motif that forms the central focus of another of his films, *Persona* (1966), in which two women seem to merge into one. Ismael regards the merging of two selves as "magnificent," and certainly his power to move somehow into Alexander's mind and body in order to produce his own name strikes the viewer as marvelous and magical, but also more than a little dangerous. Ultimately this merging of minds between Ismael and Alexander seems to generate a telepathic power that reaches out and kills Alexander's enemy, the Bishop. As Ismael says, "[Making a voodoo doll and sticking pins in it] is a rather clumsy method, when you think of how swiftly an evil thought can move." And the merging of selves in *Persona* creates a kind of horror film, replete with screeching soundtrack. There can be something deeply disturbing in the loss of self, the loss of agency implied in that merging. And there is something implied as well about the art of filmmaking, a particular kind of filmmaking that demands that the actor (and the viewer) surrender him or herself to the overpowering vision

of the film's author. Yet Ismael's view, that the merging of selfhood can be something wonderfully powerful and liberating, obtains as well; it is the murder of the Bishop, apparently effected by Ismael/Alexander, that frees Alexander's mother from the prison house of her marriage and allows her to return to her beloved family.

Merged or mirrored selfhood is a theme that runs through Bergman's films over decades, in *Smultronstället* (*Wild Strawberries*, 1957), *Ansiktet* (*The Magician*, 1958), *Persona* (1966), *Vargtimmen* (*Hour of the Wolf*, 1968), *Viskningar och rop* (*Cries and Whispers*, 1972), and *Fanny and Alexander* (1982), to name the most obvious examples. But this topos of the boundless self is not unique to Bergman's films; it takes various forms in the work of other art-cinema directors. Pedro Almodóvar's fascination with transplants and cosmetic surgery, for instance, points toward a transgression of the body's "natural" limits, with both terrifying and liberating results. Andrei Tarkovsky's *Solaris* (1972), based on the science-fiction novel by Polish author Stanislaw Lem, represents a model of self-projection that in some respects resembles the cinematic model, in which the fears and desires of the film's characters take shape as embodied hallucinations of people the characters have known. In this way Tarkovsky's film, much more concerned about the human psyche than any interplanetary alien life form, meditates on what it is we experience when we encounter an Other, and what it is that comprises a self and its boundaries. These examples come from the diegetic plane; another arena in which we can see a merging of selves takes place in the direction of actors. In auteurist cinema, we might argue that the first part of the autobiographical contract takes place between the filmmaker as director and the filmmaker as spectator. To understand this, we can return to Ingmar Bergman as he directs the actors of *Fanny and Alexander* in *The Making of Fanny and Alexander*.

Bergman's focus on the boy during the opening sequence discussed above seems like a violation and is more than a little frightening to watch. He aspires to place within the child's body and mind the sensations of his own childhood—"feel ill," "you want to go to your mother"— in a visceral way. And not only does directorial agency enter into and move the actor's body; the actor is meant to represent emotions and sensations in order to reproduce them (or an impression of them) in the viewer. There is transference, in other words, between the director's memory into the boy's body that is meant to reach the spectator. But in directing the boy, Bergman becomes a spectator as well. He is

the first audience, the one who will judge whether the sensations have been accurately captured, whether they can convey his inner state to the imagined viewer.

This same process repeats throughout *The Making of Fanny and Alexander*, perhaps most strikingly in the telepathic episode between Alexander and Ismael, in which we see Bergman direct two actors, the boy Bertil Guve and Stina Ekblad. What happens between Ismael and Alexander in *Fanny and Alexander* can be understood as a representation of a kind of filmmaking in which the relationship between director and actor is symbiotic, a merging of consciousness and vision that has a real impact on a third party, though Ismael (who performs in this scene as a kind of director) ascribes that vision and the emotion that produced it to Alexander (in this scene Ismael's "actor"). "You are thinking about the death of someone," says Ismael, as he looks into Alexander's mind. Step by step, Ismael leads Alexander from the thought of the Bishop's death to a staging of the Bishop's death, which takes place, as the crosscutting of the film tells us, at the same time as the mind-merge. The spectator perceives the sequence of film depicting the events leading to the Bishop's death as the "film" of Ismael and Alexander's shared vision. A question emerges subsequently in Fanny and Alexander as to whether their vision represents Alexander/Ismael's willing the Bishop to die (that is, the events are generated by what we ordinarily would call a supernatural force) or whether there is a "rational" explanation for what happened. A police officer comes to clear up the case after the Bishop's death, since some suspicion fell not on Alexander but on Alexander's mother, who had given the Bishop sleeping powder that prevented him from saving himself in the fire. The policeman's alternative explanation of "unhappy coincidence" urges the viewer to ask: What did I see exactly? What was its relationship to "reality"? Given, there is a way in which that question reflects a hopeless naïveté. There is no reality in the film—it is "only a movie." But by setting an eccentric image of film production within the narrative (Ismael's "production" of the sequence depicting the Bishop's death), *Fanny and Alexander* hints at a vexed relationship between human consciousness and film reality. What is it that produces a film? A human vision—a collaborative one. Who or what steers the collaboration? How do we describe or imagine that subject?

The questions become compounded when we add *The Making of Fanny and Alexander* to our analysis. The documentary includes a

sequence in which Bergman, sitting close to cinematographer Sven Nykvist so that he can look through Nykvist's lens, directs the scene I have just described. In minute detail he describes to Ekblad and Guve how they should position their bodies in the image frame, the tone of voice to be used, and so on. But when the action begins for a final filming, he falls silent and watches intently, intensely. The documentary camera moves in, Bergman-like, close to his face and focuses tightly on his emotion. We can hear the dialogue on the soundtrack: "I am erasing myself, I enter you . . ." Bergman's concentration is so focused and strong that he seems to be acting in the scene as well, his lips move as if he is mouthing the lines, his body is taut with restrained motion.

The intertitle preceding the scene reads: "Our concentration is total." Watching this sequence of Bergman watching his actors, we can see that Bergman is both viewer and actor in the scene. He is separated from his actors behind the camera while they stand in front, but he attempts to control them through sheer force of will to produce the "film" of his imagination: we can see that this is so. How can we see what is in Bergman's mind? It is projected for us in *The Making of Fanny and Alexander*, when the camera moves in so closely to Bergman's face
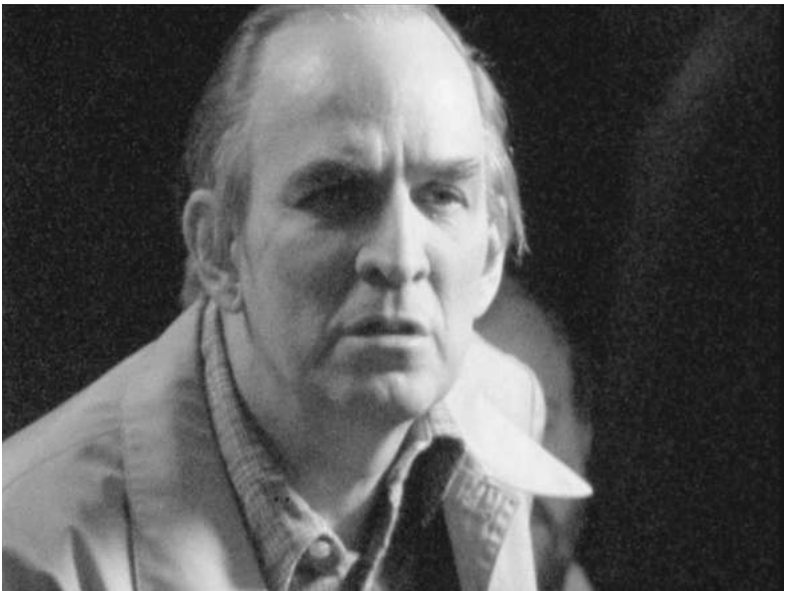
Ingmar Bergman directs The Making of Fanny and Alexander

that we imagine we can see his thoughts. But then this, too, is a performance. The film camera is there, filming Bergman, and he must surely be conscious of it. The relationship of film to reality and to inner vision remains a matter of inquiry and investigation, rather than a given, clear line between auteur and film. But in these shots of Bergman directing, something comes clear: the line connecting director and spectator happens in the first instance when the director *is* the primary spectator of the film.

Scholarship on film spectatorship has long focused on the spectator's state of consciousness, often likened to a dream, the viewer's identification with the personae constructed through the film narrative and projected on the screen. Laura Mulvey's "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema," a foundational essay on the gendered nature of film spectatorship, and André Bazin's seminal *What Is Cinema?* both deal with the idea of the embodied film viewer's relationship to cinematic narrative. But the author can also function as a powerful point of identification, imagined in a number of ways: as a person whose life and life story appear to be communicated in cinematic works issued under the director's name; as a theoretical, cultural, and economic construct that is imagined to be readable in the media and across a body of films; as the imagined voice and consciousness speaking through these films. Ultimately the author begins to take the form of another person through the viewer's imagination.[22]

An art film often places a demand of empathy or intellectual involvement on the viewer, something that urges us to attribute a mental state to the vision and narrative of film, which is most easily and humanly understood as another human's imagination and will. In particular, films that aim to create "higher meaning" (art films, auteurist films) have as one of their projects the representation of what it means to have a self. Film uses figurations of people to bend us to the perception (one we gladly embrace) that there are other humans out there, and that we are human, too. But what can happen in our interaction with those projected humans (or that projected humanness) is an erasure of boundaries, a confluence of the person imagining, the images of that imagination, and the viewers entering into the imagining, emotionally, mentally, and physically. "Maybe we are the same person? Maybe there are no boundaries?"

In an essay on Alfred Hitchcock's trademark appearances in his films, D. A. Miller guides the reader through a series of cameos that are

increasingly subtle: first the typical appearance of Hitchcock as an un-named figure in the frame, then of a character in the film holding a book written by Hitchcock in which the author's picture is just visi-ble, then a shot of the book with the picture hidden, etc.[23] As the ref-erences to the auteur become ever more difficult to perceive, Miller feels himself more and more directly addressed. He notes that the appear-ance of Hitchcock in cameo, the one that every audience member with any knowledge of Hitchcock's films awaits expectantly, elicits knowing chuckles from the audience; but he argues that this initial recognition of the author is too cheap, too easy, too broadly advertised, for the spec-tator who sees it to feel addressed directly as a Hitchcock connoisseur. Instead, it is the less obvious clues—the book half-hidden in the actor's hand, the barely visible image of Hitchcock's face on the book's cover, the typography of the book when the face is no longer visible at all— these are the clues that only the most diligent and knowledgeable viewer could hope to perceive. That is, someone like Miller, who not only sits watching like a hawk on a telephone wire for tidbit traces of Hitch-cock to race across the screen, but feels that these delicious moments were placed there precisely for him (and perhaps for him alone!) to find. It could be maintained that Miller is simply an eccentric viewer, one who inserts much too much of his own autobiographical persona into his scholarship; certainly a look at his articles on Roland Barthes and sexuality, or on Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, reveal a vigorous employment of an autobiographical subject. But I would hold with Barbara Johnson in saying that the autobiographical position Miller adopts is not mere self-indulgence but is precisely central to his argument, much the same way I would argue that the autobiographical position adopted in auteur-ist film is central to understanding the ways these films engage the ques-tion of selfhood and subjectivity.[24]

What Miller's argument reveals is the delight, the pleasure taken when the viewer imagines that there is someone in the film, a person, who addresses the viewer, touches the viewer personally. The pleasure of believing that there is a *knowledge*, a *(re)connaissance*, a handshake, a recognition, and not only the viewer's recognition of the auteurist subject, but the auteur's "recognition" of the viewer, a recognition ex-pressed through address. While this argument might seem to verge on the superstitious, it aligns with the (superstitious) way in which pho-tographs can be and have been read: in *Camera Lucida*, Roland Barthes insists upon the "look" of the photograph, that is, that the photographed

subject looks at the viewer, and Alan Trachtenberg, in his scholarly study of American photography, claims that the photographs of American slaves look at their viewer, arguing that "if we reciprocate their look, we have acknowledged what the pictures most overtly deny: the universal humanness we share with them."[25] It should be noted that the difference here is that both Barthes and Trachtenberg locate the "look" of the photograph in the gaze of the photographed subject, and Miller and I are thinking instead of a "something" personalized as a someone, the director, that regards us and addresses us through the agency of the film's narrative images. But Trachtenberg's claim contains a germ of what I have been claiming for cinematic projected subjectivity; namely, that it is a shared or collaborative subjectivity, one that moves through the agency of the cinematic medium between auteur, actor, and spectator. A spectator such as Miller (or myself, or anyone who works with the idea of the auteur as subject) has to assume that the auteur has imagined a viewer who will view *with* the auteur, who will pick up on what the auteur has himself first projected and seen.

In writing about one of the films in my study, Andrei Tarkovsky's *Mirror*, Natasha Synessios notes, "I saw *Mirror* in my native Athens, in the early 1980s. At the time I knew nothing of Russian language, culture or history and had no context in which to understand the deeper significance of some of the episodes in the film. Yet I . . . felt that this was a film about me."[26] She says that when she went over the voluminous correspondence from the film's viewers to its director, "the refrain, echoing through all the letters, was 'this is a film about me.'"[27] In order, however, for the film to be "about me," about the viewer, it seems that it must first be imagined as being also about someone else, the subject who speaks through the images and the cinematic narrative and can be most readily identified as the auteur. Thus one can understand the letters directed to Tarkovsky, explaining that the film he had directed had indeed performed the function of mirroring. Though the title "mirror" might originally have referred to the way in which the film reflected the auteur's life (filmed in part in his childhood village in a reconstructed replica of his childhood home), it becomes a mirror for his audience, even for spectators like Synessios, who did not share the material reality of his Russian childhood. Synessios went on to learn Russian and was one of the translators of an edition of Tarkovsky's collected screenplays, thus becoming Tarkovsky's projected voice.

I have discussed in some detail how auteurist film posits a form of communication between a director and a spectator, a kind of self-projection on the part of the director that expresses itself in particular terms to the viewer. But this is not to forget that at the same time there is a constant reference in the films and their paratexts to the fact that the films in fact cannot and do not form any such direct line of communication between auteur and viewer. It is a fascinating if perplexing characteristic of auteurist filmmaking that the filmmakers seem to undermine the identification between themselves and their work on the one hand, and on the other hand participate wholeheartedly in the construction of themselves as auteurs, creating an off-screen and sometimes on-screen persona linked to their own bodies.

About This Book

In this study I will restrict myself to the work of a small group of film authors, not because they are the only ones to grapple with the problem of selfhood and self-representation in cinema, but because their use of autobiographical material and acts of self-projection offer particularly rich grounds of exploration. It is imperative that self-projecting auteurs have a reputation sufficient to allow for broad recognition of their names in connection with their art. The group I have chosen are internationally celebrated auteurs, and the paratexts surrounding their films are accordingly extensive and significant. In order for self-projection to occur and be understood, a contract must be in place that states that the cinematic work has a point of origin in a recognized artist's imagination, and the number of directors who have received this international level of recognition is limited. Still, there are directors I excluded but could have discussed to good effect: Jean-Luc Godard, Rainer Maria Fassbinder, Akira Kurosawa, Jane Campion, Quentin Tarantino, to name just a few. Other scholars have written extensively on the self-projecting character of their work. And earlier film directors would certainly provide insight into the problems I address here: Buster Keaton and Charlie Chaplin spring readily to mind, in part because of their use of their own bodies as vehicles of projection. But I want to limit myself to a handful of directors from a limited span of film history (1960 to today, roughly) with the idea that the reader will be able to supply other productive examples, filling in the blanks from his or her own store of cinematic experience.

It seems important at this juncture to mention the questions of gender and race. The focus of my analysis will be on the work of white male auteurs, and one must ask why this is the case. I will first turn to the matter of gender. Women filmmakers—Agnès Varda, who began her career during the art-cinema surge of the French New Wave in the 1960s, Chantal Akerman, Belgian avant-garde director, Margarethe von Trotta, a prominent director of the New German Cinema movement of the 1970s, Jane Campion, the New Zealand director who has achieved international recognition for her unique cinematic vision, Claire Denis, one of the most provocative film authors working in France today, Susanne Bier, the Danish director who has crossed over to Hollywood, and a good number of others from around the world— are artists working at a high standard and can certainly be understood as film authors. They are described as auteurs by scholars as well (often as "female auteurs"), though as British filmmaker Sally Potter notes, "'auteur' is much more readily used as a term for male directors than female directors," and she adds, "people don't concern themselves with the profound collaborations that men have. But as soon as a woman has a collaborator it's thought of as 'oh it's not really hers then.'"[28] I would agree with Potter that "auteur" much more frequently designates male film authors, and that women are more readily imagined as collaborators, while men assume more easily the reputation of lone Romantic genius. Yet there are other reasons men are more readily marked as auteurs, and my study will highlight some of these reasons.

The definitive issues for me in selecting auteurs for this study will reveal something of why the primary focus is on men. The spectator's role in receiving a film as an act of self-projection demands that the auteur be highly recognizable *as* auteur—that there be a structure of production and reception in place that allows or persuades filmgoers to "see" the author in the work; to go see the film because the author will be "in" it. When I write of production, I mean that literally; it is striking that filmmakers who achieve auteur status often go on to form their own production companies. Of the women cited above, Campion and Varda formed production companies with somewhat limited success. More successful were François Truffaut, Ingmar Bergman, Woody Allen, and Pedro Almodóvar, each of whom developed their own production companies, often assisted by family members (Truffaut's father-in-law, Bergman's wife, Allen's sister, Almodóvar's brother). Practices of apprenticeship in film directing have also favored men

(when women, like Denis, have become successful, they often served as assistants first to male directors), as have the mechanisms for funding (whether state, as was often the case in Europe, or private) and granting awards for cinematic work. In short, the power required to marshal sufficient economic and personal forces to attain auteur status resided largely with men from the outset, and it is only recently that women directors have achieved the kind of status required for instant name and face recognition. It was not until 2009, for instance, that a woman, Kathryn Bigelow, won the Academy Award for Best Director, and that was for *The Hurt Locker*, a war film dominated by the stories of men. The Cannes Film Festival has given its award for direction to a woman precisely once, in 1961, to Yulya Solntseva, a Soviet filmmaker with very little international recognition today. In her autobiographical documentary, *The Beaches of Agnès*, Varda comments wryly that when her film *Cleo de 5 à 7* (1962) was nominated for the *Palme d'Or* at Cannes, all cameras were trained on the beautiful blond star, Corinne Marchand. No one noticed the small, dark director standing nearby. But the situation was quite different when François Truffaut and Jean-Luc Godard stepped forward as auteurs; though their stars also garnered attention, they stood at the center of the limelight as directors. One of the most important reasons to focus on the male auteur, then, is a level of prominence in the cinematic cultural landscape that allows him to be recognized, discussed, and studied by a significant international audience. The publicity machine of auteurism has always functioned most effectively when the subject was male.

But economic clout and name recognition are perhaps more symptomatic than essential to my main argument about the problematic of self-formation and self-projection. When Sally Potter muses on the fact that it is culturally more acceptable to see women in a collaborative position, the "profound collaboration" she ascribes to men might actually be of a different nature than that often ascribed to women. The word we might use for the work of filmmaking and identity formation within the films of this study might be closer to "appropriation" than "collaboration." The idea that a film's vision emanates from a single artistic consciousness implies the overshadowing or appropriation of other artistic subjects working on the film project: the cinematographer (who wields the *caméra-stylo*, after all), the set designers, costume designers, composers and musicians, and certainly not least, the

actors, who become avatars for the director's creative mind. This happens when women direct as well, certainly, but the degree to which films are received as being "by" and "of" a male auteur emphasizes the way in which auteurism elides and subsumes the other participants in the collaboration.

Within the narratives of the films discussed here, a kind of acknowledgment of the vampiric appropriation of others often surfaces: in Bergman's *Persona* most prominently, perhaps, but also in Truffaut's *The Wild Child*, Almodóvar's *Talk to Her* (in which two men project their respective fantasies on to two women, both in a coma), Werner Herzog's *Nosferatu* and *My Best Fiend* and *Grizzly Man* (the protagonist/filmmaker's girlfriend is erased from the narrative and is ultimately eaten by a bear, along with the filmmaker/protagonist), Lars von Trier's *The Five Obstructions* (the story of a duel between two directors for control), and many others. It is in fact significant how many films by the auteurs featured in this study derive part, if not most, of their narrative tension from this type of soul-appropriation topos, which I take to be part of their complex response to the problems of self-formation and self-representation in the cinematic medium. I will return to this subject, particularly in the chapter on auteurs and their actors, where a libidinal relationship often produces palpable energy.

And on the subject of gender formation, to sketch things rather broadly: while concerned about questions of self-construction, Truffaut, Fellini, and Allen (of the auteurs of this study) tend not to stray from the idea of masculine selfhood. They maintain to a large degree the idea of "women's problems" as something occurring outside their own subject positions, with hetero-normal relationships the primary focus of attention. Bergman, Tarkovsky, Almodóvar, and von Trier, on the other hand, all make female subjectivity (or the problem of gendered subjectivity) a major narrative concern. Their films make a point of entering into a female subject position, problematizing it, appropriating it, often wrestling with the idea of embodied personhood *through* the female position first of all. Scholars (such as Marilyn Blackwell, writing of Bergman) have noted that this apparent concern with feminine subjectivity represents nothing more than another facet of self-construction, and in most cases the female position represented in the works of the filmmakers listed above is a highly vexed, if not tortured, position (one thinks of Bergman's *Cries and Whispers* and von Trier's *Breaking the Waves* or *Dancer in the Dark*). And in that torture, I think,

the transgressing act of using other bodies and minds toward one's own creative and economic ends might find a form of representation.

Scholarship on female auteurs, in contrast, can throw light on some of the issues I explore here in the work of male filmmakers. Catherine Grant, in an essay that surveys the arc of feminist theory on women directors, notes that "the theoretical pendulum has swung back . . . 'with a difference,'" meaning that from a position of regarding the auteur as textual, disembodied, and/or unconscious, scholars have begun to think of female authors as historical, embodied, conscious agents.[29] Feminist film scholars, despite a strong affiliation with the notion of gender as construct as put forward by theorists like Judith Butler, rejection of biological essentialism, and firm grounding in poststructural debunking of the biographical author as authority, found themselves returning to the idea of the female film author as a historical and biological person. Judith Mayne, for instance, in writing of American director Dorothy Arzner, calls her work "a study in portraiture, in the literal and figurative senses of the term."[30] It is difficult to write of "women auteurs" without reference to an embodied subject, after all. Kaja Silverman, in discussing female film authorship, writes that texts must be discussed "in relation to the biological gender of the biographical author, since it is clearly not the same thing, socially or politically, for a woman to speak with a female voice as it is for a man to do so, and vice versa," though her study gravitates toward acts of enunciation rather than connections to biographical persons.[31] This marks a repetition of a point I mentioned earlier; that there is an apparently unavoidable oscillation between positions of arguing against embodiment and inevitably turning back toward the body. In feminist criticism, the stakes are different in cultural and sociological terms, but they speak to the same problem that resonates through the films of this study, whether by men or women. The central problem is subject formation, with gender one of the crucial aspects of selfhood. In the analyses of the films that follow, I will attend to questions of gender as they arise, with particular awareness of how the idea of appropriation versus collaboration can shed light on masculine strategies of self-formation.

Similarly, films in which author-directors formulate selfhood as part of a minority discourse exhibit a tension between embodied essentialism and constructed identity, with an emphasis on the question of race. Spike Lee, for instance, has created a compelling body of work that in many ways conforms to the requirements I set up for cinematic

self-projection: his films are connected by a recognizable aesthetic and thematic vocabulary, he often writes his own scripts, he employs a number of actors who appear repeatedly in his films (including his sister and father), his narratives often carry autobiographical traces, and he has appeared prominently as an actor in a number of his films. Like several of the directors I will analyze in these pages, Lee founded his own production company: Forty Acres and a Mule. But even the name of the production company defines Lee as a director with something different at stake in his film work. The name alludes to the promise issued by Civil War General Sherman that freed slaves would be allotted "forty acres and a mule" with which to support themselves, a policy enacted only briefly and in a limited area in the Southeast. President Andrew Johnson's revocation of Sherman's order led to association of the phrase "forty acres and a mule" with the failure of Americans to offer adequate (or any) reparation for the work of enslaved Africans and their descendants. Lee's use of the term marks the production company as his "stake," but also as his call to arms. His purpose in projecting a self, in other words, has at least as much to do with the need to formulate a collective self-image for African Americans as it does with an individual artistic self-projection. This in no way discounts Lee's importance as a filmmaker, nor even places him outside the parameters I would employ to define filmmakers as self-projectors. But it does mean that a thoroughgoing analysis of Spike Lee's performance of self-projection would entail the introduction of a larger theoretical apparatus on constructions of racial identity. Whiteness, too, is a constructed racial identity that could be discussed in connection with the directors of this study in productive ways. This seemed to me beyond the bounds of what I was ready to attempt in these pages, but I hope that others might be inspired to consider how racial and ethnic identity might figure in the act of directorial self-projection.

Having attempted an explanation of how I chose my authors, I should remark briefly on how I chose which films to analyze within each author's body of work. My choices may not strike the reader as obvious: certainly one would expect to find *8½* among the films of Fellini, but why not *Amarcord*, which is the most explicitly autobiographical, perhaps, of his works? If I discuss Bergman's intimate and working relationship with Liv Ullmann, why not Fellini and Giulietta Masina? Or Woody Allen and Mia Farrow? Why is Lars von Trier represented by two of his most peripheral and lighthearted pieces, while a masterpiece

like *Melancholia* not only reached a much broader audience but offers the potential for discussion of von Trier's own struggle with depression? It seems apparent as well that *Melancholia* fits much more easily into what a viewer would recognize as von Trier's profile, as it can be traced from *Breaking the Waves* to *Dancer in the Dark* to *Dogville* to *Antichrist*. My answer is that I chose films that illuminate various aspects of self-projection, as I formulate that concept. But I do not mean to say that other films could not be considered as acts of self-projection, any more than I want to say that the authors chosen for this study are the only ones to practice self-projection as I define it within these pages. On the contrary, I would hope that the reader will be able to identify readily other authors and works that could and should be discussed in the context of self-projection, since it is part of my argument that self-projection constitutes a kind of modality of art cinema.

Then to offer a summary of the book's content: chapter 1 deals with the director as performer in his films. Here self-projection is performed not through narrative (or not solely through narrative), but through the presence of the auteur's body, and the necessary relation the body creates between the world projected and the world in which the director lives. In an elaboration of the first chapter's argument, chapter 2 looks at directors performing *as* directors in documentaries, mockumentaries, and narrative films. In these films the viewer is offered a supposed "behind-the-scenes" look at the auteur at work, only to find that the scene behind the scenes is yet another screen of projection. The director and actor as merged selfhood is the topic of chapter 3, as the auteur continues to unravel and reassemble in new guises, in the form of the actors that perform as avatars of auteurist self-projection. Relationships between auteurs and actors achieve an intimacy that parallels the kind of intimacy urged upon the cinematic spectator, a haptic quality that involves the bodies as well as the minds of the auteur, the avatar, and the audience. Finally, chapter 4 examines the auteur's deployment of the cinematic apparatus as topos, with the implication that the parts of the apparatus (projector, screen, camera, and so on) function as prosthetic extensions of the auteur's body and vision.

In the chapters that follow, I will pursue the director's act of self-projection from his use of his own body as actor within the story, to his creation of a directorial person in documentary films about filmmaking, to his use of actors as avatars, to his deployment of the cinematic apparatus, cinematic technology, as a means of self-projection. In each

instance, a new problem of self-construction and self-representation will emerge, and in each case I will discuss what it is that art cinema in particular contributes to discussions of autobiographical discourse and self-formation. Throughout the study, the reader will encounter a discussion of people who either have lived or are living: Allen, Bergman, Fellini, Herzog, Tarkovsky, Truffaut, von Trier. The fact that they were or are living people with histories in particular languages, landscapes, cultures, and times is important to my understanding of why it is they we, as viewers, feel we can form a relationship with them, and why they, as artists, seem to call a relationship with their viewers into being. At the same time, it should be understood that we have no real access to them *as* people. We are talking about a field of discourse here, in which invisible authors project an image to an invisible audience.

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1 THE DIRECTOR'S BODY

WHAT HAPPENS, EXACTLY, when the director enters his or her cinematic narrative as an actor? Elizabeth Bruss argues that when the cinematic author enters the frame of the film, we get the notion, in her words, that "'no one is in charge,' and we sense that a rootless, inhuman power of vision is wandering the world. At this juncture as at perhaps no other," she writes, "all our traditional verbal humanism temporarily breaks down and we are forced to acknowledge that the cinematic subjectivity belongs, properly, to no one."[1] Bruss's argument seems exaggerated, perhaps even thoroughly dismissible (do we really think that "no one is in charge"?). But it reflects a kind of fear that exists elsewhere in the scholarship of the "post-human." Bruss seems to presage the work of N. Katherine Hayles, who writes about the dissolution of the human in the computational age of digital representation, or that of neurophilosopher Thomas Metzinger, who, already in the title of his book *Being No One,* implies that human subjectivity belongs, properly, to no one, and that there is no such thing as the "self." An anxiety nags at some scholars that we are witnessing the gradual disappearance of the human subject from the world screen, with the human body relinquishing its consciousness and agency to the machines of technology. The evolution of cinematic technology, then, would be a stage in this process.

Perhaps as a kind of answer to (or expression of) that anxiety, the cinematic authors I discuss here physically enter their own filmed narratives. Because the auteurist movement in cinema places such great weight on the director as source of the film's "vision," an auteur becomes not only the name but also the primary public face with which a film is identified. Interviews with the press, photographs and documentary

footage depicting the auteur, can acquaint the viewer with the director's appearance, and thus it is to be expected that when the director appears in his or her films, at least a subset of the audience will recognize the auteur, and yet more will see the director's name credited as an actor, provided that the performance is not anonymous. These are not necessarily autobiographical films (though connections can be drawn in some cases to the personal identity and biography of the director), so the presence of the director as actor does not strike one as intrinsic to the narrative line; another actor could have been chosen just as well. Something else must be at play. Is it an intentional staging of the confusion that Bruss describes, a move to disorient the viewer and create the sense of an "unmanned" film, while paradoxically pointing to the auteur as a "real" person? Is it a grab for further authorial control?

In the films I will discuss here, the director's physical presence within the frame is not merely or predominately a matter of control; nor can we understand the presence of the director within the narrative as a representation of the film's or even the director's subjectivity. At the same time, the director's move to the front of the camera does not, in my estimation, force the viewer to disavow the idea of the auteurist film as a product of the auteur's vision. We do not really worry that the film has lost its mind, so to speak. Even when it seems that the narrative expresses an anxiety about the question of who determines the action, and the director appears as a figure representing control (as in François Truffaut's *The Wild Child,* for instance), the director's presence signals "director as presence, director as real person." But by showing up in his film's frame, the auteur also destabilizes the boundary between the film's fictional world and the "real world" of production, troubling the viewer's sense of how to understand the status of the "real person," the director off-screen, even as the notion of the author-as-person is reinforced. We might suggest that the image of the director on-screen opens up a new perspective on the *analog subject*, a subject that is in fact a mimetic representation of what the audience understands to be the author of the film.

The trajectory leading us away from body-centered identity and subjectivity begins, in the analysis of Hayles and other scholars, already with the development of an analog subject in writing and printing technologies. Hayles cites Mark Poster's work, noting that for purposes of copyright, a book becomes "an immaterial mental construct . . . not to be sullied by the noise of embodiment."[2] Central to Hayles's notion

of the analog subject is that it is disembodied; she prefaces her discussion of the digital subject by explaining that as print culture evolved, readers learned to recognize the "author" in the printed words of his or her texts. For this reason, authorship also became more ephemeral, "a chain of deferrals sliding from the embodied to the disembodied, the book to the work, the content to the style, the style to the face, the face to the author's personality, the personality to the author's unique genius."[3] But with the introduction of photography and the onset of what Walter Benjamin famously terms "the age of mechanical reproducibility" of images, the equivalence that Hayles sets up between "face" and "style" no longer only refers to a metaphorical, "style-generated" face, but a physical human face reflected and represented in photography.[4] With the advent of the narrative film at a key moment in the development of representational technologies, the progress toward disembodiment that Hayles describes is at least challenged, and the introduction of auteur theory in the 1950s explicitly summons a response to the anonymity, the autonomy of the machine, whether it be the technological apparatus or the "machine" of the studio. Ideally, artistic human subjectivity once again occupies the position of control, and it is the figure of the auteur that becomes the analog subject associated with a particular kind of film, personal films that challenge the machine of Hollywood.[5] Or at least, that is one way to describe the confrontation: Truffaut's *politique des auteurs* raging against the machine.

Bruss's conjecture that the presence of the filmmaker on the screen in his own films unleashes a "rootless, *inhuman* power of vision [to] wander . . . the world" (my emphasis) seems to propose (as do a number of theorists) that creative vision, and specifically, a subjective form of seeing, is possible without humans. But this is something that those scholars who are invested in the embodiment of the subject would contest. Vivian Sobchak, in *Carnal Thoughts: Embodiment and Moving Image Culture*, brings an embodied human subject back into the fray, though her analysis tends to focus on the experience of the viewer's "lived body," while the film performs as yet another body.[6] Recalling her experience of viewing *The Piano* (Jane Campion, 1993), she writes: "At the moment when Baines touches Ada's skin through her stocking, suddenly my skin is both mine and not my own: that is, the 'immediate tactile shock' opens me to the general erotic mattering and diffusion of my flesh, and I feel not only my 'own' body but also Baines's body, Ada's body, and what I have elsewhere called the 'film's body'" (66).

Sobchak imagines films as subjects, but she then imagines how the film acts upon its object—the viewer—and produces a useful neologism: the *cinesthetic subject*, which "both touches and is touched by the screen—able to commute seeing to touching and back again *without a thought* and, through sensual and cross-modal activity, able to experience the movie as both here and there rather than clearly locating the site of cinematic experience as onscreen or offscreen" (71). Sobchak's description of the embodied experience of viewing film echoes Torben Grodal's scientific explanation of mirror neurons firing, but she develops the notion of "subject" in a different way. Her cinesthetic subject is neither entirely the viewer nor the film, but a kind of process or exchange that occurs between the two, allowing a fluid movement among the senses as well—touch and taste and smell are all awakened by stimuli from the images on the screen and the recognition of the bodies on the screen as analogous to our own, allowing for a transference of sensation, so that we might flinch or gasp or draw back or cover our eyes during a scene like the one in *Slumdog Millionaire*, when acid is poured into a child's eyes in order to blind him.

This oscillation of sensation between the theater seat and the images and sounds projected in the film forms a circuit between the embodied viewer and the moving image, but Sobchak does not explicitly carry it further, to imagine an embodied subject as the source of the image. Implicitly she very much subscribes to the idea of the auteur; we see this in her discussion of the work of Polish auteur Krzysztof Kieslowski, where she writes expansively of Kieslowski's "gaze" and his "vision." And it is clear that she is not simply using shorthand in referring to Kieslowski, for she also attends to his biography—his retreat from cinema toward the end of his life, his reading, his interviews. (Grodal, in his appendix on the films of Lars von Trier, also moves to include the auteur within the circle of embodied cinema.) In encapsulating her reading of the director's perspective, Sobchak observes:

> Kieslowski's cinematic vision—and, in key moments of reflexive awareness, the gaze of his characters—*expands* to admit something *within* existence that is always potentially both awful and awesome in its obdurate materiality, its nonanthropomorphic presence, and its assertion of the *existential equality* of all things, human or animate or otherwise. . . . Thus, whether filmmaker, character, or spectator, depending on one's perspective and depending on how willing one is to concede the seemingly secure fixity of human identity and privilege, experiencing oneself as the subject—or object—

of such an expansive and nonanthropocentric gaze can be threatening or liberating. (91)

It is fascinating to note that in assigning this particular philosophical and ocular "vision" to Kieslowski, Sobchak immediately also expands that vision herself, to include the gaze of his characters and by necessary extension (given her overall argument) the gaze of the viewer as well. And what is the nature of the vision as she imagines it? It is the representation of a nonhuman or extrahuman vision, an objective gaze that levels everything within the frame (and by extension, everything outside the frame as well), removing the privileged perspective of . . . the human gaze. But she assigns this vision to Kieslowski originally, and so we see how her argument sets up not only a human, embodied receiver of the cinematic experience, but a human, embodied sender, even as her description of the nature of "Kieslowski's" vision as nonanthropomorphic seems to exclude the possibility of a human origin.

It is both utterly commonplace and theoretically dangerous to posit a point of origin for a film in a lived body, to borrow Sobchak's term. Most video stores include sections that feature the work of a particular director, to state one commonplace. Yet poststructuralist theory warns against the danger in mapping something we perceive as "author" onto a human being, and raising that human being into a position of absolute authority. But while Sobchak's argument that the viewer *in actual fact* experiences touch, taste, and smell in concert with the sensory experiences projected on the screen is already "out there," it at least has a solid foundation in the writing of several generations of film critics and scholars from Siegfried Kracauer to Torben Grodal, and it has a philosophical (phenomenological) and neurological basis as well (see Sobchak's discussion of synaesthesia). In contrast, even while she brings up the director's name and attaches it to his "vision" (which we could take to be a cinematic representation of the analog subject as Hayles describes it), the director as person seems to be off-limits in theoretical discussions. The idea that the film can touch its viewer does not extend to the idea that the director could touch the viewer, except emotionally, as in Sobchak's discussion of Kieslowski, and secondhand, so to speak, through the agency of the images on the screen, which are fully present to the viewer as the director is not. We are to understand, for instance, that in citing the director's name, we are using that label

as shorthand for a particular aesthetic, something akin to Hayles's idea of the analog subject's face reflected in the style of writing.

Sobchak's reading of *The Piano* highlights briefly a scene of touching—Baine's touching Ada—a scene in which the viewer experiences a tactile sensation, and a scene that represents desire (and fear; Ada at this point fears Baine's desire). Though the argument of film as haptic experience seems to want to bracket the question of "touching" in an emotional sense, in fact the two sensations are intimately linked, as implied in the appropriation of the physical notions of "touch" and "move" by a vocabulary of emotions. What if the desire inscribed in a particular kind of film is the director/author's desire to touch the audience both physically and emotionally, and not only to touch but also to be recognized, to be, in some sense, desired? To counter Bruss: when a director appears in his or her own film, it is not necessarily the case that an audience would experience the director's presence as evidence of the lack of human subjectivity in film. If the viewer recognizes the figure on the screen as the director of the film, another possible (and perhaps more prevalent) reaction would be to feel confirmed in the idea of an auteur whose artistic vision subsumes all others present in the making of the film. That is, a viewer would understand that there is a camera operator taking shots of the director, lighting technicians managing the illumination of the scene, and of course a cast of actors, among others. But auteurism posits that the work of all of these others is contained within the director's vision, and the director's presence within the frame as an actor proposes that the auteur is, magically, everywhere, like, Sobchak's viewer, "able to experience the movie as both here and there rather than clearly locating the site of cinematic experience as onscreen or offscreen" (71). Not only that, but the director within the frame promotes the recognition that the director, like the spectator, is a "corporeal-material being," a "human being with skin and hair," to appropriate Siegfried Kracauer's description of the embodied spectator from his *Theory of Film*. The spectator's embodied status is vital in order for the sensory experience of cinema to work, in Kracauer's view: "The material elements that present themselves in films directly stimulate the *material layers* of the human being: his nerves, his senses, his entire *physiological substance*."[7] If, then, the "material elements that present themselves" in a film belong in part to the physical attributes of the person understood to be the director/author (as opposed to identification with the actor, as is generally the case in nonauteurist film),

we are on the way to a theory of the consummation of the director's desire: touching the audience.

In other films, this may be accomplished through the use of actors as avatars or second selves for the director, a vehicle for completing the circuit of contact; I will discuss this strategy in a later chapter. Certainly the actor's body is usually the site of the viewer's desire, and the actor, like the auteur, can bring to bear an identity that extends beyond the limits of the film frame: roles in other films, material produced in the media about the actor's life, beliefs, etc. But the status of the director's presence within an art-house film narrative is different, I would argue, since the director must then be imagined as both a subject within the narrative and the site of origin for the film's vision generally—he is both here and there, in front of and behind the camera.

Another, more elemental desire may lurk beneath the auteur's desire to leap into the screen and become visible to the viewer as an embodied subject. Even as photographic representation seems to allow for the reentry of the embodied subject into discourse, the process of duplication and proliferation removes the image from its origin. Thus the photographed body is, paradoxically, a disembodied representation of its subject. We see the body, but the person whose body produced the image is not there. And the figures on the screen exist ageless throughout time, liberated from their mortal bodies of origin. The development of cinematic technology, while struggling to reinsert the human body and face into the relationship between reader and text (viewer and film), has to contend with the inevitable dissolution of the body and the growing disparity between what was once represented and what now is. This is particularly problematic in auteurist cinema, where the attempt to make films that "resemble their author" can only be valid in a physical sense for a short time, and the idea of a fixed and always identifiable embodied self-image reveals its essential flaw. There is no escape, in other words, from the trajectory of human disappearance that the development of representational technologies seems to require. And so the leap into the screen by an auteurist director may reflect not only a desire to be recognized, touched—it might also indicate a high level of anxiety regarding our ability to represent an embodied subject at all. It is no wonder that when the auteur enters his film, it is often in order to play within a narrative that questions the whole project of self-representation. Yet the persistence of our need to call the originating point of a cinematic vision by a human name, the name of the author,

indicates that we are imagining a body as the starting point of our pro-jected images. When one appears, then, and carries the name of the director of the film, all kinds of questions and issues break the surface.

Character/Caricature

Of all the auteurs in my study, the one to create a self-projection most consistently with and *through* his own body is Woody Allen. One might go so far as to claim that the weight of his entire oeuvre rests on his skinny, slightly hunched shoulders. His is a physical presence—body, voice, facial expression, gesture—that is always already a caricature, so that when one does actually see cartoon caricatures of Allen (he uses them in some of his films), they seem redundant. But why is that? Car-icatures work through the exaggeration of certain signal and embodied characteristics—in Allen's case, not only an unruly shock of reddish hair, dark-rimmed glasses framing owlish eyes, and a vulnerable, shrinking posture, but also a certain anxious intonation, nervous blink-ing and hand-wringing, an attitude of longing coupled with suspicion. Certainly directors (and authors) were caricatured before Allen—it was a hallmark of Hollywood journalism to create caricatures of both actors and directors—but the auteurist period allows for a strong linkage between the caricature and the embodied subject of the film. Through the persistent repetition of these characteristics from film to film, an
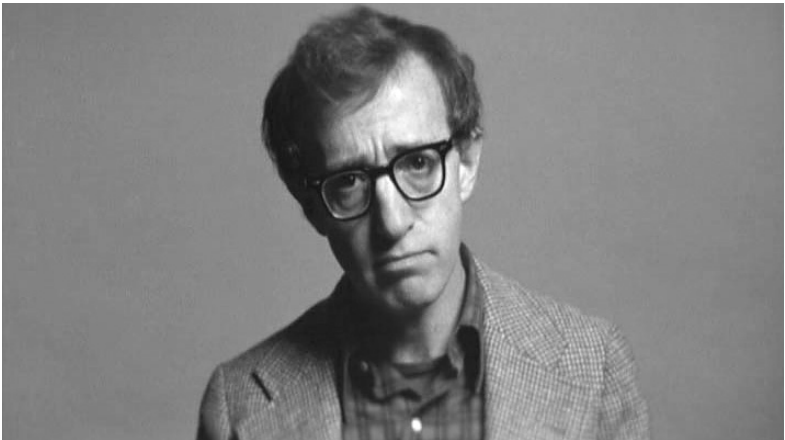
Woody Allen as narrator in Annie Hall

insistence on their identification with the person called Woody Allen, who is also the director of his films, takes shape in the viewer's mind and becomes ingrained. This is a person the viewer has come to *know*, not just as a name or a style but as an embodied being.

That caricatures inherently lack nuance and shading does not prevent viewers from establishing a nearly absolute connection between the fictional character on the screen and the director as person. I say "nearly" because, upon reflection, most viewers would understand that Allen's cinematic persona is precisely that: a persona, a mask, a screen. But in Allen's appearances "as himself"—that is, outside the bounds of his film narratives—he seems to uphold the caricature as an accurate representation of his nonfictional self by producing essentially the same gestures, the same nervous voice, the same humor. Perhaps the most striking example of the melding of fictional caricature and nonfictional self occurs in Barbara Kopple's film on Allen, *Wild Man Blues* (1997). I would like to place this film, made by another director, next to Allen's own works because the resulting comparison challenges assumptions regarding fiction versus nonfiction and on-screen versus off-screen/backstage space, and also because, given the strength of the Allen presence in the film, it could, despite Kopple's fine work, count as a self-biography.[8] That is, the film is at least in part "directed" by Allen himself in the sense that he upholds his artistic control over the "Woody Allen" image throughout.

Made in the wake of the scandal surrounding Allen's relationship with the much-younger Soon Yi Previn, his ex-partner's adopted daughter, the film follows Allen on a European tour of the Dixieland band for which he plays clarinet. It has often been remarked that when he plays with the band, he leaves his caricatured persona behind, and this appears to be the case in the sequences of *Wild Man Blues,* in which Allen sits as a member of the band in concert, hands wrapped around his instrument, studiously tapping his foot and swaying slightly with the rhythm of the Dixieland music he loves. But during the interview sequences or the "candid" sequences in which we accompany him to a luxurious hotel room with Soon Yi or to a visit with his parents (in *particular* during the visit with his parents), the caricature comes roaring back, as "real" as ever, even in this nonfictional space.

Or is it a nonfictional space? The fascinating question surrounding the kind of caricature performance that Woody Allen produces is: Where is the "real" self? Where is the "real" Woody Allen, who in any case was

born Alan Konigsberg, so that one is tempted to identify the caricatured self with the pseudonym, and look for the real person back in Brooklyn at the Konigsberg residence. The confusion over the location of the "real" Woody Allen can only take place as a result of this kind of performance, in which the same body appears in the fictional and nonfictional worlds.[9] In Allen's films, the medium's message is frequently the actor's body. Allen chose for much of his career to have his own body remain the body at the focus of his work, which has fascinating implications for how we identify a body represented in cinema with a particular, historical self.

In watching *Wild Man Blues*, the viewer might be tempted to think that Allen's caricature is not a persona at all, not a virtual Allen, but the "actual" Allen. After all, Allen's mother as she is presented in the documentary irrefutably seems to be the model for the comic but frightening Jewish-mother-in-the-skies as portrayed in Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" segment of the compilation film *New York Stories* (1989). Surely he could not have enlisted his mother as an actor so that she would produce a fictional self-caricature for *Wild Man Blues* in order to mirror the "Oedipus Wrecks" image and to play off his own perpetual fictional self-caricature? Surely we are looking at his "actual" mother playing herself, a "real" person on whom the *New York Stories* mother was based? Here is the problem with the documentary form, with *Wild Man Blues* or any documentary that seeks to capture the "real" version, the backstage version of a self that is fictionalized elsewhere. Perhaps the real person is not the base upon which a fictionalization is based but, instead, the caricature forms the basis for constructing a real person? That is, Allen's mother plays the stereotypical Jewish mother, and Allen plays the stereotypical Brooklyn Jewish son. They draw on existent stereotypes and cultural practices for their self-performances, whether in a fictionalized context or not. Allen's production and projection of a self-image point up the difficulty in claiming some kind of difference between a projected and "real" self—uncover the difficulty of defining a "self" at all, which to some degree is constructed out of existing discourses, images, and stereotypes, while at the same time producing and reproducing a highly physical and recognizable self-image.

This point might be brought home by another film by Allen, *Celebrity* (1998), in which Allen both does not and does appear. By this I mean that though Allen himself does not act in the film, Kenneth Branagh plays the "Woody Allen" figure. It is not infrequently the case that an

actor or actors within films by Allen are enlisted to represent the film-maker, to take on his persona in some way. But *Celebrity* thematizes this move in surprising ways. Branagh's character in *Celebrity* is called Lee Simon, but his gestures, his intonation, his identity as neurotic artist in an unhappy marriage—all of these things signal to the viewer that "Lee Simon" is the figure who, under "normal" circumstances, would be played by the director, Woody Allen.[10] And yet it is Kenneth Branagh, with his boyish charm and stocky build and chubby cheeks and sparkling blue eyes (unframed by glasses) who is supposed to convey "Woody-Allen-ness." The difficulty in conjuring Allen's physical presence is compounded by the audience's recognition of the actor Branagh as not a Jewish stand-up comic but a Shakespearean actor who under "normal" circumstances has a British accent. Yet despite the significant physical and cultural differences Branagh's presence embodies, the viewer can indeed "see" Woody Allen in him; in the gestures and intonation he so skillfully reproduces, the minute pauses, stutters, and frantic affect. The thing that is "Woody Allen" can be gleaned from viewing the physical body in performance—the gestures and speech and affect can be put on by another person, a very different person, and still recognized.[11]

In my reading of *Celebrity*, the point of the film is a rather simple yet profound joke. At the story level, "celebrity" undergoes extreme criticism as an object of desire for cretins and the immoral; the viewer is treated to a procession of narcissistic, destructive, untalented people whose only aim is to attract yet more attention and wealth. Thus the viewer's desire to "touch" the celebrity receives strong disapprobation from the film. But on a more thoughtful level, "celebrity" is the thing that produces the kind of caricatured identity performed by Woody Allen for his various audiences. Celebrity depends on an audience's ability to recognize a person (actually a persona) through a complex of physical affect and performance. But in choosing Kenneth Branagh to play his persona, Woody Allen moves a good number of physical and cultural degrees away from his self-caricature. For the viewer, this could best be described as an *uncanny* experience. We recognize the Woody Allen figure because Branagh's performance is in fact a quite astonishing feat of mimicry; but the caricature's appearance is strange, altered. And this is not only a joke, but also an educational moment. In watching Kenneth Branagh play the Woody Allen figure in the absence of Woody Allen's body, we learn that the caricature, the projected persona

of Woody Allen's films, is not precisely Woody Allen, but something a bit separate from whatever an "actual" Woody Allen (Alan Konigsberg?) might be. The caricature is something recognizable apart from the body it originally caricatured. At the same time, we learn that this persona is not exactly only a mask. It does belong to some degree to a particular body originating in a particular place and time; this is what produces the sense of the uncanny in the viewer.

Perhaps it is especially difficult to allow Kenneth Branagh to put on the Woody Allen mask, since Branagh, too, is a celebrity, with his own range of caricatured features that clash with Allen's in a peculiar way. But *Celebrity*, like Allen's earlier film *Zelig* (1983), argues that a person(a?) remains recognizable when physically and culturally transposed. *Zelig* is in fact the film in which Allen explores the mystery of selfhood and identity most explicitly, giving it a racial and political spin. Allen plays Leonard Zelig, a "human chameleon," an unassuming little man who changes his actual body, face, and manner (his persona) to conform to whatever surroundings he finds himself in. He becomes an aristocrat, a professional athlete, a servant, a black man, a mobster, a Chinese man—all while remaining recognizably Leonard Zelig (and further, recognizably Woody Allen).

By this point it should be clear that Woody Allen's performances as/of Woody Allen present a complex problematic. We have of course no access to a "real" Woody Allen, and there is more than a little hint

In Zelig, *directed by Woody Allen, Leonard Zelig, human chameleon, becomes African American*

throughout Allen's cinematic work that selfhood is simply a matter of self-projection, whether cinematic or outside the cinema. In the narratives of *Zelig* and *Celebrity* and *Wild Man Blues* (which Allen does not, and yet does, ineffably, codirect) and *Deconstructing Harry* (1997), Allen works on the idea of self-construction (and deconstruction) through the cinematic apparatus. But because Allen's own body is brought into play, this is a question that does not belong solely to cinema. Rather, it is posed as a philosophical question: What is a self and what is its relation to a body? The cinematic medium makes it possible to experiment with diverse potentials for projecting selfhood, underscoring the ultimate question of what it means to be a self, or whether there can be a true self, a source for the projections, at all. While at first glance it might seem that Allen is a highly self-revealing director, given his bent for autobiography and self-exposure (exhibitionism), one understands rather quickly that this kind of caricatured self-revelation may serve as the most effective mask of all, leading the audience to believe that they know someone intimately who is in fact nothing more than an assemblage of caricatured signs. And Allen's play with projected selfhood depends on an audience, a particular audience, *his* audience, who can be depended upon to recognize him in his various guises and follow him in his investigation of identity.

Because Woody Allen is, at least initially and perhaps intrinsically, a comedian, a special relationship exists between him and his audience, and not just for the reasons just cited. Comedy attends to the body in a particular way, attaches interest to the "low" functions of humanity, the physical functions. Allen's particular obsession is sex, and often the sexual unattractiveness of his embodied cinematic persona serves as the nub of a joke. As he tries, clad only in unflattering boxer shorts and his trademark glasses, to persuade the lovely Annie Hall (Diane Keaton) to have sex with him, he cuts an intentionally laughable figure. Yet she does have sex with him (if reluctantly and not as often as he would like), and so do a host of other beautiful women: Margot Hemingway, Judy Dench, Charlotte Rampling, Mia Farrow. As Allen has grown older, some reviewers have commented on the unbelievable or unappealing nature of his on-screen romances with much younger women. And this distaste has undoubtedly been fueled by the association of his off-screen persona with a sexual scandal in the form of a relationship with a young woman who was also his partner's adopted daughter, something that only further blurs the boundary between real and reel

selves. The boundary is further blurred by his propensity for love affairs with the women who play his lovers in his films: Louise Lasser, Diane Keaton, and Mia Farrow.

In fact, Allen has long played with the incongruity and illicit nature of his sexual attachments as part of the comic persona he inhabits. In *Annie Hall* (1977), it is Annie's origins in a WASP-y family from the northern Midwest that set her apart from Alvy Singer (Woody Allen) and his raucous family in Brooklyn. When the two families appear together in a comic split-screen sequence, their differences come into high relief: the bright whiteness of the WASP family's tablecloth and the sunlight streaming through their large windows set off again the dark, crowded space of the Jewish family's dinner; the high noise level on the Brooklyn side posed against the occasional clink of silverware against plate on the midwestern side; the wide, open table and symmetrical seating plan of Annie's family in contrast to the touching and grabbing and jostling going on at Alvy Singer's home. Cinematically the divergence in physical environments becomes palpable and can be experienced by an embodied spectator as coolness on the one side and warmth (perhaps suffocating warmth) on the other. And Allen sits on the WASP side, sharing Easter ham with Annie's family, definitely a foreign body in their midst. But the paradoxical nature of his incongruity and foreignness is that the spectator is meant to identify with him. His is the body, his is the gaze through which we experience the strangeness of Annie's family: the "normal" ones, the Norman Rockwell portrait. Not only is there something eerie about their surface "niceness" (which cracks at moments, such as when the anti-Semitic grandmother directs poisonous glances at Alvy and the mother inquires condescendingly about Alvy's progress in therapy), but after dinner Alvy has an amusing conversation with Annie's brother Duane (played by the ultra-blonde Christopher Walken) in which Duane is revealed to be something of a psychopath.

Ultimately it is the neurotic and sex-obsessed Alvy who is, after all, the normal one in the face of mainstream and sterile American strangeness. In creating his persona and placing it within the film in such a way as to enlist the viewer's identification, Allen reverses expectations about what is sexy, what is normal, what is American, even as he busily points out his obsessions, neuroses, and abnormalities, and lampoons his own body. The moments at which spectator identification with Allen becomes most obvious are those in which his character goes to the

movies, which many of them do, obsessively. In an early film, *Play It Again, Sam* (1972), we first encounter his figure at a daytime showing of *Casablanca*.[12] The sequence opens with the action on the screen, the romantic final scene in which Humphrey Bogart leaves a tearful Ingrid Bergman on the tarmac in Morocco with his famous line, "Here's lookin' at you, kid." The camera moves from the misty, atmospheric black-and-white image on the screen to a color shot of Allen's character hunched in his theater seat, popcorn forgotten on his lap, the light from the screen reflected in his glasses as he mouths every word spoken by the characters in the film. Once again the viewer of Allen's film experiences a moment of comic dissonance as the scrawny and disheveled moviegoer channels the ultra-cool Humphrey Bogart, a dissonance that forms the heart of Allen's film, which focuses on the confusion between on-screen and off-screen realities, on- and off-screen bodies. But the laugh is not only on Allen—it is on us as well, since this is clearly a mirror image for the spectator: "Here's lookin' at you, kid."

In total, Allen's cinematic presence as an actor offers a complex negotiation of on-screen and off-screen worlds, as his viewership becomes more aware of Allen's romantic entanglements with the women who play his lovers in his films, his participation in a Dixieland jazz band whose tradition informs the music he uses in his films, and the lack of distinction between the Woody Allen persona as it appears in his own films and as it appears elsewhere. It comes as no surprise to read in Eric Lax's biography of Allen that

> Charlie Chaplin had his tramp outfit; Groucho Marx, a broad greasepaint mustache and frock coat. They required specific costumes to fulfill their characters, and audiences did not expect to see them dressed that way on the street; they knew that there was at least some distinction between persona and person. But Woody Allen wears the same baggy corduroy trousers and frayed sweater, the same black-rimmed glasses and sensible shoes, off-stage and on. It is his idea of perfect costuming when he can get up in the morning, pull on whatever clothes he has at hand, go to the set to direct his film of the moment, and then simply step in front of the camera whenever he has a scene, generally without benefit of even a change of shirt, not to mention the addition of make-up.[13]

Here we have a description of the moment that worried Bruss, when the director "simply steps in front of the camera," but it raises no concern about a lack of control or presence; on the contrary, Woody Allen's persona represents a model of control and studied play dealing with

the question of what constitutes a "true life"; at the same time, this control might feed the idea of the auteur as powerfully ubiquitous.[14]

His Master's Voice

François Truffaut does not appear as often in his own films as Allen does, nor does he seem invested in creating a strong connection between his on- and off-screen personae in terms of appearance, gesture, or character. At the same time, the roles he chooses to perform carry more or less obvious traces of his "real-world" role as director: in *The Wild Child* (1970), he is the doctor who determines the movements and the emotions of the boy found in the forest; in *The Green Room* (1978), he plays a man who creates a shrine to his dead wife and conducts a repetitive ritual that approaches a kind of theatrical performance; and in *La nuit américaine* (*Day for Night*, 1973), he plays a film director named Ferrand, who directs François Truffaut's avatar/actor, Jean-Pierre Léaud. But because there is a kind of woodenness, a blankness in Truffaut's acting presence (one is tempted to say simply that he is a mediocre actor), there is much less caricature, much less for the viewer to use as identification with a "real" person.

When asked why he chose to play Dr. Jean Itard, the historical figure depicted in *The Wild Child*, Truffaut explained: "The decision to play the role of Dr. Itard myself was a profounder choice than I thought at the time. I saw it at first as a practical convenience, because I didn't want to hire a star. . . . I felt [the doctor's role] was a more important role than the director's because Dr. Itard maneuvered that child and I wanted to do that myself, but it's probable that it all had deeper meanings.[15] This comment by Truffaut opens up a number of questions about "directing from in front of the camera," as he terms it.[16] It is worth considering, for instance, why he speaks of both the doctor and director as "roles"—the doctor, after all, appears only within the framework of the film's story, while the director properly belongs outside the story's frame. But his decision to play the doctor (as well as the director) illustrates the breaking and penetration of the story frame that is inherent in a particular kind of film authorship.

In an article on Truffaut's presence in *The Wild Child*, Julie Codell states flatly that "Truffaut's impersonation [of Itard] is an autobiographical enactment," and then wonders, "Is civilizing Victor parallel to or a metaphor for directing actors in a film, or for other aspects of

filmmaking? Truffaut is both subject and object, changing his relationship to his audience."[17] Certainly the actions that Dr. Itard takes in the film—firmly grasping Victor's legs and manipulating them in order to teach him how to walk, spending hours on lessons to teach him to speak properly, dressing him and forcing him into a pre-scripted role (that of "civilized human")—bring forcibly to mind the parallel function of a film director. Photographs of Truffaut taken during the making of his films show him in situations that mirror precisely the scenes in *The Wild Child* when Itard/Truffaut is teaching Victor to walk or talk—he takes hold of the actor's hands, arms, head, and he models actions for the actor to mimic. Truffaut's remark that "the doctor's role was more important than the director's" indeed hints that he sees the forms of manipulation practiced by Itard as simply a more essential and profound version of what he would do as a director, and his decision to play Itard recalls Buster Keaton's leap into the projected film in *Sherlock Jr.*—Truffaut needs to "get in there" and control what is happening at a basic level (though Keaton's protagonist is initially overwhelmed by the film). Truffaut's aim was in part to depict his act of touching the actor, to bring that act into the viewing experience. His urge to enter the film, in other words, arises from the auteurist need to be everywhere and the control of the actor's body, which I will address in chapter 4.

On the level of story, Codell's description of Truffaut's performance in *The Wild Child* as an autobiographical enactment is not as far-fetched as it at first glance might seem. One might well ask, "What does the life of an eighteenth-century doctor and scientist have to do with the life of a twentieth-century filmmaker?" Certainly *The Wild Child* would not pass the litmus test of Lejeune's autobiographical pact; Truffaut is not Itard, and Itard's history cannot be mapped comfortably onto Truffaut's life story. But Truffaut's presence as both director (author) and actor forms a type of link that approaches the author/protagonist consonance that the pact demands. And there is also a subtle gesture toward the pact before the film's narrative begins, when we read in a title that the film is dedicated to Jean-Pierre Léaud, the actor who portrayed Truffaut's autobiographical alter ego, Antoine Doinel, in a series of films. Codell's argument proceeds strongly from the dedication, and indeed it is a surprising and revealing opening for the film. The dedication, *coupled with* Truffaut's presence in the film as the doctor, leads a knowledgeable viewer into an ineluctably autobiographical interpretation. I will allow Codell to lay out the associations:

> The dedication . . . to Léaud highlights the array of intersections between biography and fiction in Truffaut's films, as [Truffaut's mentor André] Bazin and Truffaut are split and projected in several filmic permutations: Léaud plays the fictional Truffaut as Doinel, and re-enacts some actual events in Truffaut's life. Bazin was Truffaut's mentor and saved him from several incarcerations. Truffaut as Itard "plays" Bazin in Truffaut's own life. [The "wild child"] Cargol (a gypsy boy, and so part of an historically outcast group) as Victor is a young truant Truffaut, and also alludes to Doinel/Léaud. Truffaut as Itard plays Bazin and himself as a mentoring adult. The dedication of *L'Enfant sauvage* to Léaud secures these convoluted, overlapping connections [and the] dedication conveys the entanglement of Truffaut's filmic fictions, his actual life, and his autobiography-as-film in this film. . . . Together, Victor and Itard represent a split Truffaut before and after mentoring, as boy and as man respectively. (103)

As if in order to support Codell's assertion, the American version of the DVD includes a significant error in the form of a note on the cover that indicates that Victor is played not by Jean-Pierre Cargol but by Jean-Pierre Léaud.

In her analysis of Truffaut's projected presence in *The Wild Child*, Codell makes reference to Derrida and his destabilization of language and thus of selfhood. And indeed, the complex entanglement of referentiality described above would seem to do violence to ordinary linguistic structures of nominal and pronominal usage. Derrida's theories find further support in a scene in which Dr. Itard/Truffaut names Victor by noting that he responds to the vowel "o" more strongly than to other sounds, and so makes the boy turn around and listen to him pronounce a number of names containing that sound. When the child seems to react most strongly to "Victor," that becomes his name, and then the doctor has the boy write "Victor" on a chalkboard, points to the name, and explains to the bewildered child: "Victor. Victor, c'est toi. C'est toi, Victor." Certainly the word on the board is no more the boy than the word "pipe" is a pipe in René Magritte's famous painting, captioned "*Ceci n'est pas une pipe*" (This is not a pipe). Yet the boy is asked to see himself in the name on the board in a way not entirely divorced from the way that the initiated viewer feels invited to see Truffaut the director in Itard the doctor. In both cases, we are invited to see equivalence in things that are not equivalent, but linked by acts of representation.

Early in Victor's sessions with Dr. Itard, the scientist stands behind Victor while the boy is looking at his reflection in a mirror and, from behind, offers him an object to grasp. The boy reaches for the mirrored

reflection of the object, predictably, for he has no experience with mirrors. Then he attempts to reach behind the mirror, imagining it to function as a kind of window. But finally he has a flash of understanding and reaches for the object where it "really" is, behind him: success! He has understood the difference between representation and object, something that an animal, for instance, would not be expected to be able to learn. But this little scene, which within the context of the narrative expresses Victor's movement from a primitive/bestial being to a civilized person, also carries meaning in the context of cinematic spectatorship and the audience's process of identifying complex patterns of referentiality.

A film viewer does understand, of course, that the images projected on the screen are just that: images, and not persons. But in a metaphorical sense, the introduction of a person who is known to be involved in the making of the film, that is, a person from the "real world" that surrounds the film, confuses the cognitive fields of spectatorship, because in viewing a film, we are meant to assume a "blacking out" of our realization that there is something "real" that produced the images on the screen. We should not be looking in the mirror, or behind us, in a sense, for the "real person." Since the "real person" is not precisely in our own chronological and physical space, we do not have immediate access to him, so despite our perception that this person is reflected (or more correctly) projected from an actual place, our knowledge of him is in fact part of the representational rather than the "real" world. Nevertheless, we tend to (again, metaphorically) look behind us or try to see behind the mirror/screen in order to combine the information we believe we have from the projecting world with the world projected. Where is the "real" Truffaut?—and this returns us to the question of where we might locate the "real" Allen. Rather than being "blinded" in one of our cognitive fields, however, we do maintain an understanding that there was a projecting place unavailable to us in real time and space that nevertheless originated in real time and space. We have not lost knowledge of that projecting field, and it pushes us toward reading the cinematic representation of a person as both representation *and* real, both the historical Itard, in this case, and the historical Truffaut. To fail to read the person playing Dr. Itard on the screen as Truffaut (once the viewer has read the credits and seen Truffaut's name) involves an act of willful blindness that is practically impossible. It is important to mark how the moment of insight or recognition of representation *qua*

representation in the film, as Victor discovers what a mirror is, operates within a framework that paradoxically seems to force a confusion between the represented and the "real," the fictional character with the director Truffaut. And who, precisely, is the director Truffaut?

Codell, while noting that *The Wild Child* contains critical moments directed against Itard's Enlightenment project of civilizing Victor, argues that Truffaut (at least believes) that he is inventing "a sublime version" of himself in playing the "cultural ideal," Dr. Itard (115). I would emphasize more strongly than she does the Romantic elements of the film that point toward a deep ambivalence regarding Itard and his treatment of Victor, elements that bring *The Wild Child* more closely into alignment with Truffaut's cinematic critiques elsewhere of social institutions such as schools, prisons, the military, marriage, and so on (see, for example, *The 400 Blows* and *Small Change*). It is true that in interviews about the film, Truffaut expresses a profound admiration for Itard's work and what he accomplished with Victor. At the same time (as Codell notes), he positions Itard as the harsh taskmaster of the story and creates a fictive situation in which a motherly housekeeper acts as a check against the inhumanity of Itard's experiments, an inhumanity that strikes one as paradoxical in terms of the idea that he is trying to make a human of the "wild" child. Truffaut's voice-over narration is taken more or less verbatim from Itard's diaries, so that we have the scientist's act of self-observation running parallel to our own view of action as it unfolds. At one point we see Itard punish Victor when the boy answers a question correctly; the narrative voice explains to us (though of course, not to Victor) that this is an experiment designed to find out whether the boy has an inherently "human" sense of justice; Itard expresses gratification at Victor's howls of outrage even as he notes his own cruelty. The dual (or "telescopic," as Codell describes it) vision supplied to the viewer by the narration seems to excuse or cover over Itard's raw actions, which are, for the immediate witnesses (Victor and the housekeeper) unmotivated and apparently arbitrary.

Throughout *The Wild Child*, Truffaut employs the iris-in, iris-out transition typical of films of the silent era. This strategy could strike the viewer, anachronistically enough, as a reference to the film's claim to historicity (as well as a reference to the film's status as film). Though the action of the film takes place in 1798, a century before cinema's beginnings in the 1890s, this archaic editing technique carries the cachet

of "the past," marking the film as "historical" in medial terms as well as through the story. To be sure, there are spoken lines in the "silent documentary" footage of the film, but they are almost incidental, and there are long sequences in which there is no very significant diegetic speech. One of these silent sequences also lacks any voiceover narrative, and thus escapes the Enlightenment scientific tone of much of the film. For this reason I believe it provides a key moment of criticism directed against the Enlightenment project. A pensive Itard gets up in the night, a candle in his hand, to look for Victor, who is, startlingly, missing from his bed. Because Victor is essentially a highly intelligent caged animal, there is a constant (and not unmotivated) worry that he will escape. Itard/Truffaut sits down in the shadowy corridor just under a drawing of a human skull that is hanging on the wall. Itard's/Truffaut's melancholy face, lit by the candle, glows in the darkness and offers a counterpart to the scientific skull depicted just above his head. This person, who lives entirely through his mind, seems to be in despair. Then he rises, walks to a window, and looks out onto a garden flooded with moonlight. There in the garden is a naked Victor, romping ecstatically, his face turned up joyously to the light of the moon.
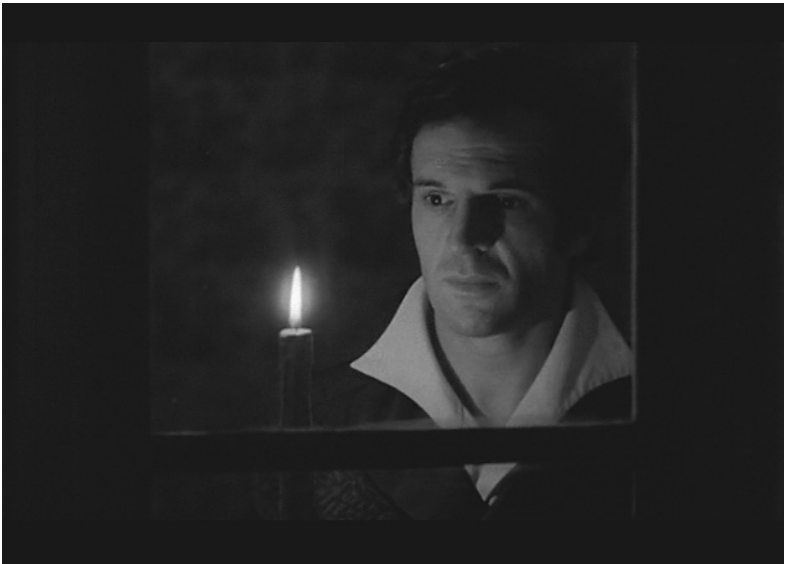
The Wild Child: *Dr. Itard (François Truffaut) watches Victor play in the moonlight*

And Itard/Truffaut, rather than rushing out to reclaim his captive, stands at the window and smiles, sadly. This silent sequence emphasizes the doctor's inability to reach Victor, his surprising emotion of understanding or empathy with the boy, and it also positions Victor's "wildness" rather differently from the way in which the Enlightenment project sees it. In this scene Victor is in fact a "noble savage," elevated and euphoric because of his unique connection to the natural world and his comfort within his own skin, a comfort that ordinarily escapes the wooden Itard, rigid and tightly enclosed in suit and tie.

Truffaut would seem to endorse Itard's project of civilizing Victor without reservation if one reads his comments in interviews and understands his dedication of the film to Jean-Pierre Léaud as a kind of self-congratulatory moment—as Itard "made" Victor, so Truffaut "made" Léaud: "While I was shooting [*The Wild Child*], I relived a little the shooting of *The 400 Blows* in which I initiated Jean-Pierre Léaud into the cinema, during which I taught him what cinema basically is."[18] And not only that; in making *The Wild Child*, Truffaut claims to have educated and formed the young gypsy boy who played Victor, Jean-Pierre Cargol: "When the film was finished, we saw that the cinema had done a lot for [Jean-Pierre Cargol's] development. To my mind, the difference in [him] before and after the filming is astounding. The film crew gave him a little 8-mm camera at the end of the shooting, and he said: 'I will be the first gypsy director.'"[19] Out of the supposed barbarian Cargol, Truffaut creates a self-image, a nascent film director. But even as Truffaut claims credit for a successful exercise of Enlightenment education in the case of his actors, bringing the young delinquent (Léaud) and the young savage (Cargol) into the civilized domain of cinema, he allows a note of skepticism or doubt to creep into *The Wild Child* by drawing on some of the ideals of his other films in order to produce a critique of "civilizing" institutions: the school for the deaf at the beginning of the film, for instance. It is possible to produce competing perspectives for reading the film based on the connection an informed viewer draws between Itard and Truffaut, the associations that can arise from that connection, and Truffaut's performance of Itard as at least mildly ambivalent about his "civilization" of Victor. In the labyrinth of identifications and reference set up by Truffaut's presence as Dr. Itard and the dedication to Jean-Pierre Léaud, the idea of character formation, which would seem to form the basis for *The Wild Child*, becomes tangled and fraught. In performing Itard, Truffaut doubles

himself and takes up variant and nearly simultaneous perspectives on the question of how a self ought to be civilized, how a person is formed in and through society.[20]

Mirrored Confessions

Ingmar Bergman also occasionally makes brief authorial appearances in his films, but slyly, recessively. His roles are more extended and serious than cameos, though there is a kind of gallows humor in the part Bergman elects to play in his short film *The Rite* (1969). This odd and disturbing narrative contains a strong self-reflexive element, in that it portrays a trio of actors who suffer prosecution under a malevolent judge for breaking obscenity laws in their interpretation of an ancient ritual (Bergman himself would later be prosecuted under Swedish tax law and often chafed under state censorship). Bergman's films often repeat the theme of actors persecuted or prosecuted for their art: *The Seventh Seal* (1957), *Sawdust and Tinsel* (1953), and *The Magician* (1958) all provide variations on this theme. In *The Rite*, the judge is sufficiently shaken by his interviews with the actors to approach a priest in the confessional—and the priest is played by Bergman, a hood drawn discreetly over his head. Bergman's name does not appear among the actors' in the credits, although he is one of just five; his voice is heard in a single line on the soundtrack before we see his face ("I'm listening"), and once we do see him, he remains silent. His face is obscured by the cowl he wears and by the shadows of the confession, and we see him from the penitent's vantage point; that is, behind a *screen*, a device that suggests the cinematic screen as well. He is both here on-screen and there, behind it, hiding in a guise reminiscent of a scene in *The Seventh Seal*, when Death poses as a priest in order to trick the Knight into confessing. That he does not "come out" as a recognizable body in the film's frame but only presents himself coyly, in a partially discernable guise but from the position of narrative (and theological) authority, underscores the power of invisibility. Bergman in fact has it both ways; he cultivates celebrity as well as anonymity, since he was willing to make himself widely available for interviews in print and on television and radio (including such popular American venues as *Playboy* and *Time*), in documentary films, and in the informal footage often taken while filming was under way. In other words, he did his best to become recognizable enough for his ghostly presence to be guessed at and interpreted.

Bergman's appearance in the role of the priest has something of the same impact as seeing Death cloaked as a priest; the viewer who recognizes Bergman (and also the echo of the scene from *The Seventh Seal*) gets the sense that this is no priest, but someone else, someone who cannot grant absolution. And in any case the judge who "confesses" is not a believer. His name (Abramson) and his darker coloring give the impression that he might be Jewish, and he indicates to the priest that he does not want to confess, but only needs someone to listen to him. "You know that even unbelievers pray," he adds. Rather than functioning as a true confession, the entire situation is instead a restaging and reversal of the judge's interrogation of the actors, where they are expected to confess to him their wrongs as the judge is now moved to ponder his own failings in the confessional. In playing the priest, Bergman both quotes his own work—*The Seventh Seal*—and indicates something about the director's role, or specifically, his own persona as a director. There is a sense in which the director defines not only how the actor is to perform, who the actor is supposed to be, but also how the viewer is to perform. One of the ways in which the field of Bergman's screen becomes complicated is through the introduction of mirrors, which not only create a depth and complexity for the action within the frame (the space opens up, things invisible within the frame—offscreen—materialize, etc.), but also imply that the viewer's space might become involved, that the viewer might find herself reflected there, as the auteurist director always is.

Not infrequently in Bergman's films, there is a moment when a person is confronted rather cruelly with his or her own shortcomings. Generally this scene is played out in front of a mirror; two characters will stand facing the mirror, or one will hold up a mirror to the other, and then one of them will begin to describe the other in the most drastic terms.[21] In the early film *Summer Interlude* (1951), a ballerina sits before a mirror while her director, reflected in another mirror, dissects her mercilessly. A circus performer in *Sawdust and Tinsel* (1953) receives a similar scathing treatment from an actor, then turns on him and delivers a devastating assessment of his character; and all the while they are reflected in a tall mirror. A beautiful young woman in *Wild Strawberries* (1957) holds a small mirror up to her childhood lover, now an elderly man, and forces him to contemplate his wizened face, delivering at the same time a lethal character assassination. In *Cries and Whispers,* a man describes the features of his former lover's face as they look

into a mirror together, and he assigns to each feature of her aging face the worst possible interpretation: selfishness, cruelty, lust. She turns to him with a cold smile and says, "I think you are describing yourself." It is a central topos of Bergman's films, in other words, that one person defines another's character, and this definition arises out of a power relationship; the person who produces the definition either actually occupies a position of dominance over the other or assumes a position of dominance.

Moreover, there is an element of self-projection involved in the definition, as the last example clearly articulates: "I think you are describing yourself." In *Summer Interlude,* the ballet master focuses on the ballerina's absolute identity with her art, her inability to escape her mask, her persona, while he himself still wears the absurd makeup of the role he has just played. It happens that he was performing Coppelius, the evil figure from Hoffman's "The Sandman" who creates the mechanical doll Olympia—his role of creating and directing a life-size doll in the ballet thus extends into his "real-life" practice of forming and directing his ballerinas. In other words, his, too, is a mask that he cannot remove. In *Sawdust and Tinsel*, a young circus actress attempts to crush her ardent seducer with the observation that he is like a girl; she claims, as she stands before her own reflection, looking at his reflection in the mirror, that she could make mincemeat of his mouth in a kiss. This projection will ultimately prove fatal to her, since her belief that he is a weak "feminine" figure will lead her into intimacy with him, and she is the one who will be crushed. *Wild Strawberries* presents a slightly more complex situation. The scene in which the young Sara confronts her now-elderly former lover Isak with a mirror occurs in one of Isak's dreams—the confrontation he conjures in his dream would of course not work logically in real-world time. And so Sara's harsh assessment of him is in fact a self-projection, Isak's judgment on himself.

Paisley Livingston remarks that "Bergman demonstrates that identity is never simple and immediate in that it does not reside in a static equivalence of self to self. The boundaries of the self are open and fluid; its unity is not rigid, but evolves through contact with others."[22] This is quite in accordance with what Bergman says himself about the formation of selfhood in the acting process: "Without a you there is no I." Yet it would be a mistake to think of the "fluid" boundaries of selfhood as a wholly positive or even neutral phenomenon in Bergman's

world; the mirror scenes are always about power and often about sadism. And when he enters the mirroring scenario in his own person, the viewer must consider what this might say about the structure of power in directing and acting, directing and viewing.

When Bergman appears in *The Rite* as a confessor (and it is the only time he plays a fictional figure in one of his films), it seems productive to think of the scene in terms of the projected "confessions" described in the mirror scenes above. The confessor figure in *The Rite* functions as the mirror in which the judge sees himself, or rather, the situation of the confessional demands a self-account that is elicited by a power structure that produces a sense of guilt, the need to confess, and the possibility of absolution. Because the judge does not in fact confess as a believer, the final aspect of the rite of confession falls out—there will be no absolution. And in a sense, this heightens the effect of all of Bergman's mirror scenes—there are not two people present, but only one. Or only two separate people, each experiencing an existential solitude in which the "other" is nothing more than a mirror or echo chamber. When Bergman as actor enters this complex, the specter of the director enters as well, and we see how the role of the director parallels in a sense the role of the priest hearing a confession. We might say "exacting a confession," because though the priest does not require a sinner to confess (that impetus must come from the penitent), the power structure in which the priest plays a central role does demand confession of sins. The director's role is to coax, persuade, or force the actor to speak assigned lines, to require a particular posture or attitude. One difference between the priest and the director is that the priest does not know what specific lines the penitent will speak, what particular sins will be confessed, while the director (and particularly an auteur) knows in advance precisely what the actor has to say and how he wants the actor to say it. And another, allied difference would be that while the actor does not voice the lines as him- or herself, the penitent speaks out of his or her own situation. There is (meant to be) a sincere speech act involved in confession, while acting only imitates speech acts (as in the opening sequence of Bergman's *Winter Light*, where a country priest, played by Gunnar Björnstrand, performs communion with his congregation). But even in a sacred setting, the ritual of confession is played out in scripted lines, both for the priest and the penitent. Though the penitent may come with a highly unique crime on his conscience, a standard ritual will still be performed, with the sin's

specificity buried within a framework of ritualized speech. And there is nothing to ensure that any given confessional act is sincere and not "merely" performative.[23]

Thus it might be said that Bergman's use of confessional acts as performative does not necessarily demarcate an absolute difference between religious and secular confession, nor between a "real" speech act or "mere" performance. Instead, both can be understood as containing a ritual element, and in fact the actors' performance of their allegedly obscene rite in the film, a performance they carry out in the judge's chambers, with the judge as sole spectator, demonstrates if anything the enormous power of performed ritual—upon seeing the rite performed, the judge dies. In this little film, Bergman plays with the boundaries between sacred and secular acts of confession, actual and performed speech acts. Dressed and acting as priest/confessor in the scene in which he actually appears, he retains the identity of director as well, both by using his recognizable face for the benefit of the audience and by playing a role that resembles that of a director. Ultimately he raises questions about the significance of ritual in relation to drama and the director's role in mediating ritual through his actors, but the second of these questions can only be raised when the audience has an acquaintance with Bergman's physical appearance and his voice.

Bergman withdraws even farther into obscurity when he appears only on the soundtrack, as an unidentified voice-over narrator. But in two of his films, *Persona* and *Cries and Whispers*, this directorial voice enters at particularly telling moments. In *Persona,* the narration occurs as the scene changes from the blank corridors and rooms of a hospital to a sunny summer day in the country. From a distance we see our two protagonists, Nurse Alma and her patient Elisabeth Vogler, as the women, both wearing straw hats, walk along a stone wall typical of the island of Gotland. They seem to be in high spirits, though we cannot hear what Alma is saying (Elisabeth is understood to be mute during the film). At that moment we hear a man's voice on the soundtrack: "And so at the end of the summer, Sister Alma and Mrs. Vogler move into the doctor's summer house. The seaside stay agrees very well with the actress. Her former apathy gives way to long walks, fishing, cooking, letter writing, and other diversions. Sister Alma enjoys the seclusion of the countryside and takes great care of her patient." The narrator's interjection about the passage of time as well as the developing relationship of the two women is not out of place at this moment in the

film, but Bergman could have accomplished this by adding an inter-
title, or by using someone else's voice. For the Swedish cinema-going
audience of 1966, it seems likely that Bergman's voice could be identi-
fiable as belonging to the director, just as it would be surprising if they
did not recognize his face in *The Rite* two years later. He was at that
time an important public figure with a high level of recognition in his
small country. But an international audience would be less likely to
make that connection, and there is nothing in the film credits to indi-
cate Bergman's contribution in that regard. So why did Bergman speak
the lines? If Bergman wanted to establish himself as author and also as
authorial narrator, he would accomplish this in the first instance only
for the Swedish audience, and to what purpose?

One can understand that the insertion of a third-person narrator
into *Persona*, a film that exercises an extreme emphasis on subjective
experience, might offer a kind of telescoping out to a position where
the audience could feel comfortable and confident about the truth value
of what was being said, particularly if the voice saying it belongs to
the director of the film.[24] The sheer confidence and serenity of the real-
istic narrator offers a sense of security. But in fact, it is at this point
that the viewer's sense of a firm footing in the reality of the film's story
begins seriously to falter. Shortly after the intervention of the narra-
tive voice, the women sit at a picnic table comparing hands, which is,
as Nurse Alma remarks, an omen of bad luck. It is also a metonymic
sign of how their identities will begin to be confused and fused in the
scenes that follow, how Alma will fear that she is becoming Elisabeth,
how the viewers will begin to suspect that there might not be two women
on the island at all, but perhaps only one. Or none. Thus the director's
voice offers a false comfort, a notion that there is an authority in place
that will establish "reality" and identity for the viewer, and it follows
on the heels of another "authoritative" scene in which Elisabeth's doc-
tor (played by Margaretha Krook) has just explained to Elisabeth what
is *really* wrong with her.

It is not really necessary for the viewer to recognize the voice-over
as Bergman's in order to receive the (false) message of order and author-
ity, even though a knowledgeable viewer might receive a little frisson
of excitement from the recognition. Instead, putting Bergman's voice
on the soundtrack seems to emerge out of Bergman's need to be there,
just as Truffaut expressed his need to perform as Dr. Itard in *The Wild
Child*, in a performance of control. Thus the significance of the voice

In Persona*, directed by Ingmar Bergman, the narrative is broken with a shot of a descending camera*

becomes fully intelligible only in stepping outside the bounds of the film itself, into the space of direction.

In the final moments of the film, another, more pointed gesture toward the off-screen space of production is made as Sister Alma prepares to depart the summer house. A sound much like the horn of a bus is heard, and since we are cued to hear that kind of sound, it comes as something of a surprise when instead of a bus, we first see a camera dolly lowering into the frame. The sound, then, was the horn warning people on the set that a piece of heavy equipment is in motion. One man operates the camera, his face hidden by the apparatus, while another crouches in the shadows to the side of the camera, while we see in the camera's lens the image they film: Mrs. Vogler's face. Those familiar with Sven Nykvist's appearance would be inclined to identify the man on the left as Bergman's cinematographer, while the man behind the camera is in all likelihood not Bergman himself. But he seems to perform as a stand-in for the author; the film is careful to mask both of the men, one with darkness, the other with the apparatus. This image more than any other points the viewer toward the idea that this

film is a created artifact, and that it was created by *someone*. At the same time, the film refuses to allow us a simple explanation of what it means to be someone. *Persona* makes a point of calling the viability of individual human subjectivity into serious question, so that the appearance of "authority" (the cavalry?) at this late moment only adds to the film's essential anxiety and confusion.

In Woody Allen's many cinematic performances and in Truffaut's smaller number, the auteur as performer stands at the center of the narrative, and thus the films can be understood to be as much about them as directors as they are about the characters they portray. Bergman's roles announce his presence differently, but they do refer to him, as they address some of his central concerns about identity and power relationships in identity formation. In other cases, auteurist directors enter their films in cameo roles that seem little more than games. In these instances, one might speak of the auteur's appearance as a kind of signature that affirms the authorial presence, even as these appearances also function as a kind of wink at the audience: now you see me, now you don't. Here I am . . . but this isn't me. Hitchcock is of course the most famous director for his short and often humorous appearances, which serve as a kind of imprimatur: his rotund body, bald head, and deadpan expression make up his signature, the sign that assures the viewer that this is indeed a Hitchcock film, and grants the informed spectator the little thrill of pleasure that accompanies access to privileged information.[25]

General Erections/Elections

Among the auteurs of this study, Pedro Almodóvar most closely fits Hitchcock's cameo model in his own appearances. In Almodóvar's early films, *Pepi, Luci Bom, and Other Girls on the Heap* (1980), *What Have I Done to Deserve This?* (1985), and *Matador* (1986), he creates a different kind of signature through a slightly more exposed appearance than Hitchcock's, though his performances offer that same spark of recognition to those who have some background knowledge of Almodóvar's off-screen persona. Almodóvar, arguably Spain's most recognized auteur figure beginning in the 1980s, had his artistic beginnings as part of the countercultural Madrid *movimento*, focusing primarily on musical drag shows, pornographic stories and comic books, and Super-8 films starring himself and his friends. His first feature film, *Pepi, Luci,*

Bom, and Other Girls on the Heap, draws on that milieu and plays with his accustomed media in order to produce a slightly extended version of his favorite type of narrative: a wild pastiche of confused identities, challenges to standard class and gender constructions, and subversion of authority, all played out with high consciousness of color and (counter-)style in interior design, costume, hair, and makeup. In *Pepi, Luci, Bom,* Almodóvar himself appears in the role of an emcee and judge for a sexual contest entitled "General Erections" (a play on "General Elections"), the nature of which is easy to glean from the title. In *Matador*, we find the director in a short sequence as the director of a fashion show, and in *What Have I Done to Deserve This?* Almodóvar performs briefly on a television program watched by the characters in his film— we see him in miniature on the tiny screen as he sings a duet about the melancholic nature of love while dressed in elaborate and flashy "historical" costume, complete with a false moustache. In all of these cameos, Almodóvar produces a projected image that aligns with the aesthetic and social concerns of the *movimento,* in which he plays an important role. While one might be tempted to label the appearances "autobiographical" in the sense that they seem to imply Almodóvar's personal off-screen identity as a homosexual and a central figure in the *movimento*, the most important factor here is that his appearances connect his cinematic work to his earlier artistic corpus and to the framework in which they belong. Almodóvar's primary concern with identity (his own or anyone else's) is to understand and demonstrate identity as construct, a concept he examines mostly in the context of gender and sexual orientation, but also in terms of morality, class, and national or regional cultures. It is true that his cameos point the viewer toward the presence of Almodóvar the director, and at least in the case of "General Erections" and in *Matador,* we see the character he performs as a kind of director, indicating a comic little *mise en abyme*. But it is important to note how all the cameos refer to show business more generally, and I use the popular term "show business" advisedly, with the accent on "show." Identity in Almodóvar's work is about performance and construction, projection on a grand scale. When we see him in the various cameos that point toward performance, we understand that we are not to try to turn toward some "real-world" explanation of who Pedro Almodóvar is or what in his biography might motivate the stories he tells, but instead we are to consider how performance determines identity in our general elections/erections of who we are to be.

One of the moments in his films when this becomes most obvious occurs in *All About My Mother*. Almodóvar does not appear as a figure in that film (though he claims an autobiographical relationship to the young boy who is killed in the opening sequence), but he presents a short treatise on the problem of self-construction via a speech given by Agrado, a transsexual prostitute turned backstage theater assistant. Given the thankless task of announcing that a theater performance must be canceled, Agrado takes center stage and announces that she/he will relate her own life story as compensation for the canceled show. With tremendous self-irony, Agrado tells the captive audience how much she paid for each of her gender-changing operations: so much for each breast, so much for each ounce of silicon used to form a shapely feminine posterior, so much for her nose, for reducing her chin, and so on. She concludes by observing, to general applause, that "a woman is more authentic the more she resembles what she has dreamed of being" (*Una mujer es más auténtica cuanto más se parece a lo que a soñado de si misma*). The body, usually the anchor for what is real, what distinguishes one individual from another, becomes a literal construction in this instance. Turning "authenticity" on its head, Agrado insists on the power of the individual to create the body that will reflect some inner vision of authentic selfhood. This notion of selfhood as creative process will hold true for Almodóvar's figures generally, which raises the question of what Almodóvar's body means in the context of his films. In the various guises in which he appears, he remains recognizably himself, the auteur's body as mark of the auteur's presence and power, even as the actual appearance takes on the form of an inside joke. But since one major point of his cinematic narratives is the disruption of biological essentialism when it comes to gender roles and sexuality, one would have to regard his appearance in his films as an invitation to both underwrite the idea of a cinematic auteur (there he is, the author) and subvert it by placing his own body among these shifting identities. The body, in Almodóvar's work, is not the stable site of human subjectivity that one might first imagine it to be.

This is far from a catalogue of all the physical interventions performed by auteurist film directors—one would have to include a study of Fritz Lang's hands or Federico Fellini's leg in the opening sequence of *8½*, Rainer Maria Fassbinder's series of film appearances, as well as the work of many others. But this sampling of readings indicates how auteurist directors make use of their own bodies and performances in

their films in order to call attention to themselves, yes, but also in order to call into question what it means to be a self at all. We want to believe, we continue to say, that there is a person who envisioned what we experience in auteurist film. And the person can be located physically, geographically, historically. But once removed from that physical, geographical, and historical space, what remains of the person besides the images and their relationship to the viewer? To continue along this line of inquiry in a more focused vein, I will turn to films in which the auteurist director performs as a director, to see how the cinematic apparatus is pulled more obviously into the analysis of what it means to be a person in and through cinema.

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2 THE DIRECTOR PLAYS DIRECTOR

THE IMAGE IS FROM 1957, taken on the set of *The Seventh Seal.* Director Ingmar Bergman, not quite thirty years old, is deeply engaged in a conversation with Death—that is, actor Bengt Ekerot, in white-face and cloaked in black. Bergman has already received adulation at Cannes for *Smiles of a Summer Night* (1955), and soon he will be champ-ioned as an auteur, an art-cinema author, one of the elect, in the pages of *Cahiers du cinéma* by a worshipful Jean-Luc Godard.[1] The director and actor on the set of *The Seventh Seal* sit as if unaware of the cam-era, but Bergman, like Ekerot, is in costume: he wears his favored beret, a kind of self-dramatizing (self-ironizing?) little nod to the culture that acknowledges his status as artist(e). Such photographs offer support to the burgeoning auteurist movement; as testimony, the *Bibliothèque du cinéma* in Paris houses a significant collection of *tournage* images— that is, photographs devoted to chronicling the making of films. *Tour-nage* documents can focus on various aspects of film: acting, camera-work, construction of sets, and so on, but frequently the director is the star actor. And after the proclamation of the *politique des auteurs* at the end of the 1950s, auteurist-centered documentaries begin to play a role in establishing the primacy of the image of the art-cinema director.

In the examples discussed in the last chapter, auteurist filmmakers play with the line between off-screen and on-screen worlds through the insertion of their own bodies into the narrative frame as actors within that narrative. In yet other instances, when auteurs not only appear as actors in the narrative, but either create or participate as a director figure in a documentary, mockumentary, or fictional narrative that revolves around the making of a film, the relationship between the director's "real-life" persona and the character within the narrative becomes even more charged, and layers of reality and representation are confused.

The "Making of " Documentary

When a self-conscious art-cinema movement emerged in the late 1950s, the director became the central subject of the "making of " documentary, and it is at that point that the posture of "being an auteur" can be assumed overtly and recognizably. And once the auteurist role assumes shape as a performative mode, we see instances of the film author's self-construction and self-deconstruction, sometimes within the same film. The "making of " films undergird the institution of auteurism by highlighting and dramatizing the role of the film's director, in fact staging the auteur *as* a role, which begs the question: Who is the auteur if not a role? In the discussion above of auteurs as actors, I brought to light the problems and questions and meaning surrounding selfhood that are introduced by the director's physical appearance as a fictional character in one of his own films; in the analysis of "making of " films, the position of the auteur's self-creating role within the institution of auteurist cinema comes to the fore. The "making of " films are, in these cases, as much about the "making of " the auteur as they are about the making of a film, with "making" in this context meaning both to forge a persona and to ensure a reputation, as in "the making of a man." And 'making,' when the focus is on an auteur figure, emphasizes the primacy of agency.[2]

This is, however, more complex an issue than a simple fortification of the claim that the auteur is an artist or that any single individual is in fact an auteur. The "making of " films about auteurs most often include a dialogic structure, in which the director of the "making of " film, usually a younger or less prominent director, interviews and views the auteur at work. The ensuing dialogue carries more than a hint of discipleship; the younger director (or a group of unnamed aspiring directors or film connoisseurs) wants to get at the heart of what makes this cinematic genius tick (in the "making of " films, the auteur is implicitly designated a cinematic genius either by the documentarian or himself or both). But in introducing the idea of an outside view, a split occurs within the auteur himself. Not only do the documentarian and the film audience have him in their sights, but he observes himself in the act of making a film, comments on his own actions, sees himself as a cinematic figure.

The "making of " documentary frames the director within the action of the film, shows him directing his actors, sometimes standing in for

one of them, sometimes modeling a gesture for one of them, sometimes sitting as a silent listener to the side while an intense conversation takes place on-screen. Some of the films below, like *The Making of Fanny and Alexander*, are in fact films by the art-film directors themselves, and these can (unlike Bergman's earnest film) become almost or outright mockumentaries, in part because an ironic voice seems inevitable. Lurking behind the behind-the-scenes is the phantom of the "real self," the self whose existence distinct from the auteurist persona is implied through (ironic and/or observing) distance. Ultimately, in some cases, not only does the director's selfhood undergo deconstruction (split into observing and performing figures), but the idea of the auteur itself becomes fraught—the presence of the director as director on-screen promises/threatens to unmask the "magic" aspect of auteurism. The Wizard of Oz's line is "pay no attention to that man behind the curtain over there," but the "making of" films, "real" or fictional, draw the curtain aside and let the man stand revealed—or so they claim.[3]

Ingmar Bergman Makes a Movie (*Ingmar Bergman gör en film*, Vilgot Sjöman, 1963) follows Bergman, his actors, and his crew during the production of *Winter Light* (*Nattvardsgästerna*, 1963).[4] This documentary, originally made for Swedish television, offers the special treat of a collaboration between Bergman and a reverent acolyte Sjöman, who would later go on to make a matched pair of notorious mock documentaries: *Jag är nyfiken: Gul* (*I Am Curious: Yellow*, 1967) and *Jag är nyfiken: Blå* (*I Am Curious: Blue*, 1968). Sjöman's treatment of Bergman stresses the older man's stature as part of the Swedish cultural patrimony and global cinema's pantheon, and offers a position for the viewer to occupy as fan or student. For Sjöman explains that he wanted to make this documentary in order to learn about the process of filmmaking, obviously with the idea that this knowledge would guide him in his own career, but also with the aim of satisfying the audience's curiosity about how a film works—what lies behind the illusionist magic of film. At one level, then, Sjöman's film proposes to be about filmmaking in general, any film by any director, with its sequences on how films are edited or how sound is added. But already in the title of the documentary, Bergman's importance remains at the center, and though Sjöman conducts interviews with Bergman's frequent collaborators, Sven Nykvist (cinematographer), actor Gunnar Björnstrand, costume designer Mago, and props director K. A. Bergman (no relation) among others, it becomes increasingly clear that the entire complex

apparatus of people, props, sets, and machines exists solely to realize Ingmar Bergman's "*helhetsvision*," as Bergman calls it: his vision of all the parts as a whole.

A particularly striking and oddly moving illustration of how individuals become absorbed in the *helhetsvision* occurs in Sjöman's interview with prop master K. A. Bergman, "a Mozart among prop masters," as Bergman calls him. A small man with a deeply lined face, boyish shock of hair, and an oddly contorted posture, K. A. Bergman enters the scene carrying a couple of items he has collected from old Swedish churches. After Ingmar Bergman approves of one of them, Sjöman steps in to interview the prop master. "Is it true that Bergman decided to give one of the characters in the film the disease you suffer from?" he asks. In *Winter Light,* an important scene occurs between a priest and the sexton of his church, who is crippled by an unnamed ailment. The priest has lost his faith, believes that God has abandoned him, and treats this sexton dismissively on the several occasions when the man tries to engage him in conversation. Finally, toward the end of the film, they do sit and talk, and it turns out that the sexton's crippling disease has taught him something significant about Christ's passion. "Yes," says the prop master. "He asked me if he could use it." "Can I ask what it is?" presses Sjöman. And we hear that the prop master suffers from a terrible disease that slowly stiffens and cripples the body. But he also voices his belief that he has been helped with his disease, that he has actually gotten better—because of his work with Bergman.

The confluence of film, Christ's passion, and the vision of the auteur links inextricably the notions of art and divinity. It is easy to commute the roles played by the priest and sexton to those played by the director and prop master—a priest and a director who have lost their faith in the God of their youths, a sexton and a prop master who offer a renewal of faith through suffering. During an interview in which Sjöman and Bergman discuss Bergman's manuscript for the film, Sjöman notices the letters SDG added at the end. Bergman smiles, seems a little self-conscious. "Yes, that's a little secret thing I do," he says. (Not so terribly secret now.) "Bach used to write those letters on his compositions; they stand for *soli Deo gloria* (to God alone the glory). It might seem a bit presumptuous to do as he did; I don't claim to be like him. What I mean by it is that I feel that what I am doing is like what a single builder on a cathedral does, an anonymous person who just adds his stone." Sjöman challenges this (not surprisingly), and Bergman

admits that it does matter to him what people think of him as an artist. And that there is a movement between two poles—celebrity, the cinematic auteur as artist with an overriding vision for a film, and anonymity, the person who stays behind the scenes, works as part of a team: "The actors," says Bergman, "expose themselves terribly. I hide behind the camera." And he gives credit to God (whose existence he elsewhere denies) as ultimate founder of the artistic vision, which takes us back to the auteur as Romantic artist (and Bergman as the son of a Lutheran pastor). And in this instance, Bergman is certainly not behind the scenes; he is front and center, engaging with his actors and technicians, standing at the focus of every sequence he occupies. In any case, Sjöman's film reveals an almost frightening sincerity in Bergman's self-projection as a director, one that Bergman performs self-consciously and Sjöman accepts wholeheartedly, with a palpable desire to draw closer to Bergman's artistic flame.[5]

A similarly Romantic auteurist documentary, this time made for Italian television, is Andrei Tarkovsky's and Tonino Guerra's *Viaggio in Tempo* (*Voyage in Time*, 1983). Marred by spotty cinematography, uneven sound editing, and a lack of narrative line or discernable structure of any kind, this documentary about the making of Tarkovsky's *Nostalghia* (1983) nevertheless conveys a similar reverence for the auteurist's vision and the near-sacred domain of auteurist cinema. Loosely organized around the search for the proper locations for Tarkovsky's film about a Russian exile in Italy, *Voyage in Time* seems at first glance to focus primarily on voyages through space. But as Bergman also stresses in *Ingmar Bergman Makes a Movie*, Tarkovsky argues that film consists of segments of time, with particular attention to rhythm, pauses, and silence (Tarkovsky's autobiography, which is more a treatise on his filmmaking philosophy than an account of his life, is entitled *Sculpting in Time*.) As it turns out, this film about a film is in fact more about the auteur Tarkovksy, with Guerra occupying Sjöman's disciple position. Like Sjöman, Guerra poses questions to the master regarding his artistic practice, though rather than coming from Guerra himself, these questions are posed in the format of "young people want to know"—that is, Guerra reads ostensibly from letters sent to Tarkovsky by young Italians. This offers Tarkovsky the opportunity to expound at length (in Russian, which Guerra apparently does not understand) on his philosophy of filmmaking, a philosophy that approaches—yes—religion. Filmmaking demands sacrifice, he insists (see Herzog, below). Filmmaking

is a duty, something demanded of the filmmaker, something he must do for the benefit of the public (see Herzog and Bergman, in *Ingmar Bergman Makes a Movie*). One of the letters asks Tarkovsky about his cinematic influences, which gives him the opportunity to place himself and his own work within the catalogue of great auteurs of Russia and Italy and—Sweden. Tarkovsky establishes here a direct link between himself and Ingmar Bergman, a compliment Bergman repays in *The Magic Lantern*, when he confesses that despite repeated attempts, he has never been able to approach Tarkovsky's mastery when it comes to filming dreams. This kind of reference to other auteurist directors as "masters" (which we find in Truffaut's *Day for Night* and more extensively explored and interrogated in Lars von Trier's *The Five Obstructions*, below) serves to establish more firmly the Romantic notion of the cinematic auteur. Already with Truffaut's manifesto at the initiation of the movement, it was important to claim the existence of an artistic tradition and line of descent, and the structure of many of these auteurist documentaries—that is, auteurist teacher and documentary disciple—makes clear the intent to uphold cinematic auteurism alongside great poetry or painting.

Throughout the long sequences in which Tarkovsky speaks, passionately, articulately, without pause or stumble, as if scripted, the Russian director paces restlessly, runs his hands through his hair, stares out the window as if in despair. Guerra remains invisible, outside the frame; it is as if Tarkovsky is talking to himself. In other sequences, the two explore potential locations, and a tension emerges between them. Guerra wants to show Tarkovsky the beauties, the marvels, of Italy, while Tarkovsky complains that they are only looking at tourist attractions, places that would appear on postcards. Guerra responds that in order to film Italy adequately, Tarkovsky should understand something of the country's enormous cultural heritage. Tarkovsky, in contrast, wants nothing to do with Italy's past. He wants to get at something else in the Italian landscape, something that will allow him to fantasize about Russia, to impose Russia and Russia's cultural history on the Italian landscape. As the documentary achieves a kind of climax, it becomes clear that Tarkovsky's vision will dominate—he is, after all, primarily concerned with finding a setting for *Nostalghia*, a film about a Russian who finds himself in lonely exile in Italy, and who begins to find traces of Russia everywhere he turns. (For his part, Bergman sets *Winter Light* in Dalarna, a rural province in northwestern

Sweden, where he spent time with his maternal grandmother during the summers: "I wanted to approach a Swedish reality, a completely naked Swedish reality," is his comment in *Ingmar Bergman Makes a Movie*. This reality is also, obviously, the landscape of nostalgia for Bergman, a landscape he revisits in his autobiography, *The Magic Lantern*.)

Voyage in Time, then, gives the viewer a prelude to *Nostalghia* and makes clear the autobiographical source of that film's vision. For Tarkovsky would never return to Russia again after the making of *Nostalghia*—eventually he dies in exile. And there is a kind of melancholic foreshadowing of that fate in the atmosphere that comes to dominate *Voyage in Time*. At the outset of the documentary, Guerra welcomes Tarkovsky into his home. The two have already finished filming the documentary we are about to watch. Guerra says that he has written a poem for Tarkovsky; he wrote it in dialect, he explains, but he will read it in Italian so that Tarkovsky might understand a little (Tarkovsky speaks a few words of Italian in the documentary). The poem Guerra reads describes a bird that arrives in Italy "with snow-covered wings," and as it turns out, the cage cannot contain the bird—the bird rises and the cage vanishes. Of course the bird is the visitor from the frozen North, the Russian director. And the cage of Italian history and Italian culture and Italian language cannot contain him—they vanish in his film. But this poem is read at the outset of the film and forms the starting point for the film's narrative of tension between Italy and Russia, Guerra and Tarkovsky. This is, in other words, not primarily a "making-of" documentary, but like Sjöman's film of Bergman, a stage on which the auteur's self-projection can take place. Similarly, the film *Nostalghia* (which features one of Bergman's foremost actors, Erland Josephsson) presents Tarkovsky's subjective vision (empty fields, an unpaved country road baking in the sun, claustrophobic, hospital-like corridors, steam floating above black hot springs) as a prototypical image of Russia as experienced by Russians in exile. Self-projection becomes the projection of a collective consciousness, in other words, as it does in Bergman ("One makes something that is necessary not only for oneself but for others," Bergman assures apprentice Vilgot Sjöman in *Ingmar Bergman Makes a Movie*).

A third instance of this kind of directorial performance takes place in Les Blank's *Burden of Dreams*, a documentary on the making of Werner Herzog's *Fitzcarraldo* (both films were released in 1982). Here the relationship between the documentary filmmaker and his auteurist

subject is mostly submerged; we hear Blank's very American voice posing questions from the position occupied by the camera, approximately, so we tend to assume that the documentary filmmaker is there as interlocutor, though he does not identify himself or come out from behind the camera until the credits, when a labeled photograph of him appears. There are also voice-over narratives by a woman and a man, which overshadow Blank's presence as an interviewer. The absence of an earnest fellow director on-screen to partner with the auteur marks a difference: unlike *Ingmar Bergman Makes a Movie* and *Voyage in Time*, *Burden of Dreams* does not present itself as a pedagogical moment for young directors. On the contrary, the film is more of a cautionary tale: do *not* try this at home. Herzog fairly revels in violent setbacks, emotional crises, and financial disasters. Still, like Bergman and Tarkovsky, Herzog definitely snatches the opportunity provided by the documentary camera to voice his philosophies of film, art, and the universe in general. The role Herzog performs in Blank's film is as studied as anything his actors produce in *Fitzcarraldo*, as he speaks in a voice colored by barely withheld anguish about the rigors of filmmaking in the remote Amazon forest, the impossibility of pulling a ship over a mountainous isthmus (an impossibility he imposed upon himself and his actors and crew), and the "obscenity" of the jungle ("I don't hate it," Herzog nearly spits in his vehemence. "I love it. But I love it against my better judgment").

Reading Herzog's published diary from the time he was filming *Fitzcarraldo*, one finds that he has already rehearsed in the pages of his journal a number of the ideas he gives to Blank about the jungle and the nature of filmmaking, among other things. Like Tarkovsky's, Herzog's remarks are not extemporaneous observations. The director focuses with an unsettling intensity on setting a particular tone of deliverance, cultivating a laserlike, unwavering gaze. And in the shots Blank makes of the shooting of *Fitzcarraldo*, Herzog not infrequently inserts himself into the action—not placing himself before his own film's cameras, but clearly conscious that Blank's camera will capture him working among his actors as they perform the Sisyphean tasks required by his script and by the repetition of unsuccessful takes.

"The burden of dreams" is Herzog's own term for the drive to realize his admittedly far-fetched visions of enormous sacrifice and physical hardship offered up for the sake of art.[6] He emphasizes that it is a compulsion, something he must do—again, like Bergman and Tarkovsky:
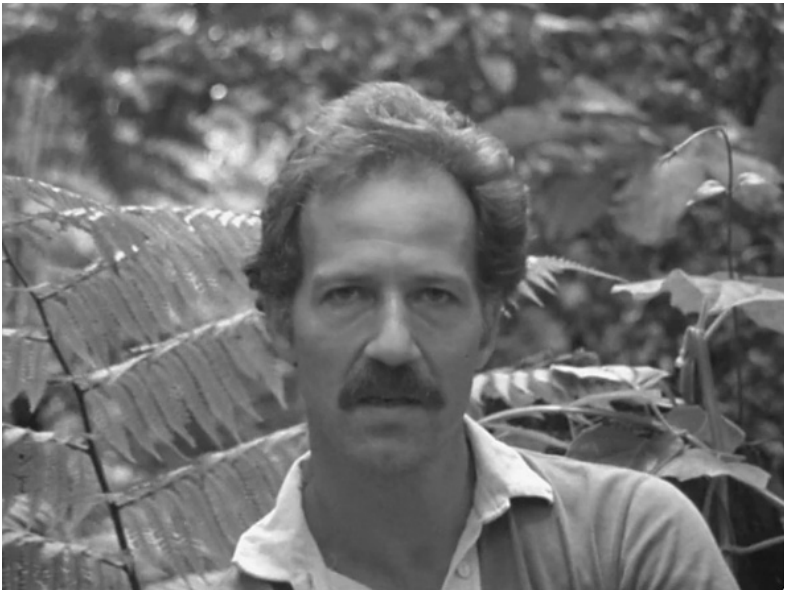
Werner Herzog on Burden of Dreams, *directed by Les Blank, on the making of* Fitzcarraldo*: "I love it. But I love it against my better judgment."*

"It is my duty to make my films." He scoffs at the American producers who suggest that he might use a model ship and a botanical garden in San Diego in order to produce the effects he wants for his film: "And I said, the unquestionable given has to be a real steamship over a real mountain, not for the sake of realism, but for the sake of the stylization of a great operatic experience" (my translation).[7] Herzog's film does not capture the reality of the Peruvian tropical forest, in other words, but the way in which the forest reflects his inner vision—and the ship towed over a mountain is, as he later says, "the film's central metaphor," an image of the operatic, the outsized, the extravagant, the insane, the Romantic. Herzog's film is the opera that Fitzcarraldo wants to stage; or rather, Blank's film of the making of Herzog's film fully captures the operatic sense Herzog means to convey, with Herzog himself as the tragic figure at the center: "People have lost their lives. . . . I shouldn't make movies anymore. I should go to a lunatic asylum right away." The operatic effect can only be accomplished through actual blood sacrifice, through the movement of a real ship over a real mountain, but in order for this to come across, Blank's film must be made, to show

that Herzog is there, at the center of the film's artistic sacrifice. Of course, it would be Herzog's aim to convey in his own film, spiritually somehow, the real blood and sweat and grit that went into the making of *Fitzcarraldo*.[8] But ultimately it is Blank who provides the necessary proof, the images of a battered cameraman, injured during the shooting of a scene shot on "the most dangerous rapids in Peru" or of Herzog, holding the spear that had gone through the throat of one of his aboriginal extras: "You can see some blood there." In Herzog's films, Tarkovsky's demand for cinematic sacrifice becomes materially realized.

Herzog, even more than the other auteurs of this study, has received documentation for and provided extensive commentary on his own work, sometimes with the apparent intent of precluding anything that might be said by critics, scholars, or other interlopers on the subject. Brad Prager, one of the scholars who nevertheless decided to go ahead and offer (a fine and comprehensive) analysis of Herzog's work, explains that "Herzog has provided so much extra-textual information that it is difficult or even impossible not to draw it into consideration," and in particular Herzog has traced a lineage for himself from the German Weimar filmmaking tradition, going so far as to remake F. W. Murnau's 1922 vampire film *Nosferatu* in a version that "take[s] some shots and sequences directly from Murnau's original."[9] Through this type of quotation (and his writing on the importance of Weimar film to his contemporary German filmmakers), Herzog, like Tarkovsky, places himself within a select group of auteurs, but he also gestures toward a national cinematic tradition, as Tarkovsky does in citing other Russians as his mentors (and in making *Nostalghia*) and Bergman does by casting veteran Swedish director Victor Sjöström as the protagonist of *Wild Strawberries*. In Herzog's case, because we are thinking of German nationalism, a specific problematic issue emerges: recent German history. In *Burden of Dreams,* Herzog seems to allude to that past in an oblique yet frightening way when he describes to Les Blank's camera the kinds of rumors that circulated among the native Amazonians whom he employed as extras in *Fitzcarraldo*. Herzog claims, for instance, that the natives were afraid that the film crew had come to exterminate them, to "cook the grease in their bodies." It is difficult to avoid seeing a parallel with this rumor and the idea that the Nazis rendered the fat in the bodies of their Jewish victims in order to make soap, and Herzog, while dismissing the rumors, seems to relish retelling them as part of his bloody-minded auteurist persona.

Mockumentary

More than twenty years after the release of *Fitzcarraldo*, Herzog returned to the screen to assist director Zak Penn in the making of a mockumentary entitled *Incident at Loch Ness* (2004). The film consists of a documentary, *Herzog in Wonderland* (purportedly directed by an actual director, John Bailey), a "making of" film that follows Herzog as he supposedly films yet another documentary called *Enigma at Loch Ness*. The mockumentary as genre operates within the stylistic parameters of the documentary, and in this *Incident at Loch Ness* proves no exception. The cues to the viewer indicate that the film is factual reportage, while the content more or less subtly reveals that the work is a fiction—a fiction that challenges the "factual" nature of documentary texts and often satirizes some over-earnest corner of the culture.[10] For instance, *This Is Spinal Tap* (1984) mocks the high seriousness of heavy-metal bands and rock-star culture, *A Mighty Wind* takes on folk-music culture (2003), and *Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan* (2006) lampoons the (less than) diplomatic interface between the United States and a developing nation. But *Incident at Loch Ness* presents a rather unique form of mockumentary: auteurist self-satire. Herzog appears in the film as himself, and he is very recognizably himself. He discusses the same philosophy of film set forth in *Burden of Dreams*, now transferring his observations to his new "documentary" on Loch Ness. Of *Fitzcarraldo,* he said, "Everyday life is only an illusion behind which lies the reality of dreams," meaning the reality of his own dream, which lurked behind the illusionistic reality of the jungle. In *Incident at Loch Ness,* he avers that Nessie, the monster of Loch Ness, is nothing more than the product of a collective dream: "We need this illusion," echoing the remarks he makes elsewhere on the necessity, the duty, of making his films, a sentiment in harmony with those expressed by Bergman and Tarkovsky.

The opening of *Incident at Loch Ness* takes place at Herzog's modest home in Los Angeles, on Wonderland Road (thus the title of Bailey's "documentary"). Herzog explains that he is about to embark on a new film project in Scotland with the object of unmasking the fakery surrounding the Loch Ness Monster, and he also shows the documentary filmmaker around his study, telling stories about the various souvenirs he has kept from other film projects, including the blood-stained spear he displayed in *Burden of Dreams*. And in showing the documentary

camera the spear, he repeats the story about it from *Burden of Dreams*, not failing to observe once more that there is still a little poison on the spear (as well as blood). For anyone who has seen *Burden of Dreams*, this exact repetition of the story creates a peculiar impression; it makes Herzog look like a nearly doddering old man, mired in former glory and almost laughably bloodthirsty. It is only the audience's ultimate recognition of the film as belonging to the mockumentary genre that unmasks this repetition for what it is: a mere performance of senile self-aggrandizement. Throughout *The Incident at Loch Ness,* Herzog plays a parody of himself, deadly serious about his auteurist goals, insistent on the necessity for physical hardship and accuracy of representation, ornery and stubborn, resistant to the commercial aims of his (supposed) producer, Zak Penn. The two men spar with each other from beginning to end, with Penn trying to sneak various Hollywood gambits past Herzog's iron-clad European authorial control: Penn wants to insert a fake Nessie, a crackpot pseudoscientist commentator, a supposed sonar expert who wears an American-flag bikini and is actually a Playboy bunny. Ultimately a "real" Nessie attacks, killing two of the crew and sinking their boat, leaving only Herzog behind to don a wetsuit and descend into the murk to capture images of the monster. Echoes from *Fitzcarraldo* and the story of the deaths related to that film (as well as the destroyed ship of that earlier film) are obvious. Penn's film posits an auteurist stance that rejects commercial filmmaking absolutely; in other words, playing out the notion that art cinema strives to place itself in opposition to Hollywood, a notion that Herzog has supported repeatedly in nonsatiric circumstance. But what does it mean when he participates so readily in a parody of that same position?

The more outlandish Penn's attempts at popularization become, the more the viewer begins to suspect that *The Enigma of Loch Ness* might be a fictional film, and certainly toward the end, when Nessie attacks, even very naive viewers would doubt seriously that the film's content was factual. But the marketing of the film carefully concealed its mockumentary status; the viewer does not receive any explicit hint that the "true documentary" categorization of either *Herzog in Wonderland* or *The Enigma of Loch Ness* is in question. On the contrary, Herzog remains absolutely in character, and there is a way in which the claim of factuality finds support from the observation that *The Enigma of Loch Ness* scarcely exceeds *Fitzcarraldo* or *Aguirre: The Wrath of God* (both purportedly "historical" films") in its fantastic subject matter. Even the

voice-over commentary by Herzog and Penn, packaged as an "extra" on the DVD, maintains the pretense of nonfiction: Herzog and Penn continuously bicker with each other, and Herzog issues a scathing condemnation of Penn for having sullied his pure work of documentary art with Hollywood fakery: "I understand why your wife left you. I would leave you, too."[11]

The most significant joke here is of course on Herzog himself, and, more broadly, the auteurist movement in which Herzog has seemed to play so sincere a part. If one accepts the Herzog persona in *Burden of Dreams* as a nonfictional performance (and certainly he seems utterly sincere), one has to believe that some foundation-shaking transformation occurred in Herzog's thinking about cinematic auteurism in the twenty years between *Burden of Dreams* and *Incident at Loch Ness*. Perhaps the older director became aware of the easily parodied nature of his earlier self-projection, had a change of heart? But this seems less likely if we take into consideration Herzog's self-representation in *My Best Fiend* (1999). There are only five years separating *Incident at Loch Ness* from the 1999 documentary about Herzog's highly dramatic (and dramatized) relationship with actor Klaus Kinski, and there is little to distinguish Herzog's demeanor in Les Blank's documentary and Herzog's *My Best Fiend*. In both, a high seriousness prevails, and in both Herzog gives his speech about the obscenity of the jungle, among other repetitions (the later film contains some footage from Blank's). What seems most likely is that Herzog is always, from the beginning, aware of the way in which his auteurist persona verges on the absurd. He travels at the extreme edge of filmmaking, pressing himself and his crew and his subjects beyond what is reasonable, beyond what is real, even as he insists on an often-dangerous materiality and actuality in his work. He is not stupid; he understands how bizarre his ventures appear from the perspective of conventional thinking or commercial entertainment. And he is willing to make a parody of his eccentricity, if only to underscore how far outside the bounds of normalcy his auteurist project lies. Let those who would mock him understand, he seems to say, that he knows best of all how ridiculous a task he has undertaken in his art.

Paradoxically enough, it is with *Incident at Loch Ness*, a silly little film, that my discussion of auteurist self-projection in these director-as-director films becomes particularly complex and potentially interesting. For in the mockumentary Herzog clearly performs himself ironically;

he displays a consciousness of himself as both actor and director, and he uses the existing record of his image as auteur in order to establish some distance between that projected image and some other, "real" self that exists outside the frame of all of his films. The hundreds of pages he writes in his *Fitzcarraldo* diaries and in his voyage narrative, *On Walking in Ice*, the many interviews he has given, the films in which he has appeared as himself (there are more than fifty)—*Incident at Loch Ness* undercuts them all. Certainly he plays a serious clown in other instances (see *Werner Herzog Eats His Shoe*, a short film from 1980 in which Herzog does just that), but in *Incident at Loch Ness* he plays himself as director, and in so doing deconstructs the relationship between himself and his directorial self-image. And he portrays himself as he knows others see him—his critics and his fans alike—showing that he, too, is a spectator bemused by the high seriousness of pronouncements like "I would not want to live in a world where there were no people like lions," even as he is also quite sincere.

One might imagine that once Herzog had made *Incident at Loch Ness*, he had deconstructed his cinematic image once and for all, sending his projected self up as a bombastic, overblown, self-important charlatan. That is what the mockumentary seems to say. It would appear that Herzog has joined the side that describes the auteur as a construct, a front for commercial activity. In *Incident at Loch Ness*, he gives us a glimpse of his own self-performance and blows it up, laughs it off. And yet he does not give up the persona he has created and lampooned. In 2005, Herzog's documentary *Grizzly Man* opens in theaters to great acclaim. And *Grizzly Man* returns to the question of cinematic authorship thoughtfully, carefully. Timothy Treadwell (born Timothy Dexter), the film's protagonist, is also one of *Grizzly Man*'s authors. His footage of the bears and foxes and Alaskan wilderness, almost always with himself, extravagantly posturing, in the foreground, makes up the bulk of Herzog's film. Herzog describes Treadwell as an environmentalist and filmmaker, and in his voice-over narrative, he characterizes the troubled young man as a conscientious and gifted filmmaker: "I want to step in to his defense and [recognize Treadwell] as a filmmaker; he captured some remarkable moments."

Anyone familiar with Herzog's repeated cinematic themes recognizes Treadwell immediately as a Herzogian figure; in the first clips Herzog chooses to show from Treadwell's footage, the young man announces that he "live[s] on the precipice of death." Treadwell's ultimate sacrifice

thus becomes a sacrifice to his art, to his authorship, not only of his frankly amazing (and disturbing) wildlife documentary, but of himself. We know from the beginning that Treadwell will in fact die, that he will be attacked and eaten by one of the bears he so lovingly films, and thus he achieves the apotheosis that anchors Herzog's artistic vision. Herzog seems to identify with Treadwell as a filmmaker, but he also sees him, I would argue, as another Klaus Kinski, Herzog's maniacal actor/avatar. Remarking that Treadwell is both director and actor in his footage, Herzog observes, "I have seen [Treadwell's] madness before on a film set."

With his long blond hair and stage grimaces, with his fits of rage (which Herzog highlights toward the end of the documentary), Treadwell seems a near reincarnation of Kinski's on-screen image. But Herzog focuses so closely on his own relationship to Treadwell in order to distinguish himself finally from the younger man. Like Treadwell, Herzog goes into the wild to make his films. Like Treadwell, Herzog sees the relationship between sacrifice and meaning. But Herzog points out that he does not romanticize nature in the way Treadwell does. He does not see himself (or any humanness) reflected in the eyes of the grizzlies, "only stupidity." Herzog wants to establish that he makes art, is aware of his art as art, and it is his awareness of art that keeps him out of the belly of the grizzly, so to speak. In a way, the message of *Grizzly Man* echoes that of *Incident at Loch Ness* in a different modality: I am not the person you see in my films. I am not Treadwell, not Kinski.

Timothy Treadwell performs for his own camera in Grizzly Man, *directed by Werner Herzog*

At one of the film's crucial moments, Herzog sits with a close friend of Treadwell's in her home in California. She has the audiotape that was made inadvertently of the final grizzly attack, in which Treadwell's girlfriend tries and fails to fight off the bear as it kills Treadwell. We learn that the tape reveals her struggle, his pain and dying, and finally, the bear's fatal attack on her as well. But we don't get to hear it. Herzog listens to the tape, which Treadwell's friend has never played for herself, through headphones. His back is turned to the camera; we see only a partial view of his face from behind him as he listens. Clearly he is deeply shaken by what he hears; he appears to wipe away tears. He clasps the hands of the horrified woman across from him and makes her promise never to listen to the tape, to destroy it. In this way the central sacrifice of the film is occluded. It is not represented on-screen. And this is the place Herzog wants to mark a difference from his own earlier projected self-image. He is not so bloodthirsty, he would seem to claim, that he wants us to see blood sacrifice. To know about it, to think about it, to represent it as a metaphor for the sacrifices demanded of art—but not to experience it. In this way he divorces himself from Treadwell and a possible misreading of his own motives.

The complex silliness of *Incident at Loch Ness* has a forerunner in Federico Fellini's *Intervista* (1987), though it is clear from the start that this mockumentary is an elaborate fiction, a send-up of the Italian director's excesses and auteurist persona; there is no attempt to make the film's action seem "real." Like the *Herzog in Wonderland* frame narrative of *Incident at Loch Ness*, *Intervista* professes to be a documentary about Fellini and his filmmaking methods, focused through the lens of an interview Fellini grants to a group of young and enthusiastic Japanese journalists. The journalists serve as the parodic equivalent of the young people who write their questions to Tarkovsky, or the young Vilgot Sjöman interviewing Bergman. Fellini takes them on a "wonderland" tour of the studio grounds of Cinecittà in Rome, the actual location for many of Fellini's films, and the journalists follow him closely as he directs an autobiographical film about his arrival as a young man at Cinecittà for the first time. Starry-eyed and with a pimple on his nose (Fellini insists on placing the pimple, which he claims to remember clearly, on the actor's nose himself), the young "Fellini" encounters a world of filmmaking at Cinecittà that already looks . . . Felliniesque. A huge epic film occupies the studio grounds, replete with elephants

and a pouting, Rubenesque female star, under the maniacal direction of a Mussolini-like auteur. The doubling within the film of young and old Fellinis, Fellini's sly references to a number of his films (including *8½*, which is itself already a send-up of his auteurism), and the presence of the screaming epic director/dictator all indicate a high level of self-irony, a desire to expose auteurism as a pose, merely a role, and one of questionable value at that. At one point the young Japanese woman who poses all the questions on behalf of her group wonders where Fellini finds all the wonderfully grotesque figures for his films. There is then a quick cut to a Roman subway car, and the camera pans over the faces of the passengers—most of them perfect Fellini "grotesques." Thus this moment in the film argues that the touted "Felliniesque" is no style, but simply realism. This joke, though delicious, is not entirely honest, of course. Part of Fellini's signature resides in the ability to transform the natural into the grotesque, and when Woody Allen picks up on this trademark gesture in his *Stardust Memories* (1980), no critic failed to recognize the move as "Felliniesque."[12]

While Fellini (and, at moments, Herzog) clearly has fun with his auteurist persona, and to some degree both men call the entire inflated auteurist institution into question, it is not as easy to see this strain of fun in François Truffaut's work. After all, it was Truffaut who first articulated the art-cinema director's manifesto. Yet *La nuit américaine* (*Day for Night*) contains subtle hints at a deconstruction of auteurism and of Truffaut's auteurist self-projection in particular, even while seeming to maintain an air of high seriousness around "film art." In *Day for Night,* Truffaut plays Ferrand, a director who is making a film called *Je vous présente Pamela* (*Meet Pamela*), a piece of mildly entertaining fluff (though called, quite sincerely, a "tragedy" by the actors and crew) involving an affair between a young woman and her fiancé's father. The insistence of treating what is clearly a popular genre film as an art film presses the audience of *Day for Night* toward a reading of the film as a kind of mockumentary. Within the film we see "real" relationships fictionalized in a way that calls to mind nonfictional situations: an actress who speaks about her work with Fellini is in fact Valentina Comtese, a well-known Italian actress who has acted for Fellini; the young English sensation brought over from America is played by Anglo-American actress Jacqueline Bisset, who had recently achieved success in Hollywood; the voice on the telephone that is said to belong to Ferrand's composer is played by Truffaut's composer,

Georges Delerue; Truffaut's protégé, Jean-Pierre Léaud, plays an actor, Alphonse, who in turn portrays the betrayed fiancé in the film-within-the-film. This complex doubling—of director, of actors in two different roles in two different films, of scandalous stories—creates a lack of stability in the viewer's sense of what is "real" within the framework of the film(s), thus opening up the question of what is "real" in our perceptions generally: what counts as real, and why?

The French title *La nuit américaine* refers to a cinematographic illusion in which action that is filmed during the daytime is shot with a filter in order to produce the impression that it is taking place at night. The English-language title emphasizes this sleight-of-hand substitution with the English term equivalent to "nuit américaine"—"day for night"—and I would argue here that the entire film circulates around the acts of substitution inherent in filmmaking. In autobiographical narrative films, as I have noted above, the medium necessitates the introduction of an actor in place of the director when the director wishes to represent himself at a younger age; thus Jean-Pierre Léaud's standing in for Truffaut as Antoine Doinel in a number of films. But once Truffaut arrives at the making of *Day for Night*, he has come to the place in his filmmaking career when the character has achieved the same age as the director: he grows into himself cinematically, so to speak. So in *Day for Night*, Truffaut plays himself, though at a remove—that is, as the director "Ferrand," as Antoine Doinel is also at a slight remove from the biographical Truffaut, both in terms of his name, some of the narratives attached to that name, and of course in terms of the body representing the name.

Day for Night depicts, arguably, the making of a film that does not conform to an art-house film profile.[13] And in any case Truffaut, in his portrayal of the director Ferrand, thoroughly undermines the idea of the art director's control over his work. We see the director stymied by limitations of time and money, the caprices of actors, equipment failures, wardrobe emergencies, and so on. A cat that has been enlisted for a small role refuses to perform adequately. Emotional chaos reigns: the actors and crew hop in and out of one another's beds with an abandon that makes the action of the film-within-a-film appear tame. Ultimately one of the actors (played by Jean-Pierre Aumont) dies in an accident, necessitating a complete rewrite of the film's conclusion, not by Ferrand but by his female assistant. And Ferrand in any case has written the script day by day up to the film's conclusion, giving the actors their

lines late on the night before they are to film their scenes. At one point he gives his star actress lines that neither he nor his assistant has written, but a verbatim quotation of a private and rather intimate conversation with the actress. In short, Truffaut's own theory of auteurism finds little support in the way the production of Ferrand's film unfolds. Although the director is the center of every small decision, things consistently slip out of his control, and there is no hint of the kind of visionary artistry represented in films like *Ingmar Bergman Makes a Movie* or Tarkovsky's *Voyage in Time* or *Burden of Dreams*. But *Day for Night* does lead the viewer to consider the extent to which even "visionary" filmmakers fail to exercise full control over their productions: *Burden of Dreams* is, after all, a litany of disasters, Tarkovsky struggles to make himself understood in a foreign environment, and even Sjöman's film on Bergman, with its neat structure and emphasis on order, notes that Bergman's films are highly collaborative, with actors and technicians exercising the power to upset Bergman's "unified vision."[14] Truffaut's film simply underscores the auteur's anxiety about an inevitable lack of mastery in situations where his collaborators and producers and audience are meant to understand him as a master. Thus, though the viewer may discern that Ferrand is not the true auteur he pretends to be, Truffaut's film more subtly wonders whether anyone can make the claim of "unified vision" (that is, authorial mastery) for his films.

At the same time, the spirit of auteurist filmmaking thoroughly infuses the film. Ferrand, in directing his actors, cajoles them, takes hold of their hands, positions their bodies, models their roles for them by performing the actions he wants them to perform—that is, literally taking the actor's place, and subsequently the actor takes his, and hits the marks the director just hit for him. An illustration of this occurs if one considers a pair of stills from *Day for Night*: in one, the director models a gesture for his actor; in the second, the actor performs the gesture. The thing that distinguishes *Day for Night* is that the viewer of the first photograph cannot know with any certainty whether it is Truffaut the director or Ferrand the director who models the gesture, but, in any case, the actor takes the director's place.

During a phone call with his film's composer, Ferrand receives a package of books. The camera lingers on the opening of that package, and the covers of the books receive close-up focus. The package contains works on Bergman, Hitchcock, Godard, Carl Dreyer, Robert Bresson, Roberto Rossellini, and others. Because it is Truffaut who plays

the role of the director, the viewer is led to imagine the connection be-
tween the person we see on the screen and the person we know to be
a "real" film author: François Truffaut. It seems a bit odd that the
arrival of the package, which the film clearly means to foreground in
the viewer's visual field, takes place during a telephone conversation
in which Ferrand listens to a piece his composer has written for *Meet
Pamela*. In her commentary on *Day for Night*, which is included on
the DVD version distributed in the United States, Annette Insdorf notes
that the telephone conversation takes place between Ferrand/Truffaut
and the actual composer for Truffaut's films, Georges Delerue, and
that the music presented as an original composition for *Meet Pamela*
was in fact a Delerue piece for an earlier Truffaut film, *Two English
Girls*. Insdorf imagines that the original narrative setting for the com-
position, a romance, finds its parallel not in the narrative line of the
film *Meet Pamela* so much as in the narrative line for *Day for Night*:
the romance of cinema, film as obsession. In displaying the names of
the auteurs who have inspired Truffaut while Delerue's romantic piece
plays on the soundtrack, the film suggests a romance between Truffaut/
Ferrand and those directors, and by using Delerue as a voice actor in
the film and alluding to an earlier film by Truffaut, the scene makes
subterranean claims for Truffaut's work in film as a solid auteurist cor-
pus, to be ranked alongside those of the auteurs identified on the cov-
ers of the books Ferrand has received.

Another gesture toward auteurism occurs in a series of three dream
sequences. When the harried Ferrand goes to his solitary bed after long
days of handling detail after detail, large and small, he tosses and turns
and moans. These images of troubled sleep, overused to the point of
parody, are followed by short black-and-white dream sequences, in
which a young boy hurries along a featureless city street, tapping a
walking stick on the pavement as he trips along. It is only in the third
sequence that we see the boy's ultimate goal: he is on his way to a movie
theater that has closed for the night. There he stretches his walking
stick through the iron gate to pull into his grasp a display of promo-
tional stills for Orson Welles's *Citizen Kane*. The purloined stills recall
an earlier Truffaut sequence from *The 400 Blows*, when Antoine Doinel
and his friend make off with a seductive promotional photograph of
Harriet Andersson from Ingmar Bergman's *Summer with Monika*. But
while the theft of Harriet Andersson's image might be interpreted as a
simple expression of lust, stealing *Citizen Kane* stills could only indicate

a youthful obsession with a particular kind of cinema, one that is re-created stylistically in the aesthetic look of the dream sequences. And the dream sequences in *Day for Night* recall Bergman more directly as well; Ferrand's tossing and turning and the dreams' black-and-white cinematography and abstract urban cityscape both point back to the surreal, opening dream sequence of Bergman's *Wild Strawberries* (1957), though Ferrand's dream is considerably less original cinematically.

Film is the object of desire, film is illusion, film strives to produce an appearance of reality that is not reality, because, as Ferrand notes later in the film, reality is rife with boredom: "There are no traffic jams in films," he tells Alphonse, the character played by Jean-Pierre Léaud.[15] If there is no boredom in the "reality" produced by cinema, there is a surplus of boredom in the making of films, which *Day for Night* attempts to show without exhausting its own audience. Takes are repeated seven, ten, thirty-seven times when lines or marks are missed or camera angles are not perfect or lighting requires adjustment. Even after Ferrand declares that one take is "perfect," he adds, "Let's do it one more time." *Day for Night* spares its audience the actual repetition of action in many cases by using the well-known device of displaying the number of the take without forcing us to watch it. Still, there is enough repetition in the film to give the spectator a good idea of how film distills the tediousness of filmmaking into the dense and seamless action *sans* boredom that cinema claims as "reality." But if, as *Day for Night* so insistently reminds us, film is illusion and nothing more than the mock appearance of reality, how are we to understand the presence of the "real" director within a cinematic setting? And how do we understand the role Truffaut plays: Ferrand's high seriousness about his identity as an auteur, his relation to other auteurs, as he makes an apparently trivial film over which he has little control?

"You wanted to expose me . . . but you exposed yourself"

I will close the series of analyses in this chapter with a documentary by Danish auteur Lars von Trier: *The Five Obstructions* (*De fem benspaend*, 2003). In fact, an older Danish filmmaker, Jørgen Leth, receives sole official credit for the film. This was one of von Trier's many conditions in defining the film's form, but ultimately *The Five Obstructions* is directed by both men, with the final responsibility in von Trier's hands—or no one's. The film is not supposed to be "about" von Trier

in the way that an autobiographical narrative is supposed to be about its author, but inevitably it turns into an account focused on von Trier and his identity as a director. At the same time, the film confuses the whole notion of subject, both in terms of what it is "about" and how it formulates authorial subjectivity. It is about the power struggle inherent in filmmaking, the definition of an individual's vision in a collaborative project, the way in which any film is not only the auteur's projection of desire but the viewer's as well. *The Five Obstructions*, loosely described, offers a view of influence between cinematic auteurs that parallels the literary relationships described by Harold Bloom in his *Anxiety of Influence* (1973). Bloom concerns himself with the great English poets, tracing patterns of influence from one generation to the next, with an accent on the notion of "generation"—that is, we are dealing with father/son relationships here, on a mythic scale. In Bloom's analysis, great artists, like Zeus overthrowing the Titans, must challenge the dominant power of the poets who go before them, through a kind of imitation or repetition that also involves various forms of transformation, reversal, or "misreadings." Essentially, the poetic tradition cannot be ignored, but neither can it be allowed to stand. As the father/son model indicates, Bloom's reading, though not Freudian, treats the poets as persons, not bodies of work, though in a later foreword to his work, in which he defends his theory against deconstruction, he moves to replace "poet" with "text." Nevertheless, the figure of the poet remains the strongest metaphor of his argument, so I would like to let it stand. Each potential new genius poet, then, the *ephebe*, arrives on the scene as a warrior, a challenger. Lars von Trier's public persona and his position in the Danish film canon would certainly fall into line with the kind of artist Bloom describes: the enfant terrible, armed and dangerous.

Lars von Trier perhaps initially attracted the most international attention for his role as a cofounder of Dogme, an anti-Hollywood filmmaking movement that demands austere production values (no artificial lighting, no constructed sets, no nondiegetic sound). But Dogme also expresses an explicitly anti-auteurist sensibility; the original "manifesto" proclaimed the failure of the French New Wave and its worship of the Romantic artist (Dogme Manifesto). One of the demands placed on the Dogme directors is that they not include a credit line for themselves— no "a film by Ingmar Bergman," Frederico Fellini's *8½*. Instead, if the film follows the rigid requirements of the movement, it receives a Dogme certificate and the right to identify the work as a Dogme film

in a credit line. It is ironic, then, that von Trier emerged as a significant auteur with strong and self-acknowledged artistic ties to earlier auteurs: Carl Dreyer, Ingmar Bergman, and, as *The Five Obstructions* makes evident, fellow Dane Jørgen Leth.[16] It is also ironic that, instead of omitting the credit line, von Trier insists that Leth take it, thus calling into question more broadly the factual status of authorial credit.

In *The Five Obstructions*, Lars von Trier lays down his ground rules for Jørgen Leth. The Danish title of the film, *De fem benspaend*, evokes a more physical and personal situation than the English translation. "Benspaend" refers to stretching out a leg to trip someone up, so we are not just talking about any five "obstructions" here—this is about an intentional and slyly malicious action designed not only to impede someone's progress but to bring that person down. As von Trier says to Leth after Leth has returned from dealing with von Trier's first "benspaend," "You look too good! Someone who has been tripped up is supposed to look battered!" In the film, von Trier stretches out his leg (metaphorically) to trip up Leth, his model and his victim. And the relationship to Bloom's analysis of poetic misprision is almost overdetermined in the film. Von Trier proclaims his artistic debt to the older director, who in 1967 made a short film that von Trier cites as one of the most influential in his own career as a filmmaker: *The Perfect Human* (*Det perfekte menneske*). "I've seen it, probably, twenty times," von Trier says to Leth at their first meeting, looking hard at the older director,

The Five Obstructions*: director Lars von Trier lays down his ground rules for Jørgen Leth*

who avoids his gaze. "Ah, fantastic," Leth responds evenly. The stage has been set for misprision. But rather than simply rehearsing the younger poet's compulsion to misread and transform the work of his predecessor, von Trier forces Leth to misread and transform his own work, with von Trier's narrative about the process functioning as both a frame for and a misprision of Leth's film.

The Five Obstructions opens with a meeting between Leth and von Trier on von Trier's home ground, the Zentropa studios in Denmark. It is here that von Trier announces the rules of engagement: they are going to make a film together, or rather, a series of five films, all of which will be rereadings of von Trier's favorite Leth film, *The Perfect Human*, "a little gem we will ruin," von Trier explains. Leth laughs. "A good perversion," he says. Each time Leth remakes it, von Trier will determine the conditions, designed to "trip up" the older director, to force him to make a bad film, an unaesthetic film, a banal film, a mediocre film, an empathetic film (von Trier's claim is that Leth rejects empathy on the grounds that it is unaesthetic). As our film goes on, von Trier's aims receive clearer and clearer articulation. He explains to Leth that there is an ethical hole in Leth's films—von Trier experiences "a degree of perversion . . . in [Leth's] distance" from his material, a distance that he wants to force Leth to relinquish by making the older director confront "a truly harrowing experience." At the end of the film, von Trier unveils his "true" strategy: a "Help Jørgen Leth" project. According to von Trier, rather than providing a forum for allowing the younger director to overthrow his auteurist predecessor, the five obstructions were designed to jar Leth out of his depression and inertia and return him to filmmaking. Further, von Trier claims to want to pry Leth loose from his ("perverted") mode of maintaining distance from his filmed subjects in order to aestheticize them. The relationship depicted between the directors in the film, then, is meant to mirror that of therapist and patient, a gambit hinted at early in the process when von Trier explains to Leth that any preference about filming that Leth reveals will be turned against him as a "benspaend," though Leth should not hesitate to allow this to happen, since von Trier is acting as a therapist would: "A therapist needs to see all your cards in order to treat you," von Trier explains.

For the purposes of my argument, *The Five Obstructions* provides a complex and fascinating look at the filmmaker's relationship to the role of authorship. Lars von Trier announces that the film (*The Five*

Obstructions, that is) will be a collaborative project between the two authors, though it is based on Leth's *The Perfect Human*. Further, at the end of the film, a fascinating fifth "benspaend" requires that Leth, directed by von Trier, read a fictional letter written by von Trier, a letter purporting to be from Leth to von Trier. It begins, "Dear, silly Lars." The letter will be read in voice-over as sequences of images are shown; these sequences will be put together by a third person, "Camilla," who, as far as the viewer knows, has never appeared in the film. One assumes that her full name, Camilla Skousen, is listed in the credits as "editor." Leth stresses, in his description of the fifth "benspaend" to an invisible interlocutor who films him off-set and during the filmmaking process, that von Trier will not see what "Camilla" puts together until the film is finished. "Camilla" not only includes sequences that the audience has never seen before (along with others that we recognize from the documentary footage taken of Leth and von Trier)—but she also renders the sequences in black-and-white, so that they mirror the austere black-and-white of Leth's original *The Perfect Human*. With the addition of Camilla (as well as the implied but silent presence of the camera operator/interviewer who follows Leth everywhere, even listening to him as he cogitates in bed), we have a film that both insists on the sanctity of the auteurist paradigm and fully deconstructs it.

The crowning moment of authorial confusion occurs as Leth reads "his" letter to "dear, silly Lars." "You thought you could trip me up," he says, "but I eluded you." And "no matter how close you got, you could not see behind my eyes or through the skin of my hand." This is in direct contradiction to what Liv Ullmann says about what happens when Ingmar Bergman goes in for a close-up. The convention of cinematic camerawork wants to claim that the close-up leads the viewer into a "mindscreen," to borrow Bruce Kawin's term; in other words, we are led to believe that we can see what the filmed subject is thinking or feeling. "Leth" (the fictional Leth, the one von Trier projects) denies von Trier's similar naive belief: that von Trier could access Leth's thoughts and feelings with an intrusive camera. The "real" Leth voices a similar sentiment earlier in the film when he scoffs at von Trier's belief that exposing Leth to a "harrowing experience" will shock Leth into empathy. "Pure Romanticism," mutters Leth to the anonymous camera that trails him throughout the film. One might respond that the whole project, the "Save Jørgen Leth" project, rests on the Romantic notion that some film directors can be heralded as visionary auteurs.

Leth does not make this claim for himself, but von Trier makes it for him by citing *The Perfect Human* as the wellspring of von Trier's career as a filmmaker.

It is dizzying and somehow eerie to listen to Leth read the letter von Trier composed for him. For as Leth reads the letter, which the viewer knows to be von Trier's composition, he quotes von Trier addressing him—that is, Leth pretends to be speaking as "I," but the real "I" behind the text is von Trier speaking for Leth, and the pronominal shifts within the letter conspire to stir up still more confusion: "I know what you thought. You thought, 'This is Jørgen. What kind of creature is Jørgen? Jørgen is a wretch, just like me. He'd made the film you felt more akin to than any other. So I must be from the same family as Jørgen,' you thought." The "you" of the letter is of course von Trier, but it is really von Trier speaking to himself, using Leth as a mouthpiece. The claim that von Trier and Leth "must be from the same family" underscores the idea that this is a Bloomian poetic relation of descent from father epigone to son ephebe, from Leth to von Trier, and the notion of "kinship" with a film indicates the investment of cinema with a kind of subjecthood of its own.

In the letter, von Trier has Leth refer to the fact that he is reading von Trier's words: "You've got me now. This text is yours, you're forcing me to read your words. So let's get it over with. Dear Lars, thank you for the obstructions; they've shown me what I really am: an abject human human." Leth goes on to confess his "sins," the ones that von Trier has attributed to him, of excessive distance, of using his films as a shield from the world. But then, once the confession has been made, von Trier's letter makes Leth turn again and say, "Was that nice? Does it make any difference? Maybe you put words in other people's mouths to get out of saying them yourself." And of course that is precisely what von Trier is doing here. Rather than voicing the letter's sentiments himself, he has Leth read them. And it is not so much Leth's confession that concerns him. It is von Trier's own confession, disguised as Leth's. A great deal is made in the film and especially in the final letter of the idea of discipline, "chastising," as the film translates it. The original Danish word is "tukte," which alludes not only to discipline and punishment, but formation, as in the pruning of a plant. "Just as you wanted to be chastised [pruned, disciplined]," Leth reads, "You would now chastise Jørgen." The lack of authenticity, of engagement with which von Trier means to confront Leth ("My films are a bluff," Leth

is forced to say in reading the letter), turns out to be von Trier's flaw: "The dishonest person was you, Lars. . . .You wanted to expose me, but you exposed yourself."

The uncanny action of using Leth as a vehicle for confession reflects in general the way that film engages the work and voices and bodies of others to enact the auteur's vision. In that sense, Leth resembles closely the actors I will discuss in the next chapter: Jean-Pierre Léaud, Klaus Kinski, Liv Ullmann, all of whom become avatars for the auteur whose vision and self-image they represent. But Leth is a special case, because he is not "merely" an actor; he is also a director, an art-cinema author, von Trier's epigone. By engaging Leth in this way, von Trier challenges the boundaries between auteurs and the predecessors whose work influences them. He can only repeat and misread Leth's original, "perfect" work. At the same time, Leth finds himself living entirely through interpretation, framed by von Trier. (The card for the last film reads "The Fifth Obstruction: A Film by Jørgen Leth," though von Trier has been the film's most authoritative directorial presence.) When it becomes unclear where one vision begins and the other leaves off, the highly subjective nature of auteurist cinema falls into disarray and moves into an intersubjective context, which is then further complicated by the addition of the invisible "Camilla" and the invisible and anonymous documentary cameraman. *The Five Obstructions* stands as something like a documentary while always, at the same time, posing significant threats to the idea of "knowing" anything. The film closes with a return to a quotation from the original *Perfect Human*, a film structured around a series of random, repeated questions and statements. "How does the perfect human fall?" asks the narrator (that is, Leth). And in Leth's 1967 original, the perfect human, played by the young and brilliant Clas Nissen, falls beautifully, gracefully. In one of the obstruction remakes, von Trier forces Leth to act the part of the perfect human, and the much older and much less graceful Leth has to fall to the ground, after much hesitation. It seems a performance of the personal humiliation of aging. At the end of the film, we see that sequence again: "How does the perfect human fall? This is how the perfect human falls." And we watch Leth awkwardly fold onto the ground, but we know that we are supposed to be thinking not only of Leth and his aging body, but of von Trier and the "fall" he takes in trying to entrap Leth.

The director as director within a film, whether the film is meant to be a documentary (*Ingmar Bergman Makes a Movie*), a mockumentary

(*Incident at Loch Ness*), a fictional film (*Day for Night*), or something not entirely definable (*The Five Obstructions*), plays a role. That role may claim to be a nonfictional self-representation (as in Tarkovsky's portrayal of Tarkovsky in *Voyage in Time*) or an acknowledged or obvious self-parody (as in Fellini's *Intervista*), or something in-between (what is Herzog doing, precisely, in *Burden of Dreams*?), but an assumption circulates in each case that the viewer recognizes the auteurist director and can create a net of associations between the persona on the screen and the accumulated projections of the director as they exist in his films and in other forms of self-representation. But an interesting twist takes place as well: while building on the director's reputation, these films also call it into question, first through a frequently employed dialogic structure (the director is placed in dialogue with another director, an apprentice, or his audience) and then through the mirroring process that can take place when the director views himself in the act of filmmaking. Even as the director's identity as artist and the validity of auteurism is given full play, critiques circulate in many cases both of the individual director and of auteurism as an institution, a paradox made possible by the doubling (and sometimes tripling or quadrupling) of directorial presence. What becomes clear in this type of film is that the director as auteur is always the self as another—and another, and another—by virtue of the collaborative process of filmmaking and film spectatorship, as well as the inherited tradition of auteurist film.

In the opening dream sequence of Bergman's *Wild Strawberries,* the viewer encounters two objects that call to mind one of Victor Sjöström's important works of the Swedish silent period, *The Phantom Carriage* (*Körkarlen*, 1921): a clock and a hearse. Isak Borg wanders the streets of Stockholm's Old Town on a sunlit summer night. Looking to see what time it is, Borg is perplexed by a clock that hangs outside an optician's office: the clock has no hands. A few moments later, a hearse, drawn by black horses, comes careening around the corner, clattering on the medieval cobblestones. The hearse collides with a lamppost and one of its wheels catches. As the springs of the hearse squeak and moan and the horses struggle to free the wheel, the casket the hearse is carrying slides out onto the street and breaks open. When Borg cautiously approaches and looks into the casket, he encounters his own corpse, which suddenly comes to life and tries to drag him into the casket. In Sjöström's *The Phantom Carriage*, based on writer Selma

Lagerlöf's rendering of a folktale, a dissolute man finds himself doomed to collect the world's dead souls for a year when he dies at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve. Featured prominently in the opening scene of Sjöström's film is a church-tower clock (striking midnight to introduce the timeless reign of the protagonist's death) and a hearse, which comes to collect David Holm, the year's phantom coachman, played by Sjöström himself. Holm receives a second chance (like Charles Dickens's Ebeneezer Scrooge) when he is confronted with his own history and image and is able to achieve self-understanding and a change of heart, with the assistance of a dying Salvation Army nurse. There are ways in which *Wild Strawberries* is a restaging of *The Phantom Carriage*, with its emphasis on the conversion of an uncaring man (Borg) through the agency of two women: his daughter-in-law and a childhood love, Sara, who exists both in his flashbacks and in a present-time reincarnation in the form of a young female hitchhiker. Each film is, in its own way, a road movie with a Damascus conversion theme. And the moment Sjöström looks into the broken casket and sees himself acts as an emblem for the way in which the director sees himself through and with others: Borg as Sjöström, Sjöström as Bergman, Borg as Bergman's father, Bergman as Sjöström. As it turns out, the auteurist vision of "helhet" (wholeness) tends to unfold in these settings into multiplicity and uncertain identity. This process takes a slightly different form in the relationship between the auteur and the actor, which we will see in the next chapter.

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3 ACTOR, AVATAR

WHEN ISMAEL in *Fanny and Alexander* enters Alexander's mind, he sees a vision: "You are thinking of a person's death." He stands behind Alexander, holding him close, and follows the outline of the vision in Alexander's mind, narrating it to the boy as he sees it unfold: "A door flies open. No, first a scream, a hair-raising scream, goes through the house . . ." And on the soundtrack we hear the scream, and in a cross-cut we watch the door fly open. I revisit this moment from *Fanny and Alexander* because it illustrates in such a complex way the relationship between the director (the auteur) and the actor, the auteur, the actor, and the film. The vision of the Bishop's death (for this is what Ismael recounts) exists first in Alexander's mind. Ismael, through his supernatural power of perception, is able to go into Alexander's mind and give the vision back to Alexander, who whimpers, "Stop it! I don't like for you to talk that way," to which Ismael responds, "I am not the one who's speaking." The merging of two minds into one will and one vision that takes place in this sequence mirrors the performance of the auteur's vision by the actor, who acts as an extension of the auteur's will, but also extends it, materializes it in a way peculiar to that actor. The difficult point here is that it is not clear who brings about the death of the Bishop. While Ismael claims that he is only producing Alexander's words, Alexander's story, clearly he takes Alexander in a direction the boy could not have predicted. The boundless self that characterizes auteurist filmmaking disperses the auteurist vision among bodies and wills. When the object of the auteurist vision is self-projection, it is not altogether clear whose self is projected, ultimately. In textual autobiography, the pronoun "I" stands for both the subject narrating events from the past and the person who experienced the events in the

past: the younger self. In that way, "I" becomes a construction that involves both past and present selves, and the temporal distance between the two aspects of the "I," the "I" who writes and the "I" who experienced, collapses into the narrative space of "here and now." This is the observation made by Elizabeth Bruss, a point I revive now in order to consider more closely what it means to split the narrating subject and the actor within the narration into two separate bodies. In auteurist cinema, where the identity of the director assumes a significant position in the consciousness of the viewer, it is particularly obvious when someone who is not the director plays a role identified (usually in paratext) with the director. The viewer who understands that the director's identity is in some sense evoked by the narrative or other elements of the film sees that an actor (or actors) stand(s) in the director's place, and a dynamic takes shape in which the relationship between actor(s) and director occupies part of the viewer's interpretation and reception of the film. In some cases an ongoing working relationship develops between auteur and an actor or group of actors(s), which strengthens for the viewer the identification between particular actors and the autuer whose vision they enact.

And then you get up. Get up.
Go. That's right.

Ingmar Bergman directs Bertil Guve as Alexander in The Making of Fanny and Alexander

So the deployment of an actor or actors in a succession of roles by an art-cinema author becomes an intrinsic part of the director's self-projection, as much a part of that projected self-image as a particular aesthetic or repetition of theme. And indeed, in some film scholarship actors have been subsumed entirely by the idea of the director's larger vision. For various reasons, theories of film acting from early film history to the auteurist era tended to see actors as part of the mise-en-scène, as props, or, as Peter Wollen writes, "noise."[1] There was a tendency to imagine that "film technology and cinematic technique produce screen performances,"[2] drawing on arguments like the one put forward by early Soviet film theorist Lev Kuleshov, who wrote polemically: "Apart from montage, nothing exists in cinema. . . . The work of the actor is absolutely irrelevant."[3] By this he meant that it is the editing process of cutting up the actors' performances and bodies and putting them back together again that makes up a narrative and a screen performance, rather than the sustained projection of character typical of most drama. James Naremore, in his book on film acting, offers an anecdote about Humphrey Bogart's performance in *Casablanca* that illustrates this point: Bogart relates how the film's director, Michael Curtiz, asked him to nod to his left, simply as an isolated gesture, not in response to anything in particular. Naremore writes, "Bogart did so, having no idea what the action was supposed to signify (the film, after all, was being written as it was shot). Later, when Bogart saw the completed picture, he realized his nod had been a turning point for the character he was playing: Rick's signal to the band in the Café Américain to strike up the *Marseillaise*."[4]

But if I argue for the embodied status of the auteur, it seems necessary to account for actors, too, as persons, who not only inhabit or perform someone else's vision, but have vision and agency of their own. The development of "star studies" in film acting theory has opened up a space in which film actors can be considered as film authors in a way that parallels thinking about cinematic auteurs as "brands."[5] And more recent writing on theories of film performance moves to reclaim the actor as person in much the same way I have worked to conjure the embodied auteur; as the editors of *More Than a Method* write: "In spite of the apparent disappearance and promised transcendence of the body, twentieth-century film and media technology actually confirmed the centrality of corporeal bodies." Further, the same editors argue, as I do for the auteur, that "technological developments, such as cinema, have

transformed our ideas about performance, the body, and the self."⁶ The collaborative efforts of others—cinematographers, composers, credit designers—are obviously important, but it is the actor's body on the screen. As Bergman says in *Ingmar Bergman Makes a Movie*, "[The actors] expose themselves so terribly in front of the camera, while I hide in the darkness." Yet when the film is directed by an art-cinema author, the actor becomes an instrument of the auteur, and the director, even when "hiding in the dark," functions as the prevailing genius of the film, so that the relationship between the director's vision and the actor's performance achieves a peculiar significance.

Given the personal nature of self-projection, it is not surprising that the actor/director relationship is not confined to the film narratives they produce: auteurs and their actor-avatars are sometimes lovers or spouses, biological or adoptive parents and children, or mortal enemies. In these instances, the triangular construction set up between auteur, actor(s), and spectator relies on a violation of the boundary between the "real" and the narrated reality of cinematic self-projection, so that it becomes useful, even necessary, to discuss the type of off-screen relationship that usually receives attention primarily in movie gossip columns. Here I would like to think about these relationships, both personal and cinematic, more deeply in order to ask: What is the nature of the auteurist subject in relation to the actor? What role does a film actor play in representing some aspect of the auteur's self-projection, and how does film acting lend itself to auteurist self-construction? To what degree does the actor's representation include the actor's self-projection? To what degree does the actor become an auteur? How do auteurist films make use of the viewer's perception of human relationships (on-screen and off) in order to craft a more complex notion of selfhood? And what might be the philosophical and ethical ramifications of using another human being in the act of self-projection? Are we to take seriously the notion, put forward explicitly or implicitly by a number of auteurs, that true art demands sacrifice—a human sacrifice?

As a case in point: *Shadow of the Vampire* (E. Elias Merhige, 2000) dramatizes and parodies the making of the original vampire film, *Nosferatu*, by F. W. Murnau in 1922. In the film about the film, Murnau, played by John Malkovich, is so obsessed with creating a lifelike representation of the undead that he hires a real vampire, Max Schreck, played by Willem Dafoe, for the starring role. When members of the cast begin to disappear, the claim is indeed made that art demands

actual human sacrifice. There are at least two vampires in this film, and Schreck may be the less dangerous of the two. *Shadow of the Vampire* points up the macabre and opportunistic aspects of the cinematic auteur as romantic genius and the actor as a mere instrument or avatar of the auteurist's vision, but it also reveals how the actor's involvement can overthrow the director's well-laid plans. The German actor Max Schreck did play the role of a vampire in the original film; Merhige's fantasy that Schreck (whose name means "terror") was a real vampire plays into the theory of cinematic acting that argues that cinematic actors do not act in auteurist films at all, but instead are selected by the auteur for the innate qualities they possess that allow them simply to *be* the embodiment of the auteur's vision (Wollen).[7] It is then the responsibility of the director to create the performance through framing (and in the best-case scenario, controlling) "natural" behavior and editing the bits and pieces captured in takes. For the actor's part, it seems that there is a choice: to be subsumed by the auteur's vision and "meld" with the director, or to stage a kind of coup that resists or undermines the director's project, or to create a symbiosis that allows for the artistic expression of both auteur and actor to project something both of and different from themselves—another subject. In Merhige's film, the actor escapes the director's control and begins to wreak bloody havoc. But one must ask: Is it the director or the actor who plays the role of vampire? Without the actor there is no transmissible vision, or to cite my epigraph from Bergman once more, "Without a you, no I." At first flush this proclamation sounds like a loving embrace; but there is a vampiric obverse as well: I need you to exist—and you need me.

James Naremore argues in his book on cinematic acting that it is often the actor rather than the director who stands at the center of the film, at least as far as the audience is concerned. And in the examples he has chosen, it is certainly the case that the actor reigns as the primary projected and received image: Humphrey Bogart, Marlon Brando, Marlene Dietrich, and so on. In the American Hollywood tradition, one most often refers to the actor's (star's) performance as the dominant feature of the film. In art-house cinema, in contrast, the dominant model is reflected in François Truffaut's assertion that he and Jean-Pierre Léaud produce an amalgam self-projection in the figure Antoine Doinel, and it is this model that raises questions about the nature of selfhood generally and cinematic selfhood particularly. The actor performs as the auteur's disembodied other—or better, the figure on the screen is

a disembodied other for the auteur, the actor, and the audience. Identity in this situation does not adhere to a single body but is a projection of numerous bodies.

The blurred boundary between self and other finds a parallel in the blurred boundary between on- and off-screen worlds. Who is the director as "real-life" person in relation to the actors who figure in his self-projection? What does it mean, for instance, when Werner Herzog makes a documentary film about his most famous actor with the working title "Herzog's Kinski"? What does it mean when Ingmar Bergman writes a script about one of his stormy adulterous affairs and gives it to Liv Ullmann to direct, his former star and former lover from yet another stormy adulterous affair? What does it mean when both Andrei Tarkovsky and Pedro Almodóvar cast their own mothers in their films? When Truffaut casts a young man to play Truffaut as a child and then virtually adopts the young man, installing him in an apartment, buying his clothes, paying his school tuition, while the young man goes on to play Truffaut in successive films? We can understand the art-house auteur as a strategy, a function, a theoretical model, but these directors seem intent on a kind of self-manifestation in auteurism that necessarily involves the appropriation of other bodies, other lives. Can we describe such self-manifestations as cinematic autobiography, following Baecque's and Truffaut's argument that each film reflects the life of its director, each film is narrated in the first person? (This does not imply necessarily that the film is autobiographical in the traditional sense; it may not relate the director's life story in any discernable way, but it does form part of the auteur's self-projection.) Or are we dealing with a new twist on first-person narration?

One response, articulated first by Elizabeth Bruss and developed further by Susanna Egan, might be to imagine a new type of selfhood and narration in cinema, a collaborative subjectivity (intersubjectivity) that would expand the genre of autobiography to include cinematic self-projection.[8] This is in line with Truffaut/Léaud's invention of Antoine Doinel. And on the face of things, the notion of collaborative subjectivity seems appealing, communal—an attractive alternative to the dominant paradigm of romantic genius. But one does not have to look very hard to see how the performance of intersubjectivity can become a horror show. The thing that neither Bruss nor Egan takes into consideration is the power structure implicit in the director/actor relationship and the conflict it can generate. There are numerous and often-repeated

tales of sadistic directors—Carl Theodor Dreyer and Maria Falconetti in *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, Alfred Hitchcock and Tippi Hedren in *The Birds* and *Marnie*, Lars von Trier and Nicole Kidman in *Dogville*—most of which point to a sadistic male/masochistic female pairing, though I would argue that Werner Herzog's work with Klaus Kinski fits the same mold. The excuse for the excessive pressure placed upon the actor in all of these cases and others like them is the drive for truth in cinematic representation—that the actor not merely pretend to experience or feel what is depicted in the cinematic image, but that the audience be allowed to see him or her in the actual experience, with actual emotions. Film's medium, photography, carries with it the presumption of "reality," and the sense in film that the recorded action not only could have happened, but in some sense did happen, was experienced by real humans, real bodies. In the case of a performance like Falconetti's, when the character she plays concludes her life by burning at the stake, it is of course not possible (except in the underground genre of the "snuff" film) for the viewer to imagine that she actually dies. But as Kinski puts it, the vampire-auteur asks that the actor follow him "unto death."[9] This means that the viewer should experience the actor as on the brink of utter collapse, an effect that can be brought about by overwhelming repetition of takes, long work hours, isolated and dangerous working conditions, and extreme physical demands, among other things. Falconetti's hair is in fact brutally shorn to her bleeding scalp in *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, Kinski spends long and excruciating hours in makeup in *Nosferatu* and lives for weeks in the snake-and-insect-infested remote Amazonian jungle for *Fitzcarraldo*, Hitchcock has his stage crew on the set of *The Birds* fling live, aggressive birds at Tippi Hedren, and on and on.

But once Kinski has expressed his disgust with Herzog's demand that the actor follow the director "unto death," he asks himself why he continues to go along with it? Why, if Herzog's demands are so unreasonable and cruel, does Kinski agree to work with him? Kinski does not provide a clear answer, but if we look at other cases, such as Falconetti's work with Dreyer, we see that the actor of course participates willingly, making the self-sacrifice an important part of his or her self-projection within the film. The legends of sadistic directors give too much credit to the force of the author's will and too little to the actor's committed contribution. Dreyer, in defending himself against charges that he was a sadist in the direction of his actors, answered, "A director

cannot force an actor to do anything that the actor doesn't have the strength for. It has to come from within, and without compulsion."[10]

Naremore's book addresses the long-standing prevalence of the Stanislavskian technique, which demands that the actor draw on his or her real-life experience in order to produce the required emotional response. But as the catalogue of tortures above indicates, if the actor is unable to locate a parallel experience from his or her life's memories, the director can place the actor under such stress that the desired emotion will find its way forward in response to the director's pressure; in fact, some auteurist directors, such as Andrei Tarkovsky, would argue that the actor's psychological involvement with a role is irrelevant. For Tarkovsky, the actor's earlier life experiences are important only inasmuch as they are reflected naturally in the actor's appearance, body and gestures and voice—it is the director's vision and intervention, in his estimation, that determines what the actor's appearance means, not any intentionality on the actor's part.[11] The auteur pressures the actor into bringing the auteur's vision into reality; it is the actor's body and being that is supposed to represent the auteur's thoughts and feelings, so that the actor is absorbed into the auteur's self-model, in the sense that he or she becomes an extension of the auteur's body.

And yet in Tarkovsky's remarks, one can detect a fear lurking around the edges of apparently confident statements. An actor (as well as other collaborators) can threaten the auteur's passion for control and self-expression. Truffaut's book on Alfred Hitchcock addresses this issue frankly: "Throughout his entire career [Hitchcock] has felt the need to protect himself from the actors, producers, and technicians who, insofar as their slightest lapse or whim may jeopardize the integrity of his work, all represent as many hazards to a director."[12] And so from the auteur's point of view, an actor may at any time sabotage the work of auteurist self-projection. The power does not rest solely in the auteur's hands—but the power, in the view of auteurs like the ones in this study, *ought* to reside in the auteur's vision. Thus the actor, in the view of the auteur, becomes a kind of mirror image for the auteur's inner vision, and thus subsumed under the self-projection of the auteur.

So can it be fair to think of the actor a mere avatar for the director, a second self, a doppelgänger whose actions and emotions find their source in the director's vision? Director Robert Bresson refers to his actors as "models" and their method of acting "automatism," a term that brings to mind the vampire (*Nosferatu*), the sleepwalker (*The Cabinet*

of Dr. Caligari), and the robot (*Metropolis*, *The Golem*) of early German cinema.[13] Perhaps there is something about cinematic acting that lends itself to this metaphor for direction and acting, the metaphor of the hypnotist and his subject, the vampire and his victim. Pedro Almodóvar says of directing actors, "My aim is to lead [them] to express what I desire and what I have a very precise idea about. Any means are justified to arrive at this."[14] Almodóvar's characteristic evocation of the idea of *desire* in conjunction with his filmmaking is coupled with the equally characteristic implication of violence: he will adopt any means necessary to attain his desire. And the specific nature of cinematic acting transforms the idea of what is usually imagined as the actor's "expression."

Andrei Tarkovsky claims that keeping the actors ignorant of the auteur's artistic vision provides a restraint that paradoxically frees the actors to experience each moment of their roles more naturally: "In front of the camera the actor has to exist authentically and immediately, in the state defined by the dramatic circumstances. Then the director, once he has in his hands the sequences and segments and retakes of what actually occurred in front of the camera, will edit these in accordance with his own artistic objectives, constructing the inner logic of the action. If the film actor constructs his own role, he loses the opportunity for spontaneous and involuntary playing within the terms laid down by the plan and purpose of the film."[15] He goes on to say, "[The actor's] task is to live!—and to trust the director" (140).

Truffaut represents this situation in his fictional film *Day for Night*; his actors and technicians express extreme frustration with the director's habit of handing out lines for the next day in the evening just before everyone retires, and further, that these lines can be based on things that have happened that day in the "real" world of filmmaking, in their "real" lives, in the "real" conversations their director overhears and then appropriates for his script. But the fictional auteur of Truffaut's film (played by Truffaut himself), claims the practice as a mark of his creative genius. Breaking down the actor's role into single frames of gesture or refusing to give the actor access to the film's script are just two possible strategies an auteur might employ in order to ensure the actor's complicity in the auteurist vision. It is not always the case that the auteur chooses to withhold the film's script from his actors (Ingmar Bergman, for instance, usually blocked out the entire script with his actors before shooting), but it is a hallmark of auteurism that the actors are to serve

the overarching vision of the director. And actors who do not conform to a prominent auteur's vision can find themselves without employment. Tippi Hedren, according to her own account, was blocked for many years by Hitchcock from working with other directors after she refused to make any more films with him, and Bergman also had a reputation for sabotaging the careers of estranged coworkers.[16] What distinguishes the actors from other elements of the film—the technicians, the props, the set—is their existence as individual subjects, often with their own public images, which not only threaten to escape the control of the auteur during film production but have free play outside the realm of the auteur's films.

Yet while an actor may achieve a reputation with cinema audiences as a readily identifiable entity, a "star," an active subject on his or her own beyond the grasp of a particular auteur, there are intrinsic problems surrounding the actor's status as a subject in film acting. As Naremore points out, even leaving aside the fragmentation effected on an actor's performance by virtue of film's frame-by-frame editorial intervention, the actors we see in films are often only apparently individual and integrated human beings. Stuntmen can take the place of actors in dangerous scenes, body doubles appear in scenes that reveal too much skin; in scenes that require only the filming of hands, any similar pair of hands will do, and of course the practice of voice dubbing removes our certainty that the voice we hear is that of the actor breaking into song, an oddity played for laughs in a climactic scene from *Singing in the Rain*. Bergman, within the narrative of his film *Persona*, alludes to the possibility of one person's body (and in particular, hands or faces) replacing another's; Almodóvar makes repeated use of the tropes of voice dubbing, plastic surgery, cerebral death, and transplantation in his films, all with an eye toward disrupting the normally accepted limits of identification between a single body and a single person.[17]

Poring over images of directors working with their actors can reveal something about the relationship in which the actor becomes a kind of projected avatar, someone who literally "takes the place" of the auteur. In two parallel images (published in *The Adventures of Antoine Doinel*), we find Truffaut (in the top image) and Léaud (on the bottom) performing nearly the same gesture: each man sits behind a desk and holds one leg aloft in order to inspect a shoe. The grimace, the position of the leg, the clothing—they are all near matches.[18] It is likely that these photos come from *Bed and Board*'s *tournage* collection, since Truffaut seems

to be modeling a gesture for Léaud from a scene that occurs in that film. As I noted above, Robert Bresson calls his actors "models," with the idea that they are mere mannequins or marionettes, posed and manipulated by the director, who has his hands firmly on the strings. But one can think of "model" in another sense as well: the auteur models the performance for the actor, offers the gesture and the mark to hit, and the actor performs the visualized action *in place of the director*.

I would like to emphasize and unpack the idea of the actor *taking the director's place*. So far I have discussed how auteurs act in films—as fictional figures, as versions of themselves. But largely auteurs direct their films, and others, actors, take up a position in front of the auteur's camera. That position, however, is determined by the auteur's vision for the film, and even when the action filmed is not autobiographical, there is a sense in which the actor takes the director's place. If we follow a typical mode of auteurist thinking, the director has envisioned some action, some placement of figures in his head, and it is up to him to communicate to the actor how to position his or her body in order to reproduce the auteur's inner vision so that it can be filmed and projected. The director can take hold of the actor's body and move it, or the director can model a gesture for the actor to copy, as shown in the images from the *tournage* of Truffaut's *Bed and Board*. Similar situations crop up when one flips through *tournage* images: Werner Herzog (in an apparently comic mood) modeling an antic pose for actor Clemens Scheitz in *Nosferatu*; Ingmar Bergman laying his head on a table to show Bertil Guve how to "feel sick" in the opening scene of *Fanny and Alexander* (see this chapter's title image); Frederico Fellini creating a gesture for Marcello Mastroianni in *8½*. Pedro Almodóvar explains that he "very often" plays scenes for his actors to imitate and declares, "I have the reputation of being a good actor. What's true is that while I'm shooting I feel as if possessed by each character."[19] In the grips of that possession, then, he becomes the character and then asks the actor to become him: "When one of the characters [in *The Law of Desire*] reproaches the director [a character in the film] for being inspired by her, he replies, 'You become me.' That's what links me most to the character" (68). This exchange from *The Law of Desire* confounds the viewer with its oscillation between actor and auteur. Does the director draw on the actor's essence for his artistic vision, or does the actor "become" the director in the process of realizing his vision? Is the "character" a site for intersubjectivity between the actor and auteur? All of

the instances cited above involve a transfer from the auteur's imagination to the actor's body, and when the auteur performs a gesture for the actor to emulate, it becomes quite apparent how the actor functions as a kind of body double for the director—"becomes" the director. When the actor's role involves staging the auteur's life story in some sense, the need to understand the actor as double becomes especially crucial.

Andrei Tarkovsky's *Mirror* underscores this point by eliminating the visual presence of the actor who stands in for Tarkovsky in the representation of the auteur's live events; we hear his voice as he talks on the telephone to his mother or with his ex-wife, but we do not see him. "Tarkovsky was frequently tempted to include himself in his films," writes Robert Bird. "While he chose not to narrate *Mirror* himself, he did include a shot of his hand tossing the bird; the first edits showed his face, but the studio opposition to such self-indulgence perhaps strengthened his own doubts about whether his subjectivity could be represented by the very screen that in *Mirror* seems to look with his eyes."[20] The highly regulated and collaborative system of film conception and editing in the Soviet Union thus restricted to some degree what Bird calls "self-indulgence," and one wonders what might have become of Tarkovsky's project of self-projection had he made *Mirror*, his most clearly autobiographical film, in the West. But Bird makes a valid and insightful point about the necessity for the auteur's absence from scenes that are meant to be auteurist "mindscreens," that is, to borrow from Bruce Kawin, sequences of films (or entire films) that project the auteur's subjectivity. By removing even the actor who "takes his place" from the screen, Tarkovsky performs the auteur's absence for the audience, makes it clear to us that the events in the film, whether memories, dreams, or documentary sequences, belong to a subject beyond the reach of the spectator's gaze.

Intimate Connections

Given that such a symbiosis of performance can take place between the art-cinema director and actor, is not surprising that their relationship often becomes intensely personal or arises from an already established intimate or familial relationship. In the art-cinema context, this type of intimate relationship seems to be almost required as a kind of platform from which the auteur might most easily stage self-projection.

If the actor is linked to the auteur by blood, through sexual intimacy, or simply in the way the actor's career and reputation are forged through his or her work with a particular director, then an inextricable connection forms between the actor's image and the director's. For this reason (among others), it is not surprising that auteurs often retain a troupe of actors who work with them from film to film and become an integral part of the auteur's projected image.

The most commonly cited intimate relationship is the seduction of the female actress by the male director; Bergman's series of intimate relationships with his actresses—Harriet Andersson, Bibi Andersson, and Liv Ullmann—or Woody Allen's with his—Louise Lasser, Diane Keaton, and Mia Farrow—provide typical examples. Of course one can argue that this applies not only to art cinema but also to cinema in general. But I would maintain that despite superficial similarities, the auteur's relationship with his actors carries a different valence than the standard "Hollywood casting couch" story, in which the director demands sexual favors of a prospective actor in return for a role in his film.[21] Auteurist relationships of this type are imagined (by the author, the actor, the public, or a combination of these) not only in terms of power structures or sexual intrigues. Instead, they can be envisioned as artistic, quasi-mystical partnerships that shape the self-projections of both auteur and actor. French actress Jeanne Moreau, who starred in Truffaut's *Jules and Jim*, speaks to this: "It's an extraordinarily intimate exchange, which can lead to a romantic relationship, and sometimes to a much more complex, subtle relationship which is difficult to imagine and which is akin to artistic creation."[22] When Truffaut offers his perception of the director's side of this relationship, we seem to return to the vampire/"Hollywood casting couch" model: "When I am working, I become attractive. I feel it and at the same time this work, which is the best in the world, puts me in an emotional state that is propitious for the beginning of a *love story* [original in English]. Before me, there is usually a young girl or woman, agitated, fearful and obedient, trusting and ready to surrender herself. What happens next is always the same. Sometimes the *love story* is synchronized with the filming and ends with it; at other times it continues afterward, by the will of one or both."[23] But reading more closely, it is possible to pick up the sense of compulsion or inevitability that Truffaut feels in conjunction with his film work. It is not he himself, but "this work" that presses not only the actor but also the auteur into a position of surrender

to the "love story" that rules them both. The "story" of their off-screen love arises from and runs parallel to the story that unfolds in filming and on the screen. And Truffaut, in a remark I cite earlier, stresses that the new auteurist cinema of which he will be a part should create films that are "acts of love," thus extending the "love story" to the spectator as well. So clearly this story is not only about romantic sexual relationships, and even in the case of romantic sexual relationships, it is about something more. It seems to be more about the forging of an intersubjective force, an analog self that will have the power to project outward from an isolated subject and touch both the collaborative partner and, ultimately, the cinematic audience. This becomes clearer if we first move away from the (apparently) familiar and understood realm of cinematic romance into other relational forms, beginning with Truffaut's frequently discussed relationship with actor Jean-Pierre Léaud.[24]

Mon semblable, mon frère (mon fils, moi même)

A collection of Truffaut's screenplays entitled *The Adventures of Antoine Doinel* contains a preface by the director in which he attempts an answer to the question: "Who is Antoine Doinel?" The simple response is that "Antoine Doinel" is the name of a figure that appears in five of Truffaut's films (one short, four feature-length) and is always played by the actor Jean-Pierre Léaud. But the situation is in fact much more complicated than that, as Truffaut's preface makes clear. He claims that he is not only identified mistakenly as Jean-Pierre Léaud's father; he is also confused with Jean-Pierre Léaud/Antoine Doinel himself. To illustrate the latter confusion, he relates an anecdote about something that happened the morning after one of his Antoine Doinel films aired on television: "I stepped into a café where I had never been before. The owner came up to me, saying, 'I recognize you! I saw you on television yesterday!' Obviously it was not me he had seen, but Jean-Pierre Léaud in the role of Antoine Doinel." The café owner goes on to remark, "You looked much younger [in the film]!" In relating these incidents Truffaut implies that such errors are not singular ("I seldom bother to rectify a misunderstanding") and are perfectly understandable—that is, he and Léaud do resemble one another so closely that he is not surprised when they are mistaken for each other.[25] Further, he seems to enjoy the confusion; at least, he chooses not to correct it, and he places it at the head of his discussion of Antoine Doinel as a way of

beginning to explain the figure created by both Truffaut and Léaud: "The reason I mention this incident is that it illustrates fairly well the ambiguity (as well as the ubiquity) of that imaginary personage, Antoine Doinel, who happens to be the synthesis of two real-life people: Jean-Pierre Léaud and myself" (7).

In 1958, at the age of fourteen, Léaud answered an advertisement in *France-Soir* for the role of Antoine Doinel in *The 400 Blows*, Truffaut's first feature-length (and autobiographical) film. Léaud had already appeared a year earlier in a minor role in a swashbuckling romance; the film for Truffaut would be his first starring role, and so the two of them make a serious start on their film careers together. Truffaut explains in the preface to the Doinel screenplays that he was looking for a child who resembled him at that age—not necessarily a physical resemblance, but a "moral resemblance." Léaud, with his careless and cocky attitude overlying tension and anxiety, reminded Truffaut of the mischief-making truant he was as a child, and he decided that Léaud was the person to play Doinel. At that age, interestingly, Léaud's physical resemblance to the director that Truffaut mentions up front in the preface was not readily apparent. Instead, the physical resemblance seems to be the outcome of years of working together. For the relationship does continue beyond the first "love story" of *The 400 Blows*, to borrow from Truffaut's remarks on director/actor romances. Like the actresses in those romances, the child Léaud stood in a submissive position to the film's director. But though the first iteration of "Antoine Doinel" was conceived as an autobiographical figure for François Truffaut, it became obvious to the director as filmmaking went on that the young man who played the role contributed something of his own nature to the Doinel character: "Jean-Pierre turned out to be a valuable collaborator in *The 400 Blows*. He instinctively found the right gestures, his corrections imparted to the dialogue the ring of truth and I encouraged him to use the words of his own vocabulary" (8). Further, Léaud began to recognize, according to Truffaut, the way in which his own life mirrored Doinel's (and thus Truffaut's). Truffaut describes how the boy burst into tears on first viewing the film: "Behind this autobiographical chronicle of mine, he recognized the story of his own life" (8). Thus rather than seeing *The 400 Blows* as Truffaut's autobiography, the viewer should understand that the film is a collaborative and intersubjective autobiography, a recasting of the nature of selfhood and self-representation.

For the next twenty years (until *Love on the Run*, 1979), Truffaut and Léaud continued their work on "Antoine Doinel," with Léaud slowly growing toward Truffaut's "present," though he would of course never catch up to Truffaut's real age while Truffaut lived.[26] And during this period one might say that a physical resemblance was created and cultivated. When Léaud, like Truffaut before him (and like Antoine Doinel), was expelled from school, Truffaut stepped in to find him a new school and paid the fees; he bought clothing for Léaud and provided lodging within easy reach of his own home.[27] He became, in other words, a kind of surrogate father to Léaud while the young man's career took shape under Truffaut's tutelage and that of another of the great French New Wave auteurs, Jean-Luc Godard.[28] For Godard, however, Léaud played quite a different role. As Nataša Durovicová points out, modernist self-reflexivity in Truffaut's work contains an autobiographical element, while Godard's "undermin[es] the authorial presence and authority"—or at least pretends to do so."[29] Léaud seems to perform as a deconstructive element in Godard's films, while Truffaut engages the actor fully in the construction of his auteurist self-projection. One cannot help but wonder whether Godard's appropriation of Léaud as a figure is a kind of argument against Truffaut's project. Certainly the two auteurs represent divergent approaches to the auteurist project, and Léaud would then constitute an important marker for the ways in which they differ: the same and yet not at all the same.[30]

Truffaut's image of Léaud, highly personalized from the beginning, becomes more and more indistinguishable from Truffaut's own self-image, as Truffaut's statements make clear. And Léaud indeed grows up to be a man who resembles Truffaut in hair and eye color, and facial features, even down to the lines on his face; this is evident in an image of the two men taken by photographer Richard Avedon in Paris in 1972, just after the release of *Bed and Board.* In that image, the physical resemblance between the two men is further enhanced by their nearly identical hairstyles, and their clothes, which exhibit the same cut and style. In December 1994, a retrospective of the Antoine Doinel films in New York inspired a brief *New Yorker* review entitled "Truffaut's Twin," which was illustrated by Avedon's portrait.[31] The photograph is not neutral on the point of the men's resemblance; it aims to bring forth and underscore that likeness. By placing their high foreheads close together and nearly on a line with one another, Avedon lets us see the similarities in the strong noses and thin mouths, the hair and

eye color. Certainly we can understand how a café owner might have been persuaded that his customer Truffaut was an older version of the young man in the television film. And some aspects of their resemblance are not merely natural or coincidental, but performative. They wear identical suits, shirts, and ties. They are both scrupulously clean-shaven, and one wonders whether the remarkably similar distance between their eyebrows might have been influenced by treatment with tweezers. The work of semblance performed by each man moves him closer to the other, or rather, closer to Antoine Doinel, who represents an aggregate self, a projected image. Each man wears his hair at about the same length and parts it in a similar style, though on opposite sides. This last feature—the same yet opposite hair part—is in fact a characteristic of a rare kind of identical twin, a "mirror" twin, who displays "mirrored" characteristics in such features as handedness or hair parts. The hair part on opposite sides in this particular image, while perhaps not designed with this in mind, helps to produce the effect of a mirror image in the two men's faces.[32] Thus Truffaut's stated purpose, to make films narrated in the first person, evolves ultimately into a revised understanding of what a "person"—either grammatical or actual—is. In this case we could say that the person is fictional—Doinel—but he is not only fictional. He belongs also to the embodied author and his coauthor, both of them, and to the narrative of a life they make together.

Truffaut dedicates his film *The Wild Child* to Jean-Pierre Léaud, as I discussed in chapter 2. This dedication deserves a second glance here. When asked about it, Truffaut responded, "The choice of this story is more revealing than I myself thought, and I realized it afterwards: while I was shooting the film, I relived a little the shooting of *The 400 Blows* in which I initiated Jean-Pierre Léaud into the cinema, during which I taught him what cinema basically is. . . . Until *The Wild Child*, when I had had children in my films I identified with them, and here, for the first time, I identified with the adult, the father, so much so that when the editing was finished I dedicated the film to Jean-Pierre Léaud because that changeover, that shift, became completely clear for me, obvious. It is a film whose significance was brought home to me from the outside, by friends, by people who spoke to me about the film."[33]

When Truffaut makes *The Wild Child*, in other words, it is no longer a question of the actor taking Truffaut's place as a child. Instead Truffaut has grown into a man, a father, and now he is ready to make *Bed*

and Board, a film in which Léaud portrays the Antoine Doinel figure
as a grown man as well. The interesting thing perhaps is that Truffaut
has "fathered" Léaud all this time, has made the young actor not only
his protégé, but also his son. So Truffaut's moment of maturation (be-
coming a "father" to his film actor) occurs simultaneously with Léaud's
maturity within Truffaut's films: the elder auteur and the younger actor
grow together, in a peculiar reading of film time, and Truffaut also leaves
his son Léaud behind to turn to another "creature," the wild child, the
gypsy actor Jean-Pierre Cargol. It is no coincidence that the story of
The Wild Child mirrors precisely this kind of fathering and formative
relationship in the historical account of an Enlightenment scientist and
a primitive child, with Truffaut playing the role of the father.

Mothers and Their Auteurs

Truffaut's relationship with Jean-Pierre Léaud lays bare the way in
which auteurist film can draw upon the metaphor of paternity in the
interaction between actor and director. In many of Truffaut's observa-
tions, though he admits that Léaud has had important roles in the
films of other directors, it is clear that he sees Léaud (or at least, the
Léaud who is also Doinel) as his creation. In his estimation, their work
together forged a near biological resemblance between the two of them,
both physically and psychologically. The familial relationships at the
heart of auteurism can, however, move in the opposite direction: a num-
ber of the auteurs in this study exhibit a profound interest in their bio-
logical parents, so that the parental relationship forms a significant part
of the auteurist self-projection. In particular, the maternal figure plays
an important role, even to the extent that the auteur's mother can
appear as an actor in his films.

A closer look at the presence of mothers (and to some extent, fathers)
in auteurist filmmaking reveals a fascination with identity and personal
origin on the part of the auteur. Meditating on the lives of parents
extends the story of the auteur's life to a time before his or her birth,
a time that cannot be accessed through direct means, but instead must
be pursued through the same materials used in filmmaking: stories and
photographs. And if the self is imagined as collective rather than indi-
vidual, as must to some degree be the case in auteurist self-projection,
parents offer the foundational example of the way in which human lives
are inextricably linked, whether through biology or lived relationship

or both. Ingmar Bergman, while most obsessed with his mother as a figure, also dwells in his writing and filmmaking on his parents' marriage, and his father's role (and Bergman really saw it as playing a role) as prominent pastor in the Swedish church. Andrei Tarkovsky's father was a renowned poet, and his mother an actress; both perform in his autobiographical *Mirror*. Woody Allen returns to depictions of his family in *Annie Hall*, *Radio Days*, and other films, though his actual family members do not perform as actors. And Almodóvar (who partners with his brother Augustín in their production company, El Deseo) repeatedly uses his mother as an actress in his films, though not with reference to their real family life.

In particular, the auteur's representation of his mother can become an act of exploration, an inquiry into the ultimate source of intersubjectivity, in the sense that the mother's biological (and subsequently, often, psychological) symbiosis with the artist child troubles the boundaries between these two entities, calls their status as individual subjects into question. This view of the maternal would seem to map neatly onto the Freudian notion that a son must separate from the mother in order to enter the world of language, subjective expression, and selfhood. But while the auteurist image of the mother does seem to underwrite the claims of French feminists—namely, that the mother in patriarchal systems represents the prelinguistic, mysteriously blank, and unknowable origin of life—there is also a tendency to envision the mother as a model for the auteur's creative genius. She performs as his "creator" and thus provides the source for his creativity. We see in several instances an attempt to enter the mother's subjective perspective, give voice to the mysterious maternal space, make it the center of the film's focus. In this way, the mother is repossessed by the auteur and appropriated as part of the auteurist vision—she becomes part of the image he sees in his interior mirror and then projects on the cinematic screen.

When the auteur's actual mother (as opposed to the Mother) enters the cinematic frame, one can see the way in which the mother's body eludes the kind of categorization ordinarily assigned to images of the Mother. The flat surface of the photographic film image seems to replicate at first the impenetrable and wordless mask of the Mother, but in the auteurist films in which the directors' mothers appear, it becomes clear that the auteurist project aims to move past the surface and attempts to enter the mother's subjective position, in part in order to establish the filmmaker's source of identity. The mother, like other actors

in auteurist films, becomes the auteur's avatar. In pursuing an analysis of several auteurs, I will interweave accounts of the maternal thematic with examinations of the performance of auteurist mothers, with an eye toward understanding these performances as a part of the auteur's self-projection. To demonstrate, let me first turn to Ingmar Bergman.

Swedish state television released Bergman's documentary film *Karin's Face* in 1984, two years after his valedictory "retirement" with the making of *Fanny and Alexander*. The fourteen-minute film is a brief account of his mother's life in photographs; there is no voice-over narration, only spare piano music (played by Bergman's ex-wife, Käbi Läretei), and occasional explanatory intertitles. The method Bergman employs in this little film forecasts Ken Burns's treatment of Civil War documents for the American television series aired in 1990. In Bergman's documentary, still photography becomes "live" through the film camera's treatment of the images: now panning, now tracking out, now coming in for an extreme close-up of mouth, hands, details of clothing, or eyes. Often a close-up will focus on just one eye. We begin with Karin Bergman's passport, issued, the intertitle tells us, just a few months before her death. Essential biographical information—date of birth, marital status, maiden name, etc.—is conveyed by the camera's panning movement down over the document, so that the passport becomes part of the narration, a device that allows the film to show rather than tell. What becomes clear in the repetition of images of Karin's face is that Bergman is fascinated by how his mother's face remains recognizably hers from young childhood through old age, and how the photographs oscillate in character between a kind of opaque, closed generic form (top photo) and moments of candid, if not always entirely legible, expressiveness (middle and bottom photos).

It seems quite remarkable that Swedish National Television would support such an unswervingly personal project: Ingmar Bergman's meditations on photographs of his mother and family. But Bergman's stature at the time and his status as "retired" filmmaker allow him to be viewed with nostalgia and reverence, in much the way he views the images. Further, it could be argued that the photographs—provincial school photographs, wedding photographs, passport photographs—are not merely images of Bergman's mother, but generic icons that take on the function of representing an entire generation of Swedish women. The meditation, importantly, is not centered around Karin as a person, but on *photographic images* of Karin, and, as I have implied above,

Karin Bergman in a formal pose in Karin's Face

Karin Bergman in a candid pose in Karin's Face

Karin Bergman in a candid pose in Karin's Face

these images are in a concrete (as well as an abstract) sense impenetrable. In *Den goda viljan* (*Best Intentions*), the biographical novel about his parents' marriage, Bergman writes, "Carefully I touched the faces of my parents," when in fact he is touching photographs of his parents. The actual parents are dead now, and untouchable. An early shot in *Karin's Face* shows a pair of well-groomed hands opening and thumbing through the heavy gilt pages of an old family photo album. One imagines that the hands are Bergman's, and the fact that this sequence is in color (as opposed to all the other images of the film, which are sepia and black-and-white) marks it as part of the present, a present that cannot truly enter into the past. No narrating voice informs or reminisces for the viewer—we are confronted with the impassive images and the sparse annotations that mark them, names and dates, the name of a photographic studio, and then the occasional intertitle, telling us, for example, that Henrik Bergman (Bergman's father) lost his father at an early age. Only once is there an evaluative comment: when the intertitle labels Karin and Henrik Bergman's engagement photograph as "extremely odd." In fact, it is not the character of his parents that Bergman seeks to represent, but relationship—theirs to each other, theirs to him. And it is not the photographs themselves, but the arrangement of them and the camera's various perspectives on them, the rhythm of the presentation, that give the viewer a way into reading them. We seem to move toward a penetration of the photographic surface when the film camera moves in to focus on a single eye, as if that eye could provide a portal into the pictured subject's mind. But the photographs, unlike the "moving" photographs of film, remain dead; Bergman cannot bring Karin back to life, as the cinematic "magic" of twenty-four frames per second seems to vivify the still image and allow the dead to breathe, walk, speak. In the intertitles and the photographs' arrangement, Bergman seems to want to speak for his mother, he sets out to ventriloquize her, but her static and mute body unmasks a profound auteurist conundrum: the actor is not the auteur. The filmed person is not even a person, but a photograph of a person. The cinematic actor's body and subject are irreparably fragmented, mere vehicles for the auteurist vision, and any other impression we receive is mere illusion. What is demonstrated time after time is the impossibility of breaking through the photographic surface, just as it is impossible to look into the heart or mind of another human being, even one as symbiotically related to oneself as one's mother.[34] *Karin's Face* marks the

beginning of a cinematic and literary project for Bergman. In *Magic Lantern,* and in the semiautobiographical epic *Fanny and Alexander*, Bergman begins to return to the kinds of scenes represented in the family photograph album featured in *Karin's Face*. And it is in his "retirement" that a full-force exploration of his mother's girlhood and his parents' troubled marriage takes form: in the novelistic biography *Best Intentions*, made into a film with Bergman's screenplay in 1992; in the book and film *Sunday's Children*, an episode from Bergman's childhood about his father, directed by Bergman's son Daniel in 1992; in the short novel about Bergman's mother's young womanhood and adulterous affair, *Private Confessions*, directed by Liv Ullmann as a television film in 1996. Thirty years after Bergman's mother's death in 1966, in other words, he is still working to bring life to the still, smooth surface of the photographic images in his family album, taking over his mother's generative function.

When Andrei Tarkovsky first began to outline a plan for the film that became *Mirror*, he called it "Confession" and envisioned a hidden-camera interview with his mother, in which he would pose questions he had written in advance. His use of the word "confession" in this context begs further exploration. Who is confessing, and what? In the original film script (which the Soviet film authorities blocked because they found the hidden camera unethical), Tarkovsky's mother would have been the person "confessing," either in the sense of helping her son to outline her life story or in the sense of responding to an interrogation with some kind of confession of wrongdoing. In the finished film script, we receive a hint at what Tarkovsky might see as his mother's crime; at one point the film's narrator receives a tongue-lashing from his ex-wife, who criticizes his relationship with his mother: "Until you die you will not forgive [your mother] the fact that she destroyed her life for you." If we return for a moment to the idea that the actor sometimes literally takes the director's place in film, we can see that Tarkovsky's introduction of his mother into his cinematic world resurrects her, refuses her sacrifice of her life for his, and replaces his image with hers. Now the woman who gave up her career as a writer to support her ultimately errant husband and gave up her chance at an independent life to raise her children takes up the place of central interest in *Mirror*, a film that is often described as Tarkovsky's (autobiographical) confession. The actor who plays her son, the narrator, the actor who voices Tarkovsky's lines, so to speak, does not even appear on the screen.

In *Mirror*, then, Tarkovsky shifted the film from a documentary to a narrative mode, but he kept his mother in the frame as an actress.[35] Within the film's story, the protagonist's young mother is played by Margarita Terekhova, but Tarkovsky's own mother, Larisa Tarkovskaya, plays the protagonist's mother as an old woman.

In creating *Mirror,* Tarkovsky re-created his own world, but also, and perhaps more important, his mother's; like Bergman, his exploration of his mother's marriage and personal history forms the essential basis for his own self-projection. Robert Bird remarks, "It wasn't until [Tarkovsky] changed the focus of the film from the mother to the protagonist that he changed the title to *Mirror*.[36] But it is not clear that Tarkovsky ever really "changed the focus of the film." It is true that the finished film, *Mirror*, as opposed to the originally conceived documentary interview, includes the perspective of a fictional son, but from beginning to end the film seeks to come to an understanding of the mother's experience of the past, in part by interrogating her photographic image.

The narrative of *Mirror* opens with a young woman sitting on a weathered wooden fence, looking out across green fields and forests.

Larisa Tarkovskaya plays the director's mother in The Mirror

We (the camera's perspective melded to the viewer's) approach her from behind and then move around to look at her face. Natasha Synessios reports that this image—the woman seated on the fence, smoking a cigarette—re-creates as precisely as possible a photograph taken of Tarkovsky's mother during his childhood, during the wartime years. The woman in *Mirror* wears the same clothes, has the same hairstyle, sits on the same sort of fence in the same sort of posture as Tarkovsky's mother had done thirty years earlier. But while the evocative black-and-white photographic image from the 1940s presents an impenetrable, two-dimensional surface, the color film image moves through three-dimensional space; it enters the photograph, so to speak, in order to move from behind the woman and reveal the environment that surrounds her, enter into her space.

Though attempting to enter the mother's mental and emotional space seems a major preoccupation in *Mirror*, the figure of the mother remains an enigma. She is often pensive, silent, shedding tears for which the viewer is offered no narrative explanation, or suffering extreme anxiety about things that seem trivial when no proper context is offered. Beyond re-creating the three-dimensional space in which his mother moved (down to rebuilding the *dacha* in which she lived and planting buckwheat outside so it would grow as it had thirty years before), Tarkovsky provides a kind of narrative voice for his mother's thoughts. Not the typical narrator, however—in this instance, he engages his father, Arsenii Tarkovsky, a celebrated poet, to read selections from his poetry in a voice-over that seems to speak to the mother figure of the film. The poems address the love between the poet/father and the young mother, a love that apparently has suffered with the poet's absence and the mother's solitude during the war. Thus both Tarkovsky's mother and father play roles in the film (as both parents figure in Bergman's *Karin's Face*), though the father's role is limited to his voice, a voice that works primarily to establish something about the mother's character, while the auteur's biological mother appears as the protagonist's mother as an old woman.

The film's narrative claims that the narrator's wife closely resembles his mother as a young woman, and old photographs reveal that the faces of the two women—Tarkovsky's mother as a young woman and the actress who plays her—are in fact strikingly similar. In order to stress this resemblance, Tarkovsky casts the same actress to play the two roles, wife and young mother. In one striking dream sequence, the actress

playing his young mother is confronted by a mirror in which not her image, but the face of Tarkovsky's aged biological mother, appears. Within the frame of the narrative, interestingly, this is the son's dream, not the mother's. In the son's projection, the mother is young and old all at once. And at the conclusion of the film, once again the aged woman appears in the same frame with her "younger self," underscoring something that marks Bergman's representation of his mother as well: the conflation of past and present that is embodied by the mother's presence, the violation of time's ordinary sequential nature.

One of the appearances of Tarkovsky's mother in *Mirror* involves a meeting between the narrator's mother and his son—but it is a nonmeeting because the two do not recognize each other. In a supernatural sequence, the boy (who appears in the opening prologue as the television viewer) waits alone in an apartment. He has an encounter with a mysterious woman who suddenly appears and as suddenly disappears, leaving only a condensation ring on the table where her cup of tea sat, and that ring slowly evaporates and disappears as well. Then the doorbell rings, and Ignat goes to answer (see the image of Larisa Tarkovskaya). There stands Tarkovsky's mother, and she asks after the person who, she believes, lives in that apartment. But Ignat does not know that person. The old woman is bewildered, confused; she searches Ignat's face, seeming at some level to recognize him, while he clearly does not know her. She goes away, he closes the door, and the viewer is left to wonder about the scene's significance. Tarkovsky explained in an interview that "although he did not have a logical understanding of, or explanation for, the fact that her grandson did not recognise her, he needed to see his mother's face a little frightened, a little shy. . . . It was very important for me to see my mother in this state. The expression of her face when she is shy, confused, disconcerted. . . . It was very important for me to see this state of the soul of someone whom I feel very close to, this state of depression, of emotional awkwardness. It is like a portrait of someone in a state of humiliation.'"[37] Then the question arises as to why it was necessary for Tarkovsky to see his mother, his actual mother, not an actress playing her role, in a state of humiliation. In placing his mother in this position, he brings about her submission to his vision. She becomes his creature, and in some respect he may also take his revenge on her for the sacrifice she offered him and his sister, the renunciation of her own artistic life in service of his. At the same time, he restores her to artistic life by making her an actress in his film.

In moving from Andrei Tarkovsky to Pedro Almodóvar, it is tempting to point to Almodóvar's homosexuality and hypothesize about the way in which the filmmaker's strong identification with his mother corresponds to the cross-gender performances that proliferate in his work. But in fact Almodóvar's engagement of his biological mother, Francisca Caballero, as an actress within the framework of several of his cinematic narratives corresponds in some vital respects to Tarkovsky's use of his mother in *Mirror*. One is the use of the mother to evoke landscapes and narratives of the rural past, the premodern. Jean-Claude Seguin notes Caballero's importance in an article on geography and the body in Almodóvar's films: "The maternal figure, Francisca Caballero, is the most complete portrait of the penetration of the rustic into the city. Whether she is a television news announcer, a literary journalist, or a dancing extra, she embodies oddity, the untouchable transplant, a body encased in the city, uncorrupted and incorruptible, pure of any urban contamination" (my translation).[38] As in Tarkovsky's *Mirror*, the mother's body acts as a chronotrope, a site that combines the village and culture of the filmmaker's childhood with his urban present: in the first of the films in which she appears, Francisca Caballero does indeed, with her hair pulled back in a bun, her body armored in a plain black dress, in her countrified manners and language, represent the landscape and the culture of the filmmaker's past.

She is solid and soberly dressed, a standout in the flash and color of the hip Madrileño society that dominates Almodóvar's palette.[39] This

Francisca Caballero in Pedro Almodóvar's What Have I Done to Deserve This?

type of evocation of his mother's world appears frequently in his work: in the villages of *Talk to Her* and *Bad Education*, and significantly in *Volver* (2006), a film that includes in its plot the return of a dead mother. The visually arresting opening of *Volver* focuses on a ritual performed in a wind-blasted La Mancha cemetery by a small crowd of traditionally dressed women, virtually indistinguishable from one another in their black dresses. About his representation of La Mancha, Almodóvar says, "I come from there, and even if it is an embarrassment to say so, I admit that [representing La Mancha constitutes] a confession, an evocation of my roots" (162). In this way Almodóvar, a figure whose work showcases the verve and radical departure of Madrid's *movida* of the 1980s, signals a tenacious connection to an older Spain, a Spain he projects through the body of his mother. This is true of Tarkovsky's geographic axis of maternal representation as well; his mother is the *dacha*, the countryside, memory. The difference between the two filmmakers is the way in which they relate ultimately to the rural past. Tarkovsky idealizes the Russian countryside and colors it with nostalgia, while Almodóvar embraces Madrid as the center of his representative universe, and, in fact, he brings his mother into Madrid, forcing a marriage between what Seguin calls "the maternal image" and the urban cultural landscape.

Thus Seguin's reading of Francisca Caballero as an actor in her son's films is only partially accurate. It is interesting, for instance, that he refers to Caballero as "the maternal figure," when in fact she often does not play a mother figure at all. She is the mother of the protagonist in *Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down*, and in *What Have I Done to Deserve This?* she appears as a villager who, if not a mother herself, declares that she cared for the protagonist of that film when she was a baby. (Her role is listed officially in the credits not as "mother" or "babysitter," but as "dental patient.") But in *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown,* she plays a television news announcer, and in *Kika* she is a journalist. It is not that she is a "maternal figure" (unless maternal means "older woman" or "traditionally built older woman"); she is Almodóvar's mother, a fact that one does not necessarily know unless one knows who "Francisca Caballero" is.[40] She indicates Almodóvar's relationship to the maternal not by acting as a mother, but by *being* his mother and offering (to those in the know) a link between the narrative of the film and Almodóvar's narrative of his life. Like Tarkovsky's mother or Bergman's mother,

Francisca Caballero as a newscaster in Pedro Almodóvar's Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown

Almodóvar's mother forms part of the auteurist compact with spectators and performers as the biological director's avatar.

Beyond casting his mother as actress, Almodóvar returns repeatedly to investigations of the significance of the mother-son relationship in a way that complicates the question of where one person begins and another ends, particularly in an autobiographical context. A reading of one of his films—*All About My Mother*—uncovers the auteur's autobiographical impulse, the way he connects self-formation to the maternal figure, the importance of mother-as-actress, and the disintegration and re-formation of bodies into new persons. First, the director notes that the figure of the son (a character who loses his life in the first fifteen minutes of the film) is a stand-in for Almodóvar: "*All About My Mother* is as autobiographical as any film about a director from La Mancha who just won an Oscar. *All About My Mother* even talks about the way I became a spectator and how I became a filmmaker." In other words, the figure of the son Esteban in the film does not share biographical details with Almodóvar but evokes a deeper kinship; Almodóvar explains that Esteban is "a sensibility," not unlike Truffaut's claim of Jean-Pierre Léaud's "moral resemblance" to himself (204–5).

In *All About My Mother,* Esteban/Almodóvar requests that his mother read the opening of Truman Capote's *Music for Chameleons*

to him. The filmmaker explains to an interviewer that this "was one of the texts that I had selected for my mother to read before the camera in a film that I always wanted to make and now never will. Basically, it would consist of putting a camera in front of her so that she could talk, because what she needs to do is talk and tell stories about things, and she is very entertaining. She would read—something she does very well—a series of texts. She would be this mother who is teaching you what's best. How are we to understand, from the selection of that text, "what is best"? Like Tarkovsky's original idea of putting his mother into a secretly recorded interrogation situation, with the questions written by him, Almodóvar, too, writes a script for his mother, or at least, he gives her the lines to say, the ones *he* considers best, ironically. His mother's notion of "best" does not really enter into this picture. That he places her in the position of reading from Capote's book points toward the importance of her acceptance of his notions of identity and authorship; the title *Music for Chameleons* marks a clear association between the son's sensibility and one of the dominant themes of the film: identity transformation.

Here I would like to argue that Almodóvar's interest in bodies in transformation has direct relevance not only to his drive to upset norms of gender construction, but he deals in complicated ways both with self-construction and film as a mode of self-representation. Unknown to Esteban, his long-absent father has had a sex change and is now a woman. And one of the primary figures of the film is Agrado, a formerly-male woman (played by a female actress) who explains in detail to a theater audience how she paid for the operations that turned her into a woman: so and so many pesos for buttocks, breasts, lips, and so on. The enumerated parts of the body conform to the way in which actors' bodies are broken down and reassembled in film, but also to the way in which a female actor can become the avatar of a male, how several different bodies can be assembled under the name of the single auteur, who in his turn is also not one, but many, acting under the sign of the auteur.

Another way Almodóvar represents the body reassembled is through the motive of transplantation. After the shocking car accident that takes Esteban's life in an early sequence of the film, we see that his mother, Manuela, makes the difficult decision to donate Esteban's organs. Because she works in the transplantation unit, Manuela has access to confidential records and is able to hunt down the identity of the person who

receives her son's heart. And not only Manuela is obsessed with the material, corporeal heart. The film obsessively focuses on the heart's removal from Esteban and transfer from Madrid to La Coruña, transported in a cooler via helicopter. Irrationally yet persistently, Manuela identifies Esteban's heart *as* Esteban, and its transferal to another human being creates an amalgam of Esteban and that person, to the degree that Manuela travels to La Coruña to see "her heart." Esteban's heart is not only his—it is his donee's and his mother's, and the topos of transplantation thus segues into the topos of intersubjectivity or the topos of the avatar—but the person with Esteban's heart in his body is now a version of Esteban, and by virtue of the connection between Manuela and Esteban, he is a version of Manuela as well (a reference seems to be implied to the circulatory system in pregnancy, when the expectant mother shares blood-flow with the fetus she carries).

It is not merely the case that Manuela works in the transplantation unit; she has the unusual job of working as an actress there, which underscores the idea of mother as actress, working according to someone else's script. It happens that Manuela performs in a film as a woman who must decide whether or not to donate the organs of a loved one who has suddenly died. When Esteban is killed in the crash, the role suddenly becomes real—she does not have to perform, she can simply *be* the woman experiencing horrific loss and trauma. Thus Manuela becomes the epitome of the film actress, the nonperformer whose role is determined by the director (in this case represented as fate, though of course we are watching a film, so the ironic coincidence is as constructed as the wooden hospital movie scripts). That Almodóvar is quite in agreement with Tarkovsky on this point about film acting can be ascertained from his remarks about his work with the actress Victoria Abril: "She only understood when she realized that it wasn't she who had to invent, but me" (93).

The relationship Almodóvar creates between Manuela and Esteban might seem at first to bear little resemblance to Almodóvar's relationship with his mother. But Esteban promises Manuela, who once acted on the stage, that he will write a role for her and bring her back to the theater, as Almodóvar brings his own mother, never a professional actress, but a countrywoman from La Mancha, to the screen in his films. Viewers and critics view Almodóvar rather consistently as a "women's" director; it has been remarked that the primary vessels for his self-projection are the actresses Carmen Maura, Penélope Cruz, Victoria

Abril, and Chus Lampraeve, among others. But the representation of women in his films deals predominately with camp or drag versions of feminine roles; in fact, roles from films. His mother occupies a different kind of position; one should not be so naive as to claim that she represents herself, but her presence in his films as a body, a body that relates to his "real-life" persona, references the auteur's presence behind these films. The kind of woman she represents is not derived from a cinematic icon, but in his films she becomes one, and through his work we see the possibility of transformation and gender ambivalence even in a figure that seems at first so solidly female (maternal) and traditional. The way in which Almodóvar engages his mother as actress suggests that even in the midst of capturing the image of his country's and his personal past through her, he also uses her as an expression of his challenge to traditional culture. For instance, he relates his mother's enjoyment in shopping for the clothes she will wear on-screen (and apparently then keep for her own use); as a young woman in the village, she found herself limited to black clothing at an early stage of life, while in her son's later films she wears prints and colors. And it is possible to imagine something subversive in her role as reader, both in the film her son imagines (but only produces as a fiction in *All About My Mother*) and in *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*, where she reads the news as a television announcer. In each instance of reading, the woman gives voice to a masculine script—the news for which one assumes a masculine source and the book by a (gay) man, but ultimately the script written by her own son. Rather than functioning as an anchor for the wandering son, the mother, in becoming a cinematic figure, offers a model of the ultimate transformative power, the site of oscillation between the masculine and the feminine, which Almodóvar portrays throughout his oeuvre.

Herzog's Kinski

In the examples above, the auteurs employ their mothers as a site or a screen for their self-projections, interrogating and studying and transforming the surface of the maternal body for some hint as to the mystery of their own identities, their personal and cultural pasts. The instances I now want to explore involve a different kind of relationship, one in which the link between the auteur and the actor is not genetic, but sexualized and pressed into a supernatural realm. In first

looking at Werner Herzog's collaboration with Klaus Kinski, I do not mean to say that there is a literal sexual relationship between the two men, but rather that an eroticized violence characterizes the romantic and hypermasculine vision Herzog seems to hold of their relationship. As François Truffaut creates an alter ego, a mirror image that can perform his younger self, Werner Herzog finds and captures a wild child who can perform the savagery of Herzog's vision and take his place on the altar of artistic sacrifice, to use an expression typical of Herzog's vocabulary.

In 1999, eight years after the death of Klaus Kinski, his director, Werner Herzog, produced a documentary on their relationship entitled *Mein liebster Feind—Klaus Kinski* (literally, My Best Enemy—Klaus Kinski). While the German title plays off the relationship between the words *Freund* (friend) and *Feind* (enemy), the English-release title, *My Best Fiend,* implies Kinski's demonic nature both on- and off-screen, a caricature upheld by both Kinski (in his writing and his acting) and Herzog. In the course of the film we hear how Herzog, still a young man, is struck by a particular performance by Kinski in a German film of the 1950s about World War II.

In an interview, Herzog is asked why *My Best Fiend* says nothing of Kinski's personal history or background, and he responds, "It never interested me. I never wanted to make an encyclopedic film on Klaus Kinski. It was always evident to me that it should be my Klaus Kinski, that's why I have this extra, whom I met at the airport, carry a sign that says 'Herzog's Kinski.'"[41] The airport scene Herzog describes is an odd and significant one, in fact. After many years, Herzog is returning to Peru, where Kinski and he had their first great success in *Aguirre: The Wrath of God*. When he arrives at the airport, he is indeed met by a man carrying a sign marked "Herzog's Kinski." But we know from the interview that the scene is staged. And upon reflection, it does seem strange to be met at the airport with a sign bearing someone else's name. It is not the dead Kinski, but Herzog who is expected. In this staged moment of reunion with a cast extra from *Aguirre*, Herzog creates confusion between himself and his actor, a confusion that the documentary encourages throughout, and that could be an autobiographical statement about his career.

Herzog's highest degree of success as a feature filmmaker coincides with his collaboration with Kinski. When Kinski died, Herzog's stock as an auteur of narrative films fell perceptibly, a fact he obliquely expresses

in the valedictory tone of *My Best Fiend*. At that juncture, Herzog began to focus primarily on documentary filmmaking, and it is his documentaries that have maintained his status as an auteur. Once Kinski left his stage, it seems that there was no avatar that could fully take Herzog's place in a fictive framework. *My Best Fiend*, while on one level eulogizing the dead actor and looking nostalgically at the lost artistic collaboration between the two men, also works toward erasing or engulfing Kinski. There are moments (like the airport greeting) when Herzog attempts to absorb Kinski entirely into his auteurist vision, a vision that focuses on the blood sacrifice one must make in order to force savage nature into art. If there is a recognizable autobiographical signature in Herzog's filmmaking, it is this: the repeated performance of Herzog's belief that art demands human sacrifice, in the form of a human who stands in for the artist. Kinski plays that role for Herzog, takes that important auteurist position for him. It is the violence of their relationship, in which Herzog demands repeatedly that Kinski enact Herzog's sacrificial fantasies, that leads me to characterize their bond as eroticized under the banner of Death.

The notion of sacrifice comes to the fore from the very beginning of *My Best Fiend*, which shows us Kinski's one-man performance as Jesus in the Deutschlandhalle in Berlin. The placement of Kinski's manic Christ at the film's opening establishes the actor's savagery and aggression, but it also underscores his role as a sacrificial victim. This implication will return later in the film, when Herzog relates the striking number of violent accidents and attacks that occur on his film sets. Kinski attacks an extra with his sword and shoots a gun into a tent, grazing the head of another actor. Herzog threatens to shoot Kinski. A cameraman slices his hand to the bone during the filming of a shipwreck in Fitzcarraldo. Another technician has to be airlifted out of the jungle when he cuts his own leg off with a chainsaw in order to avoid death by snakebite. And repeatedly, we have the scenes of Kinski enraged, Kinski foaming at the mouth. Set against the clips of a raging Kinski is the quiet voice of Werner Herzog. Just after the opening sequence in the Deutschlandhalle, Herzog visits the house where Kinski lived for a short time in a type of boarding-house arrangement together with Herzog and his family, when Herzog was thirteen. The building has now been renovated, and the former boarding house is occupied by a single, well-off couple who gutted the apartment and furnished it lavishly. Herzog's narration of his own family's poverty,

the crowded and sordid conditions of the establishment, and Kinski's wild and destructive behavior while living there is ironically set off by the utter *Bürgerlichkeit* of the horrified and fascinated couple, and Herzog's own recessive, polite, and quiet delivery. In Herzog's narrative, Kinski throws potatoes at the dinner table, he shrieks obscenities at a visiting journalist, he goes naked to the door to meet the mailman, he locks himself into the only bathroom for forty-eight hours and, according to Herzog, reduces all of the fixtures inside to fragments that "could be sifted through a tennis racket." Herzog relates all of this to the bourgeois couple in a gentle and humorous tone.

One begins to get the impression in this sequence that the savagery that underlies Herzog's vision—which demands that a ship be dragged over a mountain, smashing its prow on the rocks; that a young woman fall sacrificial victim to a vampire; that a troop of Spanish conquistadors be crushed by the brutality of a world they cannot understand—has to find expression through Herzog's demon, Kinski, for Herzog himself is such a kind and gentle chap. Kinski and Herzog, however, both come from a working-class background, displaced by the new German bourgeois. Kinski's violence is really Herzog's violence, but Herzog must contain, harness, and control it in order to produce art—Herzog's art. Not unlike the roaring river in Peru, Kinski performs in Herzog's cinema as a force of nature that runs into apocalyptic destruction. He becomes the sacrificial victim that art demands.

When asked in an interview about his working relationship with Kinski during *Nosferatu*, Herzog replies, "Well, *Nosferatu* was easier than others because he needed so much preparation for stepping in front of the camera, four hours' make-up. Fangs, ears. . . . It was like a harness. You see, if he threw a tantrum and beat the ground with his fists, the make-up would be ruined and he would be in for another four hours. . . . I managed to domesticate him, to make his real qualities productive for the screen."[42] The notion of harnessing or channeling Kinski emerges in *My Best Fiend* when Herzog describes how he often pushed Kinski into a rage in order to get the acting affect he desired. Kinski, he explains, wanted to overact, and Herzog wanted him to play his malevolence (as Aguirre) more quietly. So Herzog would bait or tease Kinski, perhaps eating a piece of chocolate in front of him when no one on the set had eaten any chocolate for weeks, thus throwing Kinski into a rage. After the tantrum, Kinski would have lost the energy to play Aguirre at his preferred level of intensity. Even Kinski's rages,

then, are the products of Herzog's sadistic machinations, according to Herzog.

Kinski, in his autobiography, *All I Need Is Love*, offers a somewhat different account: "[Herzog] doesn't possess a spark of talent and has no idea what filmmaking is. . . . I determine every scene, every adjustment, every shot, and refuse to do anything other than what I see as right. This way I can at least save the film from becoming complete trash."[43] Kinski, whose writing style closely mirrors his acting style, showers Herzog with invective; he is "humorless, mendacious, stubborn, narrow-minded, pretentious, unscrupulous, bumptious, spiritless" and much worse (197). Herzog, for his part, makes an astonishing move regarding Kinski's autobiography in *My Best Fiend*. He claims to have coauthored it: "We would sit together and think of all the nastiest things to say about me." Thus the vision of Herzog published as Kinski's Herzog is still Herzog's Kinski's Herzog.

There is a way in which Kinski understands the sacrifice demanded of him. He writes in his autobiography:

> [Herzog] confesses that the living and working conditions on location will be filthy and disgusting, as if he were reading a deserved verdict, and explains just as brazenly and coarsely (licking his lips as if savoring some tasty tidbit) that each of the participants will have to endure unimaginable punishment and privation, risking death, to follow him, Herzog . . . "Unto death," as he obnoxiously expresses himself. The whole time, he keeps his eyes shut to his megalomania, which he imagines to be genius (196).

Here Kinski aids Herzog once again in producing an image that closely parallels Herzog's signature as auteurist director. The question arises at to whether a "Kinski's Herzog" might not exist alongside "Herzog's Kinski." Despite his repulsion for Herzog's sacrificial vision, Kinski willingly lays himself on the altar. "I don't know why I say yes this time [to *Nosferatu* and *Woyzeck*]. There must be a point to my choosing to endure someone else's hell when I'm at my nadir. Will I experience pain myself after I've incarnated it? . . . Do I transfer the hell of others into my own life, or is it the other way around? Do I live through everyone, and does everyone live through me? Who can tell?" (245–46).

Kinski's question is critical to my discussion: placing Herzog's story of Kinski alongside Kinski's provides an opportunity for experiencing the avatar as embodied person and intentional agent, a person who questions the directorial vision even as he allows himself to be seduced by it. The sacrifice the auteur demands is represented in the film narratives

and the rhetoric of the auteur and the actor as a blood sacrifice, but it seems to be a self-sacrifice on the altar of the auteur's self-projection. And it is the tension between the two subjects, according to Herzog's film, that provides the energy for Herzog's self-projection, Herzog's Kinski. But at the same time, Kinski's death provides some support to Bergman's statement that the auteur cannot exist without an actor: "Without a you, no I." Herzog stages an end for Kinski's career as a film actor in the context of *My Best Fiend*. It is 1988, three years before Kinski's death, and the actor has just filmed a death scene, the final scene of their last film together, *Cobra Verde*. "He was spent," says Herzog, "burnt away like a comet, he was ashes." He claims that Kinski said at that moment, "We can go no further. I am no more." This was the end of Herzog's Kinski and the end of Kinski's Herzog as well. Neither *Cobra Verde* nor any of Herzog's feature films that followed would enjoy the success of their collaborations.

A Painful Connection

Liv Ullmann continued to work with Ingmar Bergman until his death, and she reflects a unique and different sensibility from that between

My Best Fiend*: Werner Herzog and Klaus Kinski in action (in* Cobra Verde, *their last film together)*

Herzog and Kinski, though here, too, is a form of the erotic fascination and obsession exhibited in the Herzog/Kinski partnership. In 2001, an article about Ullmann appeared in the *New York Times Magazine* entitled "An Independent Woman," preceded by the writer's observation: "She spent years as Bergman's muse, star, and lover. Now, as she works alone behind the camera, Liv Ullmann understands what their relationship has been about."[44] Like Herzog and Kinski, Bergman and Ullmann seem to oscillate between positions of framing and being framed. And like Herzog and Kinski, there is an intersubjectivity at work that is impossible to disentangle. On the set of *Persona* in 1966, when the Bergman-Ullmann affair first began, Bergman said to his actress, "I had a dream last night. That you and I will be painfully connected."[45]

The connection is achieved through intimacy, but that intimacy embraces both the sexual/spiritual and the cinematic. Of Bergman's signature close-up images, Ullmann writes:

> I love close-ups. . . . The closer a camera comes, the more eager I am to show a completely naked face, show what is behind the skin, the eyes; inside the head . . .
>
> When the camera is as close as Ingmar's sometimes gets, it doesn't only show a face, but also what kind of life this face has seen . . .
>
> Privately we long for exactly this kind of recognition: that others should perceive what we really are, deep inside. To make a film with Ingmar is, for me, to have this experience. (244)

Ullmann's interpretation of the close-up's meaning echoes that of early film theorist Béla Balázs, who claims that "close-ups are often dramatic revelations of what is really happening under the surface of appearances" (56). Ullmann emphasizes the sensual nature of the cinematic exchange between actor and audience via the camera (which is "Ingmar's"—the lover's). The whole passage and in particular certain of Ullmann's words—"eager," "naked," "skin," "long[ing]," "deep inside"— breathe an unmistakable eroticism into filmmaking that finds expression in Bergman's autobiography, *The Magic Lantern*. He writes, "Film work is an intensely erotic business. One's closeness to the actors knows no reservations, the mutual surrender is total. . . . The atmosphere is irresistibly charged with sexuality. It took many years for me to finally learn that one day the camera will be turned off and the lights extinguished."[46] These remarks by Bergman on the eroticism of filmmaking echo those of Truffaut. They appear in his account of his sexual relationship with Harriet Andersson while they were working together on

the set of *Summer with Monika* (*Sommaren med Monika*, 1953), and in this instance the story is simply "factual," historic. But I would argue that Bergman refers here both to something quite specific and tangible (his relationships with Harriet Andersson, then Bibi Andersson, Liv Ullmann, and others) and something more metaphysical and universal: sexuality as an act of self-reflection or self-construction that lies at the heart of his film work.

It is not at all coincidental that it is on the set of *Persona* that this "painful connection" takes shape. *Persona* is in fact about a painful connection between two women, the linking of two individual subjectivities through film or, more precisely, through a photographic image. At a moment of crisis in the film, the viewer is confronted with the frightening merged image of the faces of the film's female protagonists. In his autobiographies, *The Magic Lantern* and *Images*, Bergman discusses how certain of his films begin with a single, enigmatic mental image. *Persona*, he says, grew out of a vision of two women, wearing hats, sitting on a beach and comparing hands. This mental image, in its turn, was inspired by an actual photograph of Liv Ullmann and Bibi Andersson. Bergman decided to make a film with the two of them because they were, as he puts it, so "devilishly alike."[47] In evaluating the six-year relationship with Bergman that grew out of their collaboration on *Persona*, Ullmann asserts, "We were so much alike. What he had not known about himself he began to see in me—as if in a mirror—despite the fact that I was a woman and much younger and perhaps unlike him in ways he didn't know" (110). In *Persona,* Bergman explores the permeability of the bounds of selfhood, using the cinematic apparatus and especially the physical nature of film and still photography as a means of projecting questions about intersubjectivity. The figures in *Persona* regard themselves as real people, and under ordinary circumstances the spectator is engaged to see figures in films as real people. But by creating a vampiric narrative, and by inserting references to the actors as photographed images (when the film "breaks," for instance, or images of the two women's faces are merged into an image of one frightening face), the film probes the question of what it means to be "real."

In this chapter on actors, I have concentrated on the relational and collaborative nature of auteurist self-projection. An exploration of how the intimacy of auteur/actor relationships—sexual, biological, inimical—

reveals the embodied and emotional status of what passes between the two agents. Auteurist cinema lays bare that the act of self-formation occurs through other bodies and persons, and that it is through self-projection and spectatorship (in which the roles of projection and spectatorship revolve through director, actor, audience) that the sense of a "person" is formed. I do not argue that it is the case that every auteurist act of self-projection involves an intimate relationship between auteur and actor, but such relationships stand as an emblem for the kind of mutual sacrifice and tension that occurs when a self takes shape on the screen.

When we recall the statements of the auteurs on acting at the beginning of this chapter, we could perhaps agree that auteurist cinema can generally be defined as an autocratic mode, with the auteur employing not only actors, but technicians and many others toward the realization of a personal vision. But the actor inserts him or herself stubbornly into the artist's vision, and must be recaptured by the auteur in various moves intended to assert the primacy of that vision—moves that are not always successful, for the viewer may choose to privilege the actor's performance as the primary object. Thus the actor, absolutely necessary and intrinsic to the expression of the auteurist's self-projection, also can pose the greatest threat to authorial control. In the case of Herzog and Kinski, a battle for supremacy becomes obvious. Whose lines will be spoken? In what voice will they be recorded? Who is performing for whom? Whose vision will be realized? In the end, the actor and the director must burn out as individual subjectivities—they exist only in concert with each other in the cinematic performance and they lose themselves as selves there. With Bergman and Ullmann, the confrontation takes a different and less violent form but claims the same sacrifice. Ullmann says at one point that Bergman gives her herself through his close focus on her face. Bergman tells her that they are "painfully connected," and when he retires from directing himself, he gives Ullmann his scripts to direct—the story of his parents, the story of one of his own stormy (pre-Ullmann) love affairs. In her autobiography, Liv Ullmann writes of the moment Bergman told her about his mother's death: "'Now I have no one,' he cried, and he was completely defenseless. I knew that I could never leave him, and in a way I never have" (222).

After having been convinced by Barthes, Foucault, and others who taught us of the impossibility of "knowing" an author and the foolishness

of pursuing the details of an author's so-called life in the hope of interpreting the author's work, we still find ourselves confronted with persons, bodies, and the impact of persons and bodies on others. What is ephemeral in film and other forms of discourse keeps straining toward materiality, and it seems to me that the auteur's relationship with his actors is an arena where we can watch the struggle between the material and ephemeral take place—in fact, they stage that struggle in their films, the struggle to make vision incarnate.

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4 SELF-PROJECTION AND THE CINEMATIC APPARATUS

THE FILM CAMERA, PROJECTOR, AND SCREEN perform as prosthetic devices in auteurist self-projection, in a sense not unlike the actor as avatar. When they appear, they signal the viewer that an artist is present, since the apparatus indicates that the narrative is not "real" but made. At the same time, the presence of the machine in its various forms stands in, often, for an absent auteur, so that the apparatus replaces the human. Cinematic technology, as an extension of photographic technology, makes the absent present—the ghosts of the long-dead walk before us in the dark theater—even as it withholds actual embodied presence, separates the image and the voice from the body that produced it (see Kawin on Godard and Bergman). To begin to think about the apparatus and the auteur, I would like to return to Bergman's *Persona*.

Persona begins in darkness, a black screen. Slow, eerie music swells, and as it does, a square of light begins to grow brighter on the screen, soon to be joined by a thin rod with a rounded tip that projects diagonally from the lower right to move toward the square. The rod, too, grows increasingly incandescent as it seems to move closer to the square and the music turns abrasive, chaotic. Suddenly sparks fly, a clattering noise breaks loose, a wheel begins to turn to the left of the square, reveals itself to be a reel, and a film strip begins to spool from one reel to the other. *Persona*'s enigmatic opening seems to imply that the film we are watching (and by extension, film in general) has its origin in the apparatus itself; but what is the apparatus, and how does it relate to the human? *Persona*'s representation of its apparatus, with the rod slowly approaching the square frame of light, calls to mind sexual intercourse, an association supported by an almost subliminally quick appearance of an image of an erect penis that flashes across the
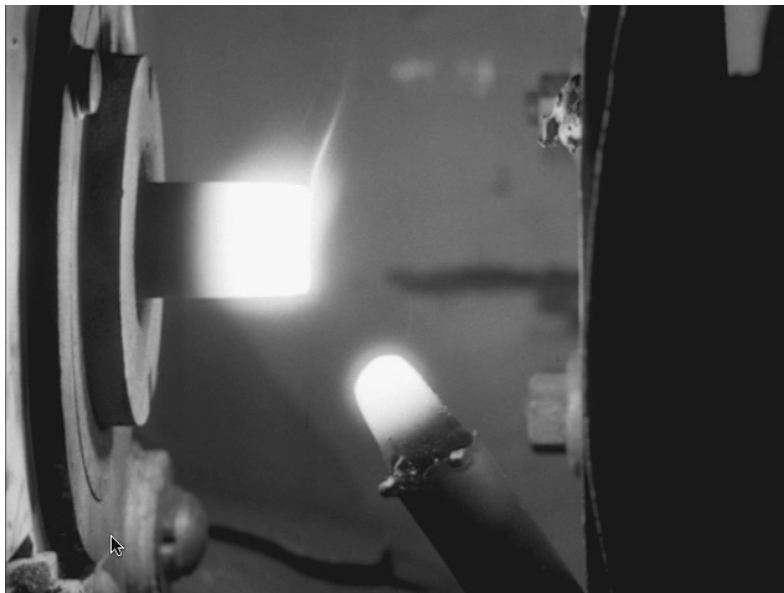
Persona*: the opening, inside the film projector*

screen shortly afterward.[1] Later, at a crisis moment in the narrative, the film appears to stick in the projector, burn, and break, and when we "reenter" the film, we seem to be inside a human eye, with blood vessels magnified to suggest that the film is contained within that eye. The eye, perceived from the inside (like the projector) and thus viewed separately from the brain and body to which it must belong, seems to exist in a space where it might belong to both the auteur, who originally "saw" the film as creative vision, and the spectator, who reenters the viewing experience through the eye (his or her own eye, and the eye of the film).

Bergman's implication that the machinery of film is integrated with human physiology was not new in 1966, however experimental *Persona* may appear. In fact, the idea finds expression already during the silent era, particularly in the work of Dziga Vertov, a Soviet filmmaker who, along with his wife and brother, made *Man with a Movie Camera* (*Chelovek s kino-apparatom*, 1929). In line with the Constructivist theory and practice of the *Kinoks* (cinema-eye) filmmaking collective formed in 1919, *Man with a Movie Camera* represents how the cinematic apparatus (along with other modern technology) can be imagined

as an extension of the human mind and body. Vertov had studied physiology and psychology prior to becoming a filmmaker, and he combined his fascination with the human perceptive apparatus and the cinematic apparatus, believing that a combination of the two (*chelovek s kino-apparatom*) could lead to a more penetrating and expansive view and understanding of the world.

Man with a Movie Camera plays repeatedly and intensively with links (or "rhyming" as Vertov would have it) between human physiology and varied forms of technology, such as the revolving wheels of the camera, turned by the revolving arm of the cameraman, rhymed with machine gears, vehicle wheels, spools turning on a sewing machine, and so on, stressing the extension of human capacity through the machine. The film dwells in particular on an image of the cameraman's eye visible through the lens of the camera, and it closes with that image as well: as we look into the camera's lens directed at us, we see the eye of the cameraman, and then the lens slowly closes, in an iris mechanism that imitates the shrinking of the eye's pupil when exposed to light. And *Man with a Movie Camera* begins with a sequence in which we enter an empty movie theater and watch the projectionist open and load a reel of film labeled "*Chelovek s kino-apparatom*"—in other words, "our" film is about to be shown within the frame of our film. The projectionist then turns a crank that moves two rods within the projector closer and closer to each other until a spark flies out, and the film begins to roll. It would seem, then, that *Persona*'s opening is a citation of *Man with a Movie Camera*, with a difference. I will explore that difference below.

As we have seen, critical writing on autobiography and film has tended to worry about the split that film demands between the body in front of the camera and the body behind it, but the *Kinoks* and Bergman's representation of the movie machine hint that the cinematic apparatus does not divide bodies, but instead facilitates a new kind of fusion between technology and human and, as both Bergman's and Vertov's films argue (albeit very differently), among humans. Vertov was a documentarian both in practice and by political and philosophical conviction, and his notion of the fusion produced by cinematic and other forms of technology served the project of Soviet collectivism and Constructivism, though Malcolm Turvey argues convincingly that Vertov's Constructivist collective is not mechanistic ultimately, but organic, focusing on the human rather than the machine.[2] Vertov's

optimistic film stands in opposition to the (sometimes comically expressed) horrors of technology depicted in the silent era by films such as Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*, and Buster Keaton's *Electric House*. And the Soviet filmmaker seems at first glance to be at odds as well with Truffaut's *politique des auteurs*, which upholds the artistry and centrality of the author-director as individual genius, distinct from a collective. But Vertov, even as he insists on the integration of the human and the apparatus, stresses the filmmaker's subject position: "I am the machine that reveals the world to you as only I alone am able to see it."[3] In saying this, Vertov alludes not only to his utilization of technology, but to the machine-nature of the director's body enhanced by a marriage with technology. "I" becomes an entity that is not limited to a body; the cinematic body represents an extension of the self-model into a technological realm.

One might fear that this move abandons personhood in favor of automation; this is indeed an anxiety that attended the invention of photography and continues to haunt discussions of algorithmic cinema.[4] But Vertov seems instead to want to redefine the subject position; his claim of (machine-driven) agency aligns with Truffaut's idea of first-person cinema, if we allow the person to be both human and machine, both individual and collective. When one considers that Truffaut, in his appeal for a first-person cinema, also proposes to create a collective through cinema as an expression of autobiographical experience and love, we can see how the two filmmakers brush up against each other, though their politics diverge rather sharply. Still, even as the individual seems to take center stage in Truffaut's *politique des auteurs*, we can see that the auteur and his self-projection can exist only in relation to others: the actors and technicians, the spectator, and, now, the apparatus.

Following Vertov's line of thinking into the art-cinema period, the cinematic apparatus becomes something else again. The idea of author-machine can spark a fear that the apparatus will take over the film and the body, and as the body becomes mechanized the tie that connects the self-model to a particular biological entity is diverted to a connection with the machine. Thinking back to Cartesian notions of the body-machine, perhaps the embodied self is nothing more than a (bio-)machine, driven by the necessary fiction of the self-model? And here is the difference between Vertov and Bergman: while Vertov's representation of the projector includes a projector operator and a theater full of eager spectators, Bergman's enters the projector so closely

that we cannot see what it is. There is no visible human running the machine. Some scholars have read the opening of *Persona* as a statement that the consciousness governing the film is the cinematic apparatus itself, not a human being (for example, Kawin). At the least, references to the camera, projector, etc., make evident the aspect of cinema that is not human, thus inscribing the anxiety that the apparatus might take over the process and determine it, disrupting the idea of agency that is at the heart of auteurist cinema. (One should recall at this juncture the claim—pronounced in early Soviet film practice by Lev Kuleshov—that film acting is not acting, but montage.)

Perhaps as a direct outcome of the auteur's anxiety, one encounters in auteurist films a battery of direct representations of (or veiled allusions to) various components of the cinematic apparatus: screens, cameras (and the mirrors contained within cameras), photographs or photograms (the individual frames of a film), projectors, and the site of spectatorship, the theater. There is a way in which these representations refer to the presence of the author, in the sense that the appearance of the apparatus within the cinematic narrative makes direct reference to the fact that the film is a construction. But the unveiling of the machinery behind the narrative can also propose the absence or impotence of human intervention. A tension develops between the power of the machine and the auteur's moves to reclaim control over the film, not unlike the tension that exists between the director and actor.

As a kind of comic answer to the threat posed to auteurist agency by the cinematic machine, Lars von Trier made a little film called *Direktøren for det hele* (*The Boss of It All*, 2006).[5] The story focuses on the question of who (or what) is in charge; it deals with a small software firm that has labored under the illusion that they have an absentee boss (the "*direktør*"), while in fact their work has been supervised secretly by a colleague in the office who pretends not to be the boss. It is he who created the fiction of the absentee boss, the "boss" who is to be blamed for all unpopular decisions. At a crucial moment, this supervisor hires an actor to play the role of the boss and pretend to oversee the firm's work, and the actor finds himself at the mercy of all the narrative strands the supervisor has previously circulated among the employees about the boss (that he is gay, that he wants to marry one of the female coworkers, etc.). The actor, fanatically devoted to method acting, becomes convinced by his own performance and turns into the "boss" in actual fact, unseating the supervisor's (i.e., his director's)

authority and reworking the script as he goes along, to suit his own whims. At one narrative level, then, the film focuses on the relationship I have explored in my discussion of the auteur and actor. But there are at least several other levels, one of which involves von Trier himself, as he appears in the film as the narrator, explaining the whimsical nature of the story and emphasizing that the film is a fiction, and a meaningless and trivial one at that.

In a "special feature" packaged with the DVD, we learn that the odd camerawork and editing of the film (strange focus points, bizarre pans, choppy cuts) have an explanation. Our director (von Trier) claims to have decided to abdicate his directorial responsibility for framing and setting up shots by handing that power over to the camera itself, or rather, a process he dubs "Automavision," a sly gesture toward algorithmic direction. The camera is controlled by a computer program that frames images and moves according to the commands generated by the computer. This means that there are times when the camera, rather than focusing on the actor speaking his or her lines, is looking pointedly at the ceiling or the floor or the table. And the camera will pan when there is no narrative call for a panning motion, glancing randomly through rooms, capturing actors at waist level, rather than framing their faces, as if the camera suffered from some technological form of Attention Deficit Disorder.

This would seem the perfect example of the auteur's acknowledgment of his own impotence in the face of the power of the apparatus. But of course it is not; we hear in the same special feature that the actors quickly learned to move in response to the volatile camera in order to place themselves within the frame. And not only that, but of course the computer does not decide how the camera will move; we are shown how the technicians programmed the computer and changed the program when the shots were too wild. And finally, von Trier lets us know that the sequences required draconian editing; while it was deemed appropriate for the viewer to be aware that there was something odd about the framing and editing, von Trier did not, in the end, want long shots of the ceiling. So the viewer is reassured that in fact the auteur was the ultimate control, and the gesture of handing the power over to the apparatus was parodic, a comic device that only serves to underscore artistic agency in an age of algorithmic cinema. In particular, the viewer is reminded of the director's importance in creating an integrated narrative out of disparate parts; some mind must

be involved in making a seamless whole of the individual shots and sequences, gestures and lines. The *helhetsvision* (total vision, vision of wholeness) mentioned by Bergman is nothing less than the incorporation of cinematic body parts into the auteur's imagined body. But the viewer who does not bother to watch all of the special features would have to guess what the peculiar look of *The Boss of It All* signifies, if it signifies anything. The joke is reserved for those who approach the auteur more closely, the inner circle—and so the viewer's motions, too, are controlled by the director of it all.

It is not that references to the cinematic apparatus do not exist in non-auteurist cinema as well, but when what I would call the "auteurist contract" is in place—that is, the film carries and the viewer acknowledges the ascription of authorship—cinematic self-referentiality can be conceived more broadly than just a reminder that the film is, in fact, a film, that is, a created object. It becomes a sign that there is a creator, and that this creator is in league with the machine, and the creator's imagination determines the perspective of "the machine that reveals the world to you." In the preceding chapters, I explored how the act of filmmaking finds its way into auteurist films as a signal of self-referentiality, for in those moments when films depict direction and acting, the director of "our" film is clearly implied (and sometimes appears himself within the film). And references to the cinematic apparatus can function in the same way; just as the director within a film's narrative can be a stand-in for the director of the framing film, a camera or a projector or a screen or some other reference to the cinematic apparatus can be made to act as a sign of the auteur's presence, an extension of the auteur's body or consciousness, or, conversely, as a reminder of the director's unavoidable invisibility (that is, his or her isolation behind the camera) and ultimate lack of sovereignty (the camera is required, along with actors and crew, to perform the auteur's self-projection).

In this chapter, I will commit an act of metaphorical violence by attempting to separate out specific components of the cinematic apparatus, violent because it tears at the logic of fusion and integration that characterizes cinematic self-referentiality. I think nevertheless that it can be useful to atomize the various components of the cinematic apparatus, with the ultimate goal of understanding how these components emblematize interpenetration and integration, projection and reception. And as I go along, I will point toward the ways in which the components of the apparatus relate to the human bodies and minds that work

through them and are represented by them, all subsumed in auteurist cinema under the sign of the auteur.

Projectors and Self-Projection

The questions "What is that?" and "What is happening?" and "What does it mean?" dominate the viewer's response during *Persona*'s opening sequence, until the reels of film appear on the screen and the focus of attention moves from the inner workings of a film projector (because that is what "that" is) to the more comfortably familiar (if archaic) sight of the filmstrip's countdown numbers projected on our screen.[6] Of course we knew that we were watching a film, but perhaps not until then did we realize that we were watching a film projector. The projector in Bergman's film seems unmanned, automatic, perhaps even volitional. I would like to consider further the sexualized imagery employed in this sequence, which, with its initiatory spark, puts forward the idea of the projector as generator in a near-biological sense. The product of its generation is not only *Persona* the film, but film in general, film historically. The notion that this is film's primal scene finds support in the sequences subsequent to the film strip's countdown: a piece of early animation, viewed not as a projected image, but as a piece of film moving through, then "stuck," in the projector, brief allusions to early silent film by the Lumières—in other words, indices of cinema's origins. And knowing even a little of Bergman's biography as the son of a Lutheran pastor, a viewer could imagine a scriptural dimension alongside the sexual: God's finger touching Adam's, the initial spark of creation.[7]

Precisely because the opening of *Persona* is so cryptic, the viewer is pushed hard toward an allegorical reading, a push that only becomes more imperative as the opening of *Persona* continues to unfurl, with its apparently disconnected sequences of a spider crawling on the screen, the slaughter of an animal, a hand being nailed to a piece of wood, a blank concrete wall, and so on. The images pile up, and the viewer works feverishly: "What is that?" "What is happening?" "What does it mean?" The viewer's determination to find meaning and synthesis in the sequences and the apparent resistance of the images to narrative interpretation point to the belief in a conscious will behind the construction of the patterns. That is, the viewer, in part because of the auteurist contract, knows that the film on the screen is a fabricated

object, that the film did not "make itself" out of random fragments or evolve organically. So the viewer imagines a guiding mind and looks to find what the guiding mind means to communicate. And because the constructing mind(s) and hand(s) are implicitly assumed, the failure of the film to cohere as linear story narrative ought not to be understood as a failure, but as a scheme. In this instance, the narrative one might construct as a viewer resembles at a surface level a dream sequence, in which associations are drawn between the sequences that presuppose an overarching consciousness.

That the guiding consciousness of *Persona* should be linked directly to the director, Bergman, finds substantiation not only in the film credits that appear after the series of fragments, but in the elaborate game of hide-and-seek the film seems to play with its viewer, first apparently removing the authorial hand from the film's "personless" opening, then inserting coy references to Bergman's work, bringing the viewer's attention back to the hidden auteur. For instance, the spider that crawls across the screen brings to mind a very similar shot from a montage in *Summer with Monika* (1953) and also recalls the "spider god" of *Through a Glass Darkly* (1961). Toward the end of *Persona*'s framing sequence, we encounter a young adolescent boy who might be familiar to Bergman's experienced viewers. This is because the same actor appears as the child in *The Silence* (1963), and to underscore the connection to that film, we see him put on pair of glasses and begin to read Mikhail Lermentov's *A Hero of Our Time*, the same book that appears in the hands of the young boy in the earlier film. It could, with a bit of effort, be argued that, like *The Silence*, *Persona* seems to involve a plot in which a boy is torn between two women, forced to negotiate the space between them. This interpretation works only if the frame of *Persona* is understood as connected intrinsically to the film's central narrative, and that is an interpretation popular among viewers, whose deep-seated need to perceive meaning and connection in the images and their arrangement leads them to assume that the frame is not random, but an important part of the story of the two women (or one woman and her projected other self?) that dominates the central narrative. One might hypothesize that in *Persona* the projector mirrors an inner space, the dark place where the spark of creation occurs: the mind. The prenarrative section of *Persona* points the viewer toward a deeper consideration of the role played by the associative imagination in making

sense of film, and thus positions the viewer as part of the apparatus that produces cinematic narrative.

Though images of actual projectors in auteurist film are relatively rare, a kind of reference to projectors and projection occurs more frequently through synecdoche; that is, through the representation of turbines and wheels that recall the projector's generating power. Usually Vertov's "rhyming" of these machines with cinematic projection has been understood as stressing the collective energy of industrial society, but in an auteurist context it seems that the machinery of cinema stands in close relationship to vision of the cinema as an extension of the auteur's body and imagination, as a representation of the site of the individual's creative vision. In Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*, reference to the cinema occurs explicitly or implicitly throughout the film: when his young protagonists skip school to go to a movie matinee, for instance, or attend a theater performance, in which the camera focuses on the jubilant faces of the young spectators, limned in reflected light. But one moment that evocatively alludes to the cinematic apparatus does not take place in a cinematic context. At one point the two truants enter an amusement park and take a dizzying ride on the Rotor, a spinning barrel-like contraption that, through centripetal force, affixes its passengers to its walls, where they gasp and scream in helpless, frightened rapture. The way Truffaut films this dynamo, with the passengers flashing past the film spectators' eyes at regular intervals, mimics the turning wheel of the projector and the rhythmically repeated photograms of the film strip that flash through it. Adding to the general impression of the ride's significance in the film is Antoine Doinel's position inside the spinning barrel; the protagonist of our film is captured, helplessly, by the dynamo for our viewing, as he is captured and affixed by the cinematic apparatus at the conclusion of the film in a freeze frame. And Truffaut himself is among the riders filmed on the Rotor, a willing victim of the dynamo of the apparatus, though he does not identify himself as a participant in the film's credits.

Mirrors and Screens, Screens and Skin

Elizabeth Bruss suggests, in her essay on film and autobiography, that "filmed, the unowned image of the body becomes a locus of identity rather than its mask, an expression of personality rather than an

encumbrance. Nor is this image of the body the same crude, undifferentiated whole of the *stade du miroir* [mirror stage], but a new, articulate assemblage, a fresh construction of elements never before juxtaposed, where voice may stray away from body, the whole diffuse and fuse again into yet other configurations."[8] And Kaja Silverman's book, *The Threshold of the Visible World*, offers a valuable point of entry into an expansion of Bruss's idea. Silverman moves from a discussion of the mirror stage into another, more cinematic, image from Lacan's repertoire: the screen, which he characterizes as opaque and nonreflective. Silverman writes:

> Lacan suggests [as in the mirror stage] that the subject relies for his or her visual identity on an external representation. However, he refers to this representation as a "screen" rather than a mirror reflection. Moreover, rather than simply misrecognizing him- or herself within the screen, the subject is now assumed to rely for his or her structuring access to it on an "unapprehensible" and unlocalizable" gaze, which for over 150 years now has found its most influential metaphor in the camera . . . the subject can only successfully misrecognize him- or herself within that image or cluster of images through which he is culturally apprehended.[9]

The screen, then, is part of the system that determines who we can be, what our possibilities are. We read ourselves, interpret and recognize our own bodies, through the cultural representations projected on the screen. The viewer's identification with the projected personae on the screen has long been part of the rhetoric surrounding cinematic spectatorship. I would like to go further and connect Silverman's argument to Bruss's vision of the creative act of the auteur filmmaker, who, in Bruss's model, disowns his or her actual body to project an "unowned" body or bodies onto the cinematic screen in a play of assumed identities, with the screen as both the auteur's and the audience's mirror. In putting these projections into play on the screen, the auteur participates in viewership as well, as I argued in chapter 1. And so ultimately the auteur seeks to pass through the screen to the other side, to become the audience that identifies with the projections on the screen, as well as the instrument that projects the images. There is a paradox here, because the materiality of the screen and the screen image's connection to reality (through the power of photography) are precisely what allow the auteur's escape from the bounds of his or her material body to take place.

The screen appears, then, not only as a mirror, but also as a kind of skin, a material barrier that is also a conductive surface. The spectator

knows at some level that he or she is not looking into a mirror, but at a projected representation of a reality that was photographed elsewhere, at another time. Even so, there are persons and animals and atmosphere and objects, natural and manmade, that appear so real and present that it seems that to touch the screen's surface would be to touch the glossy horses of Bergman's *Sawdust and Tinsel* or the windswept grass of Tarkovsky's *Mirror*. (This is a central point in Laura Marks's argument on haptic visuality.) Producing the sense that the screened world can be touched promises to bring the spectator into the same sensual space as the auteur's body, the place where the film was photographed. Brushing up against the actual screen, however, would dispel that illusion, and knowing that the screen is there (that is, that the image is projected and not present) underlies and undercuts any sense that the projected world is touchable or intimately knowable. So the screen operates in a complex way to communicate presence and absence, communicability and barrier. In this way the screen reflects the auteur's position: represented yet absent, touching yet untouchable. To make this argument clearer, to ground it in cinematic reality, we can turn to films and their images and how they work for the spectator. Once it has been established that the cinematic screen operates as a vehicle for self-projection (both for the auteur and the audience), as a mirror, and as a permeable, touchable membrane, it becomes apparent how devices within the film narrative such as mirrors, windows, screens, and films within our film act as a reminder of the materiality of the screen, the shared desire of auteur and spectator to penetrate or get behind the screen, and the way in which the screen can act as both a reflective and symbolic surface, both reflective and opaque. The intense interest in the materiality that film represents finds further expression in the numerous scenes that emphasize the sense of touch in cinema, particularly those scenes in which someone touches a photographic surface or a screen projected on our screen. I think we can say that film narrative can reflect on and perform the difficulty of capturing the material body in the act of cinematic self-projection. The cinematic screen is conceived as a mirror in which we recognize and misrecognize ourselves, a membrane through which we can move to identify with a projected other, or a space onto which both spectator and auteur project a transformed self-image.

One of Woody Allen's films, *Shadows and Fog* (1992), offers a lighthearted instance of the kind of mirroring and self-projection I would

like to describe. Toward the conclusion of the film, when our protagonist (played by Allen) is running from a serial killer, he stumbles into a circus tent. And there in the circus tent is the circus magician, the Great Anderson. Circus magicians as a general rule do not go by such prosaic names as Anderson, so the name might offer a first hint at who this magician could be. The second hint is the magician's humorously heavy Scandinavian accent. When he sees Allen's distress, he offers a solution to the problem; he suggests that the two of them jump into his magic mirror, a large antique mirror of the type that can revolve vertically on its wooden stand. Allen resists at first, so the Great Anderson goes before him, shouting "Yump, young man, yump!"

And pressed by his pursuer, Allen leaps into the mirror, where he and the Great Anderson now stand together, transformed into reflected images, safe from the threat of the serial killer. To me it seems rather evident that the Great Anderson, the Scandinavian magician, is in fact Allen's idol, the Great Bergman, who described himself as a "conjuror" and made a film that was called *The Magician* in English (the Swedish title was *Ansiktet*, "The face"). That film included a scene in which the magician of the film projects himself into a heavy, wooden-framed mirror of the same type as the mirror in Allen's circus tent, where his body becomes an image, just as the Great Anderson and Allen become an image in *Shadows and Fog*. Bergman made a circus film as well, entitled *Sawdust and Tinsel* in English. If it seems that this example

Shadows and Fog*: Woody Allen and the Great Anderson (actor Kenneth Mars) inside the mirror*

stretches credibility when it comes to Allen's identification with Berg-man (an identification that does, however, find obvious expression elsewhere in Allen's work), I can move my focus a bit to look at how the mirror in the scene performs differently from mirrors under ordinary circumstances. Rather than reflecting an exterior reality, the mirror becomes a site of projection (literally, as the two men jump inside it) and of an alternate reality, one that cannot be touched by the world outside. In referring to Bergman in this scene, Allen both makes light of his relationship to his Swedish idol and moves to pull Bergman into his own auteurist space, the place inaccessible to the touch of the viewer.

Another remarkable instance of mirroring comes from Andrei Tarkovsky's autobiographical work *Mirror* (1975). At one point early in the film, our protagonist seems to have a dream (the ontology of the scene is not made entirely clear) in which his mother washes her long hair. After she has immersed her hair in a bowl of water, water begins to flow down the walls of the room. Plaster falls from the ceiling in slow motion. These bizarre (rhymed) events, along with the fact that we saw the protagonist in bed before the beginning of the sequence,

Max von Sydow (left) and Gunnar Björnstrand reflected in a mirror in The Magician, *directed by Ingmar Bergman*

the switch into black-and-white and the slowed motion, are the only indicators that we are in a dream space. The camera angles change in such a way as to confuse both the woman's angle of vision and ours. She now approaches a picture covered in glass, and the reflection in the glass acts as a mirror. But when the young mother comes up to the glass, the face of an old woman is reflected there, and this old woman is played by Tarkovsky's actual mother. The young actress who plays the mother becomes the real (aged) mother in the reflection. And now the audience no longer sees the young woman, who stands outside our line of vision; instead, we confront the reflection of the old woman ourselves, as if the old woman were our own reflection in the glass. We see only the hand of the reflected woman (old or young? we cannot really see which) as it enters the frame when she reaches out to touch the image.

Tarkovsky's film plays on a number of levels with the idea of projection and mirroring. His treatment of the figure of the mother, played by two women in a blended role reminiscent of *Persona*, evokes an idea articulated in the previous century. In August Strindberg's preface to *A Dream Play* (read aloud by Alexander's grandmother at the conclusion of Bergman's *Fanny and Alexander*), Strindberg explains

Andrei Tarkovsky's Mirror*: a reflection of the young woman as an old woman*

that in dreams (as in his play), the characters merge, dissolve, double, and flow into one another.[10] This seems to be the way Tarkovsky constructs subjects in his *Mirror*—the two mothers, the mother who is also the wife, the son who is also a younger self—but he employs the cinematic apparatus in the form of a mirror/screen to convey this model of shifting personhood.

Ingmar Bergman's *Persona* includes yet another version of screen as mirror.[11] After a long evening of drinking and confiding secrets to her silent patient, Nurse Alma, played by Bibi Andersson, finally goes off to bed. What follows in the film may or may not be Alma's dream. As in Tarkovsky's *Mirror*, the viewer does not receive any traditional cinematic signal that a dream has begun. Alma lies in bed and an eerie light fills the room. Her patient, Elisabeth Vogler, appears in the doorway in a translucent white gown; she seems almost to float into the room. Alma gets up to greet her and they embrace tenderly. Then Elisabeth turns Alma around to face the spectator, and the two of them stand together, Elisabeth gently pressing Alma's head down onto her shoulder. The camera moves in closely, and they seem to look intently into a mirror: Elisabeth smooths Alma's hair and turns in a way that they look as if they become one woman.

Though the spectator has the strong impression that the women are looking into a mirror, they are also looking at us, that is, at the viewer's space, apparently facing the screen that both divides and unites us, as if they were looking into a mirror in an interrogation room, unaware that the interrogators are looking in from the other side. They perform as if standing before a mirror, but in fact they are standing before us, facing the screen that both divides and unites us. Maaret Koskinen noted the frequency with which Bergman engages such mirror scenes in her book *Spel och speglingar* (Mirror and Mirrorings), which analyzes in depth the significance of Bergman's fascination with mirrors. Like Tarkovsky's *Mirror*, *Persona* plays with the boundaries between subjects, merging and doubling and dissolving, and, like *Mirror*, the film makes use of the mirror/screen as a site for the projection of images of selfhood. In both films, the question of projection versus reflection extends into the space of the viewer as well.

Earlier in the film, before the beginning of the main narrative, another figure treats the space between himself and the spectator as a screen: the young boy in the frame narrative sits up and turns toward us, with his eyes focused on something between us, something we cannot

Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann in Persona*: two women appear to look into a mirror as they look at us*

see. Perhaps once again we are in an interrogation roomlike space, looking in at an inmate who is unaware of our presence. He runs his hand over this invisible space, accentuating its materiality for him, its screen-like nature. This time, however, he does not see a reflection of himself but rather a projection of a woman's face—or two women's faces, appearing in turn, morphing into each other, splitting down the middle. We know this because there is a reverse shot that moves us from the position of being looked at (but not seen) into the position of seeing what the boy sees. Once again the screen is used as a site for shifting identities and identification, between the women, between the boy and the women, between the spectator and the boy and the women. And the mirror is a mirror that is not a mirror, precisely, but a screen.

What is the boy in *Persona*, who runs his hand over an image projected onto a screen, really trying to touch? A photograph? A person? The spectator (since, in a reverse shot, he reaches out into the spectator's space to touch the screen)? Most interpretations of his action allude to the boy's longing or desire for the absent woman (women). But it is photography (projected photography) that produces an illusion of presence, so that the desired object is available to be touched, at least as a

screened projection, so that the boy can run his hand over the face or faces. (We understand that the image is a film rather than a still photograph because the image shifts and changes from one woman's face to the other's.) A photograph or an image projected on a screen is not a body, only its trace. It is a flat surface that can contain a reference to a body. Yet that surface is tantalizing in a sensual way, as it has materiality and does make reference to a body.

In Bergman's foreword to his novel *Best Intentions*, an exploration of his parents' courtship and the difficult early years of their marriage, he refers directly to the photographs he inherited from his parents and relates how his relationship to the family photographs led to the idea of writing the novel: "Carefully I touched the faces and fates of my parents, and I thought that I learned a few things about myself."[12] The act of touching the photographed faces emphasizes the materiality of photographs, their totemic quality. Somehow, the parents are *in* the photographs, and something can be communicated by a physical contact with the surface of the image.[13] They become objects of ritual and fetishistic importance because they contain actual pieces of the past. At the same time, the physical nature of photographs stresses their enigmatic aspect: the viewer cannot enter the two-dimensional surface because there is no way to penetrate the face or the mind depicted there. Photographs are both windows and barriers, and this polarity makes itself felt throughout Bergman's work. He attempts to deny or overcome the barrier-like quality of images through an act of imagination. In the same foreword, he writes: "I go into the images." This is achieved through narration; it is a story. But he realizes that the entrance is illusory, like the reality that fictional film represents.

Bergman's films offer repeated images of a figure, usually a young boy, placing his hand against a smooth, screenlike surface to try to press through to the other side. These sequences are strikingly cinematic: in *Fanny and Alexander,* the young protagonist presses his hand against the icy window to look outside. His warm breath creates a circle on the glass, through which he can observe the scene on the street below, but the circle also resembles early cinematic peepholes. And in *The Silence*, the young boy (who reappears in *Persona*) stands at the window of a train and looks out. Outside stands a long line of tanks, and as the train moves past them the precise repetition of the "same" tank (for they are identical in appearance) apes the repetition of photograms moving through the projector, with blackness (this time the frame

of the train window) between. And so the external image becomes the cinematic image, and the young boy presses his hand against the train window and gazes intently at the spectacle. In each instance the boys' hands are foregrounded, unmissable, a point of focus for our own gaze, indicating the importance of the desire to touch the image, reach that space beyond.

A photographic image like the one projected for the boy in *Persona* seems to function as a gateway, a portal, for the viewer of the photograph and as a kind of second skin for the photographed subject. It is also a way for the auteur to generate a conduit of sensual experience between the spectator and the screen, and ultimately, I would argue, back to the director, who is imagined as the original source of the screen image, even when the image is not of the auteur's own body. The screened image can produce the desire to touch, but it can also stand as a barrier to touching. Within the narrative frame of films, images of hands and touching, like the boy moving his hand over the screen in *Persona*, activate the idea of touch in the spectator and remind us of the materiality of the screen. As Laura Marks writes in the introduction to her study, "The title of this book, *The Skin of the Film*, offers a metaphor to emphasize the way film signifies through its materiality, through a contact between perceiver and object represented. It also suggests the way vision itself can be tactile, as though one were touching a film with one's eyes: I term this *haptic visuality*."[14] Marks argues for the use of film as skin to help form a notion of collectivity between the film and the audience in a postcolonial setting—a political and personal collectivity—and she references moments in which the camera caresses objects and people, focuses on visually recognizable textures that can produce a unification of the senses (a kind of synesthetic experience).

I would like to add the auteur's agency to this complex, with the idea that the auteur sets out to "touch" the spectator personally, "heart to heart" (as film scholar Timothy Corrigan says of Francis Ford Coppola), but also sensually, as Bergman says of the "orgy scene" in *Persona*. In looking at how screens and touch are deployed in auteurist film, we can sense an argument for the auteur's power to reach the audience in a literal sense. At the same time, the screen is a kind of barrier or wall; not only does the screen resist entry, but when it appears explicitly within the narrative of a film, it points toward the film's unreality—that it is "only" a film (except in those playful instances when the screen is penetrated, such as Woody Allen's *Purple Rose of Cairo*). The presence on

the screen indicates an absence. Not only is the body on the screen not really there, but the auteur, the person whose imagination first projected the image, is absent. Thus the screen can move from becoming a portal, a site where touching can take place, to a barrier, an impermeable boundary between the "real" world and the film's narrative, between the "real" world of the spectator and that of the auteur.

Like the examples Marks cites in her study, auteurs employ the representation of touching and texture to produce spectator response. A repeated and significant image is that of a page: a page from a book, a diary, a manuscript, magnified to fill the entire screen, so that the page is screen, the screen is page. In Tarkovsky's *Mirror*, a young boy becomes fascinated by an oversized, antique book of illustrations. The camera moves in so that the screen is nearly overwhelmed by the book's pages. Of the boy studying the book, we see only his hands. With this tight focus, the viewer becomes highly aware of the onionskin paper protecting the plates, the way in which the boy (with his dirty, eager hands) crimps the delicate paper and rushes through the pages in a way that makes us anxious about the valuable book. The presence of a mottled autumn leaf pressed between the pages adds another layer of texture. Clearly part of the experience of watching this scene is to establish the sense of touch, both in terms of the boy's hand touching the pages and the book's almost palpable sense of being violated. And among the illustrations, there is a plate of sketches of hands, mirrors of the boy's hands. The connection between page, film, and hand produces the sense of the body's sensual presence as well as the relation between representational modes: book, drawing, photograph, film. And surely the artist's, the creator's, hand is referenced here as well; one of the reproductions is Michelangelo's image of God touching Adam.

Pedro Almodóvar's autobiographical film, *Bad Education*, approaches the imbrication of the human body and the page and the cinematic screen in a different way. In his film, with its wildly complicated plot dealing with the abuse of children by priests, transexuality and homosexuality, and the profession of filmmaking, Almodóvar focuses on the power of the script, both as platform for story and material object. The physical script of *Bad Education* circulates dizzyingly between figures at different levels within the film: it is given to the director of a film within the film, and then within the script there is a filmmaker who wants to expose the priest's abuse and has a script (containing the action of the film within the film within the film) that he gives to the

priest as an act of blackmail. The audience of Almodóvar's film experiences the script as voice-over narration, but also as a material object projected often, taking up the entire space of the screen, becoming the screen. In one sequence, for instance, we see the director of the film within our film, then the blackmailer and his friend as they literally walk into the projected script. The script's presence as artifact indicates unambiguously the constructed nature of film, both the one being made within our narrative and the film we are watching—all films, in fact.

Thus cinematic auteurs employ haptic visuality to explore the construction of the self through a sensual experience created through auteurist imagination, colloborative production, technological intervention, and audience synesthetic participation. But they also remind the audience of the membrane of fictionality and the membrane of projection (rather than reality) that separates auteur from spectator. Another way this can be accomplished is through the foregrounding of photographic materiality; a photograph can be touched, caressed, torn, or burned, often with the sense that the person photographed is being touched, caressed, torn, or burned. Photography, then, wants to signal the body's presence and all its sensual power in acts of representation, even as that body is, in fact, absent or even dead, and the screen stands as a kind of communicative surface for the body, another skin.

Almodóvar's *Bad Education* comments on the vulnerable nature of photographs and links this vulnerability directly to the fragility of the self-model. At a crisis moment within the narrative, a young boy is sexually abused by a priest, a teacher at his school. Immediately following the priest's violation of the boy, an image of the boy's face fills the entire screen. A drop of blood runs down the boy's face, and suddenly the image seems to tear in two along the track of blood, and the screen goes to white.

We understand that the boy has been profoundly damaged by the attack, which tears at his sense of reality. The idea, inculcated in the boy by the teachings of the church, of the loving priest, is nothing more than surface appearance. The underlying reality of abuse undoes not only the boy's image of the priest and church, but his self-image, which evaporates to nothing. A visually arresting device of this kind breaks with a realist aesthetic and prompts the viewer to understand the scene as metaphorically representative (and the product of a created vision), but it does not render the experience less "real." In fact, the slash across the screen, like a rip through a formerly beloved person's photograph,

Pedro Almodóvar's Bad Education*: cinematic and personal trauma*

has a visceral impact and, incidentally, points the viewer back toward the auteur: Who created this image, and what relationship does he have with it? Yet we do not have direct access to the boy's experience (the projected image of his face "hides" the abuse happening "behind" it), and, in any case, the film reminds us, we are looking at a film. Further, the destruction of the image is not an actual destruction, but a cinematically projected one, like the moment in *Persona* when, at a similar crisis moment, the film seems to "jam" in the projector and appears to burn to white nothingness. The irony is that even when films insist on their own materiality and haptic visuality, they must project that materiality and touch in an immaterial image. The film does not really burn or tear. The auteurist desire to touch and be materially present is expressed in an ironic gesture of presence and absence.

Freeze, Die, Come to Life

Finally, I would like to consider the idea of "motion" in film, which depends on the interface between still photographic images (photograms) and the projector. At the earliest moments of film history, film artists delighted in showing the audience how the still photograph "awakened to life" through the magic of projection. The Russian author Maxim Gorky described this moment in a review he wrote of one of the Lumière brothers' screenings in 1896:

When the lights go out in the room in which Lumière's invention is shown, there suddenly appears on the screen a large grey picture, "A Street in Paris"— shadows of a bad engraving. As you gaze at it, you see carriages, buildings and people in various poses, all frozen into immobility.

All this is in grey, and the sky above is also grey—you anticipate nothing new in this all too familiar scene, for you have seen pictures of Paris streets more than once. But suddenly a strange flicker passes through the screen and the picture stirs to life. Carriages coming from somewhere in the perspective of the picture are moving straight at you, into the darkness in which you sit; somewhere from afar people appear and loom larger as they come closer to you; in the foreground children are playing with a dog, bicyclists tear along, and pedestrians cross the street picking their way among the carriages. All this moves, teems with life and, upon approaching the edge of the screen, vanishes somewhere beyond it.[15]

When the viewer's attention is called to the artificial nature of "motion" in an authored film, the auteur's agency, his or her power to "bring dead things to life," becomes part of the narrative. The auteur as magician, the auteur as God—these are some of the messages produced through the exposure of the illusion of cinematic motion.

Photographs are both the essential building blocks of film and the medium that threatens to strip away the auteur's absolute claim of authorship. When photographs were first invented, one of the medium's most fascinating attributes was its ability to create mimetic visual representations that were experienced by viewers as utterly lacking the intervention of human interpretation. One of the early essayists on photography in the United States, Oliver Wendell Holmes, coined the term "mirror with a memory" to describe photographic technology, which indicates the degree to which human involvement in the photographic process was overlooked in the excitement over photography's mimetic perfection and machine process. That Holmes attributed to the photographic image itself the ability to remember speaks to the exclusion of the photographer from the creative process, the personification of the image and, by extension, the personification of the camera that produced it. And so it is no wonder that the auteur must make the gesture of identifying with the apparatus in order to reclaim agency: "I am the machine." Within film narrative one finds not infrequent reference to the photographic medium, when characters within a film take photographs or view them, for instance; but there is a more dramatic reference to photography in one of the editing strategies employed in cinema.

"Freeze-frame" is a term applied to a moment at which a film seems to pause and focus on a single image. In fact, the "frozen" image is a series of the same photogram, rapidly repeating, producing the appearance of screen image as still photograph. One of the most famous of these occurs at the conclusion of Truffaut's *400 Blows*, when Antoine Doinel, escaping from a youth detention center, comes to the edge of the sea and turns to confront the viewer. The "frozen" image in this case reproduces the captivity from which Doinel has just escaped; he is fixed there on the beach as the word "Fin" (The End) appears across his face. Just prior to the freeze frame, the film follows him, for what seems like an eternity, as he flees down one of the tree-lined roads typical of the French countryside. Perhaps precisely because the boy's flight seems interminable, the viewer can be seduced into looking at something more than just the narrative element of flight. He is running and running and running, and what else is there? There is the flash of dark trees, one after the other, as he passes them: tree, tree, tree. And if we look at the motion and the dark strip of tree that separates one segment from the next, we can see another image superimposed on the boy's flight: the image of a strip of film running through the projector, light then dark then light. Finally, the near-identical images of the boy's progress down the road becomes the precisely identical image repeated rapidly: the freeze-frame. At the end of the film the boy, free at last, is captured once more and held fast.

It has grown to be a truism in the study of photography that a truly still image is always of the past, always of the dead. Photography's power consists in capturing something that was once really there (and in this discussion of analogue films I am always alluding to predigital photography). But precisely because it was once there, it no longer is. The moment framed by the photograph, even if it is a Polaroid taken a minute ago, is dead and gone. The miracle of film, then, is that people are first frozen as photographic images, dying a little death, and then are brought back to life through the magic of "motion" pictures. (Truffaut plays with this by having Antoine first live, then seem to "die," always with the photographic frames still flashing through the projector.) But of course we know in any case that the "motion" or "life" in cinema is nothing more than an illusionist's trick, smoke and mirrors. For these dead images do not really move. They simply flash past the light of the projector at a speed so rapid as to fool us into believing they

are alive. In *The Magic Lantern*, Ingmar Bergman describes his conjuror's trick this way:

> No other art bypasses our conscious minds as film does, going straight to our feelings, deep into the twilight chambers of our souls. A tiny glitch in our optic nerve, a shock effect: twenty-four illuminated squares a second, with darkness between, but the optic nerve does not register the darkness. When I run the strip of film, frame by frame, across the editing table, I can still feel the rising sense of magic from my childhood: there in the darkness of the closet I cranked forward one frame after another, saw the almost imperceptible changes, cranked faster: a movement.[16]

The episode that takes place in his childhood closet becomes a kind of primal scene, to which Bergman returns again and again, as in this story from his autobiography. One Christmas his older brother received a primitive film projector as a gift. Bergman traded his entire army of tin soldiers for it. Shutting himself in his closet,

> [I] placed the projector on a box, lit its kerosene lamp, and aimed the light at the white wall. Then I loaded the film.
>
> On the wall an image of a meadow appeared. On the meadow a young woman lay sleeping. . . . When I turned the crank (and I cannot explain this part, I cannot find words for my excitement, at any moment I can recall the scent of the hot metal, the closet's smell of mothballs and dust, the crank against my hand, the shivering rectangle on the wall).
>
> I turned the crank and the girl woke up, sat up, slowly rose, stretched her arms, turned around and disappeared off to the right. If I kept on turning, she lay there again and performed precisely the same movements. She was moving. (23)

Both quotations from Bergman's autobiography refer to the same formative event—his discovery of cinema, or, more precisely, the thrill of controlling the cinematic apparatus—but they differ on an important point. In the first of the citations, he speaks from the position of adulthood, acknowledging that the thrill he felt came from an optical illusion. In the second citation, he is back in the closet with his hand on the crank, immersed in the illusion and the sensory world surrounding it, his sense of mastery undisturbed by the intrusion of an analytical adult consciousness. A sense of erotic empowerment, recalling the phallic imagery of the opening of *Persona*, pervades the memory of his cinematic primal scene in the closet.

What begins to emerge when reading Bergman's description of his experience is that he occupies two positions simultaneously, that of the

questioner and that of the believer, the conscious illusionist and the ecstatically deluded spectator. Bergman's comment on "the glitch in our optic nerve" finds a more theoretical expression in Garrett Stewart's *Between Film and Screen: Modernism's Photo Synthesis*. Stewart writes: "My governing question has been how to conceive of a photographic relation to cinema even when the single photographic imprint (known in film analysis as the photogram) goes unperceived as such on-screen. This is not so much a question of how to 'think the photograph' from within the moving image as of how to read its suppressions, how to know it as the pertinent underside—what I will come to term the specular unconscious—of image perception."[17] The specular unconscious Stewart mentions is an idea borrowed from Walter Benjamin, who sees a foretaste of cinematic illusion in such protocinematic media as the flip-book or animation, where the lack of true movement and the mechanism for creating the sense of movement is obvious to the viewer. The problem for the auteurist filmmakers is that they are all too aware of the glitches in cinema, aware of merely "seeming," and the schism between the visions they produce and the undermining doubt they experience finds full expression in their work, though in tellingly different ways for each director.

For Bergman's part, we might say that the ability to bring the girl to life becomes his obsession: bringing the "dead" (the photographed, the always-already past) to life. In *The Magic Lantern*, he relates a bone-chilling event from his childhood that relates to this theme. As a boy, Bergman was fascinated by the corpses laid out for burial in a building adjacent to the Sophia Church, where his father served as pastor. One day a caretaker played a cruel joke on him by locking the boy in with the corpses. At first, he says, he was merely curious, but then he began to fantasize that one of the bodies, that of a young woman who had apparently drowned herself, was moving—coming alive. He panicked, threw himself at the locked door, screamed to be let out. Many years later when making *Persona*, he films what seems to be a morgue; we see a woman and then a man and a boy lying motionlessly on gurneys, mostly covered with white sheets. As the camera moves around the faces, hands, and bodies of these apparently lifeless figures, the woman's eyes suddenly snap wide open. Bergman employs a jump cut to make the effect as uncanny as possible; the viewer does not have the sense of a normal awakening, but by having the eyelids move unnaturally Bergman underscores that it is not the person waking up on her

own, but the technology waking her up.[18] The woman's uncanny awakening on her bier is not the only instance of resurrection in Bergman's work. In *Wild Strawberries* the protagonist experiences a dream in which his own corpse awakens in its coffin and attempts to pull the living man into it, while in *Cries and Whispers* a dead woman awakens and terrifies her surviving sisters by touching and pulling at them. One of them, Maria (played by Liv Ullmann), reenacts Bergman's childhood panic by rushing to the locked door and banging on it with her fists, desperate to escape. One can understand these repeated and frightening awakenings as part of a larger topos on the boundary between life and death, but given Bergman's pronounced interest in the power of film to animate, to bring to life, one has to imagine an implicit association with the cinematic medium here as well.

Cinema as a medium of illusionistic "movement" appears in Bergman's repeated references to archaic, protocinematic entertainment and technology, which occur in the animation and silent film sequences inserted into the opening frame of *Persona*, among other places.[19] It is as if delving into film's history allows him to share and explore the moment of excitement he felt at making the transition from still to "moving" image, a moment he re-creates dramatically in his autobiographical film, *Fanny and Alexander*, when Alexander puts on a little magic-lantern show for his sister and cousins on Christmas night. The presentation frightens them thoroughly with the narrative of a young girl haunted by a ghost that eerily floats through her window as she sits, terrified, in her bed. This specter in the magic lantern show alludes to the importance of ghosts in the main narrative of *Fanny and Alexander*, and also to the fondness of spectral representations in early cinema, when the wonders of double exposure allowed such celebrated Swedish silent films directors as Mauritz Stiller and Victor Sjöström to conjure up spirits and frighten their audiences (*Herr Arne's Treasure*, *The Phantom Carriage*). But the specter has an important metanarrative function as well: it emblematizes cinema's essential and original interest in bringing the dead to life.

While *Fanny and Alexander* stands as Bergman's final major narrative film, the reference to the raising of the dead in association with the cinematic medium occurs early in his filmmaking career. In *Summer Interlude* (1952), a film Bergman describes as the first over which he felt full artistic control, an uncanny cartoon sequence appears as an apparent comic moment during an otherwise pensive narrative. The

film's protagonists, two young lovers, sit down to listen to some gramophone music, and, in a merry mood, the young man takes out a pencil and begins to draw a series of sketches on the record sleeve. The young woman then joins him in the game and adds her own interpretations to his. Magically, their drawings begin to move and evolve, accompanied by the lively soundtrack that recalls typical early cartoon music.

The sequence created in this clip provides a kind of summary of the entire film's action up to that point, plus a prophecy of its possible end, which includes the death of the young man's guardian, an elderly aunt, who, in the cartoon sequence they invent, comes back to haunt them. As a *mise-en-abîme*, the sequence functions as a self-referential moment not only for the film's story (as a play within the play), but in terms of cinematic technology as well. For this is impossible animation, of course. What the film pretends, that the lovers are drawing moving pictures, can only be achieved through the intervention of the cinematic apparatus.[20] Further, the lovers do not add all the details of the story themselves; some other agent seems to "take over" the movements of the pen, creating a narrative that escapes their control. The accompanying music, with its reference to the period of early animation, provides
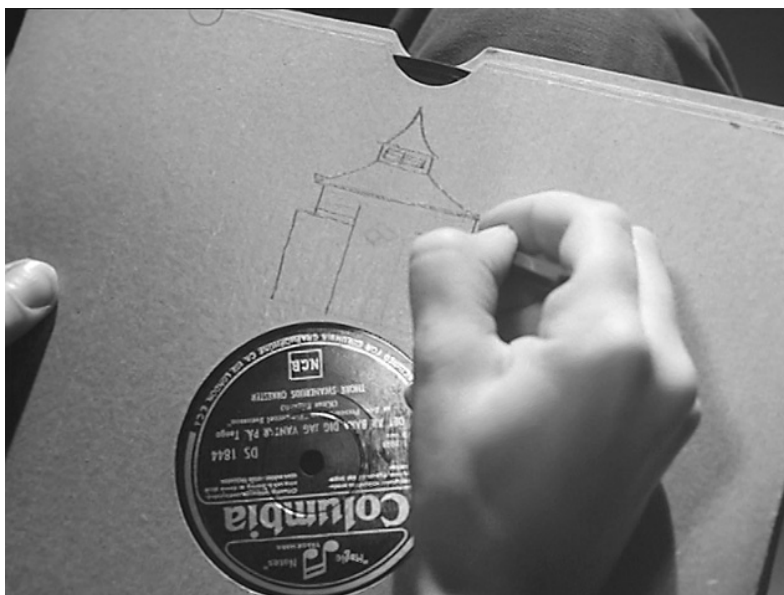
"Magic" animation in Ingmar Bergman's Summer Interlude

an additional cue that there is a director here who is referring to the history of his art.

Bergman's fascination with early cinematic technology and film's ability to create the illusion of movement finds close association with his obsession with the transition from death to life. It is clear that his autobiographical "closet scene," with its erotic charge of hot projector handle and young girl forced to wake up, then go to sleep, is about power and control—the power to give or take away life, the power to force something or someone to your will, the power to create a spellbinding spectacle. At the same time, this control is illusory. There is control and power, but only over phantoms, and Bergman points this out himself by bringing the history and process of filmmaking to the attention of the spectator.

In *La nuit américaine* (*Day for Night*, 1973), Truffaut unveils the illusion of the apparatus in order to demonstrate the filmmaker's power over life and death (in film). Playing the film director Ferrand, Truffaut supervises his editor as they go over the rushes depicting a car crash. First, frame by frame, the car breaks through a railing and goes over a cliff. Then they run the film backward through the projector—and the crash is undone, the victims are brought back to life. Like scientists in a laboratory, the auteur and his technicians observe the images flashing forward and backward through the projector, and with the utterly seriousness they apply to this task brings to mind Bergman's sense that in turning the crank of the projector in the closet, he was bringing a sleeping/dead woman to life—and sending her back into death, at his whim. The auteur's desire for control in this instance acquires a divine function: the power over life and death.

In *Mein liebster Feind* (*My Best Fiend*), Werner Herzog offers a parallel to Bergman's obsession with cinematic awakenings and Truffaut's interest in the film loop's power to create those awakenings. Herzog notes a strange fascination for Klaus Kinski after seeing him play a German officer in a postwar film, *Kinder, Mütter, und ein General* (*Children, Mothers, and a General*, 1955). He specifies one scene as the point at which his imagination was captured—a rather banal sequence in which an exhausted Kinski, dressed in a soldier's uniform and asleep with his head on a table, slowly awakens and raises his head. The congruity with the morgue scene from *Persona* is striking, as is the incongruity. On the one hand, we are dealing with a moment of awakening, a coming to life that inspires Herzog's entire film career, as he assures

us in the narrated voice-over. In his own assessment of his memory of the scene, he is either unable or unwilling to say precisely what it was that moved him so, and thus the weight he so passionately gives to the sequence strikes the viewer as opaque, almost humorous. Unlike Bergman in *Magic Lantern*, he does not explicitly reveal his fascination with the movement from stillness or sleep to movement or waking. Nor does the sequence uncover in the same way as Bergman's sequences or Bergman's autobiography the artificiality of cinematic illusion. It is up to the viewer to find the clues that unveil the cinematic mystery. One of these is Herzog's repetition of the sequence; he shows us the same bit of film three times, immediately following one another. By showing us the same action three times, he seems to make an oblique reference to the identical single photograms that run through the projector in a freeze-frame sequence; he shows us how Kinski becomes a still image for him, a frozen frame, an icon.

Kinski's importance for Herzog's career cannot be underestimated, as the film *My Best Fiend* is honest enough to admit. But what specifically does Kinski represent? As I noted earlier, history, and in particular film history, is an important referent for Ingmar Bergman's work. The same is true of Herzog, but it is a different history, and he expresses his inheritance of that history differently. While Bergman, a Swede born in 1918, discloses the illusion of cinematic movement in part by revealing the flow from protocinematic forms into his own medium, Herzog, born in 1944, during World War II, refers to the German cultural past (including his cinematic inheritance) by creating icons of the past. Kinski's performance as a German officer in a postwar German film is one such iconic citation of German cinematic history and German history as a whole. One of the results of Herzog's creation of icons of the past is his bent toward the mythical, which many scholars have noted. It cannot be a coincidence that Herzog repeats the wake-up scene three times, three being the number of repetitions needed for magic to be released. This is true in folklore as well as mythology, giving us the saying "the third time's the charm." The Germanic legend of Barbarossa relates that the former emperor, now evolved into a mythic hero, sits at an oaken table under a mountain, sleeping until his beard grows enough to wind around the table three times. At that moment he will awaken and emerge from the mountain to save the German people. Kinski, playing a German officer with his head on the table, not rising until the third repetition of the sequence, hints at a Barbarossa parallel.

If this seems overblown, consider Herzog's description of himself in *Of Walking in Ice*. This is his account of a pilgrimage he made on foot from Munich to Paris with the self-appointed mission of saving the life of film scholar Lotte Eisner, who wrote one of the most important studies of German Expressionist film, the period identified by Herzog as formative for his auteurist vision. He means to accomplish Eisner's rescue solely through the performance of a heroic task: his epic winter walk. He writes: "My steps are firm. And now the earth trembles. When I move, a buffalo moves. When I rest, a mountain reposes. She wouldn't dare! She mustn't. She won't. When I'm in Paris she will be alive. She must not die. Later, perhaps, when we allow it."[21] In another autobiographical piece, his contribution to the series *Reden über das eigene Land* (*Speaking of One's Own Country*), Herzog relates the story of another walking cure he undertook, this time to save Germany. He proposes to walk around the borders of the entire country and thus restore the two halves to wholeness.[22] The execution of the plan was attempted in 1982 and failed; Herzog's pronouncement of omnipotent control over his environment goes awry, but in writing about it Herzog exposes, even highlights, his failure.

To return to his primal Kinski moment, after Herzog shows us the apparently innocuous repeated sequence of Kinski waking up, he relates that the officer Kinski plays goes on to have a young German soldier, whose crime was sneaking off to meet a girl, summarily executed. If Kinski is meant to stand as an icon of imperialist mythology, as I believe he is in *Aguirre*, *Woyzeck*, and *Nosferatu* as well, it is, not surprisingly, a failed or debased mythology. And yet Herzog refers to this debased mythology with sublime imagery again and again; he keeps on assigning himself as director (and consequently, his cast and crew) the task of Sisyphus, always in romantic settings, and, unlike Bergman, he does not openly reveal the gaps between the frame, the fact that his projected mythology is an illusion. Instead, he refers to the phenomenon of "freeze–die–come to life" obliquely, through images not directly associated with film or protocinematic media, and thematically, in such figures as Kaspar Hauser, who emerges from a cellar after years of immobility, or the vampire in *Nosferatu* (itself a revival of Murnau's classic German silent film).

The idea of illusion can form a central narrative focus for film in a way that foregrounds the question of reality in film, and the filmmaker's ability to communicate a reality. In his early film *The Magician*, a

troupe of charlatans enters a small Swedish city. The year is 1846, three years before the birth of August Strindberg. They claim to be able to cure through magnetism and electricity, contact the spirit world, see into the future, and inspire love with potions. When questioned by suspicious local authorities, the man/woman asserts that there is no magic in what they do—it is all illusion, smoke and mirrors and a magic lantern, as she says, "utterly harmless." But in the end, it seems that their magic has real impact. They trick the town skeptic into believing that one of their troupe has died, and they offer up the body for an autopsy. The skeptic performs the autopsy, and in an unforgettable scene, the body seems to come alive, tormenting the unbeliever until he screams for help. The "magic" produced in the autopsy narrative depends entirely on cinematic illusion; the use of space in the sequence, for instance, would be impossible within a "real" attic. Only cinematic editing can produce the effects attributed to the power of the magician. The final trick the magician performs, in fact, is to seem to bring a dead body—his own—back to life. The victim of this prank, the skeptic, refuses to pay for the performance on the grounds that it was not real. But the magician comes back with a retort: "I made you feel something!" And making someone feel something is real.

The power to raise the dead, to make the dead move, is a correlative of making someone feel something. In the complex of auteur and actor and apparatus and viewer, there is slippage surrounding the identification of what is real. Auteurs do not literally bring the dead to life. They do not literally touch the audience. The actor is not literally absorbed by the auteur. Nor is the actor literally dismembered and reassembled by the cinematic apparatus. The screen does not mirror us and cannot touch us, nor can we touch what is projected on the screen. There is a world out here, and it is not the projected world. The auteur does not literally enter the screen, as Buster Keaton's Sherlock Jr. seems to do. And yet, through auteurist self-projection, all of these things *seem* to happen as part of a mutually agreed-upon fictional construct of selfhood. As part of the auteurist contract, the auteur and the actors, the technicians and the apparatus, the projectionists and distributors and the spectators, all engage in a project that is designed to make us see, sense, and feel something, and auteurist theory identifies the source for that project in an auteur's vision. Bergman writes, "I saw four women walking in white dresses in a park," and that is the origin of *Cries and Whispers*. Two women sitting on a beach in big hats, comparing

hands: *Persona*.[23] The fact that these images may seem inconsequential, opaque, or irrelevant to the films that eventually evolved from them does not release us from the pressure of trying to identify origins, and the origins we apparently seek are not in a system of economics or a production studio, but in a human being. In this way, even as the fragility of "reality" and selfhood are exposed, the auteurist contract and auteurist self-projection reaffirm the conceit of the self-model, the necessary fiction of a connection between mind and body, vision and experience, life and representation.

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CONCLUSION

The Eye/I of the Auteur

Persona's NARRATIVE, to the extent the film has a comprehensible story, deals with the difficulty of assembling and upholding a coherent personhood, or, to return to neurophilosophical terminology, a coherent self-model. Two women are placed in a kind of (metaphorical) isolation chamber in which one speaks and the other does not, in which the pressure on their relationship builds until it seems that one of them loses her anchor to her self-model, loses the ability to distinguish herself from the other. The confusion she experiences recalls the confusion of the subject in the rubber hand experiment who confuses his or her hand with the false imitation. The assemblage of the fragmentary images and sequences of *Persona*'s cryptic opening is rhymed with the stressed subject's frantic struggle to reassemble her confused and fragmented selfhood, which finds expression in the film once again in image: the monstrous image of the conjoined faces of the two women. In the end the film returns to the dark projector space that opened the film. All of this—the fragments at the beginning, the women's relationship, the breakdown of selfhood and meaning—are part of a projection, which on the surface seems to be purely mechanical and disembodied, but is presented to the viewer implicitly as organized through the artistic vision of Bergman, whose name is on the credits: *En film av Ingmar Bergman* (A Film by Ingmar Bergman). In this way, the shards of image and language and split selves are reassembled under the sign of the auteur, and the frightening thoughts and feelings brought into play through the exposure of the self-model's fragility can find a resolution—albeit a not particularly reassuring resolution—through the auteur's autograph.

I have written a great deal on *Persona* throughout this study for reasons that will by now have become obvious. Bergman's film, which

*The merged faces
of the actresses
Bibi Andersson and
Liv Ullmann in*
Persona

maps the struggle to form a coherent self directly onto the process of creating a cinematic narrative, marries questions of essential identity with strategies of representation. The film's working title, *Kineotography*, which then shifts to *Persona*, indicates how the nature of cinema can reflect and represent doubts and struggles around selfhood in the modern age.

The art-film auteur, like the self, is a fictional assemblage, a cast of characters, a viewership, and a sometimes massive apparatus, both technological and economic, subsumed under an individual's name. And yet at the same time, the author is a living person, or a person who once lived. The *politique des auteurs* championed by the writers of the *Cahiers du cinéma* was intended to rewrite film history and film aesthetics, but as it turns out, the construct has performed a broader and more essential task; authorship in art cinema has allowed for new ways to consider and represent the evolving nature of selfhood, and to assert the existence of a self. Drawing on the evidentiary power of analog photography (representations of something that has *been there*, as Barthes puts it), auteurist film makes claims about the relationship between representation and life, and, in particular, the relationship between a film and the person who envisioned it.

Self-projection, as I have traced it in the chapters of this study, involves the assertion of a presence: the presence of the director, the auteur, who is identified as the source of the vision on the screen. Through autobiographical references, through the presence of the director as actor, through references to the act of direction, through the creation

of actor/avatars who are linked intimately to the "real person" of the auteur, and through representations of the cinematic apparatus that indicate the presence of a creator, the auteur makes his or her presence as a living person and agent known. But I have also indicated the ways in which this continuous assertion of presence or control betrays the dissolution or reconfiguration of selfhood. The auteur depends upon the apparatus and the actor to participate in the projection of his or her personal vision; the representation of the cinematic apparatus connotes both presence (of a hidden creator) and absence (the creator is invisible). If the auteur brings the dead to life by setting still images in motion, brings the self to life in order to achieve contact with the imagined viewer, it is all accomplished through illusion. At the end of *Persona*, the last bit of film clatters through the projector, and darkness falls.

The end of the reel of film can stand for much more than the end of a single film or a single showing. For we have entered a new era of interface between self-representation and visual narrative: the postcinematic age.[1] With the development of digital technology, the strong link between real persons, their bodies, and screen presence has been at the least called into question, and this would seem to indicate the death of the auteur. For instance, in an article on the digital video-game "star" Lara Croft, Mary Flanagan writes, "A review of [digital stars] will help us understand how and why the cinematic star as a culturally produced body has evolved into a digital star system in which signifiers, identities, and bodies themselves are called into question" (78). Flanagan wants to emphasize the participation of the spectator in video-gaming: "More than the indulgence of looking in at these stars within filmic worlds, we now embrace the very real pleasure of controlling these desired bodies. . . . The subject, object, audience, director, viewer, participant, creator, and user tangle and double over; these roles blur into a new phenomenon that refuses to take on a shape."[2]

But to counter the idea of an absolute divide between the cinematic and the postcinematic, one might first raise the objection that the "control" one imagines as video-game player is more than a little circumscribed and illusory. And second, my reader will note that although it is more difficult to make the argument of spectator control in the case of film, I have indeed proposed that auteurist film already blurs the roles of subject and object, audience, director and viewer. The spectator-empowerment formed through digital technology that creates the bond between spectator and screened figure is a kind of reversal of the

authorial empowerment that occurs through the auteur-machine, but in both cases there is a gesture toward entering into and identifying with the figures on the screen. In both cases there is a sense of a self "out there" as well as "in here," anchored in the body. In both cases there is an extension of the body's power to see, to move, and to feel. Postcinematic (that is, digital) auteurist film in essence merely asks implicitly that the spectator bracket the nonanalog nature of digital visual representation. We are not supposed to be aware that the images on the screen are not shadows or reflections of bodies, but rather a complex code of zeroes and ones, so that it is not necessarily the case that there was ever anything *there*. In watching postcinematic, digital auteurist films, we are asked to continue believing in the necessity for a physical presence behind the represented bodies, the necessity for the auteur.

In this study, for instance, we can think of Pedro Almodóvar's *Bad Education*, which depends on digital effects for the melodramatic moments when his figures seem to walk into a text (the film's story) and when a boy's face, projected in close-up, splits in two along a line of blood that drips down his forehead. Lars von Trier's *The Boss of It All* revels in the gimmick of Automovision, an eccentric deployment of digital camerawork. But in neither of these two cases, I would argue, does the interjection of postcinematic technology take away from the auteurist presence. On the contrary, *The Boss of It All* makes light of the idea that a digital camera could "take over." The auteur is still firmly in place at film's end: von Trier's voice has the last word on the soundtrack.

So the auteur, unlike the medium that produced and was produced by the auteur, is not dead. The proliferation of DVDs and the home cinematic culture they promote has also to a significant degree underscored the importance of the auteur, by including such features as "director's cut" and "director's commentary," and short films of the auteur at work. Clearly these DVD features are elaborations of the "making-of" films I discussed earlier in this study; the difference is that the "making-of" feature, along with auteurist or critical commentary, accompany the feature in the same package. As Barbara Klinger and others have noted, the proliferation of DVD home-viewing culture has led to a new wave of cinephilia, and thus a new wave of interest in the auteur.[3] The Criterion series, which enshrines art films in DVD format, underscores the primary importance of the director by organizing its library by auteur and boxing sets of the works of particularly

prominent directors. Based on analog originals, these editions nevertheless employ digital technologies in ways that allow for "remastering" both image and sound, a loaded term that has economic as well as aesthetic and ontological implications. The "master" is supposedly the original analog version of a recording, but it seems that an argument is made that the "mastering" (or overcoming) of the master occurs in the digitization process, which could in this sense be perceived as one of the many threats to an auteur's ultimate control (or mastery) of the text.

Scholars who deal with the idea of the auteur in the digital age often turn toward discussions of the economic significance of auteurism, and identify the auteur as a commodity (Corrigan, Grant). And this, too, would suggest an undermining of the auteur's mastery of his or her work, since the ultimate control then rests in the hands (or pockets) of the distributor. But while I find these economic arguments convincing on one level, the idea of the auteur as commodity does not really challenge the idea of auteur as person. It only extends the idea of personhood into the sphere of economy, in which all of us ultimately reside. And the currency of the auteur is in part dependent on the idea of the currency of personhood. As we move into the postcinematic, digital age, one of the developments in spectatorship has the potential to create a more intimate link between auteur and viewer: the personal or home theater. Rather than sitting in a theater among strangers, the viewer of a DVD or streaming video sits in his or her own domestic space or in front of his or her own computer or personal viewing device. With controls at hand, the personal viewer can start or stop action, speed it up or slow it down, at will. In addition to the commentary available on many DVDs, the viewer can, in conversation with the other spectators in this private space, add his or her own commentary to the action in a way that would not be acceptable in most public theaters. When one considers the interpretive difficulties inherent in a film like *Persona*, for instance, it is easy to see that the experience of viewing the film in a theater space makes demands on the viewer's perception and understanding that can be alleviated through the power to stop the film, go back, see a sequence again, ask questions of one's fellow viewers, consult the Internet or extra DVD features, and so on.

One might imagine that this domestic form of film spectatorship offers yet another example of the auteur's loss of control and presence in the postcinematic age. And certainly it is true that the viewer's increased power has the potential to interrupt narrative flow and focus

attention in ways that would be difficult for an auteur to anticipate, particularly an auteur like Tarkovsky, who worked exclusively in the pre-DVD era. But another odd effect takes place: a more interlocutory and intimate relationship can begin to take shape between auteur and spectator, something that represents an intensification of what auteurism seems to propose in the first place. To illustrate this I will return to D. A. Miller's article "Hitchcock's Hidden Pictures."[4] The point is that for Miller, Hitchcock's "hidden pictures" are hidden only from those viewers who do not know Hitchcock as Miller does. The joy taken by a viewer like Miller in recognizing the "secrets" scattered throughout the film by the auteur accentuates a relationship of common knowledge between the special viewer and the auteur. But Miller takes this a step further. Sitting at home, one-on-one with the film, he experiences the film as speaking to him very particularly. The film's soundtrack plays "Baby Face," a song Miller knows, so he sings along, providing some of the missing words. And it happens as he sings that the action on the screen matches the missing words he has supplied: a boatman gives someone a shove with his oar. Miller is thunderstruck: "I fell into my discovery by accident, but like all accidents this one had no sooner befallen me than it acquired the fatedness of a thing waiting to happen. The coincidence of word and image—the whole concatenation of associations—all seemed far too exact not to have been designed by Hitchcock, planted there like a land mine to lie inert and invisible until either it self-destructed with the last surviving copy of *Strangers on a Train* or someone should trip over it and explode it into visibility— someone who bore the name Miller, knew the lyrics to 'Baby Face,' had fallen into a daze, or enjoyed some other nonce qualification" (124). Miller goes on to label his variant of film viewing as "Too Close Reading," but he attributes the impetus for his "too close reading" to Hitchcock's films. And so here the auteur enters the comfort of the viewer's own home and demands the cooperation of the viewer in constructing the film text. In a kind of daze, Miller supplies the missing words to the song, which are then enacted on the screen, as if there were a cause-and-effect relationship. In this instance, the spectator who "knows" the auteur feels invited to a dance, in which they will be partnered, for the auteur must know him as well, know that there is someone out there who will know the words to "Baby Face."

The self-projection of the auteur depends on the viewer's belief in the auteur's presence, but also, then, on the viewer's willingness to

project him or herself into the action on the screen. The viewer's knowledge of the auteur, whether through the auteur's works or the great cinematic paratext, is a prerequisite for auteurist self-projection. "Without you, no I," as Bergman writes. Which begs the question of what a "you" or an "I" might be. Perhaps the belief in the auteur persists so doggedly from one technology to the next because the belief in the self depends upon it. But auteurist cinema also helps us explore the changing face of selfhood, the ways in which selfhood is constructed and contingent and mediated and collaborative, not coextensive merely with a single body, or even with a single lifetime.

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NOTES

Introduction

1. Truffaut, *The Films of My Life*, 19.

2. Barthes, "The Death of the Author," 142–48.

3. There are also films based on the autobiographies of individuals who are not involved in the filmmaking projects; my discussion does not include such films, but it would be interesting to consider what kind of self-constructions they become through the filmmaking process.

4. Genette actually distinguishes between accompanying materials, such as a book's title, foreword, notes, and dedication, and surrounding materials such as reviews and criticism. The former he calls "*péritexte*," while the latter is "*épitexte*." Genette, *Paratexts*.

5. Baecque and Toubiana, *Truffaut*, 127.

6. Lejeune, *Le pacte autobiographique;* English translation, *On Autobiography*.

7. Lejeune, "Cinéma et autobiographie."

8. Lane, *The Autobiographical Documentary in America from the 1960s to the Present*.

9. Rugg, *Picturing Ourselves*.

10. Eakin, *Touching the World,* is perhaps the most pointed study on the problem of referentialty in self-writing.

11. See Egan, *Mirror Talk*; Couser, *Signifying Bodies*; Smith, *Subjectivity, Identity, and the Body*; Whitlock, *Intimate Empire*.

12. See Barthes, *Camera Lucida,* and Trachtenberg, *Reading American Photographs*.

13. Bruss, "Eye for Eye."

14. Susanna Egan gives her book *Mirror Talk* the subtitle *Genres of Crisis in Contemporary Autobiography,* which further underscores the sense that self-representation, transforming through the centuries alongside changing notions of selfhood, authorship, and history, also expresses and experiences crisis through

developments in the various media employed. The book includes a chapter on doc-umentary autobiographical cinema. Susanna Egan, *Mirror Talk*.

15. See Lejeune, "Cinéma et autobiographie."

16. Silverman, *The Acoustic Mirror*.

17. In the wake of the film's release, Almodóvar scholar Paul Julian Smith noted that in the film "Spanish critics have gleefully called attention to the autobi-ographical touches," including the fact that one of the director's first creative works was an unpublished short story with the same title as the story submitted for con-sideration to the film director within the film: "The Visit." Paul Julian Smith, https://sites.google.com/site/pauljuliansmithfilmreviews/Home/la-mala-educacion-bad-education-june-2004.

18. "'La mala educación'" es una película muy íntima, pero no exactamente autobiográfica, quiero decir que no cuento mi vida en el colegio" and "Todo lo que no es autobiografía es plagio. . . . La película es autobiográfica pero en un sentido más hondo, yo estoy detrás de los personajes, pero no cuento mi vida" (original text). Almodóvar, http://www.clubcultura.com/clubcine/clubcineastas/almodovar/malaeducacion/comentarios.htm.

19. Haverty [Rugg], "Strindbergman."

20. Truffaut makes less-veiled references to his debt to Bergman in *The 400 Blows* (when Antoine Doinel and his friend René pilfer a poster advertising Berg-man's *Summer with Monika*) and in *La nuit américaine*, when, playing a director in the film, he receives a shipment of books about other directors, with a book about Bergman prominent among them.

21. Bergman, *Fanny and Alexander*.

22. Here I would like to cite Tom Gunning: "It is theoretically important to avoid identifying a narrator with a biological person such as the author. . . . Nar-rative discourse is made up of words and images, not flesh and blood. . . . Such the-oretical precisions are necessary to maintain the integrity of the esthetic text. . . . However, the depersonalization of narrative discourse brings its own theoretical blindspot that distorts the way films are received by spectators, and the way they function within history and society. . . . The alert and active spectator . . . must realize that these images come from *somewhere*." Tom Gunning, *D. W. Griffith and the Origins of American Narrative Film*.

23. Miller, "Hitchcock's Hidden Pictures."

24. Johnson, "Bringing Out D.A. Miller."

25. Trachtenberg, *Reading American Photographs,* 60.

26. Synessios, *Mirror*, 3.

27. Ibid.

28. Widdicombe, "The Contemporary Auteur," http://www.bfi.org.uk/filmtvinfo/publications/16+/potter.html.

29. In making this point, Grant cites Susan Martin-Márquez (1999), who in her turn cites Carol Watts (1992). Catherine Grant, "Secret Agents," 120.

30. Mayne, *The Woman at the Keyhole*, 6.

31. Silverman, *The Acoustic Mirror*, 218.

1. The Director's Body

1. Bruss, "An Eye for Eye," 309.

2. Hayles, *My Mother Was a Computer*. The use of "noise" as a metaphor for the affect of the body's presence seems placed particularly aptly here, for this is part of her discussion of analog versus digital subjects, and one of the features of analog versus digital sound recording is indeed the "noise" of the material, the "body," that distinguishes analog vinyl from digital CD.

3. Ibid., 145.

4. I acknowledge that there were other technologies that could reproduce an author's face for a large audience before the invention and proliferation of photography, but as I argue in *Picturing Ourselves: Autobiography and Photography*, the ontology of photographic representation implies the actual presence of the photographed person in a way that earlier media did not.

5. Here it is useful to remember Roland Barthes's use of the term "analog" in association with photography in *Camera Lucida*.

6. Sobchak, *Carnal Thoughts*.

7. Quoted in Hansen, "'With Skin and Hair,'" 458.

8. Levasseur, "Film and Video Self-Biographies."

9. One can find historical use of caricatures that Allen's case closely parallels; a striking one is Mark Twain. A similar type of pseudonymous play with celebrity caricature occurs memorably already in the late nineteenth century when Samuel Langhorne Clemens took on the pen-name Mark Twain, proceeded to identify that name with an impressive array of cartoon caricatures, and then carefully posed in photographs of himself, photographs in which certain signal characteristics—a shock of white hair, a moustache, beetling brows, and a pipe—contribute to one of the nation's most easily recognized author images. Like Twain, Woody Allen performed first as a stand-up comic, a profession that demands self-caricature and (at least pretended) autobiographical underpinnings. Like Twain, Allen moves his comedy over into another medium, and like Twain's, his comedy then undergoes a transformation, though it is important to note that in moving to film, Allen kept a number of the one-liners he used as a stand-up comic, thus further obscuring the distinction between on-screen and off-screen personae and throwing the confusion between on-stage and off-stage personae into the mix. For more on Twain, see Rugg, *Picturing Ourselves*.

10. The figures played by Woody Allen in his films go by various names—Alvy Singer, Sandy Bates, Cliff Stern, Harry Block, Kleinman—but the names, while diverse, tend to cluster around Jewish identity.

11. In her article on *Celebrity*, Beatriz Oria Gómez sees the Kenneth Branagh figure as performing aspects of Allen's argument for the narrative, but she does not seem to notice that Branagh "plays" Allen in a physical way. Oria Gómez, "The Importance of Being Famous."

12. While *Play It Again, Sam* was in fact directed by Herbert Ross, Allen wrote the script and appears in his usual persona, so that retrospectively the film takes on the air of part of his oeuvre as an auteur.

13. Lax, *Woody Allen*, 10.

14. Thanks for this observation goes to Mark Sandberg.

15. Truffaut in an interview with Aline Desjardins on Radio-Canada, 1971, quoted in Truffaut, *Truffaut by Truffaut*, 115.

16. Ibid.

17. Codell, "Playing Doctor," 109, 117.

18. Truffaut, *Truffaut by Truffaut*, 116.

19. Ibid., 115.

20. I am leaving aside one of Truffaut's minor but more popular performances—that of the French scientist in Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977)—in part because it is a role in which he is directed by someone else. But one can certainly look at this performance as typical of Truffaut's cinematic persona: grave, almost awestruck or worshipful in the presence of something extraordinary, whether it be Victor in *The Wild Child*, extraterrestrials in *Close Encounters*, the altar of the dead in *The Green Room*, or cinema itself in *Day for Night*. And it is more than likely that Spielberg "recognized" Truffaut's self-image in the part.

21. See Koskinen, *Spel och speglingar*.

22. Livingston, *Ingmar Bergman and the Rituals of Art*, 52.

23. To cite an example of an invalid ritual speech act, in Pedro Almodóvar's *Bad Education*, one of the protagonists, Paca, enters a church during a mass conducted by a priest who raped Paca's friend when he was a boy. The priest leads the congregation in the general confession, which is recited in unison: "I confess before Almighty God and you, my brothers and sisters, that I have sinned through my own fault, in my thoughts and in my words, in what I have done, and in what I have failed to do. And I ask the blessed Mary, ever virgin, and all the angels and saints, and you, my brothers and sisters, to pray for me to the Lord, our God." [Yo confieso ante Dios todopoderoso y ante vosotros hermanos, que he pecado mucho de pensamiento, palabra, obra y omisión. Por mi culpa, por mi culpa, por mi gran culpa. Por eso ruego a Santa María, siempre Virgen, a los ángeles, a los santos y a vosotros, hermanos, que intercedáis por mí ante Dios nuestro Señor.] Paca utters the phrase "through my fault, through my fault, through my great fault," which does not occur in precisely the same form in the English-language version, while striking his chest. As the priest says those words, Paca follows the priest's words but whispers angrily, directing himself to the unhearing priest, "por tu culpa, por tu culpa, por tu gran culpa" ("through your fault, through your fault, through your great fault"). Here is an illustration of how the ritual can become a "mere" performance, or a false speech act; the priest, while mouthing these lines rather mechanically, is probably not focused on the sins of his distant past, which Paca then confesses for him. Subsequent events will show that the priest has not allowed himself to be conscious of having sinned at all.

24. See Kawin, *Mindscreen*. A similar voice-over intervention occurs briefly in *Cries and Whispers*. The implications for gender studies are especially striking in

this case; see Blackwell, *Gender and Representation in the Films of Ingmar Bergman*, chapter on *Cries and Whispers*.

25. D. A. Miller provides a fine account of Hitchcock's cameo strategy in "Hitchcock's Hidden Pictures."

2. The Director Plays Director

1. See Godard, "Bergmanorama."

2. Scholars such as Corrigan and Maule have pointed out that the "making of" documentary is a commercial strategy, and the auteur created in and through such featurettes has the primary function of making money. I do not discount the economic aspect of the featurette's role in shaping the auteur as product, but I do not think that my argument is in conflict with the commercial one. In fact, the need for money points to the embodied nature of filmmaking; without bodies, there is no need for cash, and if there is a body, there is an auteur as body.

3. The making of film functions as well as an explicit or implicit "director's commentary." The "director's commentary" has become a genre of its own, marketed with the film version released in theaters (in various ratio formats), but also sometimes the "director's cut," deleted scenes, trailers, actors' interviews, scholarly commentary—all part of a "bonus package" that ostensibly increases the value and authenticity of the viewing experience. The mere inclusion of such items as "director's commentary" and "director's cut" points toward a continued allegiance to the idea of the director's imprimatur as ultimate arbiter of authenticity, though as we will see below, the implied power of such additions can instead be turned against the auteurist director by the auteur himself, employed to interrogate or even mock the claim of such authenticity. And it is certainly also the case that in such instances, the director performs a role, creates a self-projection that offers another type of commentary: a self-reflexive commentary on the image of the auteur, even if the commentary is as simple an action as donning a beret or studiously ignoring a camera.

4. Just a word here on titles: first, "Ingmar Bergman Makes a Movie" strikes a more popular note than "Ingmar Bergman Makes a Film," which begs the question of why the English-language distributors decided that the proper translation of the Swedish word "film" (there is no Swedish equivalent of "movie"—"*film*" means either film or movie) in this case ought to be "movie." For the alliterative effect with "makes," perhaps? Or to undermine a bit the high-art sensibility of the documentary, to push it harder toward the category of hands-on, practical advice about filmmaking? Given the rather arbitrary nature of title translation, it is difficult to guess. The title *Nattvardsgästerna* is rendered most accurately in the British version of the film as *The Communicants*. American distributors opted for the more poetic and widely understandable *Winter Light*, "communicant" being an obscure word for many Americans.

5. Aside from Sjöman's film, Bergman customarily kept a kind of visual record of the making of his films, though these were casual, journalistic efforts, without

sound, shot both on-set and off, more like home movies than documentaries. Some of these have been gathered and edited by Bergman scholar Stig Björkman in a compilation titled *Images from the Playground* (2008), with the support of Martin Scorcese's World Cinema Foundation. This production, put together after Bergman's death in 2006, makes clear how invested both scholars (like Björkman) and auteurs (like Scorcese) and institutions (like the Cannes Festival, which screened the film's international premiere, the World Cinema Foundation, which funded it, Sweden's National Theater, which screened it first in Sweden, and the Ingmar Bergman Foundation) can be in the continued production and maintenance of an auteur's image. See also my discussion of *The Making of Fanny and Alexander*.

6. As others have noted, this is a constantly recurring theme in Herzog's films from the beginning, expressed in various ways. The phrase "burden of dreams" appears in Herzog's journal of the filmmaking experience: "Es ist schwer, sich an diese Arbeit, an diese große Last der Träume heranzuwagen" ["It is difficult to dare to take up this work, this great burden of dreams," my translation], Herzog, *Eroberung des Nutzlosen* [Conquering the Useless], 8.

7. Ibid., 10 ["ich sagte, die nicht diskutierbare Selbstverständlichkeit *müsse* ein wirklicher Dampfer über einen wirklichen Berg, aber nicht um des Realismus Willen, sondern wegen der Stilisierung eines grossen Operereignisses"].

8. As Brad Prager succinctly expresses it, "Precisely because [Herzog] actually was having the boat pulled over the mountain, the production *of* the film and the production *in* the film overlap. The two are inextricably entwined: both the director and the visionary entrepreneur evince the desire to stage a massive production in the name of aesthetics." Prager, *The Cinema of Werner Herzog*, 39.

9. Ibid., 16, 101.

10. See Roscoe and Hight, *Faking It*.

11. Penn reported that he received a significant amount of criticism for his role in the film; viewers were unable to perceive that he was playing a role, and they assumed that he was indeed the Philistine Hollywood producer whose degraded values threatened the purity of Herzog's art. In an interview, Penn remarked: "In retrospect, I might have changed my name for the movie. Really. I mean, I know it seems crazy, but when it started I felt like, 'Somebody's got to play this part. It might as well be me. And since we're all using our real names, I've got to also.' I didn't really think about the fact. . . . I guess I might have thought that people wouldn't really believe the movie and so that wouldn't be such an issue, you know? But we strove for reality and I think people, because it seems kind of real, it does create a disturbing, odd situation for me. In some ways it's also flattering. If people get so angry at me, I'm proud that at least I was able to evoke that reaction." See Murray, "Screenwriter Zak Penn Makes His Directorial Debut in *Incident at Loch Ness*." http://movies.about.com/od/directorinterviews/a/lochness102404.htm.

12. Fellini's *8½* (1963) stands as his first serious parody of auteurism. Though Fellini does not play himself, a number of clues point to Marcello Mastroianni as a stand-in for the director. For instance, D. A. Miller, in his book-length essay on

8½, exhibits on its cover a *tournage* photograph of Fellini standing in for Mastroianni in a particular scene. In the scene, Mastroianni is confronted with his reflection in a mirror, but the *tournage* photograph shows Fellini inspecting himself in the mirror. For Miller, this image is an emblem of the sleight-of-hand performed in the film that turns Mastroianni into Fellini's self-projection and a site for Fellini's self-contemplative critique of auteurism. See Miller, *8½, BFI Film Classics*.

13. David Bordwell sketches the narrative characteristics of art cinema: ambiguous plot, an attempt to engage the viewer on an intellectual level rather than simply entertaining, nongeneric, self-referential, psychological rather than plot-driven, and auteurist. See Bordwell, *Narration in the Fiction Film*.

14. Bergman writes of his demand for order and calm on the set as well in *The Magic Lantern*, and Sjöman's film reflects that sensibility. There is none of the directorial screaming that Fellini highlights in *Intervista* or the rages (mostly Kinski's) captured in Herzog's *My Best Fiend*, or the underlying moody tension that defines Tarkovsky's *Voyage in Time*. Instead, Bergman's control is exercised most frequently in his confident voice clipping off a take with the Swedish equivalent of "cut!": "tack!" ("thanks!"). Thus the prevailing mood is . . . politeness.

15. This is not quite accurate, of course; memorable traffic jams occur in quite a number of films, including the one I have already mentioned in *8½*, but also in Swedish director Roy Andersson's *Sånger från andra våningen* (*Songs from the Second Floor*, 2000). It is interesting to consider that one of the most impressive traffic jams in film history occurs in a film by Truffaut's rival, Jean-Luc Godard's *Weekend* (1967).

16. In a filmed interview projected during the Bergman Symposium held in June 2005 in Stockholm, the ordinarily curmudgeonly Lars von Trier surprised the interviewer with his uncharacteristic praise of the older auteur. "Don't you find any fault with Bergman at all?" asked the perplexed interviewer. The Danish director smiled and countered dryly, "Yes. He refuses to die."

3. Actor, Avatar

1. Wollen, *Signs and Meanings in the Cinema*, 104. See also Arnheim, *Film*; Balázs, *Theory of the Film*; Braudy, "Acting: Stage vs. Screen," in *The World in a Frame*; Bresson, *Notes sur la cinématographie*; DeCordova, *Picture Personalities*.

2. Baron, Carson, and Tomasulo, *More Than a Method*, 11.

3. Kuleshov, "The Principles of Montage [1935]," in *Kuleshov on Film*, 192.

4. Naremore, *Acting in the Cinema*, 24.

5. Dyer, *Stars*.

6. Baron, Carson, and Tomasulo, *More Than a Method*, 1.

7. In this case, the idea of auteurism is projected back on a silent-era director by Merhige.

8. Bruss, "An Eye for I"; Egan, *Mirror Talk*.

9. Kinski, *All I Need Is Love*, 196.

10. Ninka, *33 Portrætter*, cited in Amanda Doxtater, "Perilous Performance: Dreyer's Unity of Danger and Beauty," http://english.carlthdreyer.dk/AboutDreyer/Working-method/Perilous-Performance.aspx.

11. Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time*, 139.

12. Truffaut, with Hitchcock and Hunt, *Hitchcock*, 8.

13. Bresson, *Notes sur la cinématographie.*

14. Almodóvar, *Almodóvar on Almodóvar*, 20.

15. Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time*, 139.

16. Vroman, Lavender, "Tippi Hedren Airs Out Her Early Acting Days, Wildlife Preservation," A6. Hedren varies in her account of her relationship to Hitchcock; at times she emphasizes his controlling nature, at others she references his "kindness" in not telling her that the birds used in a particular scene of *The Birds* would be live rather than mechanical; see Hedren, interview televised by Santa Clarita Valley television, March 6, 2005: http://www.scvtv.com/html/sg030605-nm.html.

17. See Kinder, "Reinventing the Fatherland." She treats the question of brain death and transplantation in social and historical terms; her concern with his work is "the presentation of new forms of using the body as a representation of social, political, and general transformation," but here I would see this near-obsession of Almodóvar's as a sign of his interest in the body and identity.

18. Truffaut, *The Adventures of Antoine Doinel.*

19. Almodóvar, *Almodóvar on Almodóvar*, 110.

20. Bird, *Andrei Tarkovsky*, 85.

21. Pedro Almodóvar depicts one such power exchange in *Bad Education*; the director/protagonist seduces an actor/screenwriter who desperately wants to work with him. In an ironic twist, we find out that the actor is a con artist, bent on scamming the director. The question of power relations, then, becomes more complex than one would initially imagine.

22. Baecque and Toubiana, *Truffaut*, 178.

23. Ibid., 285.

24. See Truffaut, *The Adventures of Antoine Doinel*; Gillain, "The Script of Delinquency"; and Codell, "Playing Doctor."

25. Truffaut, *The Adventures of Antoine Doinel*, 5–6.

26. Truffaut died of a brain tumor in 1984 at the age of fifty-two. Léaud, born in 1944, has now surpassed Truffaut in age.

27. See Gillain, "The Script of Delinquency," for a discussion of the importance of deliquency in Truffaut's self-construction.

28. Baecque and Toubiana, *Truffaut*, 146–47.

29. Durovicová, "Biograph as Biography," 130. Though Godard's project professes to undermine the auteur's authority, he stands in fact as one of the more prominent authorial presences of his period, and he expresses strong support in his writing for the auteurist work of directors such as Ingmar Bergman.

30. Emanuel Laurent's 2010 film *Deux de la vague* examines the relationship between Truffaut and Godard, and their relationships with Jean-Pierre Léaud in light of the films of the French New Wave.

31. I was unfortunately unable to reproduce the image here, but readers can view the portrait, owned by the Museum of Modern Art, New York, at http://www .moma.org/collection/object.php?object_id=128634.

32. A blogger comments on the photograph: "They look incredibly alike. In fact, to me it looks like it might be a portrait from Avedon's *In the American West* of prosperous father-son ranchers from Wyoming or Colorado." His remark brings another important point to the fore, namely, that the photograph represents yet another artistic vision, that of Richard Avedon, which makes a singular kind of impression and, via his own photographic aesthetic, moves the pair into a cultural milieu remote from the site of Truffaut's filmmaking (http://jdcopp.blogspot.com/ 2007/04/avedon-truffaut-leaud-portrait.html).

33. Truffaut, *Truffaut by Truffaut*, 116.

34. Bergman's films throughout his career obsess about diseased mother-child relationships, from *The Devil's Wanton* to *Brink of Life* to *Summer with Monica* to *Wild Strawberries* to *The Silence* to *Persona* to *Cries and Whispers*—the concern with childbirth and abortion and child abandonment and child abuse permeates his work. See Blackwell, *Gender and Representation in the Films of Ingmar Bergman*.

35. For a detailed discussion of the production of the film and the detailed oversight of the authorities, see Synessios, *Mirror*.

36. Bird, *Andrei Tarkovsky*, 110.

37. Quoted in Synessios, *Mirror*, 96.

38. Seguin, "El espacio-cuerpo en el cine: Pedro Almodóvar o la modificación," 237.

39. According to Almodóvar, the actress Chus Lampreave, who plays a mother in *What Have I Done to Deserve This?,* is supposed to represent his mother (even as his real mother has a small role in the same film). Almodóvar calls Lampreave "a kind of female Buster Keaton," in reference to her straight-faced comedic genius, but also with an eye toward describing the way in which she maintains her position when buffeted by the alien forces of the modern world in which she finds herself (*Almodóvar on Almodóvar*, 38). For Almodóvar, the mother figure embodies something of himself—the place he comes from, the culture against which he has reacted so strongly and yet carries within him and reproduces in various forms throughout his cinematic oeuvre.

40. In the credits, Almodóvar's mother is always listed under her maiden name, Francisca Caballero. While it is common in Spanish-speaking countries for women to retain use of their maiden names, and for their children to carry their maiden name as part of a hyphenated surname, Almodóvar drops his mother's name from his own in film credits, making it more difficult for spectators to guess at the relationship.

41. Basoli, "The Wrath of Klaus Kinski," 32.

42. Bush, "The Enigma of Werner Herzog," http://www.moviemaker.com/issues/ 16/herzog/16_herzog.html.

43. Kinski, *All I Need Is Love*, 204.

44. Merkin, "An Independent Woman," 34.

45. Ullmann, *Changing*, 112.

46. Bergman, *The Magic Lantern*, 244.
47. Bergman, *Bergman on Bergman,* 196.

4. Self-Projection and the Cinematic Apparatus

1. The penis image was excised from censored prints of the film distributed in the United States until a re-release in 2004.

2. Turvey, "Vertov," 5–18.

3. Vertov, *We,* 70.

4. Kinder, "Designing a Database Cinema."

5. English speakers will note the cognate relationship between the Danish word for "boss"—*direktør*—and our word for film director. Unfortunately "film director" is not *direktør* in Danish, but since von Trier and many of his compatriots speak fluent English, one can imagine that the Danish title does involve a play on words.

6. Many of the students I now teach are as unfamiliar with the countdown filmstrip as they are with the interior of an old film projector.

7. A similar association between biological, sexual origins, and cinematic history occurs in Almodóvar's *Talk to Her*. The critical moment at which, we must assume from subsequent events, a nurse impregnates his comatose patient is narrated obliquely through an interjected silent film.

8. Bruss, "An Eye for I," 319.

9. Silverman, *The Threshold of the Visible World*, 18.

10. Strindberg, *A Dream Play*, in *Five Plays*.

11. Koskinen, *Mirrors and Mirroring*.

12. Bergman, *Best Intentions*, 6.

13. Here one can refer to André Bazin's writing on the ontology of photography for a greater understanding of how photographs are perceived as real. In reading Bazin, Daniel Morgan asks, "What does it mean for an object in a photograph to be identical (ontologically, not just visually) to the object photographed?" And I believe that it is this question that the films I am studying here seek to answer at some moments, particularly when meditating on the relationship of screen to body. See Morgan, "Rethinking Bazin," 450.

14. Marks, *The Skin of the Film*, xi.

15. Gorky, "In the Kingdom of the Shadows," 407.

16. Bergman, *The Magic Lantern*, 89.

17. Stewart, *Between Film and Screen*, 1.

18. Blackwell, *Gender and Representation in the Films of Ingmar Bergman*, 8.

19. Numerous examples can be cited of Bergman's interest in archaic forms; one subtle instance occurs in the opening of *Sawdust and Tinsel* (*Gycklarnas afton*, 1953). As the credits roll we see a series of woodcuts depicting the film's circus troupe, headed with the subtitle "A Broadside." The style of the drawings and the content of the film both points to the characteristics of the broadside or dreadful penny genre, a kind of early tabloid writing that in an earlier era occupied the

approximate social status of popular film. First the circus caravan appears motionless as an illustration on the chapbook page (actually, of course, dozens of photographs of that page running through a projector); then the film picks up and the caravan begins to move, another iteration of the closet scene. Bergman's attitude here toward the illusory nature of his chosen medium is humorously ironic; this is my art, he seems to say, the stuff of tabloid fiction. On the other hand, his hyper-awareness of cinematic prehistory and technology endows the joke with a high seriousness; once again he elects to allude to his function as illusionist.

20. This little vignette, like the clip from *Fanny and Alexander,* can be indexed directly to a story from Bergman's autobiography: "Uncle Carl bought filmstrips for a penny a meter and placed them in heated soda water to dissolve the emulsion. When the strip had cooled, he drew moving pictures directly onto the film with a felt-tip pen. . . . I stared intently at the little figures that appeared swiftly and without hesitation on the frames" (Bergman, *The Magic Lantern*, 37).

21. Herzog, *Vom Gehen im Eis* [*Of Walking in Ice*], 10.

22. Described in Morgan, "'A Presence . . . called Germany.'"

23. Björkman, Manns, and Jonas, *Bergman on Bergman.*

Conclusion

1. See, for instance, Flanagan, "Mobile Identities, Digital Stars, and Post-Cinematic Selves," or Shaviro, *Post-Cinematic Affect*.

2. Flanagan, "Mobile Identities," 78.

3. Klinger, "The DVD Cinephile."

4. Miller, "Hitchcock's Hidden Pictures."

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