

is now shooting on his father's property at Cagnes, also by this multiple camera and microphone technique. Called after one of Manet's more famous pictures, *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe* introduces a most ravishing newcomer, Catherine Rouvel, whom he then and there produced from the front row, to delighted gasps from the audience. This picture, he said with relish, is to debunk science; he did not, he said, care for sacred cows and he thought the scientist was getting altogether too much reverence these days on most insufficient grounds.

This set-piece of a speech was value enough, but it was even better when it came to the questions; somebody asked him a question about *Dr Cordelier* 'from the aesthetic point of view'. 'The aesthetic point of view does not interest me in the least', he said flatly; 'the only thing that interests me is the development of my story.' Thinking of some of the gruel-thin scenarios on which British pictures have been built, one heaved a sign of relief. Did he mind, someone else asked, the smallness of the T.V. screen? 'If you told a jongleur', he replied, 'that he had to perform in a church, a market place, a castle or a camp, he just got on with the job: now I couldn't care less what size screen I use—high, wide, narrow or T.V., it's all the same to me. It is absurd to be bound by technical limitations.' He went on to say that he thought that the wide screen was, essentially, a hang-over from the days of the silent film which continually needed new gimmicks to give it life; with his multiple method you would have to have actors who could act (hence the need for longer rehearsals), and it would no longer be possible to give a sequence significance by clever montage—you would have to visualize your story scene by scene, perhaps later even act by act, as it were. On and on, he went, pouring out ideas and jokes and profound criticisms, with most of the audience watching him with that expression of admiration and affection that Abelard might have received from his students. It was both touching and exciting, and I thought again as I had often thought before, that one could learn more about the cinema in half an hour from a great man talking than from a whole shelf of books.

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