

Lawrence was; he is asking for this to be made a humanly satisfying process through the insights of such men as Lawrence in their attitude to nature.

What it comes to is this. We must continue to develop the world's natural resources by whole-hearted use of the new scientific methods. This is a moral demand, which makes the 'scream of horror' reaction, genuine as it is, beside the point. But the process of development must at the same time be a *humanization* of nature, not the inhuman reduction of matter to the will of man. The world lies in our keeping, and eventually we shall have to account for it to God. If this is not to be lost sight of, the technologists who shape our world have got to take notice of the intuitions of literary men; if the literary men are not simply to contract out, on the other hand, they must be given some understanding of the scientific culture which so much needs their assistance. As another letter in *Encounter* said, 'What Snow is asking is that we become whole men again, living in the modern world (rather than in some enclave labelled "science" or "literature") even while we change that world to make it more possible for us to be whole'. This is the challenge of the Rede Lecture, and the demand it makes for our continued serious attention.

LAURENCE BRIGHT, O.P.

#### HEARD AND SEEN

FOR the first time for about eighteen months the really dedicated film-goer in this country can hold up his head again, for the preliminary wash of the *nouvelle vague* is at last lapping our island shores. All this time we have been reading about the wonderfully exciting films that were coming out of France from the new, very young directors appearing there. Travellers, back from Cannes or from Paris, were still muttering about the pictures they had seen days or even weeks earlier, and all the unhappy stay-at-home sheep could do was to look up at screens showing *Love is my Profession* or *Girls Disappear* and feel very unfed indeed. Not, of course, that all the films about which we had heard and not seen were by the new men; there were others, exceedingly important ones, by more familiar directors that nobody seemed moved to bring over here, in spite of the fact that critics and enthusiasts all over Europe were busy discussing their aesthetic, technical and moral implications. Chief amongst these is perhaps *Les Tricheurs*, directed by Marcel Carné, a study of young people living their lives by a tribal code of brutal amorality that was made all the more telling by the really extraordinary performances given by Jacques Charrier, Laurent Terzieff and Pascale Petit: we still await *Les Tricheurs*, but thanks to a few enlightened distributors and the organizers of the London Film Festival, by the time this issue of *BLACKFRIARS* appears it will have been possible to see at least one example each of the work of some of the more outstanding young French directors.

We may not have seen *Le Beau Serge*, with which Claude Chabrol made his explosive début, but we have at least seen his second picture, *Les Cousins*, which stars the same two astonishing young men, Jean-Claude Brialy and Gérard Blain. This film, made by Chabrol almost entirely on location because he could not afford to hire a studio, was completed for about the third of the cost needed to make an inferior feature in British studios. You may not like the result but it is idle to deny its compulsive spell or its accomplishment. A

<sup>1</sup> *Encounter*, August, 1959.

town and country mouse fable, made to a formula that Dick Corvey in John Braine's new novel would accept at once, it shows the brilliant waster winning all the prizes and the plodding good boy losing everything even, idiotically, his life—a field day for Nellie and the Vodi. I have never seen a film which more convincingly gave the impression of being made from the *inside* of a closed society. No distributor has thought fit to bring to this country *Ascenseur pour l'Echafaud*, with its coruscating jazz sound track, with which Louis Malle made his name nearly two years ago, but thanks to Mondial Films we have now seen his second, *Les Amants*, presumably because it was felt that no audience could resist such a title. Not that this is at all a dirty film, though it is an extraordinarily frank one, even with the cuts insisted on by the censors. Shot with a blurred, poetic languor, it is an adaptation of an eighteenth-century *conte* about a wife (Jeanne Moreau), bored with her bored husband, who thumps a lift from a stranger one afternoon and sets off the next morning to a very dubious future with him, simply on the strength of one perfect night together. Not in any way moral, and so far as the Belgians are concerned 'à proscrire'—but what a comment on the frivolity and emptiness of life without the meaning of religion.

To the London Film Festival we owe the showing of *Orfeu Negro*, the film which won for Marcel Camus the Grand Prix at Cannes this year; a whirling kaleidoscope of music and colour, acted largely by coloured actors in Rio and again mostly on location. It is beautiful and wildly exciting but not, I thought, all that original. I suspect that Camus, whose *Mort en Fraude* we have already seen, is one of those Frenchmen whose work does not travel well; his reputation is certainly far higher in France than I myself would put it. The London Film Festival also brought us what is almost the crest of this new wave, François Truffaut's *Les quatre cents coups*, which was shown twice during the Festival's course. This, shot largely in the less glamorous streets of Paris, is a most moving and partly autobiographical story about a young boy who is so totally misunderstood and consequently neglected by every grown-up with whom he is in contact, that almost involuntarily he is pushed into wrong-doing and sent to an approved school as a convenience to his parents. Wonderfully acted by Jean-Pierre L aud as the twelve-year-old, and Patrick Aufay as his worldly chum of the same age, it finishes on an unending tracking shot of the utmost audacity; we see the boy running, running away down to the sea he has always longed to find: just when you think he is certainly going to drown himself he turns and faces the camera with an expression of indescribable resolution which is held until the lights go up. No wonder the O.C.I.C. gave it the prize at Cannes.

By the time that *Hiroshima, mon amour* is seen in London the tally will be complete. Alain Resnais had never made a full-length feature before; like Jack Clayton he seemed to leap fully armed into the arena. This film employs techniques, it has been said, ten years ahead of their time; it certainly shows prodigious originality in its use of lyric cutting and dissolves from past to present, from Hiroshima to Nevers; its curiously personal wide-angled shots, and its general effect of *rallentando*, so unusual compared with contemporary tempo. Faultlessly acted by Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada, it is simply the story of twenty-four hours in Hiroshima which they spend together, twenty-four hours cut off from both their present and their past; but in which her tragic past, at least, is healed and assuaged by his tenderness and understanding. It ends in the air, as it began, but no one who has seen it can ever feel quite the same about the cinema.

We may not have seen the full corpus of the *nouvelle vague*, but we have at least now seen enough to know that this is a small revolution in the present-day cinema, and if enterprising young directors here can summon up the courage to make films free from commercial ligatures and alive with a passionate desire to explore human nature and not to exploit it, films as exhilarating could come out of England too.

MARYVONNE BUTCHER

### FRENCH OPINION

**D**ANILO DOLCI is the latest title in the admirable *Tout le Monde en Parle* series of paper-backs on contemporary controversies (Editions du Cerf, 330 francs). Jean Steinmann, best known hitherto for his biblical studies, gives an informed account of the Sicilian reformer, with extracts from his writings. He shows how radical a challenge to the corruption and poverty of the South is Dolci's weapon of non-violence. His methods 'have not sprung from a metaphysic, but are born of a moral need: that of bringing the Sicilian people out of a rut. Dolci knows very well that the most perfect planning can easily fail so long as men have not changed. The habit of reading, of work, of keeping clean, of settling disputes by discussion rather than by the knife, can't be improvised. It is the fruit of a personal and social education. In the best sense of the word, Dolci's method is a humanism.' Dolci has broken with the Church, and Abbé Steinmann comments:

'He wants the Sicilian people to give up killing, to free their women folk, to learn to work, to educate their children, to dig themselves out of their Asiatic poverty. He looks in Christian sanctity for the moral life rather than for miracles. It is only in the North of Italy, he says, that moral saints are venerated: the crowds in the South go after miracle-workers.'

COLLECTIVE SIN was the principal subject of last summer's International Catholic Conversations at San Sebastian, and *La Revue de L'Action Populaire* underlines the distinction there made between sin properly so called (always personal) and 'the adhesion of depersonalized masses of people to value judgments which are objectively false and which are imposed by social pressures and systematic propaganda, by the press and mechanised means of communication'. In *Etudes* (November), commenting on the distinction, Robert Rouquette remarks that in this context 'personal fault consists above all in an accepted passivity, in the abdication of the critical sense, in the renunciation of a healthy freedom of judgment'.

INTEGRISME is an almost untranslatable French term for ecclesiastical authoritarianism, and, in the political order, for an identification of national interest with the Catholic Church. In an article in *Esprit*, Madeleine Garrigou-Lagrange (who has a surname renowned in quite different contexts) discusses the revival of views which are substantially those of the former *Action Française*, with its use of the Church as a political necessity and the guarantor of threatened institutions. The tragedy of Algeria has provided integrist propagandists with plenty of opportunity to draw their usual moral, and Mlle Garrigou-Lagrange comments:

'It is the eternal problem of "dirty hands", with the astonishing corollary