ally autonomous, we must re-examine all the values which we apply to the daily events and actions of life *before* we make these values form relationships with artistic media, signs and images. These signs and images have a delicacy in this dislocated age which sometimes seems to be beyond the endurance both of art and of artists. Yet only an honest sense and application of useful values can preserve their meaning and integrity. And the whole painful responsibility for this is by no means only with the artists.

Heard and Seen

ENLIGHTENMENT?

The peculiar and precarious balance between elegance and brutality which is the hall-mark of the eighteenth century took many forms, varying widely according to country and society; but basically the intelligence, the vitality and the ruthlessness inherent in its self-confidence are instantly recognisable, whether in Versailles or the vernacular. By one of those curious coincidences endemic in the muddle of the film-exhibitor's world, adaptations of two of the great classics of the period have reached the London screens within a few weeks of each other this summer, one British, the other French.

Fielding's *Tom Jones* appears in a full-blooded Woodfall production, directed very much in the mid-century manner by Tony Richardson from a first-class script by John Osborne, in variable but, on the whole, beautiful Eastman Colour adorning the camera work of one of Britain's best operators, Walter Lassally, and a score by John Addinsell. *Optimus quisque*, as you will note. The coruscating collection of stars studding the cast list means, in the event, that even the smallest parts are so well acted that the whole film has a homogeneity of style that is only too rare in historical pictures. Voltaire's *Candide*, on the other hand, retains its eighteenth century style but not its manner in the modern version directed, produced, adapted and scripted by Norbert Carbonnaux. Though to be sure this black and white picture begins neatly enough by getting the best of both worlds (even if neither is demonstrably the best of all possible ones) with its credit titles set wittily against dissolving *toile de Jouy* backgrounds; moreover the film opens with a fancy dress dance for Cunegonde in which everybody (except Candide himself) makes a first appearance in eighteenth century costume. This, in a way, makes Jean-Pierre Cassel's brief appearance

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here—and again at the end of the film when the same sequence is repeated—clad in sober fullskirted coat and neat stockings, all the more amusing when he breaks into a jiving session with Cunegonde, because it still keeps a hint of period formality.

Tom Jones employs a great number of cinematic tricks in a way that I thought consistently interesting though some critics apparently found it tiresome: I must confess that I felt the alterations between silent passages, sudden fixed stills, direct address to the audience and some admittedly rather arch dissolves to be very diverting. The images themselves are often exceedingly beautiful, with the colour making the best of the soft, sensuous West Country landscape; while the director's acute feeling for the difference between interior and exterior shots—more rare than one might imagine—provides an agreeable variation in tension. It is always a pleasure to find points made visually rather than verbally, and Richardson constantly brings this off skilfully.

The acting is remarkable: Albert Finney as Tom (certainly born to be hanged) is more restrained than one has ever seen him, and the combination of good looks, good temper, good nature and too much sex appeal makes the whole development of the plot inherently cohesive. The contrast between George Devine as Allworthy and Hugh Sinclair as Western points the opposition between the gentility and coarseness of the age very aptly, and in the same way the women—Susannah York's dewy Sophia, Diane Cilento's grubby Molly, Edith Evans' wonderful Miss Western which is a positive aria of high comedy, and Joan Greenwood's delicious Lady Bellaston—are both variations on a theme and a demonstration of the difficulties placed squarely in Tom's path by the author. There are some notable set-pieces in this picture; the long, exciting but horrible hunt-sequence, the scene in which Tom and Jenny Jones sup together in a rising crescendo of gastronomic *double-entendres*, the prison scene in which Tom is always cross-hatched by bars should all be looked out for. And throughout the story is held firmly to its line by the seductive voice of Michael MacLiammoir as narrator, shepherding our eyes and ears back whenever they have any tendency to wander.

Partly because of its modern setting and partly because of the director's deliberate slanting into burlesque, *Candide* conveys much less of the tone of its original. As the hero, however, Jean-Pierre Cassel contrives to act the diffident, baffled, endearing simpleton with a far from diffident style; the way in which he makes it clear from start to finish that Candide never realises what he is up against is delicious. Pierre Brasseur as Pangloss makes no attempt to subdue his exuberance to fit in with any other ingredient in the film, and was often pretty irritating in the process. But most of the other characters—Nadia Gray as the confidante, Dahlia Lavi as Cunegonde and, above all, Poiret and Serrault as two existentialist policemen—play their set-to-partners with real discretion. The chief pleasure of this picture lies in the malicious wit of the actual images which, since the director has made his film almost surrealistically episodic, change so often and so fast that this quality is given very free play indeed.

Candide in 1940, for instance, as the worst soldier in the French forces, drilling with mad incompetence under a French officer, is soon captured by the Germans and forced to serve in their army where he is seen drilling with the same incompetence, watched with the same contempt by a German officer, played by the *same man* who played the French one. This whole episode is given a rather nasty point by the fact that Cassel plays his capture and beating up with deadly seriousness, reminiscent of his *Caporal Epinglé* role: not funny at all, in fact, if you happen to be involved, is what the director is saying. The escape into Switzerland and the inspection by the International Red Cross are given a more savagely satirical emphasis through the images than the dialogue, funny though this is: in the same way, when we get to Argentina, the equation of dictator with bull is visually much more comic than it is verbally, and later again in the Oreillon sequence, with the hurry to get Candide cooked in time for the Chief to get to UN HQ, we find the same thing. Like all good comic actors, Cassel can very easily look heartbroken and in no sequence is this used to better effect than at the end. They are cultivating their garden in a stupor of boredom; Cunegonde has become so ugly that one cannot look at her; the despair on Cassel's face as he contemplates the future makes all the more exhilarating the sudden impulse with which he turns aside the bust of Voltaire and reverses time—the girl is beautiful again and the film switches to the gay little costumed jig which we saw at the beginning.

The two films, it seems fair to say, make more explicit for us, through the treatments chosen by the directors, the contrast between the two works from which they are drawn. Fielding was earlier, of course, and a novelist whose interest in life was perennial, affectionate, ironic and personal; he was also essentially an Englishman in the country tradition. The film seems to me to bring out a good deal of this very well. The Frenchman was primarily an urbane intellectual, an onlooker more than a participant, a satirist more out to put humanity in its place than to help any *fils de St Louis* on his way to heaven, even an enlightened one. The devastating eye which M. Carbonnaux casts on the contemporary scene, from international conferences to the cult of the Little Flower, underlines the argument quite briskly. You will not be wasting your time and money on a visit to either film.

MARYVONNE BUTCHER

POP SONG AND POP HYMN

Denmark Street is a short street leading off the Charing Cross Road opposite Foyle's. It contains restaurants, a bookshop which specialises in books in the Greek language, and, at the far end, a Ministry of Labour outpost for the hotel and catering trades. But it is none of these that gives Denmark Street its peculiar distinction. For Denmark Street is the reputed centre of the pop music industry. In small distempered rooms terms are haggled over. Agents and up and coming