The Cinema of Marguerite Duras: Sound and Voice in a Closed Room

Marguerite Duras has pioneered what she calls the “multiple work of art,” a text which is simultaneously a novel, a play, a dance, a film, an opera. Duras has broken the “rules,” the long-standing codes which separated the various art forms, in order to provide a bridge from one to the other. Such was the case for her highly acclaimed India Song (1976), which premiered as a film and as a play at the same time, while Gallimard published the work in “novel” form.¹ Duras’s sense of the multiple work of art stems from her growing disillusionment with writing and reading as obsolete forms. She writes, she says, from compulsion, maintaining a love-hate relationship with phrases, reading very little herself, acknowledging that others don’t read anymore. The solution seems to be a mass art form, a form which blends into each medium, an answer to mass reproduction, a multiproduc-tive text. That text often operates as a cross between ritual and play, between sleep-walking and future-fantasy, with an aesthetic that could appropriately be termed creative destruction: Some modern ideas in art have destruction as the keynote. Make your art object; tear it to pieces; and make something new out of the pieces. Too often we have been so frightened by destruction and violence that we have not been able to see the essential function of demolition in creative rebuilding.²

Duras has expressed the same thought, in terms of conventions, from a negative framework: “What is habitual is what is worn-out.”³

Her rejuvenating sense of the multiproduc-tive text has been at the root of the apparently anti-cinematic narratives of her recent films. From Détruire dit-elle (Destroy She Said, 1969) to La Femme du Gange (Woman of the Ganges, 1972), from Nathalie Granger (1974) to India Song (1976), Duras has refined her cinematic form, gradually eliminating concrete references for symbolic ones, restricting the camera’s movement and the editor’s arbitrary eclipse-cuts for long, repetitive takes and for fixed frames that are both boring and fascinating, flattened out and trance-inducing. Her narrative, then, operates within a neutralized comic strip and acting gives way to complex sound-image relationships: the “voices” are freed of their speakers, sometimes functioning as pure sounds. Bouncing off the figurative walls of the closed-room frame, sound and voice move in a dialectic between meditation and interview. The dialectic culmi-nates in Le Camion (1978), her most recent film, a metafilm, in which Duras herself encircles the camera as both director and protagonist.

Such formal concerns are usually associated with the most self-conscious of the experimental films in this country, not with commercially viable feature films. That Duras has incorporated this formalism successfully within a narrative tradi-tion is largely a testament to the strength of feminist film criticism and Lacanian film criticism in France, both of which have championed Duras’s films in recent years. But what of the primary film viewing experience? Why are her films so difficult, so boring, yet so important and so rewarding? I first came to Duras as film-maker from having read Moderato Cantabile and having admired the written texts for Hiroshima mon amour (1959) and Une aussi longue absence (1961). But the repetitive poetry of her novels and of those two films was missing in Destroy She Said. I “taught” the film to an undergradu-ate class, and those who hadn’t fallen asleep reported that it was the most boring film they had ever watched. At the time, I assumed the blame and thought that I would need to do a couple more “preparatory” lectures before I taught the film again. Having taught her films for
five more years, I now see that they are a learning experience through confrontation, not through pleasure and identification. Duras is a committed artist who disdains works of art and who has minimal confidence in the impact of an art work upon an audience: thus, her formalism. And for someone who is a novelist with a poet’s ear for music, she is incredibly silent. Unlike Hiroshima mon amour and Une aussi longue absence, Duras’s own films contain no poetic camera movements nor do they fill up the static camera shots with interesting or beautiful spoken text. Her films have forced me to confront film as a potential non-seeing process, one in which split-screen is replaced by split sound tracks. And as her visual sense becomes more assured, more pro forma or perfunctory, Duras’s experiments in sound become more audacious, more subtle and, yes, more formal. Her experiments in language have precisely to do with separating the visual track from the sound track and with breaking down the sound track into autonomous parts of music or spoken text—as audible statement, as memory recall, or simply as the whisperings of longing and desire. I know now that I cannot expect my students to derive immediate pleasure from a Duras film. I also know that from such a confrontation my students have been more readily receptive to the usages of sound in the films of Resnais, Godard or Robert Altman. Accordingly, I think Duras’s films deserve a closer look, one by one.

One of the major metaphors linking the visuals with the sounds and voices in Détruire is that of reading and writing, the dialectic between the two: characters about to become writers, characters unable to start reading. Max Thor asks Stein: “Are you a writer?” Stein answers: “I’m about to become one.” Max Thor and Stein watch Elizabeth Alione. Max Thor says: “She’s been reading the same novel for a week. She must have started, forgotten . . . started again.” Cut from that comment to night and Max Thor asks Stein: “In the dead of night here, to whom can one write?” Stein reads Max Thor’s letter to Elizabeth Alione. Max Thor tells Alissa that he begins a novel every night but that he can’t write. Stein reads Max Thor’s note to Alissa. She tears it up. Elizabeth Alione finally admits: “I don’t like to read.” Max Thor: “Why pretend? Nobody reads.” Elizabeth: “When one’s alone . . . to save face.” She offers him the novel. Max Thor: “No. You have to throw books away.” And in the confrontation with Elizabeth Alione’s husband, he asks them: “Why are you interested in her?” Stein: “For literary reasons.” Husband: “Is she a character in a novel?” Stein: “A remarkable one.” Husband, to Max Thor: “Are you the writer?” Max Thor: “No.” Nobody reads in the film, and the only writing is the beginning of the note from Max Thor to Elizabeth Alione, which Stein reads to Alissa. Elizabeth Alione never reads it. The “destroy” that Alissa pronounces has to do with literacy first of all: reading literacy, writing literacy, visual literacy. And, because the “voices” of the four people don’t usually say what they are really intending to say, because those voices are often interchangeable, because the voices are chanted in recitative fashion with a precise and measured diction (especially Michel Lonsdale’s Stein character), they become the new reading and writing. They suggest the embryonic first formulations of a future dialogue, although at present that dialogue remains richly but rigidly codified: all characters combine in twos, except Stein and Elizabeth Alione, who never confront each other; characters visually present in the frame discuss the characters who are absent; the visualization of two characters present within a frame is often “sabotaged” by off-sound of the two other characters, producing the few cuts in the film.

And, even in those instances when characters seem to be talking with each other, the conversation is “betrayed” by their gazes and by a sub-
jective play of pronouns. For example, Alissa and Elizabeth Alióne finally confront each other in a mirror. It is one of the few times in the film that they look at each other. The irony here is that they have need of reflections in order to face each other; their bodies are not physically facing one another. And as they address each other, they look off in different directions, so that what one says about the other, in that measured chant, is as easily said about oneself: simple dialogue becomes interior monologue. In another instance, Stein joins Alissa inside. He says: “I don’t know you, Alissa, you’re a part of me.” Alissa: “You can’t talk to me, can you?” Stein: “No.” Alissa: “It’s the first time he and I can’t talk with each other.” They do not look at each other as they say their lines. The suggestion in their mono-dialogue is that Stein, the seer of the future, must often borrow the words of Max Thor. He refers to Max Thor elsewhere as “he” when he really means “I” in talking to Alissa. And she in turn moves from the “you” to the “he,” reminiscent of the pronoun-disguise of the Japanese lover in Hiroshima mon amour, in which he assumes the pronoun and identity of the dead German lover in order to unlock Riva’s past and install himself in that memory.

Much of the passion of the people is suggested in the spoken text but never shown on-screen. Alissa tells Stein that Max Thor leaves the window open for Stein to watch them making love. Stein and Alissa go off into the forest to make love. Within the visual frame, there is only the suggestion of passion and the denial of it. Stein says of the open window: “One morning they’ll find the two of you—shapeless, clotted like tar.” The sense of decay he evokes reminds one of the last image of Buñuel’s Un Chien Andalou (1930), with the lovers buried in the sand, or of de Chirico’s masked and misshapen lovers in “Hector and Andromache.” Even the passion must be destroyed if that passion is restrictive. The counter to Stein’s statement is Alissa’s corrective statement to Elizabeth Alióne: “If you had loved someone once, you would have loved all the others.”

Duras’s structure seems often to “deaden” what is visually present in the frame to evoke what is visually absent but present on the sound track. In one of the first meetings between Elizabeth and Alissa, they begin a conversation which, just as it looks as though it might lead somewhere, is “muted” and replaced by a conversation between Max Thor and Stein on the sound track. Yet the camera holds on the two women. The switch in speakers is not used as an immediate cutting device, as in most other films. In Destroy She Said the switch in speakers on the fluid sound track denotes a remove in point of view. The effect is that of the tennis game: there are never any tennis players in the film, but often the sound of tennis balls. The image is deadened, the sound track is animated. In a similar fashion, the effect in the switch of speakers is that of an objective presentation of a scene (Alissa and Elizabeth talking), giving way to a subjective point-of-view presentation of the same scene (the camera stays on them, the sound switches to Max Thor and Stein). Finally, the removed voices cease being voices of an independent conversation to become commentary voices upon the first conversation: Elizabeth Alióne tells Alissa about her difficult pregnancy. Max Thor: “The void is what she’s looking at.” Stein: “Yes, but in the right manner.” Their comments are followed by the sounds of tennis balls, a kind of sound-transition between the four voices. The sound track returns to Alissa and Elizabeth, as though they had once again regained possession of their images. Alissa: “Did you want the baby much?” Elizabeth: “My husband did.” The sound of tennis balls stops. The point here is that Duras not only uses found sounds as symbols (the tennis balls, the forest, the cry of birds, the music and thunder), but also as an integrated “voice” in the narrative. The sound of the tennis balls is “timed” to stop in reaction to Elizabeth Alióne’s response.

Destroy, She Said
The double remove works visually in the film, but it is usually expressed verbally. The camera maintains a minimum of movements and cuts. The minimalist film frame accumulates a trance-boredom not unlike that in Michael Snow's Wave-length (1966-7), while the sounds and voices impose layer upon layer of meaning to the unchanged visual. Alissa recites, as though she were reading the lines from somewhere off-screen. She tells Max Thor that she sees him watching Elizabeth Alione sleeping. The original watching, the original voyeurism, is rephrased by Alissa into a double voyeurism with mutual consent. Nothing is psychologically hidden between these three wandering Jews. Everything is visually hidden from the spectator.

And, as a form of punctuation, the sound of tennis balls begins again as they sit down to play cards. The camera holds on Elizabeth Alione at the card table, but reveals the cards of the other three. The point of the ritualized game is not the game itself, for the three tell Elizabeth that they don't know how to play (only after they've played quite awhile). The camera maintains a rigidity of a cartoon box, a minimalist frame with no signification whatsoever possible. Yet the image is “read” by the voices, the sounds and the structural placement of the players. The punctuation of the tennis-ball sound is a reminder that this game is no more real, no more played by the rules, than the tennis game or the croquet game. The voices of the three surrounding Elizabeth constitute a series of non sequiturs. And the placement of the players assumes importance only when the spectator realizes, along with Elizabeth, that the game is a nonsense game. Elizabeth sits across from Stein and is flanked by Alissa (between her and Stein) and Max Thor. Both Alissa and Max Thor are potential lovers for Elizabeth. Stein sits opposite because he is the counter to Elizabeth: just as she is the one the others wish to engage, he is the one who never engages. Just as she is the most “real” character in the film, he is the most mythical.

In such extremely long takes with such static frames, the unattentive viewer goes to sleep or leaves the film. The attentive viewer looks at the directional gazes of the characters, the pauses in their speeches, the gestures of the eyes and hands and the music or found sound or other characters' speeches on the sound track. Ironically, the camera immobility, in conjuction with the free play of sound and voices, creates an intensified viewing experience, often approximating through point of view and reaction shots the complete destruction of the shot/reaction shot (with synch sound) format traditionally used for conversations in film. For instance, when Elizabeth Alione leaves, goes outside to throw up, the camera subtly takes her place at the table and fixes on the husband. The voices of the other three must be “heard” against this visual of the husband and his stupefied looks. When Elizabeth comes back, her return constitutes a real “event” in the film, for the camera must move to make room for her. Likewise, the mobile camera moves over the empty park, while the characters are still inside, as though they were not allowed that mobility. And, while they discuss the sounds of guns or thunder from the approaching forest, the camera remains on them. The refusal to go to the sounds is underscored by the falling light and Duras's portrait of the three in shadows, with Alissa's enigmatic comment: “It's music to the name of Stein.” Stein and Max Thor, both men with monosyllabic names from Germany and the Norse Gods, and shadows bathing the characters, as in the “twilights of the Gods”—all this symbolism can only be suggested, for it is never explained in the film. The film ends on the three of them, fixed and immobile, coming to closure on a tableau, a still photograph. And that final freeze, however, suggests an expansion of time in the freeze-frame of space, as Roland Barthes has pointed out:

When we look at a still photograph, we do not see a presence “being there” for this definition is too loose and can be applied to any copy—but a presence that “has been there.” We therefore have a new category of space-time: place present but time past—so that in still photography there is an illogical conjunction of here and then . . .

With Woman of the Ganges Duras breaks completely with convention: specifically, the image-sound relationship, whereby we always look to the visuals and “trust” them, while not always hearing or saving the sound, even deliberately losing the sound, mistrusting the sound. Duras gives birth to two womens’ voices, with the
following caveat: *Woman of the Ganges* is really two films: one of the images, one of voices. The voices do not belong to the two women in the images, who know nothing of those unseen voices. With that caveat, Duras proceeds with her most visually austere film, a film of static shots and seemingly overdue cuts, with little fluidity or continuity between shots, except in their long duration or in their repetition. In this way, she forces the spectator to “look” to the voices. She even confuses the issue more by having the voices refer to the characters in a vague and generic way instead of using their proper names (Lol V. Stein, Anne-Marie Stretter, Michael Richardson). These characters are designated as “the man on the beach,” “the woman in black,” “the man from India” and “the woman of the Ganges.” They move like zombies through the frame, while Duras’s camera holds on the empty spaces they leave. Their “story,” their entire existence as characters, is dependent upon the voices, who remember the story as they go along, reproducing the same voice level and emotions (fear, anguish, longing, desire, etc.) as would be expected from an event happening for the first time (but not a memory).⁵

The voices must explain what would otherwise be enigmatic gesturing in the frame. First voice: “Have they lost their memories? Yes, their memories are outside them now.” The accompanying visual is of Anne-Marie Stretter and two men looking up at the hotel without seeming to notice the wandering Lol V. Stein, who is presumed physically dead by all other characters, but who “survives” both in their fixed memories and in her own desire and longing. She survives visually but has no speech. The beggar women of India, equally mythical and more patently political, survive on the sound track but are never shown on the screen. In another instance, the voices hum, an approximation of memory itself, to a visual of footprints diverging on the beach.

These women’s voices not only tell the story of the past that the visuals refuse to show, they also “lose” the story and become pure emotions. The first voice is fascinated by the story of the characters in the frame. The second voice is fascinated by the first voice. Sometimes, their speeches refer both to the characters within the narrative and to each other, especially when there is a physical change in the voices: abrupt pauses or silences, whispering or lyrical whining, chanting or screaming.

Thus, the voices arrange both the time frames and the continuity in the narrative. The voices begin a reconstruction of the ball in *S. Thala*; the narration is as though for a flashback, but there is no corresponding cut or difference whatsoever in the visuals. The same, unchanged “present” visuals become the “past.” Duras’s use of repeated visuals enhances the easy slippages between time frames: walking down the corridor, looking up at the hotel from outside, walking on the beach. Duras even allows an ironic protest on the part of the visuals. There is what appears to be an explanatory insert in the film, as though the camera wished to show what the voices had not stated: a woman writes a letter, and in one of the few close-ups in the film, we see the letter. It reads: “S Thala. Oct. 9. Don’t regret anything. I will stay in S Thala forever and ever.” Duras is here using a film convention to destroy it. The letter in *Casablanca* or the newspaper headlines in *Citizen Kane* are clear examples of explanatory inserts. The letter in *Woman of the Ganges*, written by a dead woman, explains nothing. Far from explaining anything, the insert actually poses new problems for the narrative and is, thus, an enigmatic insert, a stumbling block, a trap.⁶

And yet there are visual codes which allow for meanings in the frame that are not explained by the voices. For example, we see a blue photograph of Lol V. Stein. Later, there is a blue shot of the evening (the hotel, the beach). Finally, there is a blue shot of nothing, empty air. The progression sets up a symbolic path for the mechanism of memory, from the visual reminder to the objects and surroundings of that memory to the void and absence of anything tied to the memory. But the apparent order in the imagery is contradicted by the found objects and sounds which operate as triggers of the past or as debris in the present: the empty tennis courts, the abandoned bicycle of Anne-Marie Stretter, the spilled flowers, the piano tune, the sound of birds, the repeated and invading sounds of the ocean. The sound of the piano, operating at what seems to be an anarchistic level, comes when it will to haunt the charac-
ters with its incomplete reprises suggesting fragments of memory. At the same time, the visuals on the checkerboard floor or the empty beach suggest only absence and abandonment. There is, then, in this dialectic between the image and the sound, a forgetting in the present (as the film progresses) as a consequence of the remembering of the past.

But finally, there emerges a fixed narrative structure to the film, perceptible only in the final sequences. The constant movement on the beach contrasts with the immobility inside the hotel. And progressively, the characters’ voices usurp the voices of the sound track, even though the two women in the film never speak to each other. Thus, silence, when it comes late in the film, signifies shock or remembrance of death and abandonment for the characters within the frame rather than a pause in the commentary of the voices without bodies. And finally, the characters’ voices are also usurped by the memory-triggers which will survive the memory: the piano tune and the sound of ocean waves.

With Nathalie Granger Duras returned to a common setting in France. And if Woman of the Ganges is her least accessible film, then Nathalie Granger is her most accessible. The irony here is that the easy access is a trap of no exit, in the Sartrian sense. Minus the richly textured voices of Woman of the Ganges, Nathalie Granger plays out in a closed room with little or no distraction or interference from the outside world. The husband in the film leaves after the first sequence. The children are also gone. Two mothers go from room to room with nothing to do. There are two “interventions” in their entrapment: the first comes from the radio and news of a kidnapping involving, one suspects, their children. The other intervention is the visit by the door-to-door salesman who tries to sell them a new brand of washing machine. He increases his efforts and his desperation as it becomes clear to him that, not only are they not interested, but they aren’t even listening. They look at him, they ask him questions that have nothing to do with his product, but they don’t listen to him. The poignancy of the film derives from this stylized hard-sell that ends in his shrinking ego and loss of identity, for it is the only moment of potential communication in the film, other than Nathalie’s love-hate relationship with the piano.

Duras returns with India Song to the plot and setting of Woman of the Ganges, but with more action in the frame, more cutting (very few long takes) and a more directly political relationship between Anne-Marie Stretter (who was brought to the Far East as a new bride at the age of eighteen and subsequently spent time in almost every consulate in the Far East) and the beggar woman (who was sold at the age of eighteen and has been wandering ever since). Duras still operates with a minimalist frame, a closed room format, but the technique is both more richly codified and more visually interesting than in Woman of the Ganges. For example, she has qualified both the camera and the objects photographed by the camera: “In this film I decided to use the plan américain (medium shot), because close-ups pull people into the story. Everything is badly framed and badly shown. Deliberately.” The visual compensation for this framing and camera set-up comes in the lush color contrasts and the symbolic contrasts between objects, especially those between the ruins outdoors and the mirror indoors. Duras has stated that the mirror moments are the only moments in the film that constitute “present” time, while all else, and especially the shots of the ruins, constitutes the “past.” And the rectangular shape of the mirror calls into doubt even the “present” of the images and reflected images. And yet the mirror sequences are fascinating both in terms of doubled time and reflected point of view. For example, Anne-Marie dances with the young attaché at one point, while

Nathalie Granger
the Vice-Consul and Michael Richardson converse off-screen. But, because the mirror is directly behind the dancing couple, they are doubled at every turn. Everything is reflected, as it was then, as it is now. And the “wall” that reflects everything also suggests that the filming camera is but another mirror, itself. In another sequence later in the film, Anne-Marie dances with the young attaché in the left-foreground and center of the frame. Point of view and voyeurism come through to the spectator, even though they cannot be appreciated by characters within the film, for on the right of the frame, Michael Richardson is reflected in the mirror, watching the dancing couple and smoking a cigarette. Duras’s use of the mirror “levels” into one visual plane two distinct spatial points, so that Richardson’s reflection seems to be standing right behind the dancing couple.

But, as with her other films, what makes India Song such a masterful film is Duras’s complex and innovative use of sound. The two voices of Woman of the Ganges return for the first half of India Song, but are gradually succeeded by two other voices, one of which (a male voice) is fascinated by the fiction at hand and asks the other (the voice of Duras) to help him remember, and her voice, while providing the details, also fears for the safety of the “partner” voice. As with Woman of the Ganges, these voices are anonymous and the characters within the frame are supposedly unaware of them. For example, Michael Richardson fondles the partially naked body of Anne-Marie Stretter. Duras’s notation for the scene is as follows: “The hand of Michael Richardson—the lover—stops fondling her body at precisely that moment (the moment when the second voice declares: “I love you with an absolute desire.”), as though this last phrase of the second voice caused him to stop.” Conversely, these women’s voices slow down and follow the rhythm of the lover’s hand, and their monotone breaks into a lyrical chant.

There is an even more direct relationship between the voices and the voices of the characters within the visual frame. As the film progresses, those characters’ voices become like the soundtrack voices. Duras’s notations demand a strict adherence to code:

The diction, in general, will be of an extreme precision. It should never appear completely natural. A slight defect ought to be practiced and perfected during rehearsals: it will be common to all the voices. One should have the feeling of a reading, but carried-over, that is: already played-out. This is what we call: “the interior reading voice.” Remember that, on-screen, absolutely no word will be spoken.

Within the film frame, then, silence reigns, while characters figuring in the frame are surrounded by sound, fragments of sentences off-camera: the sounds that build up the illusion of the bodies of other people, the sounds that build up the sense of the past within the present. These off-camera sounds also serve to emphasize the songs of the beggar woman and the tune on the piano. Thus, this “interior reading monologue” of voices serves both a narrative and political function.

But there are numerous other sound-image relationships besides the voices-to-voices relationships. There are contrapuntal relationships between sounds: “The chant of Savannakhet stops with the sounds of gunfire, as though the chant of Savannakhet, itself, had been fired upon.” There are relationships between sound and light: “In an inverse movement that is rigorously symmetrical at the same time, the light increases to the intensity it had before the sounds of gunfire made it diminish.” Another example of the sound-light relationship is even more political: the 14th of Beethoven elicits the light from the crematorium where the bodies of those who have died of hunger are being burned. There are relationships between the visual object and its sonorous symbolism: “The void is around everything, bottomless and without end. It’s a sound: the ocean.” In this instance, the sound makes meaningful the enigmatic shots of the ocean, as though the image and its sound-equivalent were two separate things.

Finally, Duras has arranged all these sounds in an order, one coming after the other, machine-gun fashion, all competing for the spectator’s attention, all competing with the images.

The sound elements come one after the other, for example, in the following order:

(1) the wind
(2) sound of the ocean
(3) sirens
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(4) screeching of birds
(5) dancing13

Even in the sound designated as “dancing,” there is progression with meaning, from the blues to the tango to the fox trot. The film’s final sound-image contrast, though, is perhaps Duras’s most striking example of the possibilities in her new forms. For the first time, the reprise of “India Song” is not played to dancing nor even to the fictional characters who never resolve their past. Instead, it is played to the wanderings of the beggar woman. The woman is still unseen, so she remains more idea than character, more myth than fixed (and finite) reality. The camera travels along a map of her wanderings, but in reverse, retracing her steps, to show how she got to be the Woman of the Ganges. More active than at any other time in the film, the camera moves in close-up from Calcutta to Rangoon, down by Bangkok, and ending on the Mekong, ironic and nonfictional allusion to the trauma of Vietnam.

With a film frame so compressed, with actors moving as though they were statues and reciting as though they were reading from an old hymnal, and with the proliferation of unidentified voices and the plethora of symbolic sounds on the sound track, the wonder is that Marguerite Duras has been able to continue making films and acquire any following at all. One thing is certain: her recent successes will not induce a lapse into formula. It seems a safe prediction that she will expand the possibilities of sound in film even further.

NOTES

1. The beginnings of her concept of the multiple work of art are, of course, in her apprenticeship with Alain Resnais and the emphasis he and other film-makers of the “literary” New Wave (Robbe-Grillet, Jean Cayrol, Chris Marker, Agnes Varda) placed on the published text of a film, so that the text was meant to be read as well as viewed.

5. Duras’s films pose enormous problems for the critic. The split in Woman of the Ganges between the film of the images and the film of the voices is very difficult to render adequately in “linear” criticism. One interesting approach to the film is Barbara Halpern Martineau’s split criticism (reflecting the split of the film) in “Woman of the Ganges,” Jump Cut, No. 5 (January-February 1975), pp. 13-15.
6. The enigmatic insert has by and large replaced the explanatory insert in many modern films and especially in the films of Godard and Robbe-Grillet.
7. Duras offered these comments after the première of India Song at the New York Film Festival in 1976.
9. India Song. p. 58.
10. India Song. p. 28.
11. India Song. p. 29.
12. India Song. p. 139.
13. India Song. p. 124.