

20 | Luc Moullet: 'Sam Fuller: In Marlowe's Footsteps'

('Sam Fuller – sur les brisées de Marlowe',
Cahiers du Cinéma 93, March 1959)

Young American film directors have nothing at all to say, and Sam Fuller even less than the others. There is something he wants to do, and he does it naturally and effortlessly. That is not a shallow compliment: we have a strong aversion to would-be philosophers who get into making films in spite of what film is, and who just repeat in cinema the discoveries of the other arts, people who want to express interesting subjects with a certain artistic style. If you have something to say, say it, write it, preach it if you like, but don't come bothering us with it.

Such an *a priori* judgment may seem surprising in an article on a director who admits to having very high ambitions, and who is the complete *auteur* of almost all his films. But it is precisely those who classify him among the intelligent screenwriters who do not like *The Steel Helmet* or reject *Run of the Arrow* on his behalf or, just as possibly, defend it for quite gratuitous reasons.

Machiavelli and the cuckoo-clock

On coherence. Of fourteen films, Fuller, a former journalist, devotes one to journalism; a former crime reporter, he devotes four to melodramatic thrillers; a former soldier, five to war. His four Westerns are related to the war films, since the perpetual struggle against the elements in the course of which man recognizes his dignity, which is the definition of pioneer life in the last century, is extended into our time only in the life of the soldier: that is why 'civilian life doesn't interest me' (*Fixed Bayonets*).

In *The Dark Page*,¹ a slight crime story, cobbled together at top speed, an ambitious journalist, who has made the grade, accidentally kills his former mistress; as an act of bravado, as a game, and through professional necessity, he assigns his best reporter to the case and, as a result, he is led to commit murder after murder to avoid being found out. The problem: the portrayal – and thus the calling into question – of fascist behaviour,

as in *Touch of Evil*. But there, Quinlan and Vargas go hand in fist: the aesthetic dimension of the former – for fascism is beautiful – and the moral dimension of the latter – he alone has reason on his side – complement each other. Welles repudiates Quinlan, but he is Quinlan: a classic contradiction which can be traced back to the end of the Middle Ages, in the Italian Renaissance and the Elizabethan drama, and which is admirably well defined in the famous parable of the cuckoo-clock in *The Third Man*. With Fuller, it's different: abandoning the realm of the absolute, he presents us with a compromise between ethics and violence, each necessary to contain the excesses of the other. The behaviour of Adam Jones, the captain in *Hell and High Water*, the profession of soldier, of detective, even of film director, all reflect this compromise. The intrepid soldiers of *The Steel Helmet* derive the same kind of satisfaction from killing as the gangsters in *Pickup on South Street*. Only a certain initiation into the domain of relativity can provide us with a glimpse of higher realms. Rotters become saints. No one can recognize himself in them. It is for the love of a woman that the treacherous Bob Ford, the most shameful character in the whole of the Wild West saga, kills Jesse James. It is for the love of a woman that James Reavis, who has become the Baron of Arizona thanks to a monstrous conspiracy that has lasted for twenty years, confesses everything at the very moment when he has nothing more to fear, and sends himself off to prison for seven years. It is the cowardly, anti-militarist Denno who becomes the war hero (*Fixed Bayonets*). It is Skip, a pickpocket, who, thanks to a woman's love, snatches back the vital documents that Communist spies have just intercepted, and who by this act rehabilitates himself (*Pickup on South Street*). Charity Hackett, the gangsterish chief editor at Park Row, is finally brought to submission by the determination of her Democrat opponent, Phineas Mitchell, a man she has tried to bring down by every possible means; she saves him from ultimate ruin and marries him. Here, as in *Fixed Bayonets*, we find traces of the Wellesian theme of the double which becomes in *House of Bamboo* the basic framework: the identity of the investigator who is in league with the gangsters is only revealed to us in the middle of the film, and nothing before that allows us to distinguish him from any of the others. And it is the gang leader who stretches out a helping hand, who saves his life. 'Fuller, so decisive, so virile, is, paradoxically, a master of ambiguity,' says Domarchi. Here, the study of two characters gives a deeper meaning to a juxtaposition which in Welles merely reflects the strategies of a bad conscience. Quinlan and Vargas can't be compared since they are complementary; they are, ultimately, the constituent parts of a single person, the *auteur*. Here, on the other hand, Sandy and Eddie *can* be compared. That doesn't prevent Welles from being immeasurably greater than Fuller – quite the contrary. It would be a pretty safe bet, moreover, that if Welles does ever go to see *Run of the Arrow*, he will have got up and left out of exasperation before the credits come up.

Fuller above politics

For non-conformity, *Run of the Arrow* beats all records: immediately after the Southern defeat, the Confederate O'Meara goes off to fight with the Sioux against Northern oppression. Half convinced by Captain Clark, the Yankee liberal who shows him the futility of his hatred, and influenced by the unfortunate example of the Yankee fascist, Lieutenant Driscoll, he returns home. Fuller himself, in the *New York Times* in July 1956, was quite explicit about the meaning of this fable which, in his view, explained the difficulties faced by present-day American governments: an administration's political adversaries, at whatever moment in history, seek to hasten their revenge by allying with the country's enemies. That is open to several possible interpretations, and Fuller suggests that the alliance with the Indians after the Civil War corresponds, in terms of the Southern question, to an alliance with the most violent elements in the Black Power movement. Contrary to what has been said about Fuller, he is not in any way Manichean, even less than Brooks, since there are two types of Northerner, two types of Southerner, plus four types of Indian. *Humanité Dimanche* may well be surprised by such confusion: 'The Southerners are anti-racist, the Northerners racist, the Indians pro-American and some of the Americans pro-Indian.' When the renegades are led to contradict themselves, i.e. by having to massacre their fellow citizens, they do an about-turn: 'The end of this story can only be written by you', or, if you prefer, since the date is July 1956, the life of the United States depends on the voting paper you drop into the ballot box next November. Apparently, then, what we have here is a nationalist, reactionary, Nixonian film. Could Fuller really be the fascist, the right-wing extremist who was denounced not so long ago in the Communist press? I don't think so. He has too much the gift of ambiguity to be able to align himself exclusively with one party. Fascism is the subject of his film, but Fuller doesn't set himself up as a judge. It is purely an inward fascism he is concerned with rather than with any political consequences. That is why Meeker's and Steiger's roles are more powerfully drawn than Michael Pate's in *Something of Value*: Brooks is far too prudent to feel directly involved, whereas Fuller is in his element; he speaks from experience. And on fascism, only the point of view of someone who has been tempted is of any interest.

It is a fascism of actions rather than of intentions. For Fuller does not seem to have a good head for politics. If he claims to be of the extreme right, is that not to disguise, by a more conventional appearance, a moral and aesthetic attitude which belongs to a marginal and little respected domain?

Is Fuller anti-Communist? Not exactly. Because he confuses, partly no doubt for commercial reasons, communism and gangsterism, Communism and Nazism. He invents the representatives of Moscow, about whom he knows nothing, on the basis of what he does know, through his own experience, about Nazis and gangsters. We must not forget that he only

talks about what he knows. When he depicts the enemy (and in *The Steel Helmet*, *Fixed Bayonets* and *Hell and High Water*, he usually tries just to avoid doing so), it is a very abstract, conventional enemy. Only the dialogue dots the i's, and it is really unfortunate that *Pickup on South Street* and *China Gate* should remain *verboten*² to us for such an unjustified reason.

Morality is a question of tracking shots.³ These few characteristics derive nothing from the way they are expressed nor from the quality of that expression, which may often undercut them. It would be just as ridiculous to take such a rich film simply as a pro-Indian declaration as it would be to take Delmer Daves for a courageous anti-racist director because there is a clause in each of his contracts which stipulates that there will be love affairs between people of different races. The unsuspecting public is taken in and he always ends up on the right side of the fence.

A modern cinema

The camera glides along to the left, looking up towards a cornfield of striking golden-yellow tones, strewn with the corpses of soldiers clothed in dark and dirty uniforms, their bodies curiously twisted up; then it pulls up to frame on Meeker, asleep on his horse, in a pitiful state. Against a background of dense black smoke, Steiger stands out, just as filthy but wearing peasant clothes. He shoots Meeker, goes to search his victim, discovers food in his pockets, squats down on the body to eat what he has found; noticing there is bread too, he takes some; he lights a cigar. Meeker begins to groan; his peace disturbed, Steiger goes to sit a bit further off. Close-up of him chewing and smoking. Then the title of the film comes up, inscribed in huge red letters on his brow and chin. This must be the first time that the credits have been projected on a man's face, and on the face of a man who is in the middle of eating. The sequence, worthy of a place in an anthology of modern cinema, reveals already some of the principal virtues of our director.

1 The poetic feeling for camera movement. For many ambitious film directors, movements of the camera are dependent on dramatic composition. Never so for Fuller, in whose work they are, fortunately, totally gratuitous: it is in terms of the emotive power of the movement that the scene is organized. At the end of *The Steel Helmet*, for example, that slow tracking of the camera as, under the passionate bursts of machine-gun fire, the enemy soldiers sink to the ground in a rhythmic musical pattern. *Fixed Bayonets* is full of very long tracking shots, in which the camera describes a complete circle, and, for good measure, of close-ups as well; springing from face to face, they too are imprinted with a fascinating rhythm.

2 A humour based on ambiguity. Here it is the contrast between Meeker's agonizing body and the starved impassiveness of Steiger. Later, in an astonishing close-up, we see a Southern peasant disgorge the whole force of his hatred of the Yankees in song. Add to that a few remarks on the

US Constitution which, in present-day terms, are quite cutting. Walking Coyote confesses that, if he hasn't tried to become the chief of his tribe, it's because he can't stand politics. Indignant that there are moves to hang him, he cries: 'Oh! what have we come to! It wasn't like that in my day! Today there's no more morality. The young massacre the old, they kill, they get drunk, they rape.' It is an outburst which would be quite at home in *Les Tricheurs*⁴ or in some American sociological film, and which, put into the mouth of a Sioux in 1865, makes us snigger. Every piece of dialogue is, for Fuller, a way of amusing himself by disconcerting us; he pretends to adopt all points of view, and that's what makes his humour sublime. Every love scene (the one with the eyebrows in *House of Bamboo*, the tattooing and the slap in *Hell and High Water*, which is also a splendid send-up of polyglot commercialese) is basically a very banal idea made effective by a text full of verve and originality.

We need madmen

3 A re-creation of life which has very little to do with the version that the screen imposes on us. Rather than to the civilized Brooks, it is to *L'Atalante* that we should refer. Fuller is a coarse character: everything he does is incongruous. There is a grain of madness in him. But we really need madmen, for cinema is the most realist of all the arts; and in portraying existence, sane directors have remained faithful to traditions established over centuries by literature and painting, arts which have had to set aside even the most superficial of truths on account of their own temporally and visually limited realism. Only the insane can hope one day to create a work comparable to the living model, which will even so never attain a tenth of the truth of the original. But that's the highest bid. In Fuller we see everything that other directors deliberately excise from their films: disorder, filth, the unexplainable, the stubbly chin, and a kind of fascinating ugliness in a man's face. It was a stroke of genius to choose Rod Steiger, a short, squat, oafish character, completely lacking in stature, whose squashed-down hat hides his features whenever there is the slightest high angle shot, but whose ungainly manner and bearing confer on him the force of life itself. Our director's predilection for corpulent or plump characters may already have been noticed: Gene Evans, for example, has the starring role in four of his films. And, applying to these characters Truffaut's celebrated *auteur* theory,⁵ his esteem diminishes with the number of kilos. Those slim heroes with angular profiles, John Ireland, Vincent Price, Richard Basehart, Richard Kiley, Richard Widmark, haven't the necessary weight not to be tempted into despicable acts. Man belongs to the order of the earth, and he must resemble it, in all the harshness of its beauty.

Fuller is a primitive, but an intelligent primitive, which is what gives his work such unusual resonances; the spectacle of the physical world, the spectacle of the earth, is his best source of inspiration, and if he is

attached to human beings, it is only to the extent that they are themselves attached to the earth. That's why woman is often not mentioned (except in *Park Row*, *Pickup on South Street* and *Forty Guns*, where she behaves like Fullerman men; except in *Hell and High Water*, *China Gate* and again *Forty Guns*, where Fuller suggests with an insane talent the contrast between the angel and the beast, thus removing all ambivalence). That is why he is especially interested in men's physique – he is inspired a hundred times by the naked bodies of the Indians, just as he was by the naked bodies of the sailors in *Hell and High Water*; coming out of *Run of the Arrow*, one has the impression of never having seen real Indians before in a Western – and the part of the body that interests him more particularly still is the one that is constantly in contact with the ground: Fuller has a thing about feet, no doubt about that. In the foreground, at the encounter with *Walking Coyote*, the camera scrapes the earth, re-frames on feet, and only accidentally pulls up towards faces. And this style even becomes the foundation of the symbolic dimension of the work: the *Run of the Arrow*, the pivot and the title of the film, is also the run of a man in moccasins, pursuing a man without shoes (who is moreover a foot soldier, and who after meeting a certain *Walking Coyote* marries a certain *Yellow Moccasin*). The best man is the one with the strongest feet. Bloody feet, tired feet, heavy efficient feet, light feet, booted feet, with what amazing virtuosity Fuller, who had had all the time he could wish to study the question during his visit to Japan, delineates the different styles of the runners. Who better than he could film the Olympic Games in Rome next year? Buttocks have star billing too, since thirty seconds are devoted to a meticulous study of the problem of the comfort of the horseman on his saddle.

A Vigo-esque disorder

A tellurian director, a poet of the tellurian, he takes a passionate interest in the instinctive. He likes to show suffering in a way that is even more sadistic than De Mille: amputations (even the deliberate cutting off of a hand in *Hell and High Water*), the painful extraction of bullets from one's own body (*Fixed Bayonets*) or from someone else's body (*Run of the Arrow*) with great loss of blood. A defenceless kid is mown down on a corner of *Park Row*. Love itself does not neglect the joys of sadism (*Pickup on South Street*). After being knocked down by repeated blows of a hammer, the Jap in *Hell and High Water* complains that he hasn't been hit hard enough – as if it were just a sham. A festival of cruelties and orgies. *Run of the Arrow* ends with that splendid shot in which Meeker, who is being skinned alive, receives the *coup de grâce* in the form of a bullet right in the middle of his perspiring, bloody brow.

I have referred to Vigo, and the parallel is even more evident in *Pickup*, *Steel Helmet* and especially *Fixed Bayonets*: with a carefully worked out script and in a carefully planned shot, Fuller composes actions which have no reference to any prefabricated dramaturgy. All kinds of odd things are

going on, and it is really difficult to make anything of it at all. The relationships of the soldiers between themselves, moral relationships and relationships within the frame, when all the faces are turned towards a different subject, create a whole labyrinth of meanings. And you can apply to Fuller what Rivette says about Vigo: 'He suggests an incessant improvisation of the universe, a perpetual and calm and self-assured creation of the world.'

Anti-Tati

On the formal level, we discover, for the first time in fact, that 'Fabrice at Waterloo'⁶ quality to which attention has so often and so indulgently been drawn in articles on minor filmlets. The bizarre side of Fuller explains his liking for exotic settings – six of his films are situated in the Far East – mysterious pagodas (*The Steel Helmet*), statues, houses and furniture in Japanese style (*House of Bamboo*), which have as much relief, are as convincingly real, as the subway, the backyards of Chicago tenements and the houses on piles in *Pickup*. And above all, when it's a matter of evoking the complexity of modern machinery, Fuller becomes the greatest director in the world – for him, the artificial universe and the natural universe have the same characteristics: he can render admirably well the bristling, massive and mysterious aspect of firearms, of a munitions dump (*China Gate*), of a brand new office block (*House of Bamboo*), of the innards of a submarine, where the successive variations of background colouring heighten the realism and the originality, or an atomic plant (*Hell and High Water*). Nature also can provide a baroque decor: extraordinary misty woodland settings in *Steel Helmet* and snow-clad mountains in *Fixed Bayonets*.

An exception among the great colourists, he, like Joseph MacDonald,⁷ prefers the intermediate shades, browns, blackish ochres, pale violets, off-whites, the colours of the earth, to the boldness of the rainbow, suggested however by the amusement park in *House of Bamboo* and the plastic forms of *Run of the Arrow*.

A film made with his feet

If, at every moment, *Fixed Bayonets* created a series of original relationships between the heroes, and chiselled faces with a consummate art, it is not at all the same with *Run of the Arrow*, in which we find these person to person confrontations only in occasional flashes. O'Meara and Driscoll, Crazy Wolf and O'Meara, Driscoll and Crazy Wolf, with their smiles out of the corner of their mouths, prefigure the joys of competing or, with their dirty looks, restrain their anger when a third party or a woman intervenes. The taste for battle, for violence, creates a feeling of complicity between the adversaries, for the sake of which one saves the other. This

theme taken from *House of Bamboo* reappears several times here. Yet that only goes to make up a tiny part of the whole. Why?

While at Fox, Fuller was obliged to respect certain established practices with regard to the shooting script and the actual filming. He had to *work* within them, and that involved a great deal of care and effort. Having his own company, with its Shakespearian name,⁸ six hundred miles from Hollywood, he was, on the other hand, as free as a bird. The screenplay, with its subtle correspondences, is extremely carefully worked out, but the film suffers – and benefits – from a constant lack of balance. Since Fuller likes to shoot a series of scenes that please him, rather than a complete entity, when he's free he neglects all the rest, all those obligatory transitions: he brushes them aside either during the scripting or during the shooting – hence the numerous gaps – or he loses interest in them – and his direction of actors becomes practically non-existent. *Fixed Bayonets* was disorder within order, a perfect formal synthesis of the Fullerman ethic of compromise. It was his masterpiece to the extent that madness can only really express itself through a surfeit of reason. Whereas *Run of the Arrow* is the triumph of the offhand, of the casual, of the lazy. Perhaps no director has ever gone so far in the art of throwing a film together (except the unfortunate Josef Shafteel in *The Naked Hills*). Whatever the extent of his negligence, one cannot but be fascinated by the spontaneity it brings with it. *Fixed Bayonets* is, or soon will be, a classic, whereas *Run of the Arrow* will remain a film for the bedside table. Fuller is an amateur; he is lazy, agreed. But his film *expresses* amateurism and laziness: and that is already a lot.

If the film didn't make a cent in America, that's because Fuller, who had complete responsibility, sent only a set of rushes to RKO, who cut it; Universal recut and Rank cut more still. Quite rightly, no one believed in the success of a film Sam Fuller had made with his feet, as Mrs Sarita Mann so nicely puts it: that's why the distribution got clogged up. But the cuts don't seem to have detracted much from the value of *Run of the Arrow*: it lacks above all what is never lacking in the production-line film, those sempiternal, improvised and ridiculous continuity shots.

Filming comes easy to him

What we find precious is that this animal Fuller trekked freely around Arizona for five long weeks – one of his longest shooting schedules! – with a budget of a million dollars – God knows what he did with it all! – and to bring back what? One hundred and fifty shots, which have become two hundred in the final print, linked together by impossible dissolves. And such shots! There is already nothing ordinary about his style (except in the clumsy classicism of his first piece): it's a good roughneck style! The medium close shot [*plan américain*], the perfect figure of classicism, is rare in his work, or mediocre. When he is interested in several people or objects, long shot; when it's one or two, close-up. Fuller is the poet of the

close-up which, because of its elliptical nature, is always full of surprises (the beginning of *Steel Helmet*), and which gives an unexpected relief to faces or to blades of grass, accustomed in the commercial cinema to being treated with little reverence. But here, he makes even less effort: either there is talk – a lot of it, or there is action – a lot of that too; when someone is saying something interesting, he is after all hardly going to play around having it acted or using different angles to make the scene less theatrical. Clark tries to convince O'Meara of the error of his ways. A long speech. The reverse field? I'm still waiting for it. For at least four or five minutes, we see the pair of them sitting side by side without moving, exactly what the film school ABC⁹ says should not happen.

This lack of effort is irritating, but such riches emerge from it! It is wrong to say that Fuller is inspired (since that means imagining the possibility that he might not be) when he films *actively*. Instinctive, a born director, he is someone to whom filming comes easy. It is enough for him just to be himself at every moment – which is something we could repeat in connection with a minor Ray piece like *The True Story of Jesse James*. His rough sketches take us by surprise and are more powerful, more revealing than a fine piece of construction. He can allow himself to mix styles: there is a completeness, a world ranging from the living desert with its clumps of spherical trees to O'Meara's delirium amid the smoke, from those burlesques filmed with an Eisenstein-like plasticity to the rigorous and Fordian composition of the distance shots of the attack on the fort. Traces of Fritz Lang were also apparent in *House of Bamboo*, in the geometrical organization of the hold-up scene, or of the billiard game, and similarly in *Pickup* (Moe's death). Even so, because of a kind of poetic homogeneity, it is always still Fuller, with its force of the instantaneous and of the unfinished.

Marlowe and Shakespeare

We accept more easily the scene – which, on reflection, has a symbolic value – in which the Yankee soldier, irritated by his syncopated calls on the harmonica, saves the young Indian mute from the quicksand at the cost of his own life, precisely because it isn't integrated into the film: thus intentions are continually being corrected by *mise en scène*. Fuller, who seemed so strongly attached to his fine ideas on America and the beauty of democratic life, contradicts himself in every frame: it is patently obvious that the customs of the Sioux inspire and please him infinitely more than the prospect of the peaceful life by the fireside so magnificently celebrated by Brooks and Hawks, as the numerous platitudes of the *mise en scène* show, a *mise en scène* which is here that of a critic, a politician, and a moralist.

Hence, in the last analysis, Fuller actually follows a path which is the opposite of Welles's, and one can say that there is a difference between them – which exists also in the realm of values – of the same order as the

one between Marlowe and Shakespeare, with all the consequences that implies.

Although at the outset he rejects it, Welles manages, however, through the different forms of his art (which reveal him as both romantic and civilized) to produce the synthesis of his physical and moral aspirations, whereas Fuller, Faustian in principle and Promethean in fact, although conscious of the necessity of such a synthesis and actively searching for it, is sooner or later betrayed, when he is totally given over to himself and cannot then be artificially redeemed through the saving intervention of outside influences, by the very unambivalence in the depths of his personality.

Translated by Norman King

Notes

- 1 *The Dark Page*: British title of *Scandal Sheet*, director Phil Karlson, 1952.
- 2 *Pickup on South Street* was banned in France for its representation of the Communists, and *China Gate*, set during the Vietnamese war, for its representation of the French; *Verboten* (1958) had not yet been seen in France. When *Pickup* was finally released in France, in 1961, it was in a dubbed version called *Le Port de la drogue* (literally, 'Drug Port'), in which all reference to Communists and the smuggling of state secrets had been changed in the dubbing to a story of drug smuggling – a transformation the ease of which was taken to validate Moullet's point here about Fuller's 'abstract' depiction of the enemy. *Pickup on South Street* was reviewed by Moullet in *Cahiers* 121, July 1961, and *Verboten* also by Moullet in *Cahiers* 108, June 1960.
- 3 'Morality is a question of tracking shots': cf. Jean-Luc Godard's 'Tracking shots are a question of morality' in the discussion 'Hiroshima, notre amour', Ch. 6 in this volume.
- 4 *Les Tricheurs*, director Marcel Carné, 1958, generally taken by *Cahiers* as an attempt by the *cinéma de papa* to cash in on youth subjects thought proper to the incipient *nouvelle vague*.
- 5 Moullet's use of the word *théorie* rather than *politique* suggests that *Cahiers* themselves were perhaps not clear about the boundaries between the two; Moullet's use of 'theory' predates that of Sarris, who has often been taken as responsible for mistranslating the *politique des auteurs* into the *auteur* theory.
- 6 The reference is to Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*, in which the young *ingénu* Fabrice, full of enthusiasm for Napoleon, makes his own way to Waterloo to fight as a volunteer on the French side. The episode is narrated in a mock heroic manner: Fabrice spends more time looking for the action than participating in it, and when he does have to fight for his life it is with the retreating French.
- 7 Joseph MacDonald, 1906–68, US director of photography, graduating to cinematography in the 1940s; MacDonald had worked with Fuller on *Pickup on South Street*, 1952, and in colour on *Hell and High Water*, 1953, and *House of Bamboo*, 1955; MacDonald would also have been known to Moullet and *Cahiers* for his work with Nicholas Ray on *Bigger than Life*, 1956, and *The True Story of Jesse James*, 1957.
- 8 Fuller's production company was called Globe Enterprises. It produced *Run of*

the Arrow, 1956, and *Verboten*, 1958, both for RKO; *China Gate*, 1957, and *Forty Guns*, 1957, both for Twentieth Century-Fox; *The Crimson Kimono*, 1959, and *Underworld USA*, 1960, both for Columbia.

- 9 The French reads 'l'ABC idhécâl', i.e. the rules taught by the Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinématographiques, commonly known as IDHEC: see Introduction to this volume, note 69.