

Stanley Kubrick's Prototypes: The Author as World-Maker

Kubrick is like the black slab in 2001: a force of supernatural intelligence, appearing at great intervals amid high-pitched shrieks, who gives the world a violent kick up the next rung of the evolutionary ladder.¹

A Filmmaker of Extremes and of Contradictions

Stanley Kubrick was a director of extremes. Extremes in his person: the “control freak” who had to interfere in every detail, down to the color of the ink people could use when writing to him; the “demented perfectionist” (Kubrick) who drove his employees into white rages or year-long diets of tranquilizers.² Against this reputation as a meddling maniac endowed with uncanny ubiquity, there is the image of the taciturn recluse who since 1963 had rarely left his walled-up fortress in rural England,³ and the man who issued gagging orders to journalists as well as putting non-disclosure contracts on anyone who worked for him.⁴ Yet this need for privacy and secrecy is again confounded by his habit of interminable transatlantic phone conversations to not only friends and intimates, but also early morning calls to prospective collaborators who had never met him.⁵ The long-distance communicator of a thousand faxes⁶ in turn is contradicted by reports of his vast kitchen-living room area, where people came and went all day, while a gregarious and witty Kubrick held court, giving extensive interviews to his biographer Michel Ciment.

Extremes also in his films, each of which probed the limits of some aspect of the human condition: sexuality and death, natural aggression and man-made violence, warfare and the military mind, the audible silence of space and the inaudible screams inside the nuclear family. Nothing less than deep philosophical issues, but often packed into banal, stereotypical or barely existent plots. Extremes, finally, in the critical opinions aroused by his films. Since the controversies sparked off by *LOLITA*, the drug-busts during screenings of *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY* and the media-scandal—at least in Britain—around *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* (which eventually led to the director withdrawing it from exhibition), each film polarized the critics, making some of them unforgiving even beyond Kubrick's death. Next to an early and faithful admirer, such as Alexander Walker in London, he had, in New York's David Denby and Pauline Kael, two implacable and persuasion-proof opponents.⁷ In his obituary of the director, David Edelstein could not help writing: “I'll despise Kubrick forever for associating

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, 'Singin' in the Rain', and some of the most glorious works of Handel and Purcell with sadomasochism and man's inhumanity to man."⁸ That all these critics were willing to grant Kubrick the distinction of having been a "visionary" or "dark genius" hardly lessened the confusion either about his status as a world-famous director or the meaning of his films.

Yet these colorful contradictions, accumulating around his person(a) and his working methods—especially because they are so predictably and ritually invoked—should give us pause. They are even a little irritating in their clichéd inevitability, unless one sees them as something other than mere perversity.⁹ The extremes, for instance, point to the effort required in the latter half of the 20th century to control one's image, if one wished to remain (in and for the film industry) that totemic individualist par excellence, the director as *auteur*, and to retain the name of Artist in the wider public realm. Both opened the necessary space for Kubrick to build a very special "brand-name" and to keep its market value, under conditions when a new "Kubrick" took up to five years to appear, causing gaps much longer than the average cinema-goer's attention span. That an element of parody or pastiche should creep into such self-presentation is thus not so much a personal foible or character trait, as a structural given of "late capitalist" cultural production.

Kubrick's mythology of self-contradictions and extremes has furthermore to be seen in the context of his decision, taken around 1962, to become a one-man-studio, and to relocate this operation to Britain, a country at that time experiencing a modest revival of its indigenous filmmaking, both "new wave" (Tony Richardson, Lindsay Anderson, John Schlesinger, Karel Reisz) and commercial (the *James Bond* series, for instance, so successfully launched in 1963).¹⁰ The move to Britain nevertheless did not dent Kubrick's resolve to be an American mainstream (rather than a European art cinema) director. This focuses attention on Hollywood itself, and on the changes that intervened in the studio system in the 1960s and early 1970s. The traditional studios, as is well known, went into steep decline, beginning in the late 1950s with the rise of television, but accelerating dramatically in the 1960s. Huge losses on prestige projects such as *HELLO DOLLY*, *PAINT YOUR WAGON* or *DR DOOLITTLE* had by the late 1960s led to widespread bankruptcy and the sell-off of assets, such as real estate and film libraries. Kubrick's own position did not remain unaffected, since MGM, the studio for whom he had produced and directed *2001*, his most successful film, was one of the major casualties. MGM's demise forced the director, among other things, to abandon his long-nursed project to make a film about Napoleon.¹¹ The deal he was subsequently able to strike with Warner Brothers-Seven Arts, reputedly unique within the annals of Hollywood—complete freedom to choose his subjects, unlimited time and almost unlimited money to develop them, retaining total control over the execution, final shape and manner of distribution of the finished film—has to be seen within the context of the major transformations which American industrial filmmaking underwent in the period between 1968 and 1975.¹² While not contradicting the exceptionality of Kubrick's position, the Hollywood context relativizes its uniqueness. It helps, for instance, to locate the economic reasons and institutional circumstances that made such an arrangement possible, when comparing Kubrick to fellow filmmakers of his generation—most of whom during this crucial period produced box-office successes bigger than his—such as Arthur Penn (responsible for *BONNIE AND CLYDE*), Mike Nichols (*THE GRADUATE*), Robert Altman (*M*A*S*H*), Roman Polanski (*ROSEMARY'S BABY*) or William Friedkin (*THE FRENCH CONNECTION*, *THE EXORCIST*).

Kubrick follows in the footsteps of the first generation of author-producers after the decartelization decision (the Paramount Decree of 1948), such as Otto Preminger and Alfred Hitchcock, and the establishment of actors as producers (Warren Beatty, Robert Redford or, of course, Kirk Douglas, for whom Kubrick directed *SPARTACUS*, after Anthony Mann was sacked). While Preminger went under, and Hitchcock managed to survive for a few more years, mainly thanks to the protective cover of Lew Wasserman at Universal, Kubrick, like Woody Allen, straddled the age divide, becoming one of the directors of the next generation (together with Martin Scorsese and Steven Spielberg), who

established, via their own registered companies, a long-term professional relationship as well as a personal bond with one or two key figures in the newly re-conglomerated studios. For Kubrick at the now Kinney-controlled Warner Brothers, these key figures were the new and flamboyant CEO Steve Ross (also a close friend of Steven Spielberg, when one remembers that *SCHINDLER'S LIST* is dedicated to Ross), his then deputy, Terry Semel, and Warner's man in London, Julian Senior, with whom Kubrick had worked closely since *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*. After the death of Ross, it was Semel at Time-Warner who became the recipient of Kubrick's all-hours-of-the-day-and-night phone and fax messages.¹³ In addition, many of these American *auteurs* had a career-long association with a trusted executive producer. In the case of Woody Allen, for instance, it is Charles H. Joffe (continuously since *TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN*, 1969), and for Kubrick it became Jan Harlan, descendant of Veit Harlan, who also happened to be Kubrick's brother-in-law. Concurrent, and possibly also a consideration for Warner's, was the fact that the British film industry, while unable to mount significant productions itself after the brief boom period in the 1960s, did become a major infrastructural resource for the new Hollywood in the 1970s and 1980s, not only in the case of the apparently so "British," but in truth Italo-American *James Bond* film franchise, but for such typically Hollywood blockbuster production as *STAR WARS* or *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND*.¹⁴ It made Kubrick's apparent eccentricity of filming in London part of a sound Hollywood economic strategy, and put him in this respect level with director-producer-superstars such as Spielberg and George Lucas.

Kubrick's Authorship: Between One-Offs and Prototypes

If Kubrick's position was thus not quite as unique as the myth would have it, and much more embedded in the transformations of New Hollywood than his recluse "exile" existence suggested, the particular forms his "authorship" took deserve brief comment. For instance, as a way of valorizing American commercial directors, such as John Ford, Howard Hawks or Hitchcock, the *auteur* theory had peaked in the mid-1960s, and started being attacked by the time Kubrick the author came to prominence (in 1968, after *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*). So much was heard about his "death" that, according to the structuralist doctrine of the time, the author was a mere effect of the text, quite unconnected to the biographical person or even the artist with a "body" of work.¹⁵ Unlike Altman or Allen, the Kubrick recognition effect initially attached itself not to his person, or to his work as the evolving stages of an unfolding project, but was focused on individual films, as if they were one-offs: notably *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*, which received scores of detailed studies, but only few of which analyzed the film in reference to Kubrick's preceding ones, which would have been the typical move of the *auteurist* critic.¹⁶

However, these one-offs can be seen in relation to another "crisis" of the Old-New Hollywood, namely that around genre. In view of the fact that traditional genres, such as the Western, the musical comedy, the epic and even the thriller no longer seemed to attract the "baby boomers," Hollywood was seeking new "formulas" to woo these different (younger) audiences, and was willing to experiment, with untried directors (Dennis Hopper, Bob Rafelson), untried actors (Jack Nicholson, Robert de Niro) and untried genres (the Road Movie, for instance). Kubrick's one-offs, it can be argued, fit into this strategy, and would thus become more like "prototypes." In other words, the perceived characteristics of Kubrick's working method, namely that from film to film, he moved to different themes and subject matter,¹⁷ but also to different styles, forms and techniques, did have a strategic value also to his employer, as Warner Brothers, like every other studio, was casting around for the winning combination, which could revitalize and re-energize what in spite of these transformations, remained an essentially stars-and-genre based way of making mainstream cinema.

This distinguishes Kubrick once more from the European *auteur*, such as Fellini, Bergman, Antonioni or even R.W. Fassbinder or Wim Wenders, each of whom developed not only his own

style and recurring thematics, but his own genre (often helped by key actors or stars: Marcello Mastroianni, Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Monica Vitti, Hanna Schygulla, Rüdiger Vogler). By contrast, a Kubrick film rarely carries a key player over from one film to the next, and insofar as he can be associated with genres, these were once more Hollywood genres rather than *auteurist* genres. But even here, Kubrick's work shows interesting anomalies. He certainly pioneered a new kind of war-film with *PATHS OF GLORY*, and *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* dramatically changed our idea of the Swinging London films (Richard Lester's films with The Beatles) or the pop-art-anarchic-mayhem strand of the 1960s British Film Renaissance (John Schlesinger's *BILLY LIAR* [1963], and Lindsay Anderson's *IF . . .* [1968], from which Kubrick took Malcolm McDowell), not to mention the changes *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* rang on the genre of the musical. And there is almost universal consensus that with *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*, Kubrick reinvented the modern science fiction film, taking it definitely out of the disreputable 1950s B-genre category.

But already with *BARRY LYNDON*, and then again with *THE SHINING*, the genre question becomes more complicated. To these (and other) films, Fredric Jameson has applied the label "meta-genre" films, whose typical mode is "pastiche":

Pastiche seems to have emerged from a situation of two fundamental determinations: the first is subjectivism, the over emphasis and over-evaluation of the uniqueness and individuality of style itself—the private mode of expression, the unique "world" of a given artist, the well-nigh incomparable bodily and perceptual sensorium of this or that new claimant for artistic attention. But as individualism begins to atrophy in a post-industrial world, as the sheer difference of increasingly distinct and eccentric individualities turns under its own momentum into repetition and sameness, as the logical permutations of stylistic innovation become exhausted, the quest for a uniquely distinctive style and the very category of "style" come to seem old-fashioned. . . . The result, in the area of high culture, was the moment of pastiche in which energetic artists who now lack both forms and content cannibalize the museum and wear the masks of extinct mannerisms.¹⁸

Jameson goes on to argue that, evidently, pastiche in mass-culture is different from that in Thomas Mann or Joyce. But he sees the revival of B-film genres, the mimicry of past (high culture) idioms, such as classical paintings and costume drama, and the technologically manufactured (zoom lens, light sensitive stock, Steadicam tracks) cult of the self-consciously beautiful "glossy" image,¹⁹ as symptoms either of what he calls elsewhere a "nostalgia for the present," or as a boredom with "the aesthetic" itself, ambiguously poised between symptom and critique of this very same facile perfection, wrought by the technologies of vision and imagining:

Beauty and boredom: this is then the immediate sense of the monotonous and intolerable opening sequence of *THE SHINING*. [Kubrick's] depthless people, whether on their way to the moon [in *2001*], or coming to the end of another season in the great hotel at the end of the world, are standardized and without interest. . . . If Kubrick amuses himself by organizing a counterpoint between this meaningless and obligatory facial benevolence and the ghastly, indeed quite unspeakable story the manager is finally obliged to disclose, it is a quite impersonal amusement which ultimately benefits no one. Meanwhile, great swathes of Brahms pump all the fresh air out of *THE SHINING*'s images and enforce the now familiar sense of cultural asphyxiation.²⁰

I shall come back to Jameson's modernism-postmodernism periodization scheme and the place he sees for Kubrick within it. But evidently, the dilemma or the dialectic of the one-off and the prototype within Hollywood itself that I tried to sketch, adds another historical-economic layer to Jameson's critique and with it, may give a different meaning to the peculiar temporality or

a-synchronicity that emerges. What Jameson calls “nostalgia” I am more tempted to identify with a Freudian term: “Nachträglichkeit”—deferred action. For it looks as if the logic of Kubrick’s reformulation of genres also implied a certain risk—that of having been “too soon” to benefit commercially from a “cycle,” or having been “too late” in the life-span of such a cycle. Thus, if 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY came “too soon” to reap the enormous financial windfall that came with the blockbuster marketing strategies, which Lucas exploited for the STAR WARS saga, and BARRY LYNDON (as a revised TOM JONES, Tony Richardson, 1963) missed out on the subsequent vogue for costumed classics adaptations on (BBC or PBS) television, one could argue that both THE SHINING (1980) and FULL METAL JACKET (1987) were completed when the crest of their respective waves (horror: THE EXORCIST [1973]; HALLOWEEN [1978]; Vietnam film: APOCALYPSE NOW [1979], PLATOON [1986]) had already peaked or broken. In fact, it is known that Kubrick, who usually nursed his projects for up to twenty years, abandoned or set aside certain films, because he sensed that they would have arrived after another prototype had become the defining blockbuster (this was the case with Brian Aldiss’ story “Super-Toys Last All Summer Long,” a.k.a. “Pinocchio” and “Artificial Intelligence,” which Kubrick put aside after the success of STAR WARS, and the abandonment of “The Aryan Papers” (based on Lewis Begley’s *Wartime Lies*), which would have been released after Spielberg’s SCHINDLER’S LIST.²¹ What one can say is that the prototypical aspects of Kubrick’s work highlight, besides the oblique relation to authorship and genre, also an oblique relation to “influence.” So many of his films met with indifference and incomprehension, and only later, with hindsight, revealed their place in a given generic history, as if there *had* to be a delay or a deferral, before the prototypical features became apparent, or the films imposed themselves as classics. In this sense, they are the opposite of the blockbuster with its sudden, immediate, but also ephemeral impact. “Kubrick’s films,” as one of his temporary collaborators put it, “seem to be out of time.”²²

Kubrick’s Modernism or (his Critique of) Postmodernism

This feature of Kubrick’s films—their a-temporality as masterpieces and unique works—in turn modifies the more industrial logic of the one-off and the prototype. It would, however, also indicate that Jameson is right in seeing Kubrick as essentially a “modernist”—but at the moment in time where cinematic modernism, too, became aware of its own “exhaustion” (if that is the right word). The fact that Kubrick the stylist is both technically innovative and generically eclectic, while his “themes” shift from film to film, makes him fit the model of the late-modernist artist who adopts particular styles as pastiche or mimicry. But the modernist line in literature that stretched from Gustave Flaubert to Thomas Mann via Joseph Conrad and James Joyce is not only characterized by the mask of genre pastiche. It also cultivates the narrational style of irony, or the studied neutrality and impersonality of an “absent God.” As Flaubert put it: “the writer has to be in his work like God in his creation: nowhere to be seen and everywhere to be felt,” to which Joyce famously added: “The artist, like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.”²³ Such references to Flaubert’s impersonal style (“free indirect”) and Joyce’s multiple layers of citations, puns and riddles can put into a literary-historical perspective much of the irritation felt with Kubrick for seemingly never showing his hand. The whole debate, for instance, about Kubrick’s supposed lack of a moral—but also lack of a narratological—point of view can be located in this cultivation of an absence, which would then not be a lack at all, but a precious pointer to the fact that in Kubrick—as, say, in the Anglo-Irish theatrical tradition derived from Joyce, such as Beckett or Pinter—the absence signifies a presence, the unseen is as important as the seen, and silences are more eloquent than words. This does not mean that Kubrick is feigning to possess some kind of supra-human objectivity. Rather, his effort to establish and sustain a position both inside and outside, polemically committed and

ironically aloof, passionately human but also machine-like in-human is itself one of the keys to his identity and “signature” (Jameson) as a modernist.

However, one could also argue that Kubrick is, as Jameson implies, already a full-blown postmodernist, where instead of a carefully studied impersonality, the director impersonates, pastiches and mimics styles and poses, but in such a way that the parodic intent is often muted to the point of invisibility, and the irony seems so remote that the usual contract which parody has with the viewer—namely, that of complicity or eye-winking knowingness—has no shared space in which to establish itself. Jameson refers to this as blank irony, a deliberate flattening out, or even one-dimensionality, which makes certain culturally saturated, recognizable signs available for new contexts, such as the space vehicle spinning to the strains of the Blue Danube waltz (2001), of Beethoven and masturbation, “Singin’ in the Rain” and rape (both in *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*), the Road Runner and horror-hauntings, television-presenter Johnny Carson and homicidal mania (both *THE SHINING*).

In Jameson’s scheme, as we saw, postmodernism is characterized by a clear recognition that “the uniqueness and individuality of style itself” has been overvalued. Already in 1960, Kubrick voiced a similar view, namely that the emphasis on being “original” in the movies is exaggerated:

I haven’t come across any recent new ideas in film that strike me as being particularly important and that have to do with form. I think that a preoccupation with originality of form is more or less a fruitless thing. A truly original person with a truly original mind will not be able to function in the old form and will simply do something different. Others had much better think of the form as being some sort of classical tradition and try to work within it.²⁴

The statement balances the “classical” definition of Hollywood authorship—to be creative within an established tradition, rather than break with a form for the sake of originality—with an already postmodern disdain for or fatigue with “the new” for its own sake. To these features can be added the “invisible ink” aspect of Kubrick’s authorial signature, marked by a refusal to invest his work with the semblance of individual biography or personal touches—a refusal which has earned him the attribute “calculating” from so many critics—and has also baffled audiences.

A second point of postmodernist style is the refusal of depth, the attachment to surface, and here too, one recognizes an often voiced complaint about Kubrick, namely that the glossy surface of his films not only repels contact, empathy and identification, but mirrors the glib moral judgments and facile symmetries in his stories.²⁵ Thirdly, postmodernism is anti-psychological, and it is true that Kubrick in his films often destroys psychological motivation (notably in 2001, *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* and *THE SHINING*), substituting instead such typically “postmodern” surrogates as magic, the supernatural, comedy or horror conventions, without a corresponding commitment to believing in any of them.

But if Kubrick is—in this as in other respects—a typical postmodernist, one might with equal justice argue that he already “overcomes” postmodernism—the only question being whether he does so from a modernist perspective or from a post-postmodernist point of view, in which his (absent) perspective has to be imagined as being located somewhere else—either in the “future,” or outside these space-time coordinates altogether, and in some other (“third”) political-discursive space. For instance, if critics have spoken of *DR STRANGELOVE*, 2001 and *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* as his futurist trilogy, then his films about sexuality, couples and the family (*LOLITA*, *THE SHINING*, *EYES WIDE SHUT*) could be said to probe the contours of a post-bourgeois society, and his films about military or para-military institutions (*PATHS OF GLORY*, *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, *FULL METAL JACKET*) see masculinity from the perspective of highly problematic post-patriarchal “male bonding.” And while he kept audiences shocked and the critics divided with his determined effort that each of his films should take up a burning and controversial issue, it seems clear that his aim was not only the strong response he usually received, but to ensure that the values espoused by his characters, in all their

conflicting extremity, could not be attributed to him or be used to pin down his own moral point of view. The opposite of neutrality, this courting of a strong response, in the absence of identifying the author as their moral origin, points not to the postmodernist, but to the modernist. In particular, it would make Kubrick a modernist who does not wear either the mask of impersonality or of pastiche, but who cultivates a “cold persona,” and more specifically in the case of Kubrick, a cold persona in the face of (or because of) some very hot subjects. It would indicate that the critics, who so often applied the label “cold” to Kubrick were on to something, but not to what this chilly mission was finally about.²⁶

For what characterizes the cold persona? Rather than to the blank irony and pastiche discussed under postmodernism, it would refer to the dilemma of the human observer, who in the face of suffering, inhumanity and violence cannot act other than to armor himself with “coldness” for protection, self-protection and camouflage.²⁷ The notion was developed to typify the post-traumatic literary response to World War I in otherwise such politically opposed figures of German modernism as Bertolt Brecht and Ernst Jünger, whose “Expressionist” angst turned into the perhaps no less troubled, but outwardly expressionless “cool” of the New Sobriety.²⁸ While Brecht dismantled his animalistic “Baal” into the socio-technical cyborg Galy Galy in *Mann ist Mann*, Jünger’s *Storms of Steel* combined the point of view of the militarized-technological eye (the precision optics of war photography and the vision machinery of the motion picture camera) with the dispassionate-dissecting eye of the entomologist, itemizing and describing society, in peace and war, as he would beetles, ants or a butterfly. With reference to the former, Kubrick’s Alex from *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* turning into his “Private Pyle” from *FULL METAL JACKET* would be the analogy to Brecht’s Baal/Galy Galy transformation, while in the case of Jünger, one can trace an affinity with Vladimir Nabokov’s particular cool, whose own entomological fascination would in turn, via *LOLITA*, take us also to Kubrick. For him, one has to add as part of the “cold persona” the point of view of the no-longer human, the extra-terrestrial (2001—Hal the Computer), but also the not-yet human, as in the hominid ape in 2001, as well as that of the child (Danny, in *THE SHINING*).

The perspectives of the extra-terrestrial and of the child might be starting points for exploring more closely the enigmatic relationship that existed between Kubrick and Spielberg. Spielberg acknowledged influence and precedence when he said of Kubrick: “he copied no one, yet all of us were scrambling to imitate him.” Even without comparing details or speculating about the differences between Kubrick’s AI and the film Spielberg eventually made, in memory of and as homage to the director, their fundamentally different personas can be gauged when remembering how Spielberg systematically and obsessively reinscribes everywhere—including in his extra-terrestrial figures—the “child” in search of the good father (*ET*, *EMPIRE OF THE SUN*, *JURASSIC PARK*, *A.I.*), while Kubrick’s “children” have to find their way, lose their way or retrace their steps all by themselves, in a (dangerously, but also daringly) post-oedipal universe.

Secondly, with the cold persona in mind, one can return to the question of Kubrick’s “influence” also in the sense of his films as delayed or deferred prototypes, because what now comes into view is a whole range of directors who—mostly associated with postmodernism—appear to have adopted not so much the cold persona, but extracted or subtracted from it a different “cool.” They, too, try to stay cool in the face of hot subjects, but they invest their cool with precisely those traits of personality, individuality and idiosyncrasy that the modernist Kubrick had taken out of it. I am thinking of David Lynch (the entomological point of view in *BLUE VELVET*), of David Cronenberg (the vantage point of the virus in *SHIVERS*, the perspective of cold surface metal in *CRASH*, or of the mutant organisms in *THE NAKED LUNCH* and *EXISTENZ*), but also of David Fincher’s Tyler Durden in *FIGHT CLUB*. And last but not least, Quentin Tarantino, whose heroes in *RESERVOIR DOGS* and *PULP FICTION* might be said to be self-consciously “cool” versions of Alex and his Droogs from *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*.

The Regime of the Brothers

The argument would be that *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, possibly even more than 2001 or *THE SHINING* is Kubrick's most enduring, but also perhaps most enigmatic prototype film, less for giving rise to a particular genre and its cycles, as for this persona and its psycho-social constellation.²⁹ Ostensibly a film about individual freedom and the state's right to engineer goodness in its citizen, the film can today most usefully be read as a defining statement about the crisis of masculinity so often invoked, whether elaborated psychoanalytically, around the post-oedipal "culture of narcissism" (C. Lash), the "enjoying superego" (S. Žižek) and the "regime of the brother" (J. Flower-McCannell), or anti-psychoanalytically, around "discipline and punish" (M. Foucault) and the "control society" (G. Deleuze). In each case, what is implied is the demise of the efficacy of the symbolic order, represented by classical bourgeois individualism and its patriarchal identity-formation, in regulating the male's entry into society. What makes Kubrick's contribution so special within this rather broad horizon of cultural critique and analysis, is how accurately he has located the fault-lines and breaking points, the ambivalences and irreducible aporias of these shifts in gender-roles and symbolic functions, notably the socio-political formation of the all-male group, impersonating the father's prohibiting function, without accepting the law of castration. To recapitulate briefly how the psychoanalytical argument might go, by recalling the three paradigmatic scenes with which *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* opens: the scene of the Irish tramp in the underpass who defiantly says to his aggressors that he no longer wants to live in this world, because there is no respect for law and order; the scene where Alex and his gang enter the home of a writer, tie him up and in front of his eyes, cut up and gang-rape his wife; and the scene where Alex wakes up the next day, to see his social worker sitting on his father's bed. He berates and threatens Alex, but mainly in order to blackmail him into granting sexual favors.

While these acts and reactions are in each case the consequence of Alex's behavior, who has been displaying the kind of unbridled violence he and his gang are capable of, they can also be read as their retro-active "causes," responsible for Alex's (lack of) socialization. In this sense, Alex's subsequent journey is determined by another gang: not the rival youth gang of Billy-Boy whom Alex's Droogs cheat out of their prey, but the gang of "obscenely enjoying" superego fathers, starting with the social worker and continuing through the prison warder, the government minister, even the prison chaplain and the abused writer who becomes himself a moral crusader. Most revealing in the present context is probably the figure of the writer. Also called Alex(ander), he is transformed from a left-leaning liberal into a rabid advocate of law-and-order. Having to helplessly witness the rape of his wife casts him in the role of the humiliated father, which according to Žižek, is one of the key conditions for the post-Oedipal male to emerge. This graphic scene, combined with the direct address to the camera, is a defining moment of modern cinema, shattering not only the "illusionist" space of classical cinema, by calling attention to the ordinary voyeurism that goes "unpunished" every time we go to the movies. It also names one of the most unstable power-relations in the social symbolic: that of the son, no longer rebelling against the father, but still capable of humiliating him, and thus demonstrating his own inability to enter into the symbolic order, other than through feelings of shame, and its obverse, exhibitionist violence.

The impotent father-figures, representing the symbolic order and the law, on the other hand, flaunt their extreme libidinal investment in exercising this law. Against Alex's rights as a citizen, here defined as the right to do evil and then face just punishment, the State now plays the role of the enjoying super-ego. As Žižek has so often pointed out, this reverses the Kantian categorical imperative, by putting the subject into a double bind. No longer is the individual free to "choose" the personal good, in view of its compatibility with the general good: when goodness is imposed on the individual by the State, it may be good, but it is no longer ethical. Conversely, if the symbolic order extracts pleasure out of knowing itself to be "good," it may be representing the general good, but it

does not act ethically. The response of Alex, mirroring the “enjoyment” of the super-ego fathers, may itself become the more authentically ethical act.³⁰

The appropriate Foucault reference to the universe of Kubrick's films and its particular socio-political inscription would be Gilles Deleuze's “Postscript on the Societies of Control,” where, following Foucault, he outlines a number of key sites of modernity that have started to mutate in the late 20th century:

Foucault[']s disciplinary societies . . . reach their height at the outset of the twentieth century. They initiate the organization of vast spaces of enclosure. The individual never ceases passing from one closed environment to another, each having its own laws: first the family; then the school (“you are no longer in your family”); then the barracks (“you are no longer at school”); then the factory; from time to time the hospital; possibly the prison, the pre-eminent instance of the enclosed environment. [. . . Now] we are in a generalized crisis in relation to all these environments of enclosure—prison, hospital, factory, school, family. The family is an “interior,” in crisis like all other interiors—scholarly, professional, etc. The administrations in charge never cease announcing supposedly necessary reforms: to reform schools, to reform industries, hospitals, the armed forces, prisons. But everyone knows that these institutions are finished, whatever the length of their expiration periods. It's only a matter of administering their last rites.³¹

One can see how *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* responds very precisely to the crisis identified by Deleuze, and especially its notion of institutional enclosure, which in the film extends to the enclosure of the body itself via the Ludovico treatment, hinted at by Deleuze, and certainly prominent already in Foucault. At the same time, the idea of looking at disciplinary practices not as part of an anti-authoritarian moral critique, but from the perspective of what is in the process of replacing them, makes *FULL METAL JACKET* even more of a follow-up of *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, by detailing the discursive and physical violence necessary to both insert males into social institutions (here, the Marines), and to break them out of the “regimes of brothers” with their mutual dependence via shame, complicity, humiliation and the sharing of guilty secrets (as happens in both *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* and *FULL METAL JACKET*).

But as Kubrick also points out, when at the end of *FULL METAL JACKET*, we hear the “Mickey Mouse Club” theme tune, the move to control societies has a purpose well beyond new kinds of warfare and combat: it signals a broad range of changes of psychic (“psychotic”) processes, setting free different kinds of “energies” once tied up in the disciplinary regime of the classical bourgeois state, and now needed to regulate the processing of sensory stimuli and the professional flexibilization demanded by post-industrial societies of its “productive” members, as well as of those whose socially most useful task is consumption. The ambivalences attached to the portrayal of Alex, confusing audiences and so resented by the critics, can be seen as the necessary corollary of Deleuze's dictum about:

the ultra-rapid forms of free-floating control that replace the old disciplines operating in the time frame of a closed system. There is no need to invoke the extraordinary pharmaceutical productions, the molecular engineering, the genetic manipulations, although these are slated to enter the new process. There is no need to ask which is the toughest regime, for it is within each of them that liberating and enslaving forces confront one another.³²

Les Extremes se Touchent

So, the extremes, with which I began, do seem to meet after all, and in the work, they even describe a trajectory of sorts. For while Deleuze's control society furnishes an apposite description of what links

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE to FULL METAL JACKET and both to THE SHINING, one can—in the light of Kubrick’s last film EYES WIDE SHUT—add another dimension, where Žižek and Deleuze complement each other, and are at the same time given a further twist or reversal. EYES WIDE SHUT is first of all a film about fantasy, or rather, the devastating effect of having a fantasy and of not having a fantasy. It strikingly confirms Žižek’s claim: you have to have a fantasy (a “symptom”), in order to function at all in everyday reality or in a human relationship, lest you be overwhelmed by the Real. In this reading, EYES WIDE SHUT would be the story of Bill Harford, a man who has no fantasy to sustain his (sense of) reality. In contrast to his wife, who has “healthy” sexual fantasies to support her role as caring mother and loving, sexy wife. Bill is thus the victim of other people’s fantasies, or as Deleuze famously said: if you are living in someone else’s dream, then you are *foutu*—lost, “fucked.” And so he is, several times over, having to seek out the fantasies of others, where he promptly and abjectly loses himself—be they those of his wife, those of the two women, or those of the “enjoying” super-fathers (his “friend” Victor Ziegler as much as Sandor Szavost, the lewd, pimping costume lender). Bill, almost begging to be admitted to their fantasies, ends up in the most terrible forms of enclosure at the orgy. Here it is (sexual) fantasy itself that is the institution “disciplining” the male, while Kubrick makes the viewer aware of the “naked” violence that frames not just this fantasy enclosure, but all “institutionalized fantasy,” as we know it from the entertainment industries and experience economies. In EYES WIDE SHUT, violence and fantasy become the recto and verso of each other, as had already been the case in A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. This film—prototype and key film, it would thus seem, also for Kubrick’s own subsequent work—can now be re-read across EYES WIDE SHUT as already outlining the twin boundaries of the control societies and their post-oedipal identities: violence and fantasy are equally “complete,” sealed worlds, neither promising freedom nor release, because they are as self-referential as they are self-policing.

This self-policing self-referentiality points straight in the direction of Hollywood—the old Hollywood of censorship and the Hays Code, with which Kubrick conflicted in his early work, such as LOLITA; the new Hollywood of the 1970s, with its apparent “freedoms,” which Kubrick tested with A CLOCKWORK ORANGE; and the blockbuster Hollywood of the 1990s, whose strategy consists of dividing the “real world” into a series of self-contained zones, each one isolated from the others, and yet each supplied with the same “fantasy worlds.” The strategy has its analogy in politics and warfare: when television reports about a conflict area, its coverage follows strict generic rules, permitting some kind of discourses (“terrorism,” “peace-keeping,” “civilian casualties”) and excluding others (the causes of poverty, the class structure or ethnic divides, the role of foreign investment or local corruption). Similarly, a tourist hotel during the off-season, or a fashionable domestic interior of an artist-writer, a President’s War Room also have their generic boundaries, next to which, as Kubrick showed in film after film, lie as many kinds of madness as there are decors to trigger them. In this way Kubrick is able to relate the fantasy worlds of Hollywood movies to the real worlds of “zoning”—in suburban London, or downtown Manhattan, in bombed-out Hue or Parris Island—where genres provide the interface of these different enclosures, thereby also giving a clue to the paradox of his own recluse existence that encompassed the expanse of infinite space.

Kubrick, in other words, was the director of serious extremes, because they alone capture our lived reality. His persona and life-style finally allegorized not just Hollywood, but the “worlds” it has helped to put into the world.³³ If the prototypes he created were too unique for Hollywood mass production and rarely achieved mass-consumption, their deferred action may still propel those who are willing to be kicked up (or down?) the evolutionary ladder.

- 30 Commercially the biggest problem with the film is that it doesn't have a shark. So nobody really knows except by word of mouth. . . . And you say What's it about? And, well, you can't answer that. So that's the problem every time you do a film that doesn't have an absolute, one focal point.

Altman, in Byrne and Lopez, "Nashville," 13.

- 31 To a considerable extent, Altman resists [the] temptation [of satire], electing to strive for something that is far more difficult, more ambitious, and in the end more humane—a depiction of our national character that is as comprehensive as one movie will allow, employing a variety of points of view ranging from the satiric to the sympathetic.

Rolin, "Robert Altman's *Nashville*," 42.

- 32 *The Nashville Banner* ran a big front-page headline saying "Altman's *Nashville* Down on Nashville".—[W]e had a screening before we opened in New York for the people in Nashville who contributed to the film. They had a lot of press down there, but it didn't amount to very much. The musicians like it. Some people thought it was too long. Some people thought that the music was not authentic, and some thought it was. It was kind of a bore.

Altman, in Byrne and Lopez, "Nashville," 16.

For more on NASHVILLE in Nashville, see Jan Stuart, *The Nashville Chronicles: The Making of Robert Altman's Masterpiece* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2000).

- 33 There is still some uncertainty as to whether NASHVILLE was considered by the industry a success or not. Altman claims that it was the first of his films since M*A*S*H to make him any money, but Hollywood producers seem to have thought otherwise: "Originally I came out here with a script with a lot of scenes in it and a lot of characters. A former head of Columbia, who was the producer I was talking to at the time, said, 'Oh, that's very Nashvilleian'. And I said, 'Oh, great!' I took it as a positive, not knowing he meant it as a negative." Scott MacDonald, "Hollywood Insider-Outsider: An Interview with Chuck Workman," *Film Quarterly* 57, 1 (Autumn 2003), 7.
- 34 Michael Henry, "Altman'scope (sur le plateau de 'Nashville')," *Positif* 166: 19.
- 35 The reference here is to Herbert Marcuse's then widely read *One-Dimensional Man: Studies in the Ideology of Advanced Industrial Society* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1964), which argued that the supposed freedoms of liberal democracy disguised the coercion to consume and entailed the unfreedom of neurotic needs. The final song in NASHVILLE, with its refrain "some might say that I ain't free, but it don't worry me" could be taken as an ironic response to Marcuse.
- 36 "I don't think we've found a format for movies yet. I don't believe the film should be limited to the photographing people talking or walking from a car into a building, that kind of stuff we do. It can be more abstract, impressionistic, less linear." Altman, quoted by Chris Holdenfield, "Zoom Lens Voyeur," *Rolling Stone* (July 17, 1975): 31.
- 37 Altman, in Byrne and Lopez, "Nashville," 25.

16 Stanley Kubrick's Prototypes: The Author as World-Maker

- 1 David Denby, cited in John Baxter, *Stanley Kubrick: A Biography* (New York: Harper Collins, 1997), 233.
- 2 See the John Alcott and Garret Brown interviews in Mario Falso, *Perspectives on Stanley Kubrick* (New York: G.K. Hall, 1996), 214; 273. Note also www.wendycarlos.com/kubrick.html and Frederic Raphael's book about his experience with Kubrick, *Eyes Wide Open* (New York: Ballantine, 1999). Raphael commented in the *Observer*, Sunday, July 11, 1999: "The thing about Kubrick is he was a serious reclusive. Whether that was a form of drawing attention by not drawing attention, I don't know. [But] I think he wasn't interested in himself."
- 3 His official address was Childwickbury Manor, Harpenden, Hertfordshire. Some visitors thought it was grand while others, like Sara Maitland, were surprised rather than impressed: "He lived, rather unromantically between Luton and St Albans, in the house originally built for the founder of Maples furniture store: an Edwardian pomposity set in large grounds." (Sara Maitland, "My Year with Stanley," the *Independent*, March 12, 1999).
- 4 "His name has become an adjective for over-control. It is said that Kubrick sent his scripts—or pages thereof—around in plastic bags, to be read by the intended recipient and then returned via hovering messengers." David Edelstein, "Stanley Kubrick: Take 1, Take 2," *Slate*, March 8, 1999: www.slate.com/id/1000948/ (last accessed May 20, 2010).
- 5 "One morning in 1995 the telephone rang. I answered and a gruff voice said, 'This is Stanley Kubrick. Would you like to write a film script for me?' Assuming this was a joking friend, I replied, 'And this is Marilyn Monroe and I've been dead 30 years'. He laughed. It really was Stanley Kubrick." Maitland, "My Year with Stanley." Malcolm McDowell: "Uh, well, Kubrick rang me up one day two years ago; we'd never met. 'Can you come and see me?' he said." Candia McWilliam was another such contributor. She also noted "I could not bear the idea of contact with other people to the degree that Stanley, in his professional life, had it." Candia McWilliam, "Remembering Kubrick," the *Guardian*, March 13, 1999.
- 6 According to Steven Spielberg, Kubrick was a "great communicator. . . . When we spoke on the phone, our conversations lasted for hours. He was constantly in contact with hundreds of people all over the world."
- 7 These were some of the comments by New York critics about 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY: "It's a monumentally unimaginative movie" (Pauline Kael, *Harper's magazine*); "A major disappointment" (Stanley Kaufman, *The New Republic*); "Incredibly boring" (Renata Adler, *The New York Times*); "A disaster" (Andrew Sarris, *The Village Voice*). *Variety* wrote, prior to its release:

2001 is not a cinematic landmark. It compares with but does not best, previous efforts at film science-fiction; lacking the humanity of FORBIDDEN PLANET, the imagination of THINGS TO COME and the simplicity

of OF STARS AND MEN. It actually belongs to the technically slick group previously dominated by George Pal and the Japanese.

Quoted in Michel Ciment, *Kubrick, The Definitive Edition* (London: Faber and Faber, 2003), 43.

8 Edelstein, “Stanley Kubrick: Take 1, Take 2.”

9 Other extremes and contradictions:

While his movies are thought of as huge (they are certainly hugely expensive), Kubrick’s crews were legendarily tiny—in many cases no more than 15 people—and the director himself would go around arranging the lights in the manner not of a deity but of an electrician or plumber. Where most people think of Kubrick’s films as having been storyboarded to death—pre-digested—others report that he often wandered his sets with a camera lens, groping for shots on the spot. He spoke in an engaging nebbishy Bronx-Jewish accent that was always a shock to hear—like the voice of the unmasked Wizard of Oz, it didn’t belong. On his sets he wore the same outfits; it is said that, like Einstein, he had five or more of each lined up on hangers. The act of making choices was clearly excruciating to him; that’s why the choices he made are so memorable.

Edelstein, “Stanley Kubrick: Take 1, Take 2.”

10 The context is relevant to Kubrick, however short-lived this renaissance should prove to be, and however little he finally participated in it—in contrast to that other expatriate US self-exiled director in Britain, Joseph Losey, if one thinks of his collaboration with Harold Pinter.

11 See Joseph Gelmis, “Interview with Kubrick,” in *Perspectives on Stanley Kubrick*, ed. Mario Falsetto (New York: G.K. Hall, 1996), 29–32, and a chapter in John Baxter’s biography.

12 See David A. Cook, *Lost Illusions. American Cinema in the Shadow of Watergate and Vietnam, 1970–1979* (Berkeley: California University Press, 2002).

13 “I received hundreds and hundreds of phone calls and thousands of faxes [during our 30-year collaboration]. I guess you could say he was unrelenting.” Terry Semel, at the Warner Brothers Kubrick memorial service.

14 See Alexander Walker, *Hollywood UK: The British Film Industry in the Sixties* (New York: Stein and Day, 1974).

15 Roland Barthes, “The Death of the Author” (1968), in *Image, Music, Text*, ed. and trans. Stephen Heath (New York: Hill & Wang, 1977) and Peter Wollen, “The Auteur Theory,” in *Signs and Meaning in the Cinema* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1969), 74–115.

16 Dennis Bingham highlights this aspect in “The Displaced Auteur—A Reception History of THE SHINING,” in Falsetto, *Perspectives on Stanley Kubrick*, 284–306.

17 “Ten feature motion pictures, each one totally different from the others in both content and style. He has never twice made the same film.” John Alcott, in Falsetto, *Perspectives on Stanley Kubrick*, 124.

18 Fredric Jameson, “Historicism in *The Shining*” (1981), in *Signatures of the Visible* (New York: Routledge, 1990), 82–83.

19 Is it ungrateful to long from time to time for something both more ugly and less proficient or expert, more home-made and awkward, than those breathtaking expanses of sunlit leaf-tracery, those big screen flower-bowls of an unimaginably intense delicacy of hue, that would have caused the Impressionists to shut up their paint boxes in frustration?

Jameson, “Historicism in *The Shining*,” 83.

20 Jameson, “Historicism in *The Shining*,” 82, 83.

21 After an initial bout of work on AI with Aldiss in the early 70s, it was shelved, partly in response to *Star Wars*. So The Aryan Papers was the frontrunner after Kubrick finished *Full Metal Jacket* in 1987. “Kubrick always wanted to do a film on the Holocaust, but he never got a good script,” says Harlan. He had tried to commission an original screenplay from the novelist Isaac Bashevis Singer (who turned it down on the grounds that he knew nothing about the Holocaust), before settling on an adaptation of the novel *Wartime Lies*, by Lewis Begley. “We were very committed to do this film,” Harlan recalls. “We had done enormous amounts of research and preparation, but there came a point when he and Warner boss Terry Semel decided it would be better to do AI first. It had to do with SCHINDLER’S LIST,” he said. “It was such a good film and so successful, and Stanley’s film would have come out about a year later. He’d already had this experience with FULL METAL JACKET, which came out the year after PLATOON, and that hurt us, there’s no question about it.” So in 1995, The Aryan Papers was abandoned and Kubrick returned to AI.

Steve Rose, “Kubrick, Spielberg and the AI project,” the *Guardian*, May 5, 2000.

22 Candia McWilliam, the *Guardian*, March 13, 1999.

23 James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (New York: Huebsch, 1916), Chapter 5.

24 Kubrick Interview, the *Observer*, December 4, 1960.

25 See Robert Hughes, “The Décor of Tomorrow’s Hell,” *Time Magazine*, December 27, 1971.

26 “An obituary in the *New York Times* used the word *cold* three times, and for good measure added *chilly*, *icy*, *bleak*, and *grim*. Kubrick the Cold is a cliché that cropped up in the columns of Pauline Kael and now serves as a comfy sofa for those who don’t want to deal with Kubrick’s ambition.” Alex Ross, “A Tribute to Stanley Kubrick,” *Slate* March 8, 1999: www.slate.com/id/1000948/ (last accessed May 20, 2010).

27 Frederic Raphael noted in *Eyes Wide Open*: “Stanley was so determined to be aloof and unfeeling that my heart went out to him. Somewhere along the line he was still the kid in the playground who had been no one’s first choice to play with.” The latter may or may not have been the case, but the “cold persona” evidently only begins (and ends) as an aesthetic construct, if this “kid” becomes an artist.

- 28 See Helmut Lethen, *Cool conduct* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2002), whose book identifies this “cold persona” as a “survival strategy” among some prominent writers, philosophers and artists of the post-war (WWI) generation in Germany.
- 29 To briefly recall the story: a gang of violent suburban thugs, led by the charismatic, but wholly a-moral Alex, spend their evenings routinely raping, beating up and murdering whoever happens to cross their path. Betrayed by one of his Droogs, Alex is put in prison, where he is selected as a guinea-pig in a new type of behaviorist aversion therapy, the so-called Ludovico Treatment. He is released from prison, but every time he now hears Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony or is confronted with an act aggression, he cannot retaliate but gets physically sick. This makes him incapable of dealing with the day-to-day reality of post-urban life, with its routine violence and aggression. Eventually, after the intervention of the prison chaplain, the aversion therapy is reversed, and Alex is once more free to give unbridled reign to his ultra-violence.
- 30 Slavoj Žižek devotes part three of *The Ticklish Subject* (“Whither Oedipus”), to “The Demise of Symbolic Efficiency.” There, he details instances of the falling apart of the double paternal function, from False Memory Syndrome to the Moral Majority Promise Keepers, from the obsession with code-crackers and hackers, to the reason why there is no sex between the protagonists in the *X-files*. Žižek also points to the return of what he calls “ferocious Superego figures,” with their command to enjoy!, or their own display of obscene enjoyment, either by inhibiting male identity formation under the sign of consumerist self-indulgence, or unleashing infantile rage or “tightening the Master-Slave matrix of passionate attachments,” as in films that try to re-inscribe the non-phallic father, such as *LA VITA È BELLA*. Slavoj Žižek, *The Ticklish Subject* (London: Verso, 2000), 374.
- 31 Gilles Deleuze, “Postscript on the Societies of Control,” *October* 59 (1992), 4.
- 32 Deleuze, “Postscript,” 4.
- 33 Perhaps only Kubrick himself was fully aware of the double-edged praise in a sentence like “Stanley Kubrick does not simply create films—he creates entire worlds.” “Photographing Stanley Kubrick’s BARRY LYNDON,” *American Cinematographer* (March 1976), 268.

17 The Pathos of Failure: Notes on the Unmotivated Hero

- 1 First published in *Monogram* 6 (October 1975): 13–19. The essay was originally intended as the second part of “Why Hollywood” (*Monogram* 1 [April 1971]: 4–10). Appearing with a four-year delay, the context of the argument had slightly changed, and it was now, together with an essay by my co-editor Mark LeFanu, the thematic centerpiece of an issue devoted to “Spectacle, Gesture, Violence.” LeFanu’s article dealt mostly with the turn to history in (recent) European cinema, but towards the end picked up also on changes in the American cinema, which I had taken as my subject. In the following, I cite from LeFanu in the text and the footnotes, in memory of our conversations when preparing the issue, which was to be our last.
- 2 The “discovery” over the last ten years of Sirk and Fuller and other directors like them has been largely the discovery of [a] secret discourse which although not exactly subversive is nevertheless the clue on the level of form to these movies’ ambiguous message. They are disquieting where they should be conformist, intransigent where they seem to offer the easy option.
- Mark LeFanu, “Pageants of Violence,” *Monogram* 6 (October 1975), 12.
- 3 “The function of narrative in American pictures is exactly to translate the inner pulsion of these men into formal and graspable signs by giving it a goal. Thus it provides the framework in which the asceticism of *gesture* can be substituted for that abundance of *speech*.” LeFanu, “Pageants of Violence,” 12.
- 4 Paul Schrader, himself a director of the New Hollywood, asked why he felt attracted to European films, replied: “in Hollywood movies the hero has a problem, in the European cinema, he faces a dilemma.” TV broadcast, “Pictures of Europe,” *Channel Four*, April 25, 1990.
- 5 LeFanu, “Pageants of Violence,” 12.
- 6 LeFanu, “Pageants of Violence,” 12.
- 7 “The loss of confidence in the way things are going at present politically, is a signal to re-examine the roots of the disaster in the past; or, if not to examine them, to forget them in the revisionist history which forgives everything by seeing it through the eyes of a child.” LeFanu, “Pageants of Violence,” 12.

18 Auteur Cinema and the New Economy Hollywood

- 1 David Thomson, “Who Killed the Movies,” *Esquire* (December 1996), 56–63; William Goldman, *The Big Picture: Who Killed Hollywood* (New York: Applause 2000); and Peter Bart, *Who Killed Hollywood . . . and Put the Tarnish on Tinseltown?* (Los Angeles: Renaissance Books, 1999). See also Noel King’s “The Last Good Time We Had: Remembering the New Hollywood Cinema,” in *The Last Great American Picture Show*, ed. Thomas Elsaesser, Alexander Horwath and Noel King (Amsterdam: Amsterdam University Press, 2004), 19–36.
- 2 See Jonathan Rosenbaum, “New Hollywood and the Sixties Melting Pot,” in *The Last Great American Picture Show*, 131–54. For J. Hoberman, see “How the Western Was Lost,” in his *The Magic Hour* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 2003), 128. Roy Grundmann has researched a similar encounter in “Subtext, Context, Intertext: Andy Warhol’s Midnight Movie Hustlers and Hollywood’s MIDNIGHT COWBOY” (unpublished manuscript, 2003).
- 3 Tom Schatz, “The New Hollywood,” in *Film Theory Goes to the Movies*, ed. J. Collins, H. Radner, A. Preacher Collins (New York: Routledge, 1993), 10.