Cinephilia or the Uses of Disenchantment

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The Meaning and Memory of a Word

It is hard to ignore that the word "cinephile" is a French coinage. Used as a noun in English, it designates someone who as easily emanates cachet as pretension, of the sort often associated with style items or fashion habits imported from France. As an adjective, however, "cinéphile" describes a state of mind and an emotion that, one the whole, has been seductive to a happy few while proving beneficial to film culture in general. The term "cinephilia," finally, reverberates with nostalgia and dedication, with longings and discrimination, and it evokes, at least to my generation, more than a passion for going to the movies, and only a little less than an entire attitude toward life. In all its scintillating indeterminacy, then, cinephilia – which migrated into the English language in the 1960s – can by now claim the allegiance of three generations of film-lovers. This fact alone makes it necessary to distinguish between two or even three kinds of cinephilia, succeeding each other, but also overlapping, co-existing, and competing with each other. For instance, cinephilia has been in and out of favor several times, including a spell as a thoroughly pejorative and even dismissive sobriquet in the politicized 1970s.[1]

In the 1960s, it was also a contentious issue, especially during Andrew Sarris's and Pauline Kael's controversy over the auteur theory, when calling one's appreciation of a Hollywood screwball comedy by such names was simply un-American.[2] It was a target of derision, because of its implied cosmopolitan snobbery, and the butt of Woody Allen jokes, as in a famous self-mocking scene outside the New York's Waverly Cinema in ANNIE HALL (USA: 1977).[3] Yet it has also been a badge of loyalty for filmgoers of all ages and tastes, worn with pride and dignity. In 1996, when Susan Sontag regretted the "decay of cinema," it was clear what she actually meant was the decay of cinephilia, that is, the way New Yorkers watched movies, rather than what they watched and what was being made by studios and directors.[4] Her intervention brought to the fore one of cinephilia's original characteristics, namely that it has always been a gesture towards cinema framed by nostalgia and other retroactive temporalities, pleasures tinged with regret even as they register as pleasures. Cinephiles were always ready to give in to the anxiety of possible loss, to mourn the once sensu-

ous- sensory plenitude of the celluloid image, and to insist on the irrecoverably fleeting nature of a film's experience.

Why then, did cinephilia originate in France? One explanation is that France is one of the few countries outside the United States which actually possesses a continuous film culture, bridging mainstream cinema and art cinema, and thus making the cinema more readily an integral part of everyday life than elsewhere in Europe. France can boast of a film industry that goes back to the beginnings of cinema in 1895, while ever since the 1920s, it has also had an avant-garde cinema, an art-and-essay film club movement, Each generation in France has produced notable film directors of international stature: the Lumière Brothers and Georges Méliès, Maurice Tourneur and Louis Feuillade, Abel Gance and Germaine Dulac, Jean Renoir and René Clair, Jean Cocteau and Julien Duvivier, Sacha Guitry and Robert Bresson, down to Leos Carax and Luc Besson, Cathérine Breillat and Jean-Pierre Jeunet. At the same time, unlike the US, French film culture has always been receptive to the cinema of other nations, including the American cinema, and thus was remarkably free of the kind of chauvinism of which the French have since been so often accused.[5] If there was a constitutive ambivalence around the status of cinema, such as it existed in countries like Germany, then in France this was less about art versus commerce, or high culture versus popular culture, and more about the tension between the "first person singular" inflection of the avant-garde movements (with their sometimes sectarian cultism of metropolitan life) and the "first person plural" national inflection of French cinema, with its love of stars, genres such as *polars* or comedies, and a vaguely working-class populism. In other words, French public culture has always been cinephile – whether in the 1920s or the 1980s, whether it was represented by art historian Elie Faure or author André Malraux, by television presenter Bernard Pivot or the Socialist Minister of Culture Jack Lang – of a kind rarely found among politicians, writers and public figures in other European nations. A respect for, and knowledge of the cinema has in France been so much taken for granted that it scarcely needed a special word, which is perhaps why the particular fervor with which the American cinema was received after 1945 by the frequenters of Henri Langlois' Paris Cinémathèque in the rue d'Ulm and the disciples of André Bazin around *Cahiers du Cinéma* did need a word that connoted that extra dimension of passion, conviction as well as desperate determination which still plays around the term in common parlance.

Cinephilia, strictly speaking, is love of cinema: "a way of watching films, speaking about them and then diffusing this discourse," as Antoine de Baecque, somewhat primly, has defined it.[6] De Baecque judiciously includes the element of shared experience, as well as the need to write about it and to proselytize, alongside the pleasure derived from viewing films on the big screen. The cinephilia I became initiated into around 1963 in London included dandified rituals

strictly observed when "going to the movies," either alone or less often, in groups. Cinephilia meant being sensitive to one's surroundings when watching a movie, carefully picking the place where to sit, fully alert to the quasi-sacral feeling of nervous anticipation that could descend upon a public space, however squalid, smelly or slipshod, as the velvet curtain rose and the studio logo with its fanfares filled the space. Stories about the fetal position that Jean Douchet would adopt every night in the second row of the Cinémathèque Palais de Chaillot had already made the rounds before I became a student in Paris in 1967 and saw it with my own eyes, but I also recall a cinema in London, called The Tolmer near Euston Station, in the mid-1960s, where only homeless people and alcoholics who had been evicted from the nearby railway station spent their afternoons and early evenings. Yet, there it was that I first saw Allan Dwan's SLIGHTLY SCARLET (USA: 1955) and Jacques Tourneur's OUT OF THE PAST / BUILD MY GALLOWS HIGH (USA: 1947) – two must-see films on any cinephile's wish list in those days. Similarly mixed but vivid feelings linger in me about the Brixton Classic in South London, where the clientele was so rough that the house lights were kept on during the feature film, and the aisles were patrolled by security guards with German shepherds. But by making a temporary visor and shield out of *The Guardian* newspaper, I watched the Anthony Mann and Budd Boetticher Westerns – BEND OF THE RIVER (USA: Mann, 1951), THE FAR COUNTRY (USA: Mann, 1954), THE TALL T (USA: Boetticher, 1957), RIDE LONESOME (USA: Boetticher, 1959), COMANCHE STATION (USA: Boetticher, 1960) – that I had read about in *Cahiers du Cinéma* and *Movie Magazine*, feeling the moment as more unique and myself more privileged than had I been given tickets to the last night of the Proms at the Royal Albert Hall.

For Jonathan Rosenbaum, growing up as the grandson of a cinema owner from the Deep south, it was "placing movies" according to whom he had seen them with, and "moving places," from Florence, Alabama to Paris to London, that defined his cinephilia,[7] while Adrian Martin, a cinephile from Melbourne, Australia has commented on "the monastic rituals that inform all manifestations of cinephilia: hunting down obscure or long-lost films at suburban children's matinees or on late-night TV."[8] The "late-night TV" marks Martin as a second-generation cinephile, because in the days I was referring to, there was no late-night television in Britain, and the idea of watching movies on television would have been considered sacrilege.

Detours and Deferrals

Cinephilia, then, wherever it is practiced around the globe, is not simply a love of the cinema. It is always already caught in several kinds of deferral: a detour in place and space, a shift in register and a delay in time. The initial spatial displacement was the transatlantic passage of Hollywood films after World War II to newly liberated France, wh`
ose audiences avidly caught up with the movies the German occupation had embargoed or banned during the previous years. In the early 1960s, the transatlantic passage went in the opposite direction, when the discourse of auteurism traveled from Paris to New York, followed by yet another change of direction, from New York back to Europe in the 1970s, when thanks to Martin Scorsese's admiration for Michael Powell, Paul Schrader's for Carl Dreyer, Woody Allen's for Ingmar Bergman and Francis Coppola's for Luchino Visconti these European masters were also "rediscovered" in Europe. Adding the mediating role played by London as the intellectual meeting point between Paris and New York, and the metropolis where art school film buffs, art house audiences, university-based film magazines and New Left theorists intersected as well, Anglophone cinephilia flourished above all in the triangle just sketched, sustained by migrating critics, traveling theory and translated magazines: "Europe-Hollywood-Europe" at first, but spreading as far as Latin America in the 1970s and to Australia in the 1980s.[9]

On a smaller, more local scale, this first cinephilia was – as already implied – topographically site-specific, defined by the movie houses, neighborhoods and cafés one frequented. If there *were* displacements, they mapped itineraries within a single city, be it Paris, London or New York, in the spirit of the Situationists' *detournement*, circumscribed by the mid-week movie sorties (in London) to the Everyman in Hampstead, the Electric Cinema on Portobello Road, and the NFT on the South Bank. Similar maps could be drawn for New York, Munich, or Milan, but nowhere were these sites more ideologically fixed and more fiercely defended than in Paris, where the original cinephiles of the post-war period divided up the city's movie theatres the way gangs divided up Chicago during prohibition: gathering at the MacMahon close to the Arc de Triomphe, at the Studio des Ursulines in the 5é or at La Pagode, near the Hotel des Invalides, each cinema hosted a clan or a tribe that was fiercely hostile to the others. If my own experience in London between 1963 and 1967 was more that of the movie house *flaneur* than as a member of a gang, the first person inflection of watching movies by myself eventually gave rise to a desire to write about them, which in turn required sharing one's likes, dislikes, and convictions with others, in order

to give body to one's love object, by founding a magazine and running it as a collective.[10]

However spontaneous, however shaped by circumstance and contingency, the magnetic pole of the world's cinephilia in the years up to the early 1970s remained Paris, and its marching orders retained something uniquely French. The story of the *Cahiers du Cinéma* critics and their promotion of Hollywood studio employees to the status of artists and "auteurs" is too wellknown to require any recapitulation here, except perhaps to note in passing another typically French trait. If in *La Pensée Sauvage*, Claude Levi-Strauss uses food to think with; and if there is a time-honored tradition in France – from the Marquis de Sade to Pierre Klossowski – to use sex to philosophize with, then it might not be an exaggeration to argue that in the 1950s, the cinephile core of French film critics used Charlton Heston, Fritz Lang, and Alfred Hitchcock, in order to theologize and ontologize with.[11]

One of the reasons the originary moment of cinephilia still occupies us today, however, may well be found in the third kind of deferral I mentioned. After detours of city, language, and location, cinephilia implies several kinds of time delays and shifts of temporal register. Here, too, distinctions are in order. First of all, there is "oedipal time": the kind of temporal succession that joins and separates paternity and generational repetition in difference. To go back to *Cahiers du Cinéma*: the fatherless, but oedipally fearless François Truffaut adopted Andre Bazin *and* Alfred Hitchcock (whom Bazin initially disliked), in order to attack "le cinéma de papa." The Pascalian Eric Rohmer (of Ma Nuit chez Maud [France: 1969]), "chose" that macho pragmatist Howard Hawks *and* the dandy homosexual Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau as his father figures, while Jean-Luc Godard could be said to have initially hedged his bets as well by backing *both* Roberto Rossellini *and* Sam Fuller, *both* Ingmar Bergman *and* Fritz Lang. Yet cinephilia also connects to another, equally deferred tense structure of desire: that of a lover's discourse, as conjugated by Roland Barthes: "I have loved and love no more;" "I love no more, in order to better love what I once loved;" and perhaps even: "I love him who does not love you, in order to become more worthy of your love." This hints at a third temporality, enfolding both oedipal time and the lover's discourse time, namely a triangulated time of strictly mediated desire.

A closer look at the London scene in the 1970s and early 1980s, under the aspect of personal friendships, local particularities and the brief flowering of film magazines thanks to funds from the BFI, would indicate the presence of all these temporalities as well. The oedipal time of "discovering" Douglas Sirk, the dissenting re-assessments of neo-realism, the rivalries over who owned Hitchcock: *Sight & Sound, Screen* or *Movie*. The argument would be that it was a delayed, deferred but also post lapsarian cinephilia that proved part of the driving

force behind what came to be known as Screen theory.[12] The Theory both covered over and preserved the fact that ambivalence about the status of Hollywood as the good/bad object persisted, notwithstanding that the love of cinema was now called by a different name: voyeurism, fetishism, and scopophilia.[13] But naming here is shaming; nothing could henceforth hide the painful truth that by 1975, cinephilia had been dragged out of its closet, the darkened womb-like auditorium, and revealed itself as a source of disappointment: the magic of the movies, in the cold light of day, had become a manipulation of regressive fantasies and the place of the big male escape from sexual difference. And would these torn halves ever come together again? It is not altogether irrelevant to this moment in history that Laura Mulvey's call to forego visual pleasure and dedicate oneself to unpleasure was not heeded; and yet, the feminist project, which took its cue from her essay, made this ambivalence productive well beyond the cinema.`

The Uses of Disenchantment

These then, would be some of the turns and returns of cinephilia between 1960 and 1980: love tainted by doubt and ambivalence, ambivalence turning into disappointment, and disappointment, which demanded a public demonstration or extorted confession of "I love no more." Yet, instead of this admission, as has sometimes happened with professional film critics, leading to a farewell note addressed to the cinema, abandoned in favor of some other intellectual or critical pursuit, disappointment with Hollywood in the early 1970s only helped renew the legitimating enterprise at the heart of auteurism, converting "negative" or disavowed cinephilia into one of the founding moments of Anglo-American academic film studies. The question why such negativity proved institutionally and intellectually so productive is a complex one, but it might just have to do with the time shifting inherent in the very feeling of cinephilia, which needs the ever-present possibility of disappointment, in order to exist at all, but which only becomes culturally productive against the knowledge of such possible "disenchantment," disgust even, and self-loathing. The question to ask, then – of the cinephile as well as of the critics of cinephilia – is: What are the uses of disenchantment? Picking the phrase "the uses of disenchantment" is, of course, alluding to a book by Bruno Bettelheim, *The Uses of Enchantment*, where he studies the European fairy tale and its function for children and adults as a mode of storytelling and of sensemaking. What I want to borrow from Bettelheim is the idea of the cinema as one of the great fairy-tale machines or "mythologies" that the late 19th century bequeathed to the 20th, and that America, originally

inheriting it from Europe, has in turn (from the 1920s up to the present day) bequeathed to Europe under the name of "Hollywood," from where, once more since the 1980s, it has been passed to the rest of the world.

By turning Bettelheim's title into "dis-enchantment" I have also tried to capture another French phrase, that of "déception," a recurring sentiment voiced by Proust's narrator Marcel whenever a gap opens up between his expectations or anticipations and the reality as he then experienced it. It punctuates *À la recherche du temps perdu* like a leitmotif, and the gap which disenchantment each time signals enables Marcel's mind to become especially associative. It is as if disappointment and disenchantment are in Proust by no means negative feelings, but belong to the prime movers of the memory imagination. Savoring the sensed discrepancy between what is and what is expected, constitutes the semiotic act, so to speak, by making this difference the prerequisite for there to be any insight or feeling at all. Could it be that a similarly enacted gap is part of cinephilia's productive disenchantment? I recall a Hungarian friend in London who was always waiting for the new films by Losey, Preminger or Aldrich "with terrible trepidation." Anticipated disappointment may be more than a self-protective shield. Disenchantment is a form of individuation because it rescues the spectator's sense of self from being engulfed by the totalizing repleteness, the self-sufficiency and always already complete there-ness that especially classic American cinema tries to convey. From this perspective, the often heard complaint that a film is "not as good as [the director's] last one" also makes perfect sense because disappointment redeems memory at the expense of the present.

I therefore see disenchantment as having had a determining role within cinephilia, perhaps even going back to the post-World War II period. It may always have been the verso to cinephilia's recto, in that it lets us see the darker side, or at any rate, another side of the cinephile's sense of displacement and deferral. In the history of film theory, a break is usually posited between the auteurism and cinephilia of the 1950s-1960s, and the structuralist-semiotic turn of the 1960s–1970s. In fact, they are often played off against each other. But if one factors in the temporalities of love and the trepidations of possible disenchantment, then Christian Metz and Roland Barthes are indeed key figures not only in founding (semiologically inspired) film studies, but in defining the bi-polar affective bond we have with our subject, in the sense that their "I love / no longer / and choose the other / in order to learn / once more / to love myself" are the revolving turnstiles of both cinephilia *and* its apparent opposite – semiology and psychosemiotics. Disenchantment and its logic of retrospective revalorization hints at several additional reversals, which may explain why today we are still, or yet again, talking about cinephilia, while the theoretical paradigm I have just been alluding to – psychosemiotics – which was to have overcome cinephilia, the way en-

lightenment overcame superstition, has lost much of its previously compelling power.

Raymond Bellour, a cinephile (almost) of the first hour, and a founding figure in film studies, is also one of the most lucid commentators on cinephilia. In an essay entitled – how could it be otherwise – "Nostalgies," he confesses:

> There are three things, and three things only, which I have loved in the same way: Greek mythology, the early writings of the Bronte sisters, and the American cinema. These three worlds, so different from each other, have only one thing in common which is of such an immense power: they are, precisely, worlds. By that I mean complete wholes that truly respond at any moment in time to any question which one could ask about the nature, the function and the destiny of that particular universe. This is very clear for Greek mythology. The stories of gods and heroes leave nothing in the dark: neither heaven nor earth, neither genealogy nor sentiments. They impose an order on the idea, finite and infinite, in which a child could recognise its fears and anxieties. […]
>
> Starting with the invention of the cinema there is an extraordinarily matching between cinema as a machine (apparatus?) and the continent of America. [Because] America recognised straightaway in this apparatus for reproducing reality the instrument that it needed for inventing itself. It immediately believed in the cinema's reality.[14]

"America immediately believed in the cinema's reality": this seems to me one of Bellour's most felicitous insights about cinephilia-as-unrequited love and perhaps even envy, a key to perhaps not only French fascination-in-disenchantment with Hollywood. For it is around this question of belief, of "*croyance*," of "good faith" and (of course, its philosophically equally interesting opposite "bad faith," when we think of Jean Paul Sartre's legacy) that much of French film theory and some of French film practice, took shape in the 1970s. French cinephile disenchantment, of which the same *Cahiers du Cinéma* made themselves the official organ from 1969 onwards, also helped formulate the theoretical-critical agenda that remained in force in Britain for a decade and in the USA for almost two. Central to the agenda was the need to prove that Hollywood cinema is a bad object, because it is illusionist. One might well ask naively: What else can the cinema be, if not illusionist? But as a cinephile, the pertinence of the problem strikes one as self-evident, for here, precisely, arises the question of belief. If you are an atheist, faith is not an issue; but woe to the agnostic who has been brought up a believer because he will have to prove that the existence of God is a logical impossibility.

This theological proof that heaven, or cinephilia, does not exist, is what I now tend to think screen theory was partly about. Its radicalism can be most plausibly understood, I suggest, as an insistent circling around one single question,

namely how this make-belief, this effect of the real, created by the false which is the American cinema, can be deconstructed, can be shown to be not only an act of ideological manipulation but an ontology whose groundlessness has to be unmasked – or on the contrary, has to be accepted as the price of our modernity. It is one thing to agree that the American cinema is illusionist, and to define what "believing in its reality" means. For instance, what it means is that one takes pleasure in being a witness to magic, to seeing with one's own eyes and ears what the mind knows to be impossible, or to experience the uncanny force of cinema as a parallel universe, peopled by a hundred years of un-dead presences, of ghosts more real than ourselves. But it is something quite other to equate this il-lusion or suspension of disbelief with de-lusion, and to insist that we have to wake up from it and be dis-enchanted away from its spell. That equation was left to *Screen* to insist on, and that is what perhaps was fed to film students far too long for film theory's own good, percolating through university film courses in ever more diluted versions.

But what extraordinary effervescence, what subtle intellectual flavors and bubbling energy the heady brew of screen theory generated in those early years! It testifies to the hidden bliss of disenchantment (which as Bellour makes clear, is profoundly linked to the loss of childhood), which gripped filmmakers as well as film theorists, and did so, paradoxically, at just the moment, around 1975 when, on the face of it, practice and theory, after a close alliance from the years of the Nouvelle Vague to the early work of Scorsese, Paul Schrader or Monte Hellman, began to diverge in quite different directions. It is remarkable to think that the publication of Stephen Heath's and Laura Mulvey's famous articles coincides with Jaws (USA: Steven Spielberg, 1975), The Exorcist (USA: William Friedkin, 1974) and Star Wars (USA: George Lucas, 1975-77) – films that instead of dismantling illusionism, gave it a fourth dimension. Their special-effect hyperrealism made the term "illusionism" more or less obsolete, generating digital ontologies whose philosophical conundrums and cognitive-perceptual puzzles still keep us immersed or bemused. Unfortunately for some of us, the time came when students preferred disbelieving their eyes in the cinemas, to believing their teachers in the classroom.

Cinephilia: Take Two

It is perhaps the very conjuncture or disjuncture between the theoretical tools of film studies and the practical film experiences of students (as students *and* spectators) that necessitates a return to this history – the history of cinephilia, in order to begin to map the possible contours of another cinephilia, today's cine-

philia. For as already indicated, while psychosemiotics has lost its intellectual luster, cinephilia seems to be staging a comeback. By an effect of yet another act of temporal displacement, such a moment would rewrite this history, creating not only a divide, but retrospectively obliging one to differentiate more clearly between first-generation cinephilia and second-generation cinephilia. It may even require us to distinguish two kinds of second-generation cinephilia, one that has kept aloof from the university curriculum and kept its faith with auteur cinema, with the celluloid image and the big screen, and another that has found its love of the movies take very different and often enough very unconventional forms, embracing the new technologies, such as DVDs and the internet, finding communities and shared experiences through gender-bending *Star Trek* episodes and other kinds of textual poaching. This fan cult cinephilia locates its pleasures neither in a physical space such as a city and its movie houses, nor in the "theatrical" experience of the quasi-sacral space of audiences gathered in the collective trance of a film performance.

I shall not say too much about the cinephilia that has kept faith with the auteur, a faith rewarded by that special sense of being in the presence of a new talent, and having the privilege to communicate such an encounter with genius to others. Instead of discovering B-picture directors as auteurs within the Hollywood machine, as did the first generation, these cinephiles find their neglected figures among the independents, the avant-garde, and the emerging film nations of world cinema. The natural home of this cinephilia is neither the university nor a city's second-run cinemas, but the film festival and the film museum, whose increasingly international circuits the cinephile critic, programmer, or distributor frequents as *flaneur*, prospector, and explorer. The main reason I can be brief is not only that my narrative is trying to track the interface and hidden links between cinephilia and academic film studies. Some of the pioneers of this second generation cinephilia – the already mentioned Jonathan Rosenbaum and Adrian Martin – have themselves, together with their friends in Vienna, New York, San Francisco, and Paris, mapped the new terrain and documented the contours of their passion in a remarkable, serial publication, a daisy-chain of letters, which shows the new networks in action, while much of the time recalling the geographical and temporal triangulations of desire I have already sketched above.[15]

Less well documented is the post-auteur, post-theory cinephilia that has embraced the new technologies, that flourishes on the internet and finds its *jouissance* in an often undisguised and unapologetic fetishism of the technical prowess of the digital video disc, its sound and its image and the tactile sensations now associated with both. Three features stand out for a casual observer like myself, which I would briefly like to thematize under headings "re-mastering, re-purposing, and re-framing."

Re-mastering in its literal sense alludes, of course, directly to that fetish of the technical specification of digital transfers. But since the idea of re-mastering also implies power relations, suggesting an effort to capture and control something that may have gotten out of hand, this seems to me to apply particularly well to the new forms of cinephilia, as I shall try to suggest below. Yet re-mastery also hints at its dialectical opposite, namely the possibility of failure, the slipping of control from the very grip of someone who wants to exercise it. Lastly, re-mastering also in the sense of seizing the initiative, of re-appropriating the means of someone else's presumed mastery over your emotions, over your libidinal economy, by turning the images around, making them mean something for you and your community or group. What in cultural studies came to be called "oppositional readings" – when countering preferred or hegemonic readings – may now be present in the new cinephilia as a more attenuated, even dialogical engagement with the object and its meaning. Indeed, cinephilia as a re-mastering could be understood as the ultimate "negotiated" reading of the consumer society, insofar as it is within the regime of universalized (or "commodified") pleasure that the meaning proposed by the mainstream culture and the meaning "customized" by the cinephile coincide, confirming not only that, as Foucault averred, the "control society" disciplines through pleasure, but that the internet, through which much of this new cinephilia flows, is – as the phrase has it – a "pull" medium and not a "push" medium.[16]

One of the typical features of a pull medium, supposedly driven by the incremental decisions of its users, is its uncanny ability to *re-purpose*. This, as we know, is an industryterm for re-packaging the same content in different media, and for attaching different uses or purposes to the single product. It encompasses the director's cut, the bonus package of the DVD with its behind-the-scenes or making-of "documentaries," as well as the more obvious franchising and merchandising practices that precede, surround, and follow a major feature film release. The makers of THE MATRIX (USA: Andy & Larry Wachowski, 1998) or LORD OF THE RINGS (USA: Peter Jackson, 2001-2003) already have the computer game in mind during the filming, they maintain websites with articles about the "philosophy" of their plots and its protagonists, or they comment on the occult significance of objects, character's names and locations. The film comes with its own discourses, which in turn, give rise to more discourses. The critic – cinephile, consumer guide, enforcer of cultural standards, or fan – is already part of the package. Knowledgeable, sophisticated and expert, this ready-made cinephilia is a hard act to follow, and even harder is it to now locate what I have called the semiotic gap that enables either unexpected discovery, the shock of revelation, or the play of anticipation and disappointment, which I argued are part of cinephilia take one, and possibly part of cinephilia *tout court*.

This may, however, be the jaded view of a superannuated cinephile take one, unable to "master" his disenchantment. For there is also *re-framing*, referring to the conceptual frame, the emotional frame, as well as the temporal frame that regulates the DVD or internet forms of cinephilia, as well. More demanding, certainly, than selecting the right row in the cinema of your choice for the perfect view of the screen, these acts of reframing require the ability to hold in place different kinds of simultaneity, different temporalities. What is most striking about the new cinephilia is the mobility and malleability of its objects, the instability of the images put in circulation, their adaptability even in their visual forms and shapes, their mutability of meaning. But re-framing also in the temporal sense, for the new cinephile has to know how to savor (as well as to save her sense of identity from) the anachronisms generated by total availability, by the fact that the whole of film history is henceforth present in the here-and-now. Terms like "cult film" or "classic" are symptomatic of the attempt to find ways of coping with the sudden distance *and* proximity in the face of a constantly re-encountered past. And what does it mean that the loved object is no longer an immaterial experience, an encounter stolen from the tyranny of irreversible time, but can now be touched and handled physically, stored and collected, in the form of a videotape or disk? Does a movie thereby come any closer or become more sensuous or tangible as an experience? In this respect, as indeed in several others, the new cinephilia faces the same dilemmas as did the old one: How to manage the emotions of being up close, of "burning with passion," of how to find the right measure, the right spatial parameters for the pleasures, but also for the rituals of cinephilia, which allow them to be shared, communicated, and put into words and discourse? All these forms of re-framing, however, stand in yet another tension with the dominant aesthetics of the moving image today, always seeking to "un-frame" the image, rather than merely reframing the classical scenic rectangle of stage, window, or painting. By this I mean the preference of contemporary media culture for the extreme close-up, the motion blur, wipe or pan, and for the horizon-less image altogether. Either layered like a palimpsest or immersive like a fish tank, the image today does not seek to engage the focusing gaze. Rather, it tries to suggest a more haptic contact space, a way of touching the image and being touched by it with the eye and ear. Contrast this to the heyday of mise-en-scène, where the art of framing or subtle reframing by the likes of Jean Renoir, Vincente Minnelli, or Nicholas Ray became the touchstone of value for the cinephiles of the first generation.

Cinephilia take one, then, was identified with the means of holding its object in place, with the uniqueness of the moment, as well as with the singularity of sacred space, because it valued the film almost as much for the effort it took to catch it on its first release or its single showing at a retrospective, as for the spiritual revelation, the sheer aesthetic pleasure or somatic engagement it pro-

mised at such a screening. On all these counts, cinephilia take two would seem to be a more complex affair involving an even more ambivalent state of mind and body. Against "trepidation in anticipation" (take one), the agitation of cinephilia take two might best be described by the terms "stressed/distressed," having to live in a non-linear, non-directional "too much/all at once" state of permanent tension, not so much about missing the unique moment, but almost its opposite, namely about how to cope with a flow that knows no privileged points of capture at all, and yet seeks that special sense of self-presence that love promises and sometimes provides. Cinephilia take two is therefore painfully aware of the paradox that cinephilia take one may have lived out in practice, but would not ultimately confront. Namely, that attachment to the unique moment and to that special place – in short, to the quest for plenitude, envelopment and enclosure – is already (as psychoanalysis was at pains to point out) the enactment of a search for lost time, and thus the acknowledgement that the singular moment stands under the regime of repetition, of the re-take, of the iterative, the compulsively serial, the fetishistic, the fragmented and the fractal. The paradox is similar to what Nietzsche expressed in *Thus Spake Zarathustra*: "*doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit*" ("all pleasure seeks eternity"), meaning that pleasure has to face up to the fact of mortality, in the endless repetition of the vain attempt to overcome it.

Looking back from cinephilia take two to cinephilia take one, it once more becomes evident just how anxious a love it has always been, not only because we held on to the uniqueness of time and place, in the teeth of cinema's technological change and altered demographies that did away with those very movie houses which were home to the film lover's longings. It was an anxious love, because it was love in deferral and denial. By the 1960s, we already preferred the Hollywood films of the 1940s to the films made in the 1960s, cultivating the myth of a golden age that some cinephiles themselves have since transferred to the 1960s, and it was anxious in that it could access this plenitude only through the reflexiveness of writing, an act of distancing in the hope of getting closer. It was, I now believe, the cinephile's equivalent to the sort of *mise-en-abyme* of spectatorship one finds in the films of early Godard, such as the movie-house scene in LES CARABINIERS (France: 1963, THE RIFLEMEN), where Michel-Ange wants to "enter" the screen, and ends up tearing it down. Writing about movies, too, was trying to seize the cinematic image, just as it escaped one's grasp. Once the screen was torn down, the naked brick wall that remained in Godard's film is as good a metaphor for this disenchantment I am speaking about as any. Yet cinephilia take two no longer has even this physical relation to "going to the movies" which a film as deconstructive, destructive, and iconoclastic as LES CARABINIERS still invokes with such matter-of-factness. Nowadays, we know too much about the movies, their textual mechanisms, their commodity status,

their function in the culture industries and the experience economy, but – equally important, if not more so – the movies also know too much about us, the spectators, the users, the consumers. The cinema, in other words, is that "push" medium which disguises itself as a "pull" medium, going out of its way to promote cinephilia itself as its preferred mode of engagement with the spectator: the "plug," in Dominic Pettman's words, now goes both ways.[17]

Cinephilia take one, I suggested, is a discourse braided around love, in all the richly self-contradictory, narcissistic, altruistic, communicative and autistic forms that this emotion or state of mind afflicts us with. Film studies, built on this cinephilia, proceeded to deconstruct it, by taking apart mainly two of its key components: we politicized pleasure, and we psychoanalyzed desire. An important task at the time, maybe, but not a recipe for happiness. Is it possible to once more become innocent and political? Or to reconstruct what, after all, cinephilia take one and take two have in common, while nonetheless marking their differences? The term with which I would attempt to heal the rift is thus neither pleasure nor desire, but memory, even if it is no less contentious than either of the other two. At the forefront of cinephilia, of whatever form, I want to argue, is a crisis of memory: filmic memory in the first instance, but our very idea of memory in the modern sense, as recall mediated by technologies of recording, storage, and retrieval. The impossibility of experience in the present, and the need to always be conscious of several temporalities, which I claimed is fundamental to cinephilia, has become a generalized cultural condition. In our mobility, we are "tour"-ists of life; we use the camcorder with our hands or often merely in our heads, to reassure ourselves that this is "me, now, here." Our experience of the present is always already (media) memory, and this memory represents the recaptured attempt at self-presence: possessing the experience in order to possess the memory, in order to possess the self. It gives the cinephile take two a new role – maybe even a new cultural status – as collector and archivist, not so much of our fleeting cinema experiences as of our no less fleeting self-experiences.

The new cinephilia of the download, the file swap, the sampling, re-editing and re-mounting of story line, characters, and genre gives a new twist to that anxious love of loss and plenitude, if we can permit ourselves to consider it for a moment outside the parameters of copyright and fair use. Technology now allows the cinephile to re-create in and through the textual manipulations, but also through the choice of media and storage formats that sense of the unique, that sense of place, occasion, and moment so essential to all forms of cinephilia, even as it is caught in the compulsion to repeat. This work of preservation and re-presentation – like all work involving memory and the archive – is marked by the fragment and its fetish-invocations. Yet fragment is also understood here in a special sense. Each film is not only a fragment of that totality of moving

images which always already exceed our grasp, our knowledge and even our love, but it is also a fragment, in the sense of representing, in whatever form we view or experience it, only one part, one aspect, one aggregate state of the many, potentially unlimited aggregate states by which the images of our filmic heritage now circulate in culture. Out there, *the love that never lies* (cinephilia as the love of the original, of authenticity, of the indexicality of time, where each film performance is a unique event), now competes with *the love that never dies*, where cinephilia feeds on nostalgia and repetition, is revived by fandom and cult classics, and demands the video copy and now the DVD or the download. While such a love fetishises the technological performativity of digitally remastered images and sounds, it also confers a new nobility on what once might have been mere junk. The new cinephilia is turning the unlimited archive of our media memory, including the unloved bits and pieces, the long forgotten films or programs into potentially desirable and much valued clips, extras and bonuses, which proves that cinephilia is not only an anxious love, but can always turn itself into a happy perversion. And as such, these new forms of enchantment will probably also encounter new moments of dis-enchantment, re-establishing the possibility of rupture, such as when the network collapses, the connection is broken, or the server is down. Cinephilia, in other words, has reincarnated itself, by dis-embodying itself. But what it has also achieved is that it has un-Frenched itself, or rather, it has taken the French (term) into a new ontology of belief, suspension of disbelief, and memory: possibly, probably against the will of the "happy few," but hopefully, once more for the benefit of many.

Notes

1. Paul Willemen's essay on "Cinephilia" accurately echoes this severity of tone and hints at disapproval. See "Through the Glass Darkly: Cinephilia Reconsidered," in Paul Willemen (ed.). *Looks and Frictions: Essays in Cultural Studies and Film Theory*, Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1994, pp. 223-257.
2. The Andrew Sarris-Pauline Kael controversy can be studied in Sarris, Andrew. "Notes on the *Auteur* Theory in 1962," *Film Culture*, 27 (1962-63), 1-8; Kael, Pauline. "Circles and Squares," *Film Comment*, 16/3 (Spring 1963), pp. 12-26. For biographical background to Sarris' position, see <http://www.dga.org/news/v25_6/feat_sarris_schickel.php3>.
3. ANNIE HALL (USA: Woody Allen, 1977): "We saw the Fellini film last Tuesday. It was not one of his best. It lacks a cohesive structure. You know, you get the feeling that he's not absolutely sure what it is he wants to say. 'Course, I've always felt he was essentially a – a *technical* filmmaker. Granted, *La Strada* was a great film. Great in its use of negative imagery more than anything else. But that simple, cohesive

core.... Like all that *Juliet of the Spirits* or *Satyricon*, I found it incredibly *indulgent*. You know, he really is. He's one of the most *indulgent* filmmakers. He really is...."

4. Sontag, Susan. "The Decay of Cinema," *The New York Times*, 25 February 1996.

5. Jean-Paul Sartre returned to Paris from his visit to New York in 1947, full of admiration for the movies and the cities, and especially about Orson Welles' Citizen Kane (USA: 1941). See *Situations IV: Portraits*, Paris: Gallimard, 1964, pp. 34-56.

6. Baecque, Antoine de. *La cinéphilie: Invention d'un regard, histoire d'une culture, 1944–1968*, Paris: Fayard, 2003.

7. Rosenbaum, Jonathan. *Moving Places: A Life at the Movies*, New York: Harper & Row, 1980, pp. 19-35.

8. Martin, Adrian. "No Flowers for the Cinephile: The Fates of Cultural Populism 1960-1988," Foss, Paul (ed.), *Island in the Stream: Myths of Place in Australian Cinema*, Sydney: Pluto Press, 1988, p. 128.

9. For Latin American cinephilia, apart from Manuel Puig's novel *Kiss of the Spider Woman* (1979), see Perez, Gilberto. *The Material Ghost: Films and Their Medium*, Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2000.

10. The cinephile magazine collectives that I headed as editor were *The Brighton Film Review* (1968-1971) and *Monogram* (1971-1975).

11. "Charlton Heston is an axiom. By himself alone he constitutes a tragedy, and his presence in any film whatsoever suffices to create beauty. The contained violence expressed by the somber phosphorescence of his eyes, his eagle's profile, the haughty arch of his eyebrows, his prominent cheekbones, the bitter and hard curve of his mouth, the fabulous power of his torso; this is what he possesses and what not even the worst director can degrade," Michel Mourlet, quoted in Roud, Richard, "The French Line," *Sight and Sound,* Autumn 1960. On Lang, see Moullet, Luc. *Fritz Lang*, Paris: Seghers, 1963; Eibel, Alfred (ed.). *Fritz Lang*. Paris: Présence du Cinéma, 1964. On Hitchcock see Rohmer, Eric, Claude Chabrol. *Hitchcock*, Paris: Éditions universitaires, 1957; Truffaut, François. *Le cinéma selon Hitchcock*, Paris: Robert Laffont, 1966; Douchet, Jean. *Alfred Hitchcock*, Paris: Éditions de l'Herne, 1967.

12. A good account of Screen Theory can be found in the introductions and texts assembled in Phil Rosen (ed.), *Narrative, Apparatus, Ideology: A Film Theory Reader*, New York: Columbia University Press, 1986.

13. Heath, Stephen. "Narrative Space," *Screen*, 17/3 (1976), pp. 19-75; and Mulvey, Laura. "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema," *Screen*, 16/3 (autumn 1975), pp. 6-18.

14. Bellour, Raymond. "Nostalgies," *Autrement: Europe-Hollywood et Retour*, 79 (1986), pp. 231-232. [*Il y a trois choses, et trois seulement, que j'ai aimées de la meme façon: la mythologie grecque, les ecrits de jeunesse des soeurs Bronte, le cinema americain. Ces trois mondes si dissemblables n'ont qu'une chose en commun, mais qui est d'une force immense: ce sont, precisement, des mondes. C'est-a-dire des ensembles complets, qui repondent vraiment, a tel moment du temps, a toutes les questions que l'on peut se poser sur la nature, la fonction et le destin de l'univers. Cela est tres clair dans la mythologie grecque. Les recits des dieux et des heros ne laissent rien dans l'ombre: ni le ciel ni la terre, ni la genealogie ni les sentiments; ils imposent l'idee d'un ordre, fini et infini, dans lequel un enfant pouvait imaginer ses peurs et ses envies....*

Des l'invention du cinema, il y a une extraordinaire adequation entre la machine-cinema et le continent-Amerique. [Car] l'Amerique reconnait d'emblee, dans cette machine a repro-

duire la realite, l'instrument qui lui est necessaire pour inventer la sienne. Sa force a ete d'y croire instantanement.]

15. Martin, Adrian, Jonathan Rosenbaum (eds.), *Movie Mutations: The Changing Face of World Cinephilia*, London: British Film Institute, 2003.

16. The terms "pull" and "push" come from marketing and constitute two ways of making contact between a consumer and a product or service. In a push medium, the producer actively persuades the customer of the advantages of the product (via advertising, marketing campaigns, or mailings). In a pull medium, the consumer "finds" the product or service by appearing to freely exercise his/her choice, curiosity, or by following an information trail, such as word-of-mouth. The search engines of the internet make the World Wide Web the typical "pull" medium, obliging traditional "push" media to redefine their communication strategies.

17. Dominic Pettman, remark at the Cinephilia II Conference, Amsterdam 2003.