

Document Citation

Title	A tribute to Andrei Tarkovsky
Author(s)	Michael Lam
Source	<i>Hong Kong Film Festival</i>
Date	1987
Type	program
Language	English
Pagination	
No. of Pages	32
Subjects	Resnais, Alain (1922), Vannes, France Tarkovsky, Andrei (1932-1986), Zawrashje, Iwanowo, Russia, Soviet Union Marker, Chris (1921), Neuilly-Sur-Seine, Île-de-France, France
Film Subjects	Dvadcat' dnei bez vojny (Twenty days without war), German, Aleksej, 1976 Nostalghia, Tarkovsky, Andrei, 1983 Andrei Rublev, Tarkovsky, Andrei, 1969 Je t'aime, je t'aime (I love you, I love you), Resnais, Alain, 1968 Zerkalo (The mirror), Tarkovsky, Andrei, 1975 Solaris, Tarkovsky, Andrei, 1972 Offret (The sacrifice), Tarkovsky, Andrei, 1986

L'année dernière à marienbad (Last year at marienbad), Resnais, Alain, 1961

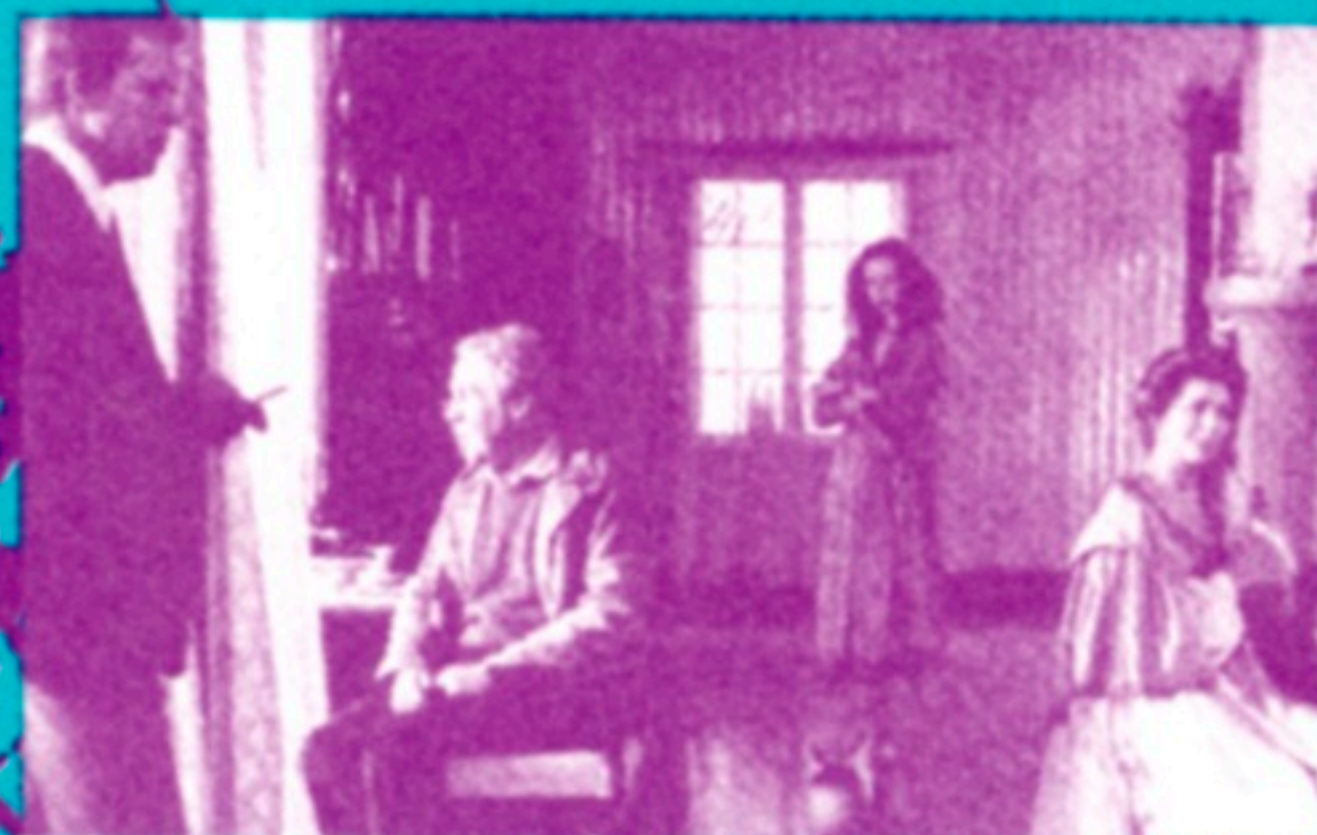
Moj drug Ivan Lapsin (My friend Ivan Lapshin), German, Aleksej, 1985

La jetée (The pier), Marker, Chris, 1963

Stalker, Tarkovsky, Andrei, 1979

塔可夫斯基紀念特輯

tribute to Andrei Tarkovsky
(1932-86)



第十一屆香港國際電影節
The 11th Hong Kong International Film Festival



Presented by
the Urban Council
市政局主辦

A Tribute to Andrei Tarkovsky

(1932-86)

塔可夫斯基紀念特輯

Editor: Michael Lam

編輯：林邁克

Acknowledgements:

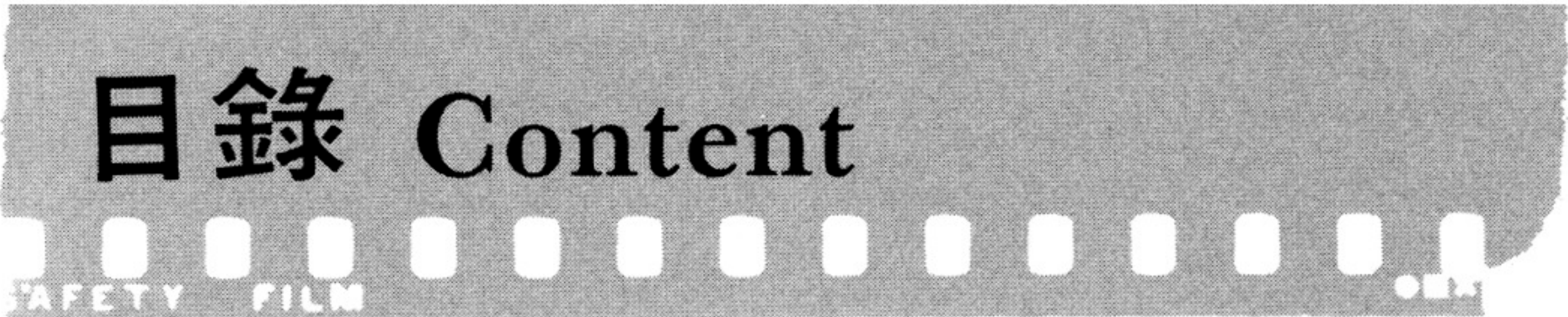
鳴謝

Artificial Eye (Robert Beeson), British Film Institute (Nigel Algar, Ian Christie, Veronica Taylor), Columbia Pictures (Dennis Doph, Jim Jeneji), Contemporary Films (Kitty Cooper), Corinth Films (Matthew Curtis), Darvill Associates (Peter Darvill), Film Quarterly, Monthly Film Bulletin, Rotterdam Film Festival, Sacis (Nicoletta del Pesco), San Francisco Film Festival, Sight and Sound, Sovexportfilm, Swedish Film Institute (Bengt Forslund), The Bodley Head Ltd., 石琪、金炳興、徐昌明、陳輝揚、羅維明、明報周刊、電影雙週刊。

A fund has been established for Tarkovsky's family after his death. Contributions should be sent to the following address:

為塔可夫斯基遺屬設立的基金會，現接納各界捐助。
請將善款寄至下列地址：

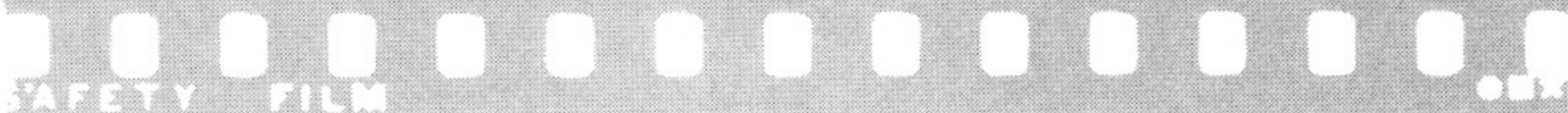
Committee Tarkovsky
CCP1467441A BP 234
Paris, France 75464 CEDEX 10.



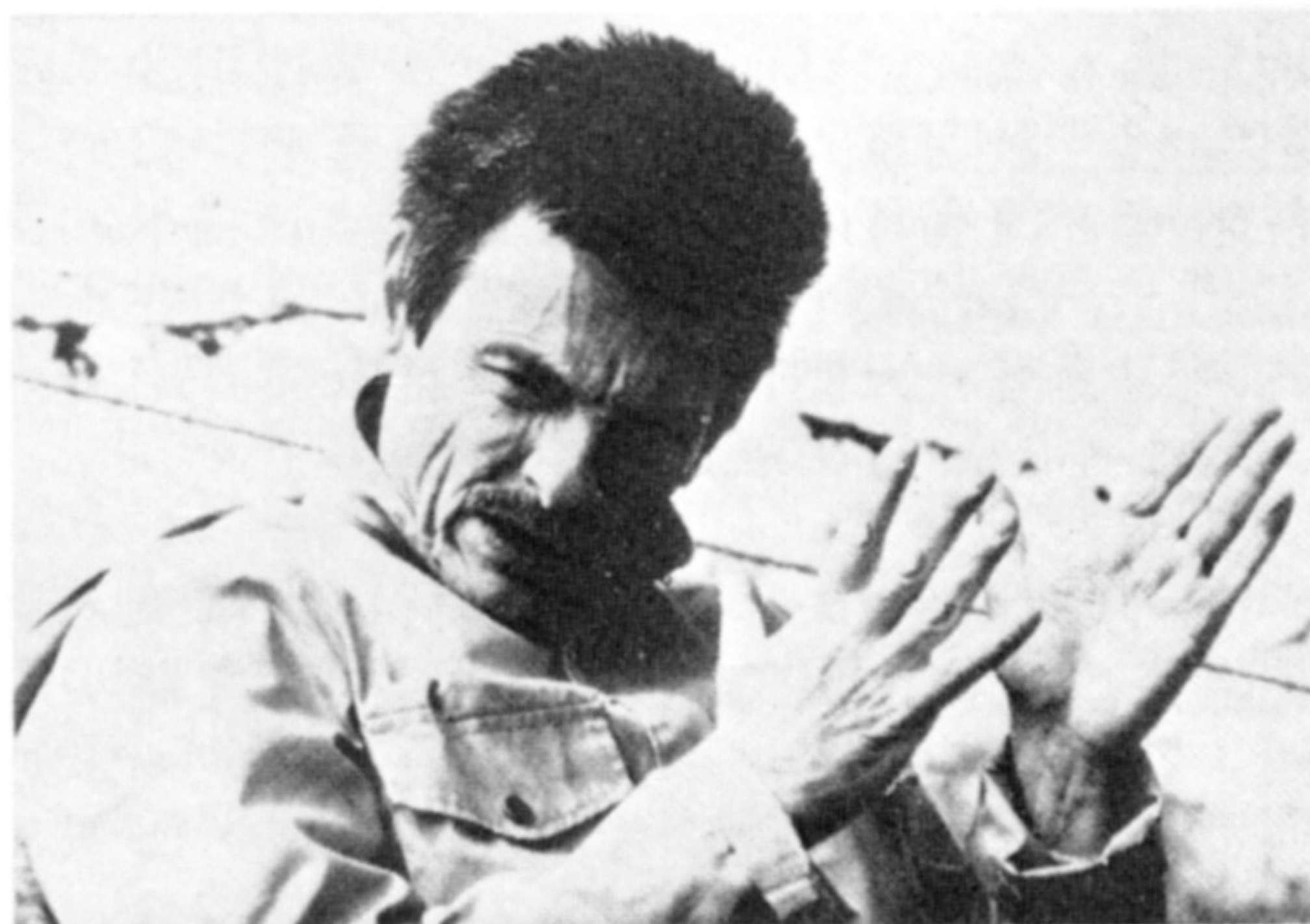
Sculpting in Time Andrei Tarkovsky	3
水月鏡花的意象——《伊凡的童年》及其他 石琪	4
就只有這麼一次 昌明	5
回想安德烈 羅維明	6
Solaris Timothy Hyman	8
探星者 羅維明	12
The Nostalgia of the Stalker Peter Green	14
懷鄉 羅維明	20
憂時與內省——塔可夫斯基的電影世界 金炳興	21
Raising the Shroud Ian Christie	22
雕塑光陰 塔可夫斯基	25
後語 邁克	27
Filmography 作品年表	29



Sculpting in Time



Andrei Tarkovsky



Only by collecting together the films of different directors do we arrive at picture of the modern world which is more or less realistic and has some claim to be called a full account of what concerns, excites and puzzles our contemporaries: an embodiment, in fact, of that generalised experience which modern man lacks and which the art of cinema lives to make incarnate.

The whole question of avant-garde is peculiar to the twentieth century, to the time when art has steadily been losing its spirituality. The situation is worst in the visual arts, which today are almost totally devoid of spirituality. The accepted view is that this situation reflects the despiritualised state of society. And of course, on the level of simple observation of the tragedy. I agree: that is what it does reflect. But art must transcend as well as observe; its role is to bring spiritual vision to bear on reality: as did Dostoyevsky, the first to have given inspired utterance to the incipient disease of the age.

The whole concept of avant-garde in art is meaningless. I can see what it means as applied to sport, for instance. But to apply it to art would be to accept the idea of progress in art; and though progress has an obvious place in technology — more perfect machines, capable of carrying out their functions better and more accurately — how can anyone be more advanced in art? How could Thomas Mann be said to be better than Shakespeare?

Artists are divided into those who create their own inner world and those who recreate reality. I undoubtedly belong to the first — but that actually alters nothing: my inner world may be of interest to some, others will be left cold or even irritated by it; the point is that the inner world created by cinematic means always has to be taken as reality, as it were objectively established in the immediacy of the recorded moment.

A piece of music can be played in different ways, can last for varying lengths of time. Here time is simply a condition of certain causes, and effects set out in a given order; it has an abstract, philosophical character. Cinema on the other hand is able to record time in outward and visible signs, recognisable to the feelings. And so time becomes the very foundation of cinema; as sound is in music, colour in painting, character in drama.

Rhythm, then, is not the metrical sequence of pieces; what makes it is the time-thrust within the frames. And I am convinced that it is rhythm, and not editing, as people tend to think, that is the main formative element of cinema.

Any talk of 'genre' in cinema refers as a rule to commercial films — situation comedy, Western, psychological drama, melodrama, musical, detective, horror or suspense movie. And what have any of these to do with art? They belong to mass media and are for the mass consumer.

What is Bresson's genre? He doesn't have one. Bresson is Bresson. He is a genre in himself. Antonioni, Fellini, Bergman, Kurosawa, Dovzhenko, Vigo, Mizoguchi, Bunuel — each is identified with himself. The very concept of genre is as cold as the tomb. And is Chaplin Comedy? No: he is Chaplin, pure and simple; a unique phenomenon, never to be repeated.

There is no contradiction in the fact that I do nothing in particular to please an audience, and yet hope fervently that my picture will be accepted and loved by those who see it. The ambivalence of this position seems to me to be at the very heart of the problem of artist and audience — a relationship fraught with tension.

A film is an emotional reality, and that is how the audience receives it — as a second reality.

The fairly widely held view of cinema as a system of signs therefore seems to me profoundly and essentially mistaken. I see a false premise at the very basis of the structuralist approach.

Excerpted from *Sculpting in Time — Reflections on the Cinema*, published by The Bodley Head Ltd., London, 1986.

水月鏡花的意象——《伊凡的童年》及其他

SAFETY FILM

石琪



去年於西歐逝世的蘇聯電影大師塔可夫斯基，在六十年代成名之後，作品越來越深奧艱澀，無論內容與風格都很極端地個人化，不但普通觀眾難以欣賞，連「純藝術」派鑑賞者亦往往看得很吃力。

不過他拍於一九六二年的成名作《伊凡的童年》，應屬雅俗共賞的作品，採取通俗的題材、易明的拍法，同時很有個人風格，包羅了他此後由淺入深的很多要素。

當今不少電影大師的早期名片，都是這樣地給人意外的驚喜，像英瑪·褒曼的《處女泉》與《第七封印》、費里尼的《大路》、安東尼奧尼的《女友們》、高達的《斷了氣》(港譯《慾海驚魂》)等，都不像後來作品那麼「超凡脫俗」，而是淺白動人，而又才氣橫溢。

《伊凡的童年》是塔可夫斯基第一部劇情長片，拍攝蘇聯片常見的衛國戰爭題材。在第二次世界大戰德軍侵略蘇聯時期，男孩伊凡的父母與妹妹死於德軍之手，這孤兒做了蘇軍的小偵察員，經常渡江傳遞情報。他滿懷國仇家恨，不肯被送往後方讀書，終於在一次渡江後失了踪。直至戰爭結束，伊凡的好友軍人檢查德軍檔案，才知道他已經被捕處決了。伊凡的童年，就是他的一生。

此片的愛國題材，以及注重影機移動的拍法，都是當年蘇聯電影的「官式」作風，包括天旋地轉的主觀鏡頭，那時的蘇聯名片幾乎必有，在本片也照板煮碗。

但塔可夫斯基的獨特之處，也在本片表露無遺。全片瀰漫着迷茫孤冷的廢墟之感，人際間充滿無奈的苦悶，片中人雖然滿懷着親情、友情、愛情與愛國的悲情，但仿似水月鏡花，似近實遠。越想實際捉摸，却越陷於迷離的失落，只有一片痴心，是彰然不滅的。

片中有很多奇美的映象段落。例如伊凡夢見自己在井底，亡母在井口打水，隔水顯現慈顏。又如他回憶自己與妹妹坐在運水果的貨車上，經過一陣驟雨落下的水簾。此外，戰地燒燬的殘屋，軍區鐘樓的鏡影，都富於象徵感，象徵着浩劫的殘跡，心靈的迴照。

一個壯年軍人與一個青年軍人，對伊凡最好，像父兄那樣，但他們在戰亂中聚合，又茫然地分散。兩個軍人同時愛上漂亮的女醫務員，在

樹林中展開三角邂逅，只見人、樹與鏡頭縱橫交錯地移動，構成浪漫而迷惑的一段美妙組曲。至於壓軸戲，是兩軍人與伊凡在暮色蒼茫中渡河，前往敵境。這漫長的段落，三人跋涉於淺水的樹木之間，若即若離，一片濛濛淒迷。這是在水中央的夢幻迷宮，人們苦苦摸索，意象簡直出神入化。而小小的伊凡，就此在水中消失了。

塔可夫斯基後來的作品，題材更為精深，哲理更為玄奧，技法更為絕妙，但這些深奧難明的東西，顯然都基於本片那些純感性的意象，未必需要進一步解釋了。而本片所見的童年、母子、戰禍、廢墟、迷戀、鏡象、水影、夢境等等，是他此後不斷重複的主題，包括其最後遺作《犧牲》在內。而水月鏡花之情表現得最清晰的，也許還是這部《伊凡的童年》。

當然，本片的清晰意象，只是利用一個淺易的故事隨機地發揮出來，像是一幅幅的組畫，每幅有一個完整的意象，但彼此之間未必有着互相貫串的密切關係，所以本片是佳句紛陳，整體却不是高層次的佳篇。就筆者看過的塔可夫斯基作品而論，一九七四年的《鏡子》堪稱經典傑作，外在的意象與內在的結構非常美妙地交織起來，虛與實、時與空在此有機地錯綜複合，像水中的八寶鏡塔似的透折反射，呈現一個玲瓏而獨特的藝術世界。

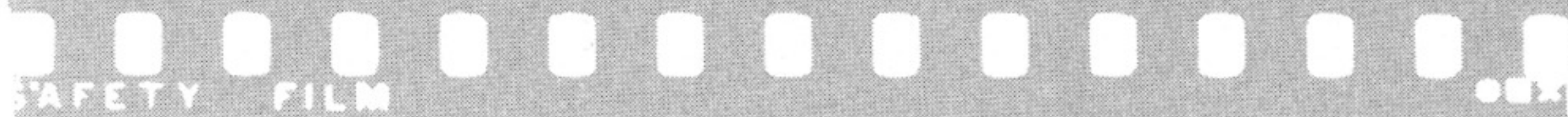
《伊凡的童年》是單純地呈現廢墟中的水月與鏡花，《鏡子》是多重的水月鏡花，重重疊疊，令人入迷，但也迷茫。到了《犧牲》，老主角在惡夢中驚醒，瘋狂地燒燬自己心愛的樓臺，火光洪洪，傳出連串玻璃破碎之聲，人們慌亂地奔跑，踐踏着零碎分散的草地積水，這結局似乎顯示塔可夫斯基決心衝出自我困鎖的水月鏡花，不惜把自己也毀掉，而寄望於小兒子，灌溉着一株新生的日本樹。

他最後遺作這些最後的鏡頭，可能有着東西方結合的象徵，正如南音《客途秋恨》所唱：水月鏡花成幻夢，茫茫空色兩無憑。國仇家恨的記憶，第二次大戰的廢墟與未來核戰的惡夢，都應掃除一空，讓新一代安寧和平地重新建樹吧！

最後一提，中國大陸在一九六三年由崔嵬導演的影片《小兵張嘎》，劇情跟《伊凡的童年》接近。張嘎是抗戰時的孤兒，滿懷仇恨地為八路軍當偵察員，而被偽軍拘捕拷問。不過他沒有喪生，而與八路軍裏應外合戰鬥成功，勝利地完場。

《小兵張嘎》是文革前的大陸名片，比較注重映象，開場時這小孩於黑夜的河水蘆葦間偷渡，攝影甚佳，而與《伊凡的童年》收場如出一轍。這是巧合？還是受過這蘇聯片影響呢？就不得而知了。無論如何，《小兵張嘎》的成績，跟《伊凡的童年》距離甚遠。

就只有這麼一次



昌明

We go on living, in the final analysis, because we do not know why we are here to live.
Unknowing, or hazard, is as vital to man as water.

— John Fowles

突然間，寫作——不管寫一點甚麼——引起我莫名的恐懼，彷彿走上了一條不歸路，回首之際，一切都已改變。

如果不是聽到《潛行者》裡「專氣致柔」的潛行者說：「人永不能從原路折回」，我想我會繼續厚顏無恥地寫，因為就算錯了，下次也可以重頭來過，好像生命中有無數梭那里斯星球，讓我們隨時隨地往事重演。

然而太空科學家奇雲藉梭那里斯的力量喚回來的亡妻軀體霞莉，卻不能像人一樣，可以歸於寂滅。她總是一次又一次的死而復生，幾乎每一天都成為她的復活節。可是儘管奇雲竭力把握每一次再度來臨的機會，他那一段失敗了的婚姻關係始終不能挽救過來。

「我們生存世上只有一遍……世事瞬息萬變……發生了的都無法扭轉。」一個眼神，過去了，便再也捕捉不到。一句說話，誤解了，就永不能更正過來。一份感情，變了質，能挽回的只是一個僅以友善維繫的外在形式。不是妳或我錯了，而是所有人都犯了錯誤，所有事情都不對勁，時間讓世界只餘下自嘲。

生命是個大笑話，而電影企圖重新創造生活，不斷讓時光復現，就是對這大笑話的肯定。在塔可夫斯基的世界內，如同在生活裡頭，不容人作出選擇：既要開懷大笑，也要成為別人的笑柄。沒有甚麼可以討價還價的。我們愈迴避甚麼，就愈接近甚麼；愈壓抑，也就愈渴望。

對《伊凡的童年》來說，或是安德烈的童年，隨你喜歡——由樹開始，必以樹結束。樹既是根源，也是終結。不是向外分叉的知識之樹，而是向內匯聚的生命之樹。前者讓我們分辨出善惡對錯，後者則凌駕於這分別之上，使看似矛盾的對立面互相包容。

伊凡在片初走離一棵樹，他在片末就一定要走回另一棵樹。命運是擺脫不了的，我們充其量是迂迴而進，就像潛行者帶着作家和科學家走遍許多繞道，才到達那個能讓人的內心慾望獲得實現的「房間」。而《伊凡的童年》裡那棵樹，在《星球梭那里斯》裡，就變成在家門口站着的父親。奇雲最後跪倒在父親跟前，因為他不得不臣服於某種遠較科學神奇和奧妙的力量。人在那兒下跪，那兒就有神出現——是人隨地下跪才令神無所不在。

然而當潛行者從禁地筋疲力盡地回到家裡，卻臥在地上，然後又躺在牀上說：「那些自以為飽受教養的知識份子，不斷說生命就只有這麼一次，所以就待價而沽。他們把自己看得太重要，而對其他事物却卻喪失了信念。」

謙遜如小孩的潛行者的信念是「希望」，而非對那死而復生的神子的信仰。他的宗教不要求他下跪，只教他安然接納。他曾誦念一首詩，說人們在一切安好時，卻處處不知滿足。所有宗教都叫人犧牲現在，成全將來。它們的彌天大罪就是對現世的拒絕。它們宣揚的順從不是基於接納，而是源於貪念和恐懼。

潛行者毋須帶妻女進入禁地，他「希望」的天國已自擴展到禁區以外：片末她妻子說她從不悔



疚，她瞭解沒有哀傷的生活會同時把快樂也剝奪了去；而他的女兒單憑意志的力量就可以移動枱面上的杯子。這時彩色的畫面外傳來貝多芬的《歡樂頌》——「房間」已成了每個人在其中起居作息的房間，亦成了畫面內每一個空間。

我們生活當中極細微的一個動作，極平凡的一句說話，都豐富了電影所呈現的情感世界(塔氏：「電影是一個情感的世界，把電影視為符號系統的結構主義，實在大錯特錯。」)在意識的凝視下，一切都變得彌足珍貴，而且美妙動人。

塔氏提及《星球梭那里斯》時，曾說：「如果人可以把生命再活一遍，對往事作出補償和矯正，則人當下每一瞬間的道德實踐便顯得無足輕重。正是由於人生的經歷不能重演，我們的生活和行為才具有不可替代的意義和特性。」拿潛行者那一番說話和上述的話比較，就可以看出《潛行者》比《星球梭那里斯》成熟的地方。

塔氏終於理解到：如果生命只有一次，任何作為都不能逆轉，人因此而戰戰兢兢地承擔起來的道德責任，便會壓得人不得不屈膝下跪。而人渴求再活一遍，好彌補改善，也是由於他們心底裡希望一生能過得盡善盡美。是他們眼下未能滿足的慾望令他們悔改過去，戀慕來生。但假如生命永遠輪轉，無始無終，而不是有條件的重演，他們便會產生難以忍受的困倦，因為一切喜樂和哀傷，由於永恒重覆而變得沉悶無趣，一切道德的抉擇都不再是義務，而成為笑柄。然而我們若能帶着自嘲去實踐我們的道德，將焦慮化為遊戲，則永遠輪迴非但不是詛咒，反而是恩惠。不歸路也就是再生樹。

生命真的只有這麼一次，但它已經不是妳和我的生命了，而是「那自甲骨文上早已刻下的循環」(綠騎士語)，我們在它面前，亦只好無言、淡化。

回想安德烈

羅維明

記得那一回，我帶着竟日工作的疲勞去看安德烈·塔可夫斯基的《鏡子》，陡然驚醒在那些可以搖動人心的映象之前。我看見沒有來由的怪風吹過一排麥田。房間在洶湧的雨水中。漂蕩的人體在沒有憑倚的空間裏浮游。失婚的女子在陌生人垂詢下嚶嚶飲泣。蒼白的小孩在衆多房間找尋母親而在鏡中發現自己。那一排映象紛至沓來地搖曳着我的感官世界，我也像片中那些樹叢一樣，在不停息的風中無言地晃動。塔可夫斯基有的是這一種奇怪的力量來感動人。我在他的作品裏，重新看到俄羅斯民族該有的龐大的胸懷，也在他的作品中，看到幽明不定的夢樣的映象特有的動人之處，是如何凌駕故事的本身。他使我們停止思想，用感情去試探那些血流的溫暖與波動的心緒。他煽動我們去感觸別人淒惶的哭與笑。也嘗試撫平了我們的焦慮。塔可夫斯基的《鏡子》猶如一面鏡子，照着所有人類最基本的恐慌與徬徨，感嘆着人的脆弱與對愛的需求，難怪全片要用支離的結構去重組這些破碎的感情經

驗，並且他到最後才表明，那個爲一個女子朝思暮想的軍官，竟然就是她的兒子的化身，而她的兒子是如何渴望尋找母愛。這種輪轉不息的關係不外說明，每一個人是如何需要別人。人是這末經不起孤單、寂寞。

愈來愈少電影能夠對人投下如此巨大的關懷與同情了。《鏡子》一開首便是一個智能不全的孩子吃力地回答問題；我們經常因爲心理的障礙而不能好好表達自己：我們又要靠怎樣的力量去疏通這些鬱結？片中的女醫生用了一點催眠術便治好了那個小孩的口吃；我彷彿看到塔可夫斯基是如何希望人類能夠如此簡單地就可以解決一些複雜的心理糾葛。

就是這麼簡單地懷着對人世的希望，塔可夫斯基便屬於那一些堪稱偉大的藝術家了。

這樣的情懷在一個冷感而世故的社會中當然會被忽視與取笑的。看塔可夫斯基的電影時，我想到許多與他同樣以充滿強盛生命力的映象去震撼人心的導演，我想起荷索一系列的作品，想起





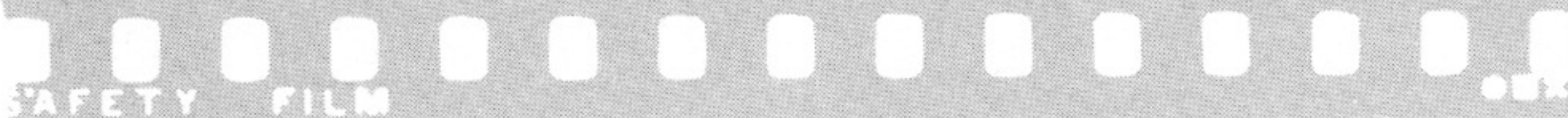
《生命的訊息》裏那幾百座運轉不息的風車；想起《卡士伯·侯沙的謎》裏那個幾百人攀上高山遇見死神的夢，想起《史楚錫流浪記》，那個初生嬰孩的手如何強勁地抓住把他提起來的史楚錫的手指。荷索的電影表現生命的堅忍不屈，可以打動我們感官裏的另一個世界，但他所有的憤懣與悲觀，又常常使我們感到空虛與無奈；塔可夫斯基的作品顯然沒有這個陰影，就因為這一點，後者的情懷更為博大。

《安德烈·盧布耶夫》更能表現塔可夫斯基這份寬宏的情懷。它給人一種行走在泥濘大地仍然昂首濶步的感覺，但它却又是一部關於天空與飛翔的電影。一開始，我們便看到盧布耶夫要攀上教堂的頂才爬上一個汽球去，利用它來遨遊天際與俯視人間；在那一刻中，我感覺到的是，一個人如何渴望藉着宗教去接近天堂，如何渴望擺脫肉體的極限去尋求飛躍的提昇。這樣的場面又怎能不打動我們這些平凡的心呢？盧布耶夫乘搭的汽球最後因洩氣而被迫下降，懷着雄心壯志的他一頭栽在泥濘中，用這樣的結局來結束了這次飛天的壯舉，彷彿就是說，人類追尋理想的企圖如果不變成伊卡勒斯的神話，也會像盧布耶夫的下場，於是往下去，塔可夫斯基更一場一場地交代這位在俄國畫史上顯赫一時的宗教畫家在塵世的各種苦難。

大概就是這個用意，盧布耶夫接下去便要在大雨滂沱的泥濘路上趕路，使人預感他未來的生命的路途會是如此困難；在第三章中，他要目睹邪教的淫亂與政治的迫害來動搖他對上帝的信念；在第四章中，教堂與他所畫的畫要被戰火摧毀，他要完全喪失對藝術的熱心；然後又在最後一章中，他要看着一個奉獻給宗教、藝術與君皇的銅鐘為一個年輕的生命監督鑄造出來，使他對創造重新懷着希望。在《安德烈·盧布耶夫》中，塔可夫斯基使人看到尋找生命的歸宿是如此的困難，每一次的考驗都使人完全崩潰，但沒有人會永遠放棄尋找。我承認這類題材曾經給拍過許多電影，但給人這般巨大的苦楚的經驗的，也只有《安德烈·盧布耶夫》了。我一直用「巨大」這個字眼來形容他的作品，我想是沒有誇大的。雖然我帶着《鏡子》的經驗去看《安德烈·盧布耶夫》，我仍然為那強勁而壯觀的映象所震懾住。看着那些垂直俯視地面的景緻。充份感覺到雙腳踏在泥濘裏的濕冷。死屍浮出水面。教堂內凌厲的屠殺。漫山遍野的人為鑄造銅鐘而奔跑。一幅一幅淒厲的映象都在表明塔可夫斯基那份驚人的魄力。《安德烈·盧布耶夫》使我相信每一種藝術作品都需要一種龐大的道德力量來作支撐。

原刊《明報周刊》

Solaris



Timothy Hyman



Solaris was the first of Tarkovsky's films to be seen at all widely in the West and, perhaps inevitably, it was misunderstood. Audiences and almost all critics brought to it the most conventional expectations — of a genre film, a sci-fi epic, "Russia's answer to 2001." And although it clearly owes part of its continuing availability to this science-fiction label, *Solaris* has never, I suspect, found the wider audience it deserves.

I want to present *Solaris* here not as science-fiction but as prophetic vision. It was of course based on a science-fiction source, but a reading of Stanislaus Lem's novel reveals Tarkovsky's entirely different intentions. Crucial is the film's new ending, with Kris's return and submission to his father. The space journey of Lem's novel is now enclosed, as a kind of dream-core, within the sequences of earth; and the planet Solaris becomes, as I hope to show, essentially a metaphysical dimension, the location of an oceanic love. Space fantasy has become moral allegory; Tarkovsky is clearly speaking in *Solaris* about our life, today; all that happens in space is intended only to return us to earth.

The film's most memorable sequences — the garden, the drive through the city, the bonfire film, the Hunters in the Snow, the ending — bear no relation to anything in the novel; they are entirely personal to Tarkovsky's vision, and it is these visionary sequences that will determine my approach to the film. What follows is not so much criticism as "interpretation"; in Wilson Knight's phrase, a "reconstruction of vision," rather than a judgment. But *Solaris* demands exegesis partly because it is full of ambiguities. Stylistically, it can easily be grouped with the cinema of Resnais and his circle, with *Je t'aime Je t'aime*, or with Chris Marker's *Le Jetée*. Tarkovsky has spoken of the

film-maker having as his basic material a block of time, into which he carves, as the sculptor into stone;¹ and this potentiality of film to shape time is particularly relevant to the theme of *Solaris*: a man has to relive the past in order to return to the present. In *Solaris*, as so often in Resnais also, we are plunged into the middle of a complex story, and the information necessary to understand it on a rational level is only slowly divulged. There is a many-layered structure, of films-within-the-film. We do not immediately recognize Burton as he watches his much younger self on television; nor the younger variants of Kris's parents, or of Kris himself, in the Bonfire Film, with its bewildering telescoping of Kris's life from childhood to marriage. Gabaryan we meet only after death, in the suicide cassette he records for Kris. Each of these is a key sequence in terms of information or "background," but in each, cinema's ability to present the past as the present is felt as undermining temporal reality. A further disorientating factor — especially during the sequence of Kris's fever — is Tarkovsky's interpolation of black and white and color. But within this world, Hari's presence is both more meaningful and more acceptable. We first see her in a photograph, and when she appears on Solaris, she clearly is the photographic image (imperfectly) "copied." Unlike Burton or Kris's parents, however, she is quite unchanged by, because outside, time.

All this takes a lot of unravelling, but in both Tarkovsky and Resnais, there is a serious intent; the essence of this kind of film is that the spectator should be forced to undergo a confrontation with mystery, to acknowledge the uncharted. But where I think Tarkovsky is so different from Resnais is in his going beyond the mystery to a moralistic end. *Solaris* is not another



Marienbad, about the mysteries of love in Time; nor is it, as some have thought, about the illu-siveness of love, (so that Kris never returns to earth at all, but is marooned in the mirror world of Solaris's ocean). In the final image of *The Return of the Prodigal Son*, the film's political and ideological overtones become clear. While the film is not precisely anti-Soviet (Tarkovsky gives some of the principal characters English names, and he has Burton drive through Tokyo's freeways) yet it is clearly anti-materialistic. In Kris's return to his father's garden are implied many of the radical perspectives familiar to us in the west, though I cannot think of any significant earlier film that has embodied such protests, set as they are here within a deeply felt metaphysic. What Tarkovsky is surely saying at the end of *Solaris*, is that love carries with it the imperative to change society, to build a very different society than our own.

The film begins on Kris Kelvin's last day on earth, before setting off for Solaris. A terrible sadness is felt from these first sequences, in the film's numbed pace, its wavering, disturbing slow-ness. At first I think most audiences must assume this sadness reflects Kris's regret at leaving earth. Later however we will piece together Kris's earlier history: the mother to whom he was too much attached, the marriage she resented, his abandon-ing it, the young wife's suicide. All this has happened years before, but it has left Kris vanquished and without hope.

Yet Kris's predicament is soon seen to be representative of society as a whole. *Solaris* is centrally a prophecy; it is about a society which has lost humanity and which has, or soon will, come to the end of its tether. The landscape of these first sequences spells out a polarity, between garden and city, organic and inorganic, humanistic and anti-humanistic, which is obviously central to Tarkovsky's thought. Kris's father inhabits an anachronistic world, of protest and nostalgia for the past ("I dislike innovation") with a horse in the garage, the car beside it half-covered with hay, and a gas balloon moored to the roof. Yet directly beside the garden runs the highway, which will lead eventually to the terrible city of Burton's

drive, a world with no human organic thing visible.

It is with this mechanical world of hardware and radiation that Kris, although a psychologist, is at first identified; as his father rebukes him, "Earth has adapted itself to men like you, but at a heavy price." Yet in the films mysterious opening sequence, as Kris stares down at plants slowly waving underwater, is already a foretaste of that "contact with the ocean" by which Kris will be redeemed, and which will entail involvement with all that is most soft, fluid, and in a cultural sense, primitive.

If the first part of the film is essentially about society, in the second we focus almost exclusively on the individual experience of Kris. Indeed the whole story of *Solaris* has unmistakably the air of an inner adventure, a dream-sequence or a psychoanalytic exploration. The planet Solaris offers a kind of purgation; it becomes an inner dimension in which Kris, through Hari, is made to relive the experience which had brutalized him on Earth, to become once more compassionate, ready to return. The planet and its ocean can well be seen as one of many archetypal islands, familiar to us from myth and literature.² On Solaris, as on the island of *The Tempest*, men "of great guilt" are forced to confront the specters of their past, and so, each one, to discover himself, "When no man was his own." For Kris, as for Prospero, the ocean is the agent of catharsis, of cleansing, and so of his release. And when the process is at an end, Kris must return to take up his role on earth, as Prospero his dukedom.

"Though the seas threaten, they are merciful." Something of Kris's sea-change the spectator is made to share also. For us, as for Kris, it is the transformation of our initial fear of the ocean, first into a sense of absurdity, of the impotence of man in the face of such a power, and then eventually into love, that constitutes the true narrative of the film. The ocean presents itself throughout as some overwhelming existential problem, which we have to come to terms with, to interpret. In the earlier sequences, where the camera will frequently pass out through windows into the blankness beyond, the ocean is experienced as a void, a threat the greater for being unspecific. Then, when Kris's dead wife appears, she is the materialization of his guilt; as Gabaryan had warned, the ocean "has something to do with one's conscience." And so long as she is no more to Kris than a threat to be destroyed, Hari retains her own sense of incompleteness, her obsessive fear of abandonment.

With Hari's reappearance, however, the whole character of the film changes. The ocean now begins to be seen as the source, not of ghosts, but of love. At this point Kris begins his return back towards society. What his growing love for Hari will reveal to him is the validity of his father's humanistic — and socially divergent — viewpoint,



for which Tarkovsky has provided a complex cultural reference. We had noticed a copy of Don Quixote open in Kris's father's study; and now, in the space-station's library, Cervantes is again read from, (with Snouth as Sancho Panza to Kris's gallant madman). On one wall, moreover are large transparencies of Brueghel's *Seasons*, and in front of one of these, "The Hunters in the Snow," *Solaris's* most remarkable sequence will take place. Kris has left Hari alone in the library, to escort the drunken Snouth to his room; now he anxiously returns, only to find her staring absorbed in front of the picture. Magically, she is *in* the landscape, and for some moments we explore it with her; the skaters and the homesteads below, the birds and trees silhouetted against the sky, the men and their dogs as they move across the brow of the hill. When she turns to Kris, we realize that through Brueghel she has been able to apprehend what it is to be a human being on earth. In the cessation of gravity that follows, we watch Hari and Kris as they float together in mid-air, in front of the Brueghel, while around them slowly circles the Cervantes, with Don Quixote riding forth. This sequence must be seen as Tarkovsky's cultural testament. Cervantes and Brueghel are both felt as representative of a humanistic culture that is earthy and realistic, yet transcends naturalism, even as love transcends the weight of matter, and for Kris, redeems the past.

Kris's love for Hari restores him to humanity; but the continuing failure of their relationship opens up for him terrifying vistas of a love that goes beyond any individual. We sense his growing realization that Hari is not the victim of the ocean, "that custard," but a part of it. These sequences culminate in a kind of breakdown, at the onset of which, speaking half-intelligibly to Snouth, Kris outlines the core of the film's speculation. "Maybe we're here," he suggests, "to sense man as an object for love." He speaks of Tolstoy's shame at his inability to love all mankind. ".....Shame, that is what will save mankind."

In the fever-sequence that follows, Hari and his mother merge and proliferate; and when Kris wakes, it is to learn that Hari and the other

"guests" have disappeared. Kris's role is now clear. "Contact" with the ocean has been established. "It is time," says Snouth, standing at Kris's bedside, "to return to earth."

Clearly the central part of the film has been, on one level, about a man's discovery of what love is. But love is here viewed as a dimension both cosmic and metaphysical; and so Tarkovsky clothes his dialectical progression in a space allegory. The ocean is the "void" of undifferentiated experience, the matrix from which all experience comes. Kris's love for Hari issues from and returns to this void, and only by confronting and accepting it will its threat be transformed to beneficence. At the end of the film, the ocean is found to be the ground of being, and in the final shot the living presence of a metaphysical reality is affirmed.

The last scenes on earth begin with Kris once again lingering by the lake, staring into the vegetable life in the watery depths — images that now take on a much more explicit meaning. We watch Kris with foreboding as he comforts the dog, walks over to the house, presses his face against the window — a face of appalling compassion, as he watches his father, apparently crazed with grief, standing helplessly as water drips onto him from above.

But his father's sudden joy as he recognizes him, and Kris's wonderful gesture at the threshold, define this ending as one of hope. When Kris returns to earth, it is to kneel before his father in an image of submission exactly echoing the great Rembrandt in Leningrad, "*The Return of the Prodigal Son*." Kris has "returned to his father's house," and so, implicitly, to the antimaterialist and divergent view his father embodies. He shares with him not only the grief of a terrible human loss — for each has lost his wife since they last met — but also a common anchor-age in a transcendent love. When we left *Solaris*, our last image was of the plant Kris had brought from earth, flourishing on the window sill. "Once earth was beyond the reach of love"..... And now, as the camera rises from the kneeling figure and above the house, we see that the earthly garden is indeed fully located in the ocean; and from this contact, a new society will be born.

Despite their scale, both *Solaris* and *Andrei Roublev* are very personal films. Each seems to take a panoramic view, to include the whole world, but each is in fact about the effect of that world on one character only. As Tarkovsky explained just before starting work on *Solaris*: "In all that I have done, in all that I intend to do.....my theme is this: a man gripped by an ideal searches passionately for the answer to a question, goes to the limit in his attempt to understand reality. And he obtains this understanding, thanks to his strivings, to his experience."



The films have similar formal structures. Tarkovsky has made clear that he rejects for himself the dynamic juxtapositions of Eisenstein, in favor of building one sequence upon another, until in one last conclusive image the overall meaning of the film is made clear. In both *Roublev* and *Solaris* this final sequence is all-important in providing the affirmation Tarkovsky seeks, of "that optimism to which I hold so firmly, and about which I am constantly speaking." Yet in *Roublev* this ending may be felt to have a certain hollowness about it. Throughout the film appallingly violent episodes have been presented to us in a strangely distanced perspective; it is only in the final minutes that the film suddenly becomes emotionally full-blooded, and is allowed to move at last into color, into the warmth, tenderness and refinement of Roublev's ikons. However much we may agree with the film's argument — that spiritual values and artistic achievement come out of and redeem the brutality of experience — yet I am not sure this ending makes out a convincing case. I think a comparison with the Brueghel sequence in *Solaris* is revealing. Both sequences are an attempt to use a great work of art as a means of transcendence. But whereas, in *Roublev*, this transcendence is juxtaposed to the rest of the film, in *Solaris* it is situated at the heart of it, and Brueghel's affirmation of the natural world is embodied within the dramatic context, of Hari becoming human. It makes a very different sense to pan and zoom into Brueghel's illusionistic landscape than into the flaking color areas of a Roublev ikon; and I think it is the difference between the humanistic and the merely aestheticizing.

There are aspects of both these films that are difficult, but these difficulties are common to most significant European cinema of the last decade. As film-makers have emerged as great artists, they have inherited the same problems as the painters of the previous generation; and they have paid the same price. Even the once-loyal "serious" audiences have turned away, and above all, to the Hollywood of the thirties and forties; and I think the common factor in their choice of naivete or mediocrity in preference to obvious artistic mastery is the disturbing subjectivity of this

recent cinema, its apparently dissociated, futile inwardness.

Yet a positive view of the recent work of (for example) Bergman, Resnais, Antonioni, Fellini, Pasolini, and Bresson would be to see them as attempting to forge a metaphysical cinema, whose inclusion of the mystical and the miraculous often recalls the "World-Theater" of the past. Before the advent of cinema, the stage had to be the vehicle for the cosmic flights of such works as *Everyman* or *The Tempest*, *The Magic Flute* or *Faust* or *Peer Gynt*. But in cinema, the "rough magic" of masque and opera can become infinitely more resourceful. And these recent films do seem to me to have greatly expanded cinema's potentiality — through its magical inclusiveness they have conveyed the scope and spectacle of life, while at the same time, chiefly through temporal ambiguities, they have given this spectacle a subjective edge, so that we sense the director's personal and mysterious experience. In its approximation to dream and to our mental processes, in its capacity to manipulate space and time without losing verisimilitude, film surely can uniquely embody this kind of vision.

In many respects Tarkovsky does belong within this new personal cinema of dream and reverie, fantasy and metaphysic. He shares with these others an interest in psychoanalysis, a use of almost self-conscious "archetypes" (the images of horses, rushing streams, and figures standing under rain or pouring water repeated in both films). And he is, even more than they, a master of the "Bead-Game" of cultural reference. Yet there is a real difference. Like Kris's father in *Solaris*, Tarkovsky "dislikes innovation." What gave him "more pleasure than anything else" in *Roublev*'s French reviews were the words "without breaking with tradition." His purpose, he says, is not to experiment, but to make "important" films.

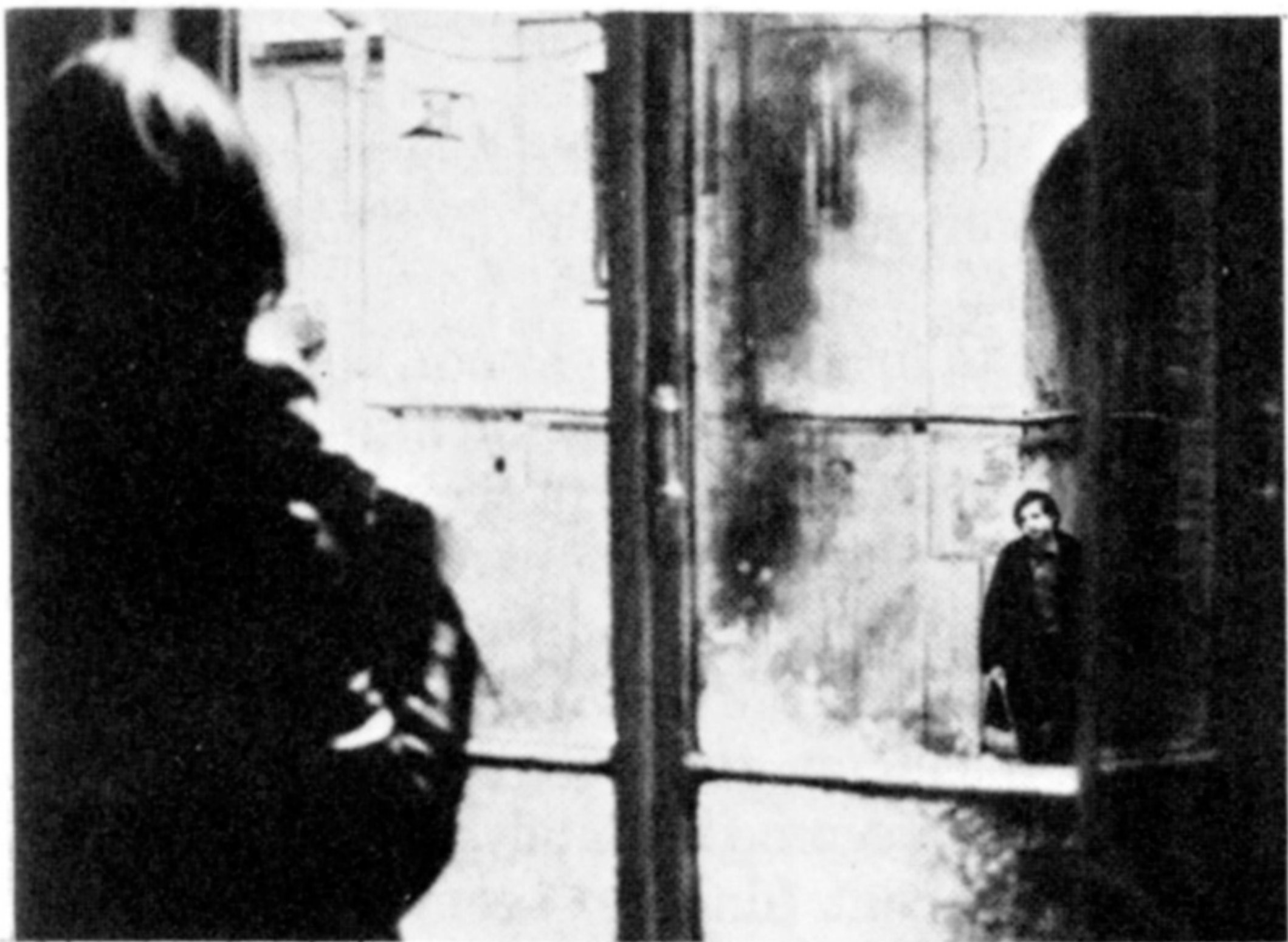
We should not confuse such utterances with official Soviet attitudes to Western decadence. I think Tarkovsky means only that he remains committed to an art that puts content before form. And his films do in some respects stand as a corrective. Unlike that of his Western contemporaries, Tarkovsky's is a vision informed by an urgent moral content — a vision we can all share. "Dream," wrote Jane Harrison, "is the myth of the individual; myth, the dream of the collective." It is Tarkovsky's ability to project, through cinema's unique potentialities, a very inward vision, in such a way that it becomes a collective statement — a myth for our whole society — that makes *Solaris* likely to prove the "important" film its director hoped for.

¹This and subsequent quotations are translated from *Andrei Roublev*, Paris: Editeurs Francais Reunis, 1970.

²I am grateful to Mr. R. Farrington for pointing out the remarkable parallels between the imagery of *Solaris* and that of Marvell's *The Garden*.

©1976 by the Regents of the University of California. Reprinted from *Film Quarterly*, Vol. 29, No.3, March 1976.

羅維明



安德烈·塔可夫斯基的《鏡子》動人之處是那些情懷憂傷的夢幻映象，而《安德烈·盧布耶夫》偉大之處則是那些波瀾壯闊的胸襟與深刻的痛楚。《潛行者》呢？在這部幾乎超越了塔可夫斯基整個創作能力極限，而結果令人覺得他頹然以退力不從心的作品裏，塔可夫斯基顯然想去捕捉人類心靈裏最深邃難測的一個層面，於是整個電影還是閃爍着他獨有的珠璣的智慧。

我不能說《潛行者》是一個失敗的傑作。儘管影片的中段曾經出現使人難以忍受的冗長與單調的情節，而我一直期待着那些優雅如《鏡子》般的意象與壯觀如《安德烈·盧布耶夫》般的景緻，會一再出現而結果沒有出現，塔可夫斯基的《潛行者》仍然有一份不尋常的意境，沉默地吸引着我。我覺得他在這部電影的佈景裏重現了二十年代德國的表現主義，而賦予它一種七十年代的寫實感，更令人有真幻難分的感覺，就藉着這種感覺，他給了每一所空屋、每一排樹叢、每一條河流、每一場雨水一份飄渺的生命感，似乎每一種沒有生命的物質都會乘着我們注意力分散時蠕動起來，佔領我們，改變我們。所以，每當他的攝影機上溯着一條安靜的河流，每一場雨水下降時，我們都會屏息地等待奇蹟出現。但塔可夫斯基還是適可而止地停止玩弄他那種可以控制人心的佈景，而不以超乎我們想像能力以外的綽頭來搏取我們歡心。雨水落下來，只浸滿台階，雨水便停止；樹叢在風止時停止擺動；大地似乎改變了，却沒有改變，每一個自然現象的出現都似乎非常怪異，但又實在正常得可以，沒有人分辨出真偽，這種辯證的電影手法一再使塔可夫斯基的電影莫測高深。

但一直以來，塔可夫斯基的電影都不算是艱澀難明。結構混亂如《鏡子》，最後也能使人恍然大悟，《安德烈·盧布耶夫》更段落分明，《潛行者》這麼多詭兀的佈景，這麼多裝腔作勢的懸疑，也不過是一直在反覆申述題旨：我們怎樣用我們的智慧去解釋我們的心靈，一些我們似懂而非懂，似乎可以控制掌握而實在變化多端的自然或超自然的力量。心靈的問題一直是塔可夫斯基電影的唯一主題。那個帶領着兩個哲學家與科學家深入大地心靈所在的探星者，一再說大地的「房間」會給予任何人快樂的願望，似乎是說掌握了心靈，便掌握了快樂，這樣殷切的期待幸福安寧與快樂，也就是塔可夫斯基電影最動人的地方。《鏡子》的開場是一個精神病醫生用催眠術治好一個弱能兒童的口吃病。《潛行者》的旅程彷彿就是具體表現了這一個催眠的過程，要深入我們的潛意識裏，尋找永保幸福與快樂的靈方。塔可夫斯基相信是西方導演中唯一一個用這樣原始、神秘的映象，反覆地在不同作品中去表現心靈的創傷與快樂的追尋的導演。他的電影雖然有着許多超現實的場面，但映象背後的感情却巍然坦蕩、淑世關懷；用俄羅斯民族特有對待大地的感情來對待行走在這個大地的人們。

要有這樣龐大的宗教情懷，當然需要有深厚的宗教背景來作他的支持，但表現在塔可夫斯基的電影中，他對孕育着西方幾千年文化的宗教教義却可以毫無迷戀之情，與其他懷有宗教精神的

西方導演來比較，塔可夫斯基對天主的信仰程度遠遠不及他對人的信仰程度，《安德烈·盧布耶夫》中他以放任的邪教精神去質詢正統宗教的定義，《鏡子》以科學的精神處理人心問題，《星球梭那里斯》也可能是這樣(可惜我沒有親眼看到，更不能揣測他把一個孤獨的人安排在無邊的宇宙中浮游的目的)；先驗的經驗，實證的科學精神，頂天立地的宗教情懷，而對人的自發力量特別感到興趣的態度，一一構成了塔可夫斯基作品的複雜面貌，這幾乎互為衝突的要素，能夠統一地建築起一部又一部塔可夫斯基式的作品，也就是因為他的電影能夠經得起反覆辯證的考驗。一個帶着濃厚唯物意識的藝術工作者對不同經驗作詮釋時，所會產生的種種互相矛盾的現象，都可以在塔可夫斯基的作品中發現到。

這樣的矛盾態度我絕對不會以為他是有意為的故作曖昧，同是唯物主義者，塔可夫斯基對人心的處理態度是接近楊格，而遠佛洛伊德，他相信精神，相信心靈，相信人的完成，相信俗世的困擾是只為對超昇作考驗，因此，他的作品是企圖在過份戲劇化或政治化的電影創作趨勢中，以更為知性的態度去重新發掘人本主義的精神，而這個「人」，很明顯的，不是現實的人的面貌，而是一個經過理想化後的人。這樣理想的人也只有在通過心靈的完成後才可以出現。就是這點原因，便可以解釋了他為何如此關注心靈的問題，為何有着科學的認識、有着唯物主義精神的他，會逐漸步向超乎經驗、超乎哲學解釋的神秘主義境界。

《潛行者》便是在這樣的一個心靈找尋的過程中出現的作品。

當探星者頹唐於無法使與他一起探測「房間」奧秘的科學家及哲學家相信心靈偉大的作用力後，塔可夫斯基便不動聲色地作了一個使人瞠目結舌的結論：殘廢的小孩運用他的心靈能力命令桌上的茶杯移動。在這個教人屏息的場面中，他配上急促的火車奔馳的聲音，重疊着貝多芬第九交響曲的最後一個樂章，使這個原本應該十分安靜的場面逐漸興奮起來，而直達 Triumph of the Will (Riefenstahl) 的境界。

我們不是每個人都能接納這樣的結論。但對於他的「幽默」，對於他的「信仰」，我却是戚然於心的。有甚麼人能夠如此大膽，如此貫徹始終地相信這些不容解釋的力量，目的只為不斷的提昇？

塔可夫斯基作品的重要性可能便在於這些艱澀的問題上。

原刊《明報周刊》



Nostalgia of the Stalker

Peter Green

For Gatsby it was the green light across the water, 'the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us', that eluded his grasp. Gatsby believed in the green light and the possibility of turning back time, of repeating the past, or allowing it to take another, more desirable course. For him everything seemed possible: the realisation of an unfulfilled dream of life, shaped to his own design. But Gatsby's life ended in a deserted swimming pool.

Domenico in *Nostalgia* also believes in the need to create a new world. His goal, however, is not the realisation of a personal realm, but a change in the values of the world. Stationed on the scaffolding about the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, he proclaims the need to return to that point in history where we took the wrong path, and to begin again. But Domenico preaches to a mad world, and he takes his own life with a can of petrol and a lighter to the strains of Beethoven and Schiller's Ode to Joy (Freedom). At the same time, Andrei fulfils Domenico's wish and bears the flame — the lighted candle for St Catherine — across the emptied sulphur baths. Heartsick, he collapses (and dies?) in the steaming pool of the spa. Nostalgia as a sickness for another place, another time, so severe as to amount to a disease — a sickness unto death.

Andrei has come to Italy in search of information on an eighteenth century Russian composer who has been here before him. He encounters Domenico. Domenico proves in many respects to be his alter ego, the film providing numerous allusions to a common identity. In Domenico's dilapidated house the old man pours

two drops of oil into the palm of his hand, indicating how they merge and become one; painted on the wall of his house is the equation $1+1=1$. Similarly, the Alsatian that suddenly emerges from the bathroom of Andrei's hotel room and settles down beside his bed as if they had been lifelong companions proves, in the realm of reality, to be Domenico's dog. On Domenico's first appearance at the open air sulphur baths the dog appears with him, and it is also present in his derelict house outside the town; and when Domenico goes up in flames, one sees the dog tied to a column, straining at the leash, the only creature in fact to show emotion at his master's death. But the dog also inhabits Andrei's waking dreams, his memories of other places, other times, and is within the ruined church at the close, after death, when they alone are left in the artificial reconstructed landscape and the falling snow of 'home'. The black dog in *Stalker* plays a similar role, its first appearance being just as sudden and mysterious.

This merging of identities is to be found in a number of situations in Tarkovsky's films and in particular in *The Mirror* (1974), where the characters of wife and mother (performed by the same actress) are blurred to the point of identity. In *Nostalgia*, too, Tarkovsky's old preoccupation with his own family history manifests itself anew.

The son of Arseniy Alexandrovitch and Maya Ivanova, Andrei Tarkovsky grew up in a family of two children, whom the mother was left to bring up on her own after the departure of the father. These circumstances correspond to those of the family in the dream sequence of *Nostalgia*,



where one sees a woman with two children in a distant, faded, sepia-coloured world of childhood, reminiscent of old photographs from a family album. Time or place are uncertain. The family might be Andrei's own wife and children somewhere else in the present, or his own childhood home of the past, the boy his son or his childhood self, the absent father himself or his own father, Domenico as alter ego or father figure.

The evidently autobiographical elements that Tarkovsky weaves into his films are reinforced by concrete references: the dedication of *Nostalgia* to the memory of his mother and the quotation from a book of poems by his father (the book being subsequently consumed by flames). Nor for that matter is this the only film in which the director uses his own name for that of the principal character. But Tarkovsky's search for 'home' acquires a broader significance that removes it from the purely personal, introspective realm; and the allusions to autobiographical or national aspirations, which one frequently finds in codified, cryptic form in other films from Eastern Europe, have a universal significance as well. The search for a physical or spiritual 'home' is not restricted to those countries, and it is one of the greatneses of Tarkovsky's films that they contain all these layers of relevance, extending from the personal, via the national to the universal.



What for example is the yearning of the Stalker for his 'zone' but a nostalgia for the only place in which he feels at home, and where he is nevertheless full of fear? In the story *Roadside Picnic* by Arkadi and Boris Strugatzki, on which *Stalker* is based, the 'zone' is an anonymous realm guarded by future international forces. The meeting place of the scouts and others who are concerned with the exploration of the area is, however, called 'Borstschi'. This ambivalence is a conscious element in Tarkovsky's films. They are Russian and yet international, physical and metaphysical, full of both personal and general allusions. Andrei expresses the sentiment that it is necessary to tear down the borders between states; but to identify the destination of his yearnings purely with Russia or any other geographical location would be to amputate the further-reaching dimensions of the film. Home is a place within the heart, a scrap of language and the impossibility of its translation, time past or time future, utopias and, ultimately, paradise.

Domenico lives alone in a dilapidated house in a deserted hill town. For seven years he had held his family prisoner there, and when the police had finally freed them, the son had asked, 'Is this the end of the world?' The captivity of the family is both home and hell, to which Andrei returns in his waking dreams. He sees himself wandering through the empty streets of this town. They are littered with newspapers, rubbish, old furniture. He passes a wardrobe, pauses and returns to it, opening the mirrored door; but as it swings open, it is not himself he sees there but the reflection of Domenico.

Tarkovsky divides present time, present place from other times and places by means of a sepia/Technicolor contrast. The dimension of memory or dream (or of death or the nostalgia for death) is shot in sepia, the motion of the film slowed, devoid of sound, or at least without the synchronous sounds of footsteps and voices as in reality. The sounds that penetrate the silent world are those of the continuing present, of the circular saw, running water, of the physical realm, and not those of the place where his thoughts dwell. And yet the sounds of the present are inextricably mingled with those of the memory. *Nostalgia* opens upon a misty landscape, a slope down to a lake, a white horse in the distance, the Alsatian, Andrei's family descending the hill to the quiet strains of Verdi's Requiem, with which the film also closes. This unreal, sepia world recurs throughout the film, at first strictly separated from the real, coloured world; but the distinction becoming increasingly blurred as the film progresses, the inner world overlapping with the real world of the present. This confusion of the colour/sepia separation provides access to an understanding of Andrei's waking dreams, an insight into the nature of his sickness.



With his young assistant Eugenia, he arrives in a place of pilgrimage where infertile women seek the intercession of the Virgin. Fertility and belief are important themes of the film. Within the church, a heavy figure of the Virgin is borne in by four women. They open the front of her robes and dozens of little birds fly out of her breast, their feathers falling like snow. In Andrei's dream, which is cut in at this point (sepia), a large white feather falls, which he picks up from the mud. Like the *Stalker*, he has an aberrant patch of white in his hair. Later other dreams of a desired place, a woman in a bedroom, an injured bird on a windowsill, appear; and later still, in Andrei's bedroom, one suddenly sees the bed turned through ninety degrees, the scene now colourless, and a woman — his wife or mother — lying pregnant upon it. Or again, there is a brief trance-like sequence in which Eugenia, translated to the other, sepia world, embraces this woman. So too the dog inhabits both realms, as one has seen, linking the identities of Domenico and Andrei, and accompanying them both in death.

The small-scale model landscape in the mind's eye in Domenico's house extends out through the open window into the real landscape of the Italian hills. At the end of the film, to the sound of a Russian song, the process is reversed. Andrei and the Alsatian are lying before a pool of water in front of the timber house of his imagination, having arrived in the place of his desires. But as

the camera retreats, the reality dissolves and one sees the whole scene, like a stage set, within the ruined nave of a church. Previously, within those same roofless walls, but without the stage set of home, we have seen Andrei, again in a sepia sequence, pacing the grassy nave of the church. In a conversation between St Catherine and God, as Domenico might have heard it, one overhears the saint begging God to make His presence felt to this man, and God replying that He is always present, that the man must make an effort and use his awareness. The final, perhaps most remarkable instance of this overlapping of spheres, of the blurring of the distinction between the black and white and colour realms of experience, are the scenes in the deserted hill village. Initially, they are depicted in sepia; i.e. in that other time when Domenico had kept his family imprisoned. The colour returns to the pictures, and one sees Andrei leaving the same house in the present, in real time, and driving away in a taxi. But the camera returns to the town again in sepia. This time one sees Andrei walking down the deserted street on his own. It is the moment of his encounter with the reflection of Domenico in the wardrobe mirror. Time present and time past both perhaps present in time future

In *Stalker* Tarkovsky also divides the worlds within and without the 'zone' into colour and sepia images. Here, however, the pattern is reversed.

The long opening section of the film in the outside, real world, the preparations for the expedition into the 'zone', are shot without colour. It is only after the three-man party has overcome the hazards of entry and put the long journey on the rail trolley behind them that the film suddenly changes to colour, on their arrival in the 'zone'. Here it is the desired realm that is depicted in colour. The 'zone' is in a sense for the Stalker 'home'; he declares it as such on arriving at the end of the railway line and intimates that there is no return, at least not by the same route, whereupon he sends the trolley back under its own steam in the direction they have come. One hears the sound of a dog(?) howling. The Stalker leaves his two companions, the scientist and the writer, to take possession of his realm again. He lies face down in the deep grass, his arms outstretched, and as the camera pans round, one sees the house, the destination of their pilgrimage. But the route to their goal is a circuitous one, and on the way the Stalker has two brief dreams or visions, in which the photography reverts to sepia; half immersed in water they lie, beneath the surface of which are scarcely distinguishable objects. Polluted streams flow past. A large black dog appears from nowhere and lies watching them. The dog will accompany them on their journey to their goal, to the deserted house, and the room within it where, it is said, all one's wishes may be fulfilled.

Having reached the threshold to this room, however, they are unable or unwilling to proceed further. A discussion ensues on belief, recriminations are levelled, and there is an attempt to destroy the Stalker's realm completely rather than confront its mystery. Finally, the camera recedes across the entire depth of the room, its tiled floor submerged by shallow water. A magical, purifying shower of rain suddenly bursts through the ceiling (as it also does in Domenico's house in *Nostalgia*) and stops again. Together with the dog the three men sit on the threshold of the room. After all their disputes and discussions, after the pleading of the Stalker to save his realm, the scientist dismantles his bomb and scatters the parts, throwing the fuse section into the room. It lies beneath the water. Two grey fish swim up to inspect it. A dark fluid clouds the water.

The scene reverts to the bar where the men had met at the beginning. The photography reverts to sepia tones. The Stalker has returned from the 'zone', together with the dog. The Stalker's wife comes to take him home. He is exhausted. For a moment, as he goes down the road with her, his crippled daughter on his shoulders, the pictures are again in colour. His wife helps him to bed. In a monologue she tells of her life with him, of his periods in prison for illegally entering the 'zone', which had remained his realm, his home, the place of belief or the place of death.

The final colour sequences of the film provide a closing frame-like construction. As at the

beginning, one hears a train approaching in the distance. The whole house begins to shake. The glasses on the table rattle and move across the surface. The daughter rests her face on the table-top. A glass falls off, as if she had caused it to move by some unseen power. Over the roar of the passing train one can just distinguish the strains of Beethoven's 9th Symphony, which have subsided by the time the train recedes.

If the colour/sepia code is used consistently (and in *Nostalgia* we have seen that it is deliberately confused), the brief colour scenes at the end of *Stalker* would indicate that the crippled daughter and perhaps even the wife had at last entered the 'zone', found a place of inner peace and contentment, in the room at the end of the journey, where one's wishes are granted.

Andrei Roublev perhaps provides further evidence on this point. The film is in black and white throughout. Only in the final sequence, when this other Andrei, the icon painter, has finally revoked his vows of silence and begins to paint again, does the film turn to colour, in the glory of his frescoes and icons, where he finds his way back to the realm of creation; in these final shots of the faces of the Madonna and Christ and the angels — accompanied by the sound of running water and a roll of thunder — the water pouring down the face of the wall and horses grazing in the rain, the crowning use of colour is like an apotheosis.

It is possible to see the 'zone' as a place of terror or as the home of one's dreams, the barriers about it keeping one out or in; nostalgia for another time, another place — a polluted zone, or ideal realm, dreams of childhood or death. Tarkovsky allows us all these meanings in the complexity of his vision.

Visually and aurally, *Nostalgia* is a multi-layered film. Music is used extremely sparingly, not as an atmospheric background, but as a specific pointing of a scene. The soundtrack is a carefully considered aural composition of noises near and far, past and present — the crunching of glass underfoot, the sounds of water running, dripping, echoing, the distant cuckoo in *Stalker*, or the constant whine of the circular saw in *Nostalgia* — that overlap and link present and past, reality and vision. The aural iconography is as dense as the visual (water, fire, horses, the dog, places of ruin and dilapidation, spilt milk, etc.).

The music is the music of mourning (Verdi's Requiem), or of joy and freedom (Beethoven's 9th Symphony), or the brief strains of a Russian folk song. Visually and aurally the films have a rigour and inner logic which suggest that no picture, no sound is a matter of chance. The thunderstorm, the bursting of the sun through the mists, however much they may appear as splendidly spontaneous moments, are as deliberately staged as the white horse in the background. Tarkovsky has developed

his own 'montage of attractions'. Frame for frame the pictures are like carefully composed paintings, with almost imperceptible movements and subtly changing light: the still life scene in Domenico's house; the objects, framed pictures and mirrors, openings in walls; the head of Eugenia like a Renaissance portrait in the dim light of the hotel room; the hill town rising up like an ideal city in an Italian landscape; the walls themselves as backgrounds, selected for their textures, colours, light and shade.

The painterly quality of the pictures is striking in all his films, but in *Nostalgia* Tarkovsky goes beyond the creation of mere fascinating visual images. He employs iconographic codes and conventions from Renaissance and earlier painting, systems of attributes and symbols that were a familiar language of painting in the past, and often a chiaroscuro form of lighting. In the scenes in Domenico's house, for example, he underlines the discussion of belief with vanitas elements in the best tradition of still life painting, carefully selecting and arranging objects in various stages of decay in a metonymical representation of the transience of life. In *Stalker* one finds parallels to this in the rotting cars and the tokens of dilapidation and ruin.

In a similar way his citation of objects or of the four elements is often directly related to the conventions of painting. Implicit to wine, bread and oil were obvious religious overtones. Other objects (water jugs, candles, bowls, books, dead game, fish, birds, etc) were incorporated in mythological or Biblical depictions, or formed the basis of still lifes and represented certain ideal

qualities. Bowls, towels, fish, for example, were symbols of water; candles or conflagrations, of fire. The four elements were in turn tokens of other qualities, water representing purification; fire, light and (divine) enlightenment.

In all Tarkovsky's films the four elements are quoted, but in none of them in quite such an associative and painterly manner as in *Nostalgia*. Water and fire are given particular emphasis here, there being at least ten distinct manifestations of the former in this film*. The manner and context in which these references are made leaves little room for doubt that they are used with a consciousness of the traditions of painting.

Belief is a theme central to both *Stalker* and *Nostalgia*. In the former film, the writer arrives at the designated meeting place before setting out on the expedition into the 'zone'. He engages in a discussion on belief and miracles with the woman who has driven him there. He argues that all phenomena are now explicable in scientific terms, that there is no room any more for exceptions to natural law. Significantly enough, the third member of the party is a scientist ('not a chemist, more a physicist'), a professor with a bomb in his rucksack, which he risks his life to recover, having inadvertently left it behind on their way to their goal.

On their roundabout route they overcome seemingly insuperable obstacles and dangers, and yet on the threshold to the room that is the goal of their journey, no one has the will to go on. They avoid a confrontation with the mystery they have come so far to experience, indulging instead in



procrastinations on belief. The promise of fulfilment of one's wishes becomes a trial of belief in itself, and neither the writer nor the scientist is prepared to put his belief or lack of belief to the test, the author taking refuge in recriminations, the Stalker heaping abuse on the intellectuals, the Stalker heaping abuse on the intellectuals, and the scientist reaching for his bomb to destroy all question of a metaphysical dimension. No one should see the mystery; no one believe in it, no one should come after them. The Stalker tries to wrest the bomb from the scientist. It is the Stalker, the only one not allowed to see the phenomenon, who is the ultimate guardian of belief, who pleads with the author to throw away his revolver, as useless anyway, and who struggles with the professor to prevent him detonating his bomb and destroying the mystery. The intellectuals are incapable or unwilling to venture an encounter with the mystery and subject themselves to a possible revelation (change or disillusion), despite the trials they have undergone, and even though it might provide the author with an incomparable wealth of material and the scientist with an ultimate scientific insight. Without belief, the object or phenomenon does not exist.

The same idea recurs in *Nostalgia*. The voice in the ruined nave of the church replies that only with an openness, a willingness to see, can He become manifest. Or when Eugenia enters the church at the beginning, she encounters the verger, who tells her to open herself to God, to kneel in prayer; but she is unable to kneel. Andrei's discussions with Domenico revolve about belief; and his final act in carrying out Domenico's wish and bearing a lighted candle across the emptied basin of the bath is an act of belief on behalf of a friend. But where does this quest lead; and in what is it an expression of faith; in God, in Russia, in home, a yearning for childhood? There are sufficient indications of all these things; and yet the nostalgia of the Stalker and Andrei is a search for paradise — not necessarily a paradise lost, but a utopia yet to be attained, in life, or after death.

In *Roadside Picnic* the scout or Stalker remarks that the further one penetrates into the 'zone' the closer one comes to heaven. In the context of the book this is an ambiguous statement, with the meaning being placed on the dangers to life involved in entering the 'zone'. The film, however, reveals a number of significant shifts of emphasis. Whereas the illegal expeditions into the 'zone' in the book have as their aim the salvaging of material objects left behind from a possible visit from space, Tarkovsky removes all concrete evidence of such a visit. His zone is a guarded area, in which there are no physical artifacts from another world. There is merely an atmosphere of menace. What has happened there is uncertain, shrouded in mystery; a meteorite or

flying saucer has fallen, or 'something of the kind'; and whereas the Stalker of the book finally encounters the mystical object at the heart of the 'zone' that is allegedly capable of granting any wish — a golden sphere — Tarkovsky wisely avoids all physical manifestations of this phenomenon. The three men turn back on the threshold of the room without seeing it.

In his commentary to *Roadside Picnic*, Stanislaw Lem sees the golden sphere and its property of fulfilling desires as a naive device. In the physical world of the 'picnic' that is true. It is a breach of natural laws in a physical world. But Tarkovsky turns his world into an inward, metaphysical one, where a metaphysical object would have its validity; and he proceeds to place it even further from our grasp, by allowing no one to see it, removing the certainty of a godlike existence from the realm of verifiable experience to that of belief. Tired of taking a circuitous but allegedly safer route to their goal, the author defies the Stalker's warnings and approaches the house directly. A short distance from the apparently deserted building he hears a voice forbidding him to come closer, whereupon he retreats and rejoins his companions. What at first seems an exception, a concrete manifestation of a presence in the 'zone', is immediately undermined by the Stalker, who provides a natural explanation for the occurrence, suggesting that the author, afraid in his own heart to go on, yet ashamed to turn back, had spoken to himself in order to resolve his dilemma.

The film pursues a path that skirts hazar-
dously close to hocus pocus or schoolboy adventure, but that finally rises above these dangers, transcends the world of science fiction and, given the belief of the observer, attains a metaphysical plane. In *Roadside Picnic* three distinct expeditions into the 'zone' are described, the third of which Lem compares with a 'black fairy tale', in which obstacles have to be overcome; and it is this realm that is closest to Tarkovsky's *Stalker*. The film becomes an allegory of a quest for belief, of belief itself.

What was in the central room? Nothing without belief. One recalls the dialogue in the nave of the ruined church in *Nostalgia*, when the voice of God remarks that one must open oneself to hear His words. Is the Stalker a Charon ferrying his tourists across the Styx, through the various circles of hell to the realm of the dead, or an Apostle, a Christ-like figure, a guide to paradise?

*The lake at the bottom of the hill and the mists of the sepia landscape of home; the water into which the white feather falls; the pouring rain through the bedroom window; the steaming sulphur baths; the storm in Domenico's house, the rain falling through the roof, the pools of water on the floor, the splashing of the rain; the absence of water in Eugenia's bedroom, causing her to wash her hair in Andrei's bathroom, the submerged church; the hosing down of the hotel courtyard; the almost empty spa pool being cleaned out, which Andrei crosses with the candle; and finally the lake from home, now reduced to a small pool in the nave of the ruined church.

Reprinted from Sight and Sound, 84/85 Winter

懷鄉

羅維明



《懷鄉》的映象真的很美麗，而且可以說太美麗，塔可夫斯基把一些毫無特色的村郊景緻提昇成爲詩一樣的境界，這份 CINEMATOGRA-PHY 的能力，實在令人折服。每一個想用電影寫作風景的人，都可以用他作爲榜樣。但電影的力量實在也不光靠映象的美麗來達成，像《懷鄉》，它動人心弦的地方主要來自映象裏那份孤寂的沉默，以及塔可夫斯基宏大的心靈，否則，《懷鄉》感動我們的就只限於風景的美而已。不過，這些塔可夫斯基式的優點，也可能是他的一個缺點，而無論如何，《懷鄉》都是塔可夫斯基對心靈搜索的一個極限(我不知道他還可以走往那兒)。我絕對感動於他的努力，《安德烈·盧布耶夫》、《鏡子》、《潛行者》令我一次又一次的震動，因爲在那天馬行空的映象中，有一個人憂傷地探尋幽暗的快樂；但到了《懷鄉》，我只覺得窒息。我覺得《懷鄉》實在太宏大了，宏大到那些超凡入聖的映象也無法負載起他的想像力與他的抱負，令《懷鄉》顯得單薄冗長。我有點覺得，《懷鄉》的柯哲也高夫(蘇聯教授)與杜明尼奧(說世界快毀滅的瘋子)猶如《潛行者》裏那個無法向人證明「房間」魔力的探星者一樣，都徒勞於追尋一些不存在的事物(很有點自嘲的意味)。但《潛行者》還有點信心(最後那個男孩用超意志能力移動了桌上的杯子)，《懷鄉》則充滿了猶疑，那個預言世界即將毀滅，厲聲疾呼人類醒覺的杜明尼奧，很可能真的是瘋子(而不論怎樣他都以自焚來毀滅自己)，柯哲也高夫依他的遺言去點放蠟燭後，塔可夫斯基也不能讓我們看到有甚麼結果(因爲他也不能證實)，這都令人覺得《懷鄉》那份莫名的憂傷，如果不是過份造作，便是塔可夫斯基把個人感傷與心靈問題混爲一說，結果走火入

魔，不能自拔。而且，由杜明尼奧演說中，塔可夫斯基傳達出他對中古時代的嚮往，對世界一統於一種信仰的東正教思想的迷信，對黑格爾唯心辯證的詮釋，都令人懷疑他那種在不自覺之間流露出來的保守思想。我有點奇怪，有良知的蘇聯



知識份子對唯物辯證的世界反叛時，如果不採用西方的自由資本主義的觀點，就必定倒向如蘇辛尼津式的傳統沙俄時代的信仰。我覺得那也不是一條適當的出路。人類前途真是個艱辛的問題，我懷疑塔可夫斯基在下一部片也找不到滿意的答案。這些問題，我們也只能各自向自己的心靈探索。

原刊《電影雙週刊》第一三六期，八四年五月十四出版。

憂時與內省——塔可夫斯基的電影世界

SAFETY FILM

金炳興



中國有句古語：「先天下之憂而憂，後天下之樂而樂」，可用來給當代蘇聯電影大師安德烈·塔可夫斯基做寫照。塔氏對人世抱持的堅定信念與深切關懷，同時把這種思想融進作品並體現出來，在他生前，有這樣胸襟的導演，固鳳毛麟角，在他死後（塔氏去年底在巴黎逝世），更可能成為絕响。

綜觀塔氏的作品，覺得像他那樣一個人本主義藝術家，對電影有獨到的見解與成就，竟不容於他的祖國，實在可惜。他的作品屢次被禁，從影二十多年，只拍了八部電影，最後兩部（《懷鄉》和《犧牲》），還要在國外完成，但塔氏對人生與藝術均有無比執着，他並沒有因為個人的不幸遭遇而對自己的信守有所動搖和妥協，僅這一點，便令人肅然起敬。

單看塔氏電影的名稱：《壓路機與小提琴》、戰爭催生下的《伊凡的童年》，宗教畫家《安德烈·盧布耶夫》、《星球梭那里斯》、《鏡子》、《潛行者》、《懷鄉》與《犧牲》，即可說明塔氏是個喜歡內省的導演，他電影裡表現的，一方面是藝術家的成長、對父母的懷念、思鄉這類濃郁的內在情懷，另一方面則是戰爭與和平、核子災難的威脅這類與世人前途息息相關的問題。看了這些電影，使人對藝術的功能，恢復了熱望和信心。

身為藝術家，塔氏的觀察力與感覺都非常敏銳，希臘哲學家所提出的萬物四元素：水、火、風、土，其所形成的映象，在塔氏的電影中一再重現：水的流動與涓滴，火的燃燒與放肆，風的吹動，泥土的氣息，這一切都與塔氏本人的自然觀契合無間。



塔氏對映象的處理，常能從平淡中見出豐美，一面斷牆、一潭污水，在塔氏攝影機慢慢的游移下，便能顯出特別的紋理與層次。他對聲光的捕捉，尤其精細：像《犧牲》裡主角臨睡前，衣袋內錢幣落地的滾動聲、《潛行者》裡火車經過時震動桌玻璃杯而引起的碰撞聲，《懷鄉》裡主角躺在牀上後，牀側光影的漸隱與重顯，都說明了他

觀察的細微。塔氏希望經由環境氣氛的如實營造，把我們的感性提鍊出來，而他的電影的詩意亦因之滲注無遺。

塔氏處理電影的技巧，與他對人生的體驗並行不叛，他認為電影猶之生命，像水一樣脈脈流動，有它本身的韻律，剪得太碎，便會戕害了它的生命，破壞了它的自然節奏。他那些著名的長時間鏡頭，需要觀眾耐心去搜尋，默默地品嚐。因此，塔氏的電影美學，基本上是反愛森斯坦的蒙太奇理論（塔氏的老師米蓋爾·隆曾經是愛森斯坦的學生），他比較接近法國影評人安德烈·巴辛的現實主義觀點。塔氏認為蒙太奇式剪接，是一種相當專斷的技巧，不容觀眾有任何思考空間，意義僵固。這種理念，完全違反塔氏對人生的期望。他認為我們所處的社會，人與人關係，要不是盡量去攫取以維護自身的利益，便是成為別人意識型態和野心的工具，這種役人與役於人的行為，絕對不人道，他不願他的作品與觀眾的關係建立在這樣的枷鎖上。因此，塔氏希望我們每個人都自動自覺，肩負起對國家、民族、社會、家庭的責任。欣賞電影亦是自發的行動。

有些批評者，指責塔氏的作品傾向自然主義，塔氏反駁他們的荒謬，因為自然主義這個名詞本身就大有問題，百分之百記錄現實根本不可能，只要有作者，就有選擇的過程。由於攝影本質上有如實記錄功能，但這不等於說，這樣的現實就不是創作出來的。

塔氏也反對用時下流行的結構主義去分析電影。結構主義者認為電影是眾多符號系統中的一種，但塔氏認為電影與文學截然不同：文學才是象徵符號，作者無論表達得怎麼準確，這些符號一經讀者的思想過濾，便會產生各種不同的意義。電影記錄的是現實映象，因此，電影比文學在傳達上更為直接，你可以對電影中的現實給予不同解釋，但你不必去想像作者描述的究竟是怎樣的場面。

塔氏深知他的作品不易為廣大觀眾讚賞，這和我們奉行的社會制度有關，由於我們的市場充斥着煽情的商業電影，而大多數觀眾又沒有培養審美品味的適當環境，所以，他希望觀眾盡量用感性去接近他的電影。

塔氏又是一個很徹底的東方藝術家，例如他對人與自然有密切關係的看法，對探尋根源的重視，對精神生活的強調，對中國詩詞與日本俳句在意象創造上的精確表現，都有他自己的獨到見解。他認為靈性觀照才是人生的最終目標，沒有精神生活，人生也就毫無意義，而他的電影便是這一信念的最佳見證。



Raising the Shroud

Ian Christie



“Russians are bad emigrants”. Andrei Tarkovsky ruefully acknowledged this traditional Western view of his countrymen’s “tragic inability to be assimilated” in the final chapter of his book *Sculpting in Time*, entitled “After *Nostalgia*”. This remarkable book, simultaneously inspiring and infuriating, appeared in its author’s fourth year of emigration and, like his two films made outside the Soviet Union, it is permeated with the bittersweet emotions of exile. Its twin themes are the absolute demands of artistic creation, outside any political or aesthetic canons, and the absolute importance of a shared culture for artist and audience alike. Like Gorchakov, the protagonist of *Nostalgia*, Tarkovsky found that he could not live in Russia or outside it. His only recourse was to abandon the role of a professional artist and make his own situation, barely mediated, the subject of his cinema in exile. No more fiction, no ‘distancing’: *Nostalgia* and *The Sacrifice* are to be read as “reprints of [his] state of mind”.

This tragic dilemma certainly helps to explain some of the clumsiness and confusion that afflict these last films, whatever the passionate intensity of their images and emotions. For many, they obviously provide a fitting end to Tarkovsky’s trajectory: a final rejection of compromise and an affirmation of universality, sublimity, genius. For others, correspondingly, they mark a withdrawal into pretentious obscurity and aestheticism, the ultimate hypertrophy of ‘art cinema.’ In the shadow of Tarkovsky’s untimely death, the temp-

tation to interpret his career teleologically is strong. But for a qualified admirer, it seems all the more important now to resist such sweeping judgments. What the following proposes, briefly, is a different reading of his career that will allow the great achievement of his films to be *discussed*, instead of being merely accepted or rejected.

Already, the grounds for his self-exile are in danger of becoming myth. When he threw down a challenge to the Soviet cinema authorities, and to the state itself, in 1984, his complaints were of antagonism, obstruction, and lack of official recognition. All were certainly justifiable, but they ignored the self-evident fact that Tarkovsky had also enjoyed considerable support throughout his twenty-year career as a Soviet film-maker. Five films in twenty years may sound like a meagre output — and it inevitably evokes Eisenstein’s almost identical record, with its familiar litany of struggle and interference — but there are many independently minded film-makers in the West who would envy the freedom from financial anxiety and producer’s interference that Tarkovsky enjoyed within Soviet cinema.

Clearly he suffered no stinting of resources for *Andrei Roublev* and *Solaris*, both elaborate productions; and what mainstream film industry anywhere else in the world would have willingly produced such an uncompromisingly avant-garde work as *The Mirror*? As Tarkovsky himself acknowledged on his 1980 visit to London,

cinemas in Moscow were actually opened earlier than usual to accommodate the public demand to see this controversial masterpiece. Indeed, there has been much confusion (if not humbug) in the reporting of Tarkovsky's treatment by the Soviet cinema authorities, especially in matters of distribution and exhibition. If his films were not granted the widest level of release, this is scarcely surprising; they are, after all, avowedly 'difficult' and demanding works. What concrete evidence is available, thanks to an analysis of Moscow cinema programmes by the Soviet critic Maya Turovskaya (whose perceptive writings on Tarkovsky should appear in English later this year), suggests that all his films, at least up to *Stalker*, were almost constantly playing in repertory. The implication — which Tarkovsky encouraged after 1984 — that they were only tolerated because of hard currency-earning potential seems profoundly unlikely.

On the contrary, it seems that influential supporters ensured Tarkovsky's ability to follow his highly individual path; and indeed that the astonishing quality of all his Soviet films — in an industry renowned for shaky camerawork and alarmingly variable stock quality and processing — owed much to the reputation he commanded. We may well wonder if he could ever have achieved such precision and originality without the generous preparation and shooting schedules that established Soviet directors routinely expect. What Western producer could have sustained the reshooting of more than half of *Stalker*, as Mosfilm did in 1978? True, it was the same state industry which withheld *Andrei Roublev* from its completion in 1966 until 1971, but this arbitrary 'arrest' of controversial films is a vicissitude which Soviet film-makers have long had to accept — until the dramatic 'revolt' of their union's 1986 congress — and which has crucially *not* prevented them from continuing to work.

All the information we possess suggests that Tarkovsky was a proud, even arrogant figure within the Soviet film community. Turovskaya quotes a letter he sent to the chairman of the State Committee for Cinema after completing *Roublev*: "I would be so bold as to call myself an artist, and more than that, a Soviet artist. My two guiding beacons are that I can create, and life

itself. When it comes to problems of form, I seek new ways forward. This is always arduous and potentially leads to conflict and unpleasantness, so that I cannot count on being able to lead a cosy little life in a nice little apartment, untroubled by anything. What is demanded of me is courage and in this respect I will try not to betray the trust that you have shown in me". There is evidence here, surely, of the confidence that Tarkovsky felt in his status as a licensed rebel against the relics of Stalin's 'socialist realism'.

Tarkovsky's Western admirers have readily followed his insistence on remaining aloof from the Soviet context, to the extent that neither his known affinities nor his hostilities have yet been adequately considered. There is, for example, his widely advertised antagonism towards Eisenstein and the legacy of montage theory — an antagonism, incidentally, shared by official Soviet film aesthetics, albeit in rather different terms. But less familiar was his feud with a contemporary at VGIK, the central Soviet film school, Vasily Shukshin (the subject of a current touring retrospective at the NFT and regional cinemas). Knowing the earthy Siberian peasant stance adopted by Shukshin, it's easy to diagnose a clash of temperaments and cultural backgrounds — Tarkovsky was the son of a poet and grew up in the elite surroundings of the writers' colony at Peredelkino. Yet, as more is learnt about the complex cultural politics of the 60s, and especially Shukshin's non-realist exploration of peasant consciousness under threat from urbanism, it becomes obvious that Tarkovsky's anti-heroic *Andrei Roublev* cannot simply be divorced from the equally defiant work of his contemporaries.

Similarly, when Tarkovsky cited Paradjanov and Iosseliani among the Soviet film-makers he most respected (during the 1980 London lecture), many may have missed the significance of the third name on his list, Alexei Guerman. At that time, Guerman's work was virtually unknown in the West — only his *Twenty Days Without War* had been seen abroad — but since his rehabilitation in 1986, and the dazzling originality of *My Friend Ivan Lapshin*, it becomes easier to understand how Tarkovsky recognised a kindred spirit in this proponent of another radical realism.

Tarkovsky's fundamental disagreement with





Eisenstein takes us to the heart of his aesthetic, and indeed his ontology of the cinematic image. Against Eisenstein's notion of the construction of meaning through montage, Tarkovsky argues for a process of discovery or revelation. The position outlined in *Sculpting in Time* (and earlier advanced in articles published in *Iskusstvo kino*, the Soviet film journal) is based upon a belief that the film-maker works with time and material reality, inscribed in the filmic image. Unlike the film-maker-engineer of Eisensteinian montage, Tarkovsky posits himself as a 'sculptor', responding to the intrinsic properties of his raw material and shaping these as he controls the 'flow' of time through his films.

Again, there may be useful comparisons to be made with Eisenstein's later ideas on rhythm, beyond the apparent disagreement over meaning located 'outside' or 'inside' the image. But at least Tarkovsky bequeathed us a surprisingly coherent and provocative summary of his aesthetic position, which can be explored along the relatively familiar lines of Bazin's ideas in his celebrated essay, "The Ontology of the Photographic Image". And this is important in helping to counter the otherwise hermetic tendencies in Tarkovsky's public statements. It provides a way of dealing with his true originality which does not collapse into ineffability, but treats it as a profound insight into the nature of cinematic form and the ways in which this is apprehended by the spectator. What Tarkovsky's audiences experience intuitively is the *modulation of time*; and here we may also be reminded of another chapter in Russian aesthetics, the 'formalist' account of "art as technique"

(in Shklovsky's famous phrase) and its analysis of the essential distinction between prose and poetry.

Although Tarkovsky's whole trajectory, his life no less than his films, seems to have led inexorably towards the transcendence of the contingent — the here-and-now of society and artistic production within it — towards that "singleness of feelings" evoked by the poet Marina Tsvetayeva, there is an urgent need now to resist such a premature canonisation. By replacing him in the history he strove to escape; by testing his films against the generic forms which they challenged and taking seriously his aesthetics (rather than his 'spirituality'), it may yet be possible to profit from his death and reopen issues of common concern to Soviet and Western cinema. The tragic irony that, had he survived, Tarkovsky may well have felt able to return to the Soviet Union following the radical reforms of its cinema industry in 1986, should add urgency to this process of reflection and reconciliation. As the Russian poet Mandelstam wrote on the death of the composer Scriabin, "The death of an artist should not be excluded from the chain of his creative achievements, but should be looked upon as the last, closing link..... Remove the shroud of death from this creative life and it will follow freely from its cause — [from] death, around which it will take its place as around its sun, and absorb its light".

Reprinted from Monthly Film Bulletin, February 1987.

雕塑光陰 ——對電影的反省

安德烈·塔可夫斯基

傑作往往由藝術家在表現自己的道德理想的努力中衍生出來。實際上，是這種種理想點化了他的概念和感情。倘若他熱愛生命，感到有一股不可抗拒的需要去理解它，改變它，努力令它變得更好——總之，如果他有志於參與提昇生命的價值，那不必擔心現實的景象在通過他心靈狀態時，會受到種種主觀概念的過濾，這是沒有危險的。皆因他的作品永為啓迪人們改善自己的靈性奮鬥：它是一個令我們着迷於感情與思想，高尚與自制的協調的世界之映象。

唯有把不同導演的作品都收集起來，我們才能夠勒一幅多少是寫實的現代世界的圖象；也可以藉此對那些刺激和困擾我們同代者及引起關注的事物有一個所謂全面的理解。事實上，這正是電影藝術企圖使現代人所欠缺的一般經驗具體化的一種體現。

在二十世紀，在藝術逐漸失去自己靈性的時代，整個前衛的問題是獨特的。這情況在視覺藝術更不堪，如今它已幾乎完全缺乏靈性。既有的觀點認為這情況反映了社會上靈性解體的狀態。當然，在對悲劇的單純觀察上，我同意這是它所反映的。可是藝術不僅觀察。還要超越；它們作用是將靈性的視界與現實挽合為一：正如杜斯妥耶夫斯基曾為本世紀初發之病作了最初的預言和啓迪。

在藝術中，前衛的概念整個都是沒意義的。當然我明白它如何應用於體育，可是要把它加諸藝術身上，便要接受藝術中進步的概念；雖然在科技方面，進步佔有顯著位置——更完美的機器，既能發揮更佳作用，也更準確——可誰又能在藝術上更勝從前？湯馬斯·曼又怎能比莎士比亞更佳？

藝術家可分為兩類：一類創造他們各自的內心世界，另一類則重造現實。無疑我屬於前者——可是這也不會改變任何事物：我的內心世界可能引人入勝，也有人會無動於衷，甚或會被它激怒；重要的是由電影手法創造的內心世界往往需要被視為現實，就像它在紀錄的時刻那樣客觀地植根於當時的直接性。

音樂可以很多演譯方法，也可以延展於不同的時間長度。時間在此不過是一個設定的秩序裏某些因果關係的條件，它具有抽象，啓學上的特性。另一方面，電影可以將時間以外在及可見的符碼紀錄下來，亦為各種感情所感知。因此，時間成為電影最主要的基礎，就像聲音之於音樂、顏色之於繪畫、腳色之於戲劇。

故此，節奏並非一些片段所組成韻律性的序列，它是由鏡頭框時間的延伸所構成的。並且我相信節奏才是電影主要的構成元素，而非一般人所認為的剪接。

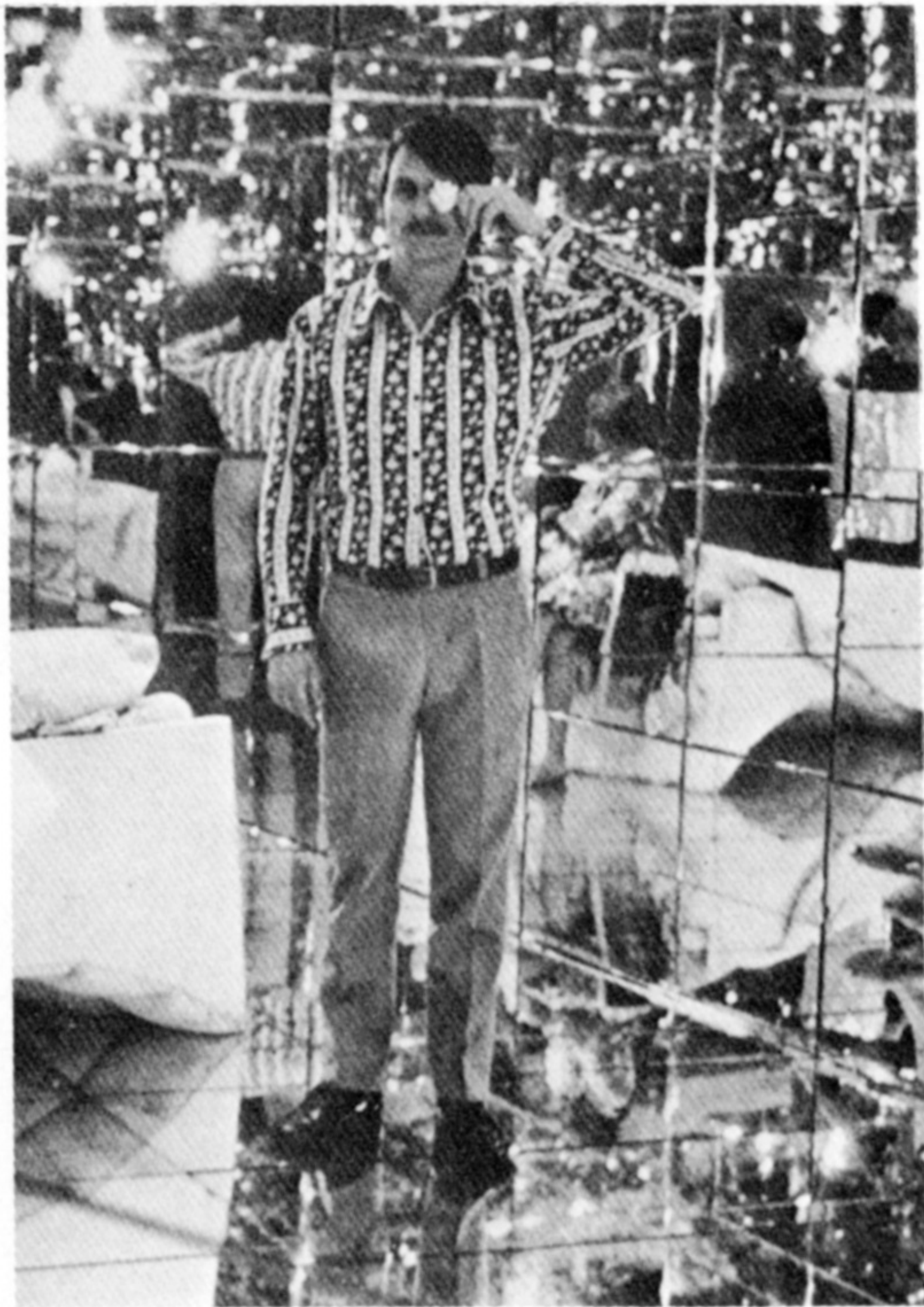
在電影中，任何關於「類型」的規律應該都是指商業電影——處境喜劇、西部片、心理戲劇、通俗劇、歌舞片、偵探片、恐怖片或懸疑片。這些和藝術又有何關係？它們都屬於大眾傳播媒介，也是為迎合大眾顧客的。

什麼是布烈遜的類型？他並沒有。布烈遜就是布烈遜，他自己就是一種類型。安東尼奧尼、費里尼、褒曼、黑澤明、度夫桑高、維果、溝口健二、布紐爾無不如是——他們認同的是他們自己。類型這概念本身冷如墓碑。那麼，卓別靈是喜劇嗎？不是的：他是卓別靈，簡單明白，一個獨一無二的現象，也永不重覆。

我雖從不特意去取悅觀眾，但仍渴望看我作品的人會接受它及喜愛它，這其間並沒有矛盾。於我而言，這左右為難的外境是位於藝術家與觀眾間的問題核心，這關係充滿了張力。

一部電影是一種感情的現實，觀眾也藉此將它化為另一重現實。

因此，那種如今大行其道，視電影為一個符碼組成的系統的觀念，對我來說基本上錯得很厲害。我認為在結構主義者的方法的基礎下潛伏了一個錯誤的前提。



（節錄自《雕塑光陰——對電影的反省》，一九八六年出版。中文翻譯：陳輝揚）



後語

邁克

開始籌辦回顧的時候，聽聞塔可夫斯基病危。中國人有所謂「冲喜」的迷信，一宗堂皇熱鬧的喜事，可以把徘徊在鬼門關的人帶回陽間。我特別想起他作品的執着和信念，還有他對超自然力量默默的認可，若然曉得我們這一樣迷信，大概不會抗拒的。

但是數月後傳來他病逝的消息。是年尾的事，竟沒能渡過年關。藝術家的死使人有說不出來的痛惜，也是一種自私的心態，為往後不能再欣賞到他們的新作而黯然。尤其塔可夫斯基這麼年輕，創作力旺盛，活下去真不知還有多少風光。

畢竟人間即是人間，有它強硬的約束和條件。塔可夫斯基喜歡把彩色、黑白和單色菲林錯綜交替地運用，將現實、回憶和幻想搓在一起。時間的限制，也就不成問題了罷。



Steamroller and the Violin

Screenplay: Tarkovsky and Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovksy **Cast:** VGIK Company **1961**

Ivan’s Childhood

Screenplay: Vladimir Bogomolov and Mikhail Papava **Original Author:** Vladimir Bogomolov
Photography: Vadim Yusov **Cast:** Kolya Borlayev, Valentin Zubkov, Y Zharikov **1962**

Andrei Roublev

Screenplay: Tarkovsky and Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky **Photography:** Vadim Yusov
Music: Vacheslav Ovicinmikov **Cast:** Anatoli Solonitsyn, Ivan Lapikov, Nikolai Grinko, Nikolai Sergeev, Irma Rausch, Nicolai Burlayav, Yuri Nazarov **1966**

Solaris

Screenplay: Tarkovsky and Friedrich Gorenstein **Original Author:** Stanislaw Lem **Photography:** Vadim Yusov **Music:** Eduard Artemyev **Art Direction:** Mikhail Romadin **Cast:** Donatas Banionis, Natalya Bondarchuk, Yuri Yarvet, Anatoli Solonitsyn, Vladislav Dvorjetzki, Nikolai Grinko, Sos Sarkissian **1972**

Mirror

Screenplay: Tarkovsky and Alexander Misharin **Photography:** Georgi Rerberg **Editor:** L. Feiginova
Sound: Semyon Litvinov **Music:** Eduard Artemyev, J.S. Bach, Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, Henry Purcell
Art Direction: Nikolai Dvigubsk **Cast:** Margarita Terekhova, Filip Yankovsky, Ignat Danilisev, Oleg Yankovsky, Nikolai Grinko, Alla Demidova, Yuri Nazarov, Anatoli Solonitsyn **1974**

Stalker

Screenplay: Arkadi Strugatsky and Boris Strugatsky **Original Authors:** Arkadi Strugatsky and Boris Strugatsky **Photography:** Alexander Knyazhinsky **Editor:** L. Feiginova **Sound:** V. Sharun **Music:** Eduard Artemyev **Art Direction:** Tarkovsky **Cast:** Alexander Kaidanovsky, Anatoli Solonitsyn, Nikolai Grinko, Alisa Freindlikh, Natasha Abramova **1979**

Nostalgia

Screenplay: Tarkovsky and Tonino Guerra **Photography:** Giuseppe Lanci **Editors:** Amedeo Salfa and Erminia Marani **Sound:** Remo Ugolinelli **Music:** Gino Peguri **Art Direction:** Andrea Grisanti **Cast:** Oleg Yankovsky, Domiziana Giordano, Erland Josephson, Patrizia Terreno, Laura de Marchi **1983**

The Sacrifice

Screenplay: Tarkovsky **Photography:** Sven Nykvist **Editors:** Tarkovsky and Michal Leszozylowski
Sound: Owe Svensson and Bosse Persson **Music:** J.S. Bach, Swedish and Japanese folk music **Art Direction:** Anna Asp **Cast:** Erland Josephson, Susan Fleetwood, Valerie Mairesse, Allan Edwall, Gudrun Gisladdottir, Sven Wollter **1986**

