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Made in U.S.A.
(FRENCH-
(COLOR-TECHNISCOPE)

Paris, Dec. 10.

Athos release of Rome-Paris Films, Anouchka Films production. Stars Anna Karina; features Laszlo Szabo, Jean-Pierre Leaud, Yves Alfonso. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard; camera (Eastmancolor), Raoul Coutard; editor, Agnes Guillemot. Previewed in Paris. Running Time, 85 MINS.

Paula Nelson	Anna Karina
Richard Widmark	Laszlo Szabo
Donald Siegel	Jean-Pierre Leaud
David Goodis	Yves Alfonso
Doris Mizoguchi	Kyoko Kosaka
Marianne Faithfull	Herself

That prolific ex-New Waver and style innovator, Jean-Luc Godard, goes on doing his three pix a year. After a canny look at youth in "Masculin Feminin," here, in his first of two films made at the same time it appears he ran out of breath. It is a bit too obscure and slapdash for anything but arty spots abroad where buff attendance and the Godard name may help. Otherwise it looms mainly a local item where the political innuendos may help stir interest.

Why is it called "Made in U.S.A.?" Presumably because it is based loosely on a Yank detective yarn and also pays homage to that type of U.S. pic as well as having it take place in France in a place called Atlantic City. Otherwise the American influence is not clear save for character names like Widmark, Aldrich and others.

NOW Godard's ex-wife Anna Karina is looking for a beau who may have been killed off by a mysterious organization. It seems he could be linked to the recent Ben Barka case about the Moroccan leftist abducted and presumably done away with here with local police compliance. But the name of a hood, killed or a suicide, is always blacked out by background noises.

This and other inside gags will not help clarify this talky affair for most audiences. Godard's flair for using literary quotations and asides and refusal to explain or do needed action scenes, do not jell in this plodding affair. Miss Karina floats through adventures and finally kills off a suspicious undercover type, then tries to explain what happened and gives some woolly comments on the shortcomings of left and right politics here.

All this is strained, overinflated and too meandering to give the dash, poetic asides and stylistic freshness that have beefed up his other pix. He appears to be imitating his other films without their refreshing, zany candor and depth. However, it is shot with fine color rendering by Raoul Coutard. The actors do not have the spontaneous freshness and inventiveness of other Godard gangster adventures. Moak

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