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**Le Weekend
(FRENCH-COLOR)**

Paris, Jan. 9.

Athos Film release of Films Copernic, Ascot Cineraid production. Stars Mireille Darc; features Jean Yanne, Jean-Pierre Kalfon, Jean-Pierre Leaud, Paul Gegauff, Virginie Vignon, Valerie Lagrange, Jean Eustache. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Camera (Eastmancolor), Raoul Coutard; editor, Agnes Guillemot. At Publicis-Champs-Elysees, Paris. Running Time, 105 MINS.

Elle	Mireille Darc
Lui	Jean Yanne
Le Chef	Jean-Pierre Kalfon
Moll	Valerie Lagrange
Pianist	Paul Gegauff
Marie	Virginie Vignon
Hitchhiker	Jean Eustache
Cook	Ernest Menzer

No doubt about it, Jean-Luc Godard is still the "enfant terrible" of French films. For his third pic of 1967, but released early this year, he looks at the collective hysteria of weekend drivers. But he also laces it with his personalized symbols of the consumer world, the class battle, guerrilla warfare, growing human violence, pettiness and meanness. It all comes up with a grating, disturbing, funny, witty, and controversial film package that just tackles too much but has enough plus aspects and sheer talents to make for the usual pros and cons, if still difficult more general release, both at home and abroad.

The Godard cult everywhere should welcome this slambang mixture of fable and apocalypse if he again just pours too much into the pic, fragments it and adds his readings, asides and general anarchic outlooks on man's inhumanity to man, as seen by Godard. However, this boils down to the fact that he still shows an enormous visual talent, repeats his usual themes and also his gritty humor that scores quite often in this overloaded, harrowing but hard-to-ignore screen vehicle.

Subject is technically extraordinary, with the sharp and fluid color cameras of Raoul Coutard a help together with the adroit editing. Godard also uses an established star, comely and lissome Mireille Darc, but shapes her in his own image and does away with her usual roles of the free-loving young woman.

First, she is seen confessing to a psychoanalyst, who might also be her lover, at home. And her comments on a sex interlude (not clear) with her husband, whom she no longer loves, or another, is as forthright in lingo as Molly Bloom's soliloquy in "Ulysses." But Godard brings in loud music to drown some intense and direct descriptions which still remain quite clear in context.

The husband is calling a mistress and also sees some motorists outside fighting after rubbing fenders. This sets the scene for a trip the couple take to see his dying father. Before they can leave he hits another car with a woman running out and a fight ensuing with her husband shooting at them. Then on the road, there is a tremendous traffic jam that turns into what looks like the end of the world. Cars upturned, bodies lying around as irate motorists pay no attention, and try to inch by each other.

Here Godard strikes a chord of demonic humor that is just right in laying bare urban problems and what can happen to over-affluent, surfeited types. But after this promising first part, pic turns into a series of adventures.

They finally meet figures from the French Revolution whom they find unhelpful. Then they finally reach his parents and find the father dead. Then they are captured by a gang of revolutionary hippie-beatniks. He is killed and she is hustled off with the gang.

Long talks about the under developed countries, Black Power outlooks and guerrilla tactics are also worked into this overstuffed if brilliant fable. There should be pros and cons on this which should help in specialized spots. Its delving into themes of violence, terrorism and political problems of today also may be regarded as assets.

No gainsaying Godard's talents but more coherence and less verbiage should help. Besides Miss Darc, who is raped, attacked, beaten and smeared with mud throughout; Jean Yanne is right as her flippant, mean husband. A whole gallery of types also do well under Godard's helming. Godard's quick shooting and low budgets usually insure his pix an okay if not great commercial career.

But with evolving audiences,
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Godard's timely themes and irritating but undeniable filmic talents, his pix can not be ignored or passed off. His latest should arouse interest, controversy and curiosity. Thus, it looms a more potent arty entry than many of his previous pix. Right handling, plus savvy followup, might make this a solid off-beat item for foreign climes, and it should make for better biz than usual on his own grounds. It is technically brilliant in all sectors. Mosk.