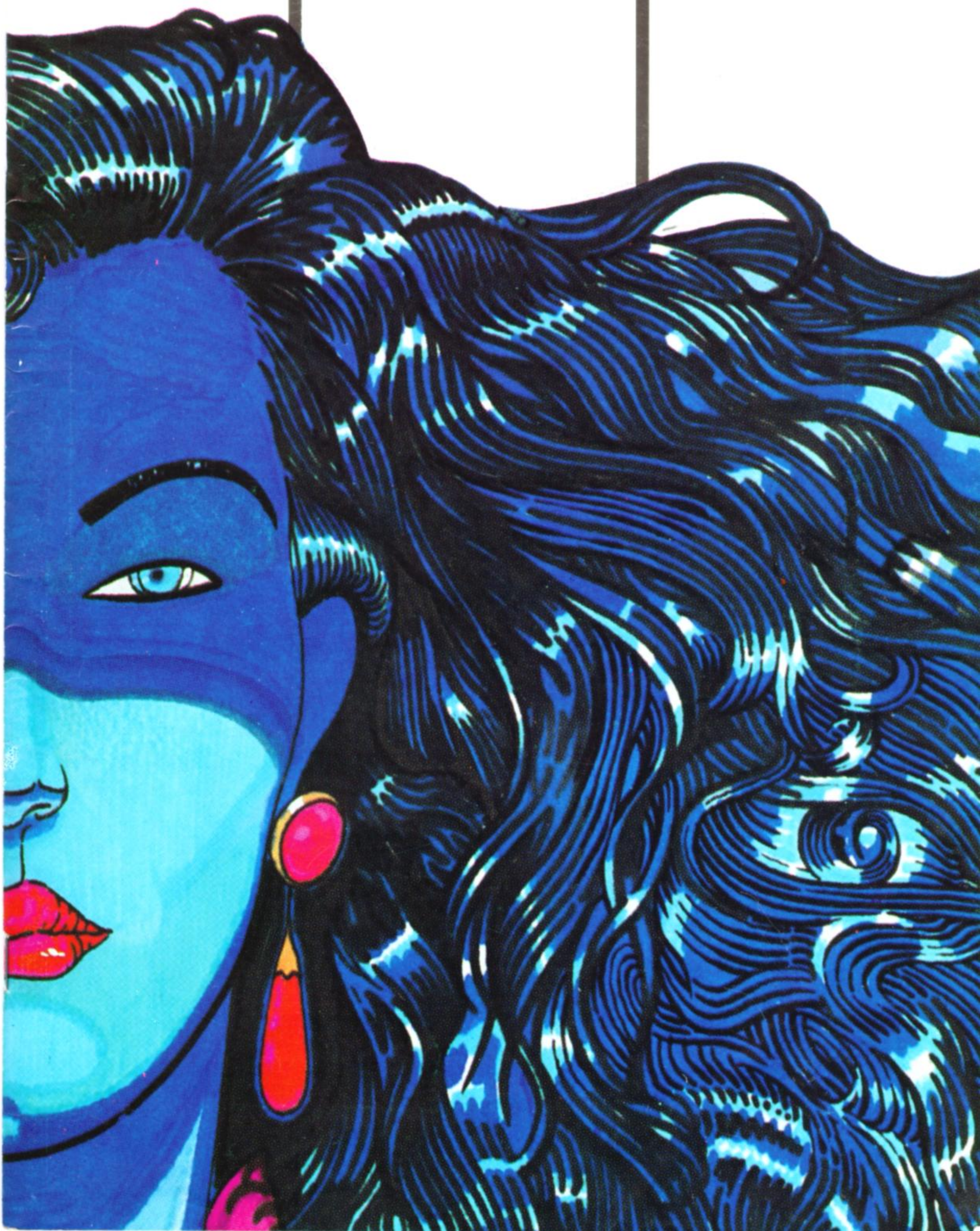


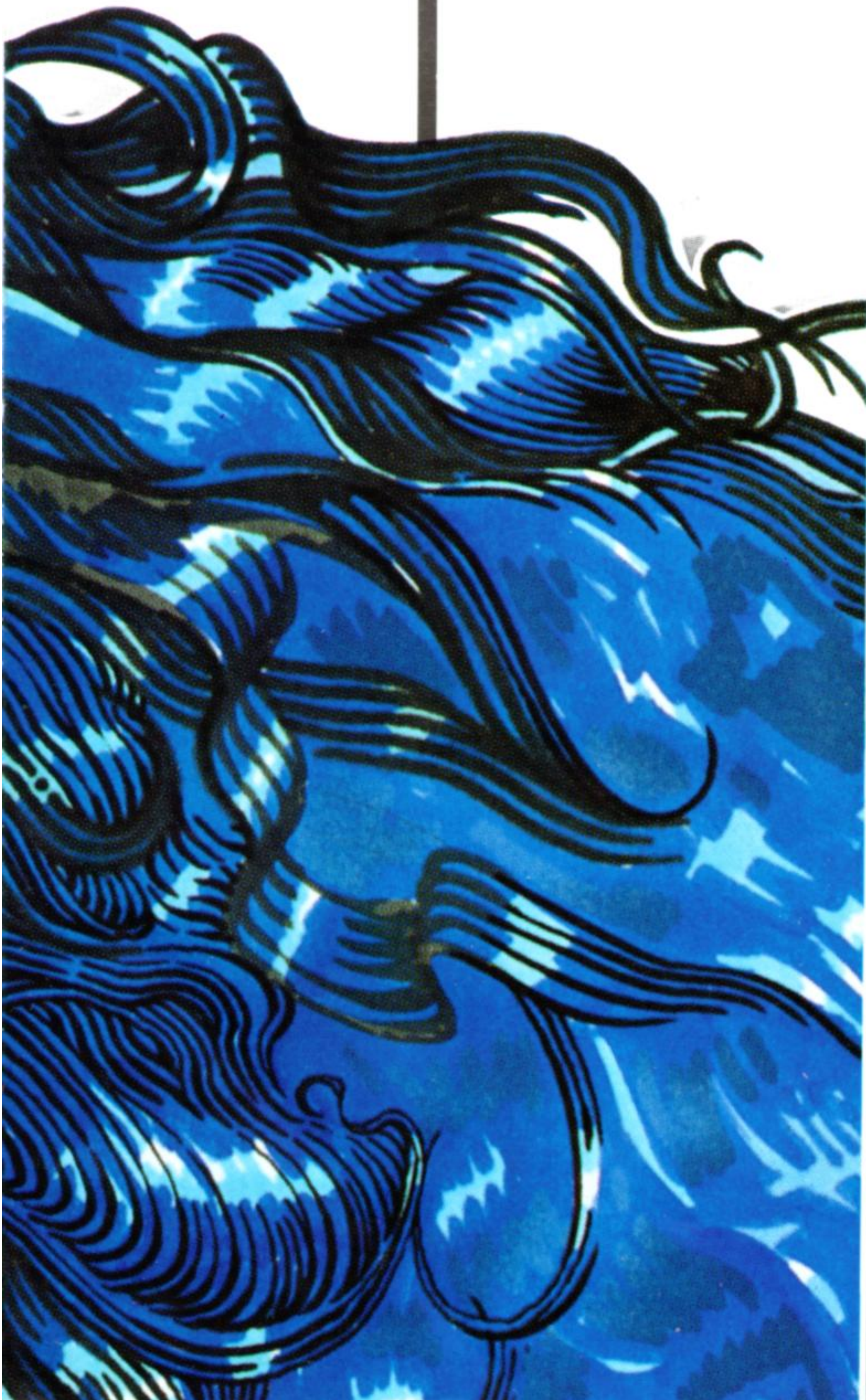
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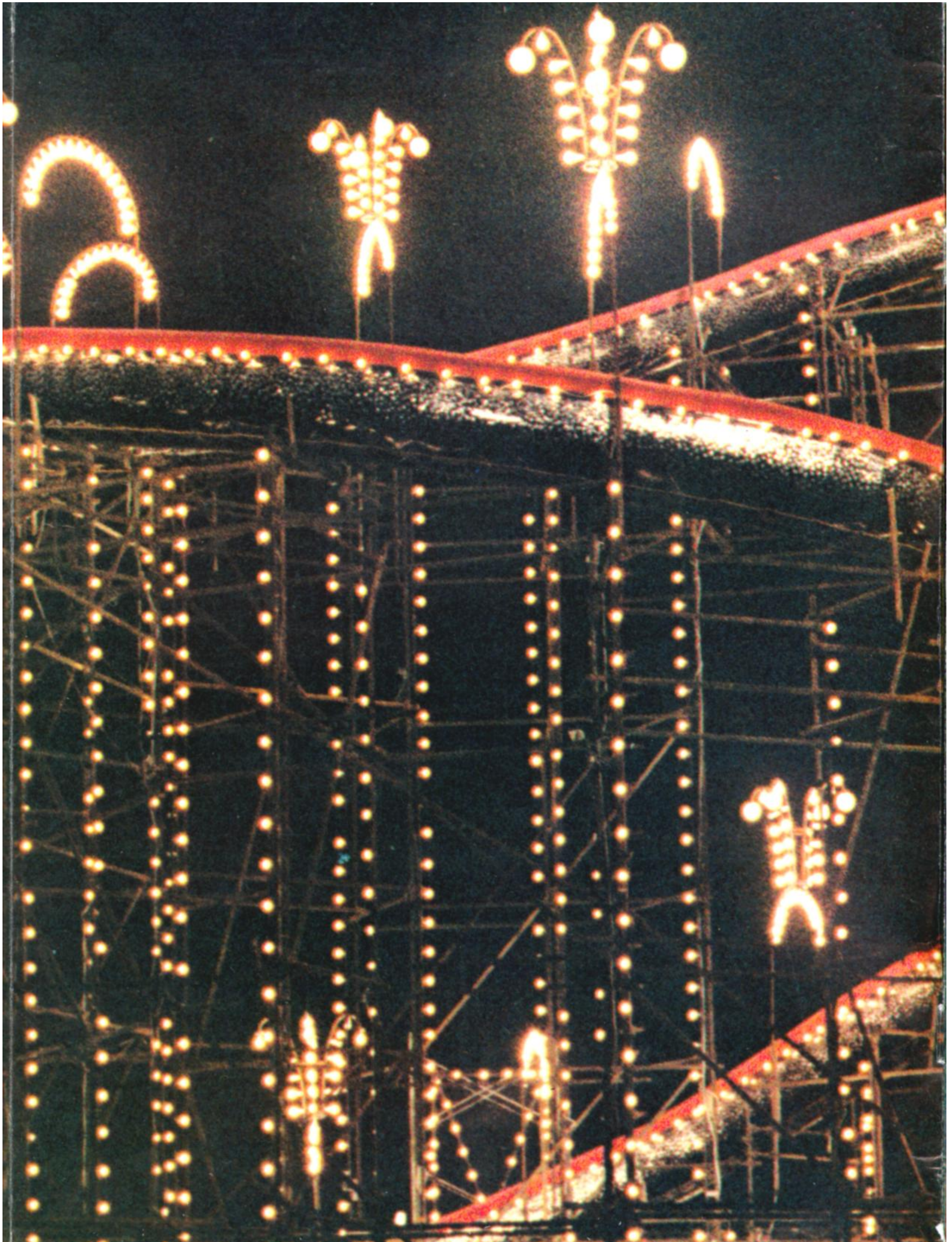
**FEDERICO
FELLINI**
LACITTA'
DELLE DONNE

MARCELLO MASTROIANNI



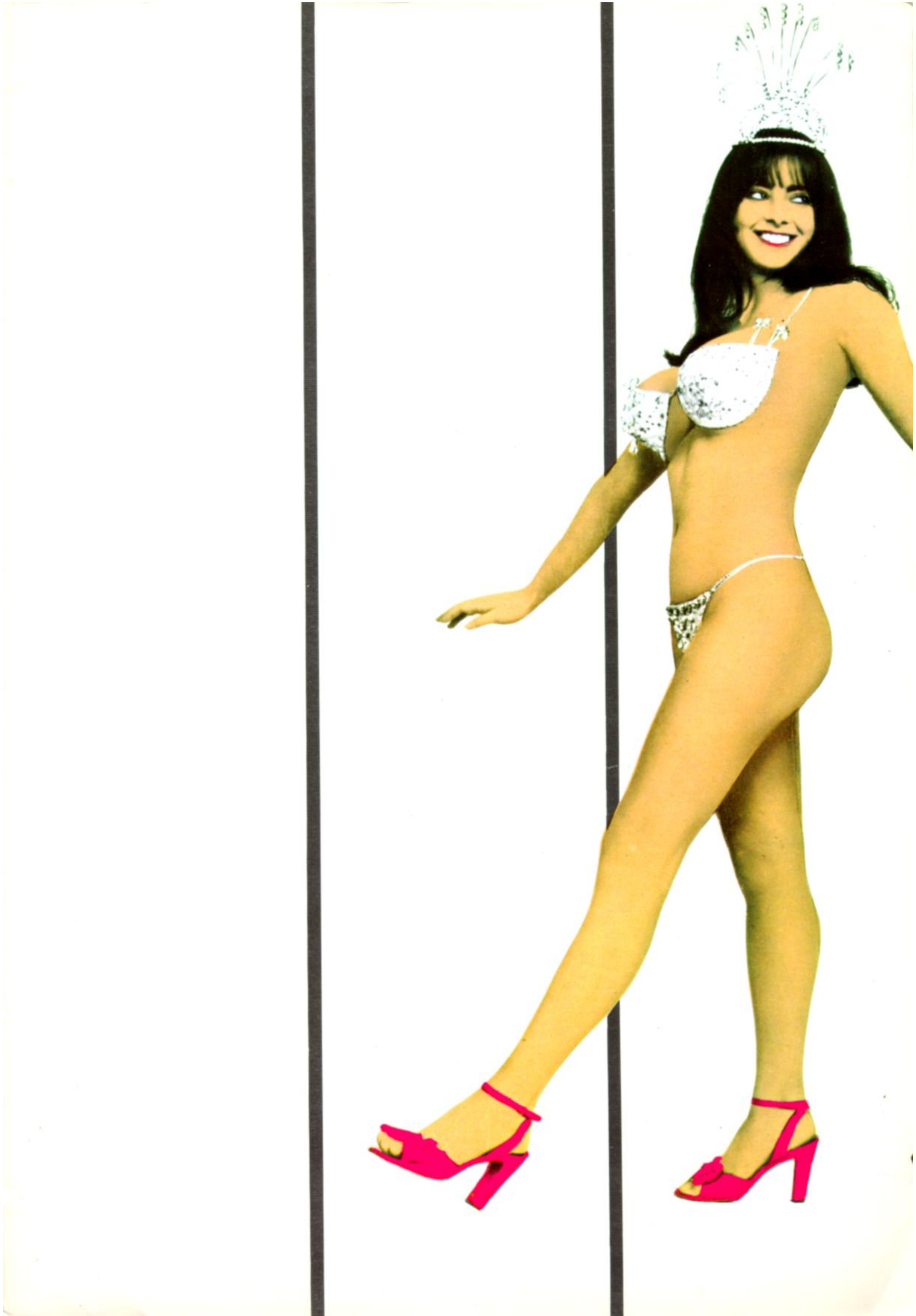
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MARCELLO MASTROIANNI

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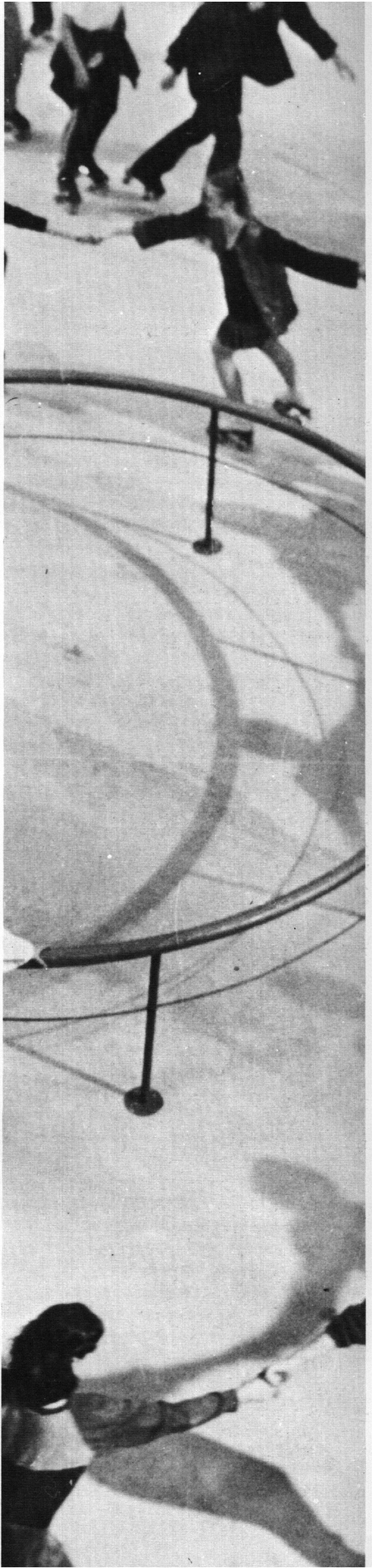
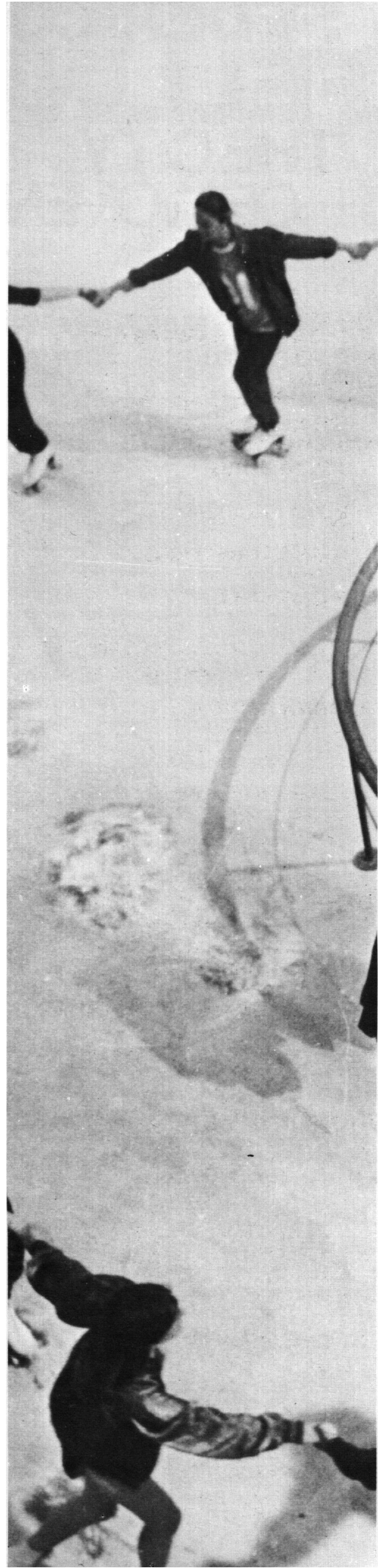
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IN CANNES

HOTEL MARTINEZ



Cast

Snaporaz
MARCELLO MASTROIANNI
Katzone
ETTORE MANNI
Snaporaz's wife
BERNICE STEGERS
Woman on the train
DONATELLA DAMIANI
The maid
JOLE SILVANI
Onlio
FIAMMETTA BARALLA
A feminist
HELENE CALZARELLI
The commander
CATHERINE CARREL
A slave
MARCELLO DI FALCO
A skater
SILVANA FUSACCHIA
The fish-seller
GABRIELLA GIORGELLI
A feminist
DOMINIQUE LABOURIER
A feminist
STEPHANIE LOIK EMILFORK
A feminist
SYLVIE MAYER
A feminist
MAITE NAHYR
The judge
SIBILLA SEDAT
The housewife
ALESSANDRA PANELLI
The feminist dressed in black at
Katzone's place
LOREDANA SOLFIZI
The maid
SARA TAFURI
Katzone's 10.000 th lover
CARLA TERLIZZI
The woman with 6 husbands
KATREN GEBELEIN
A feminist
NADIA VASIL
The young punk girl
IORELLA MOLINARI
A feminist
SYLVIE WACRENIER
The twins
JILL AND VIVIANE LUCAS
The voice of the woman on the train is
VALERIA MORICONI'S

Credits

Director
FEDERICO FELLINI
Subject and screenplay
FEDERICO FELLINI
BERNARDINO ZAPPONI
Screenplay collaboration
BRUNELLO RONDI
Set director
DANTE FERRETTI
Costumes
GABRIELLA PESCUCCI
Director of photography
GIUSEPPE ROTUNNO
Film editor
RUGGERO MASTROIANNI
Music
LUIS BACALOV
directed by
GIAN-FRANCO PLENIZIO
C.A.M. Musical editions
General organisation
LAMBERTO PIPPIA
Production manager
FRANCESCO OREFICI
Assistant director
MAURIZIO MEIN
Casting
LILIANA BETTI
Scriptgirl
NORMA GIACCHERO
Choreography
LEONETTA BENTIVOGLIO
Accessories
BRUNO CESARI
CARLO GERVASI
Set designer
ITALO TOMASSI
Sculptures
GIOVANNI GIANESE
Paintings and frescoes
RINALDO and GIULIANO GELENG
Camera man
GIANNI FIORE
Set construction
GIORGIO GIOVANNINI
Make-up
RINO CARBONI
Hairdresser
MARIA TERESA CORRIDONI
Wardrobe assistants
MAURIZIO MILLENOTTI
MARCELLA DE MARCHIS
Assistant editors
ADRIANA OLASIO
BRUNO SARANDREA
ROBERTO PUGLISI
Assistant set designer
NAZZARENO PIANO
Special effects
ADRIANO PISCHIUTTA

Managers
ALESSANDRA SAMMARTINO
SERGIO BOLOGNA
Set managers
GILBERTO SCARPELLINI
ALESSANDRO GORI
FERNANDO ROSSI
RICHARD BORG
Mixing
FAUSTO ANCILLAI
Sound
TOMMASO QUATTRINI
Perchman
FABIO ANCILLAI

« **UNA DONNA SENZA UOMO È** »
world and music Meri Francolao

« **DONNA ADDIO** »
by Antonio Amurri

The soubrette's ballet by
Mirella Aguiaro

An Italo-French Coproduction
OPERA FILM PROD S.r.l. (Rome)
GAUMONT S.A. (Paris)
in association with
FRANCO ROSSELLINI

CINECITTA' LABORATORIES

Filmed in the **STUDIOS OF**
CINECITTA'

Screen time: 2 hours 20 min.



Fellini: Je vous explique pourquoi les hommes ont peur

An Interview with Federico Fellini

Why did you shoot a film about women?

I have the feeling that all my films are about women. I am totally at their mercy, they are the only people I feel really at ease with. They represent myth, mystery, diversity, fascination, the thirst for knowledge and the search for one's own identity. Women are everything. I even see the cinema itself as a woman, with its alternation of light and darkness, of appearing and disappearing images. Going to the cinema is like returing to the womb, you sit there still and meditative in the darkness, waiting for life to appear on the screen. One should go to the cinema with the innocence of a foetus.

Even when one goes to see « The City of Women »?

My film is like an after-dinner chat with a man who has had a little too much to drink. It is a tale of the wōmen of yesterday and today, told by a man who cannot understand them because he sees himeself inside them, like a kind of Little Red Riding Hood wandering about in the forest. As the film is a dream it uses the symbolic language of dreams. I would like people to see it without trying to understand it, as there is nothing to be understood. I hate that contemporary sickness which manifests itself in a desperate need for an ideology, a mania for false clarity. Everything has to be tried in a kind of « court of reason » which analyses, diagnoses and orders treatment for the unintelligible. The subconscious, that hidden part of us which is nourished by confusion, the unpredictable and change, makes people uneasy, it frightens them. Nevertheless this is a very precious part of us, why suppress it and thus mutilate ourselves.

If your film is to be seen as a fairy tale, then the feminists play the part of the monster, the baddie, the Nazi or the enemy. At first the hero regards them with indulgent curiosity, then he runs away, in terror. What did you think of feminism before you made « The City of Women »?

I knew nothing about it. I never know why I choose to shoot one film rather than another. I could even say that it is not I who choose a theme but the theme that chooses me, and then the film immediately takes shape and acquires images and feelings. Then I start doing some research on the subject, and carry out a kind of journalistic enquiry. I wander around, keeping my eyes open, talking to people, hearing what they have to say, reading, listening and asking questions, and in the end I come to the conclusion that I am enormously ignorant.

What form did your enquiry take in this particular case?

I met a lot of feminist writers, including Germaine Greer, the author of « *The Female Eunuch* ». She kept on repeating shyly in the tone of a retired Pope, « But Federico, what do you know about women? » Some of them even wrote a few pages for me. I have listened to passionate feminist speeches, songs and testimonies. Out of curiosity I even tried to get into the Rome feminist headquarters in Via del Governo Vecchio, but they threw me out. I asked some of them to take part in the film and they did.

How did things go on set when you were filming?

Absolutely everyone collaborated. Actually, I often think about the experience now with great pleasure. There was no sign whatsoever of any form of protest or rebellion. Quite the contrary, they all offered to help and made suggestions in a kind of childish way, as everyone does when facing a camera or a mirror. None of them made any objections. Of course, now, they are bound to deny that and say that I took advantage of them and distorted everything they said. In fact I was not out to deceive anyone and I explained everything. I even said that certain exaggerated parts of the film, bordering on parody, express the point of view of an aging man who cannot help

regarding feminism with fear and bewilderment.

Do you personally share this point of view?

I was intrigued, interested and touched. I often did not understand. I thought that women had suffered a lot throughout history as a result of being regarded with fear and suspicion and often being subjected to segregation and violence, but that consequently they had become more mysterious and secret. I would think, « It's three o'clock. What's she doing? » I find this type of question worrying. One feels that since they are shut up in a domestic prison, which is their own dimension, they receive messages from their subconscious that we men know nothing about. Their long experience of imaginative activity and the fact that they continue to possess whole areas of their being that men cannot decipher, make them even more ambiguous. They exert the same frightening fascination over you as a child does when he looks at you and you are aware that he is different from you, he does not see things the same way. In a woman's glance you can perceive a knowledge you do not have yourself, this gives even her daily life a touch of mystery and makes her more interesting. Of course, you may retort, « Great, so why don't you stay at home and wash the dishes? » And quite right too.

So feminism seems unintelligible and irrational to you, does it?

I would listen to their feminist arguments with respect and sympathy, my attitude was not polemical. When the time came to shoot the fim and filter and give expression to all I had learnt about women's destiny through the solidarity and disdain I had felt as a man of my times, everything cynically materialised into lights, colour and make-up. The real drama no longer centred on a particular feminist's denunciation of oppression, but on the best way to make the light fall on her left eye.

Your film presents a rather grotesque view of the feminist world, doesn't it?

I do not think it is a caricature and I insist that I have not invented a single word. Obviously you cannot avoid a certain effect of accumulation and condensation but I have not falsified the usual feminist arguments, their invectives against « phallocracy », their insistence on the distinction between masculine and feminine expressions, and their attempt to find a new name for the vagina and avoid the brutal and ugly terms men use to refer to it. This buzz of protest, this proclamation of contradictory hypotheses, this female world in agitation, although it descends to mediocrity when it becomes collective, and is rather pathetic in its limited outbursts, is, nonetheless as vital as water. Like water it flows in rivers and fills every available space. It is an earthquake — the chaotic birth of something new. I do not think I have misrepresented or given a negative impression of this world by working within the limits I have chosen. On the contrary, I have presented Katzone's world from a feminist point of view.

Is Katzone an image of the « supermale » in your film?

Katzone lives in a hidden, dark world. He has a morbid nostalgia for the old-fashioned, highly-sexed, submissive woman. His house is a mausoleum in which everything has the shape of a phallus or an erotic sex-shop gadget. His guests are all ghosts: men who behave like fascists and women who are merely sex objects. The gallery lined with the innumerable photos of the women Katzone has possessed and recordings of their moaning and groaning in delirium during the sexual act, is a cemetery. He himself is a corpse with his paradoxical super-virility, his worship of the past, his decadent rituals and his obsession for cataloguing, keeping records, preserving and fixing women, and thus life, for eternity.

So the feminist world represents the chaos of progress, whereas the ultra-masculine world represents the decay of conservatism. Which side are you on?

I am just a tourist, a passer-by. I am in Studio No. 5 in Cinecittà, where I belong.

At a certain point in the film we see a banner with the word « progressenza » written on it. This word does not exist in Italian, what does it mean?

It means progress and decadence combined. It really ought to be part of the Italian vocabulary by now. Don't these two words already exist in our country today, inextricably bound up together?

Why are there practically no beautiful women in « The City of Women »?

There was not any room for beautiful women, the film was intended to be a tapestry of women's faces.

A few striking figures stand out in this tapestry. For example, the woman Snaporez meets in the train, dressed in a busby, boots and a severe blue suit. Would you say this was the case?

Yes. She represents Minerva, Diana, the serious, severe, feminist warrior who intimidates, overawes and castrates men.

And who are the heavily made-up 14-year-old girls, dressed horribly like punks, and piled into cars, who chase the hero?

In my opinion they are the most dramatic characters in the film. One of them says a really significant line to the hero, « Don't worry, just dance like us. Anyway, what else is there to do? » This is a terrifyingly true statement, because she really has no family, no school and no future. What else can these young girls do except go on dancing to the wild rhythms they have been brought up on?

What about his wife?

She represents the eternal, victimized, pain-in-the-ass housewife.

And finally, what about the attractive, half-naked young girl with the abnormally large breasts? She reappears throughout the film in various guises: as a feminist; as a guest at Katzone's house; as a « soubrette » in an old-fashioned variety show; as a balloon-wife wearing her bridal veil and a holy virgin's halo; as a terrorist who fires at her own balloon image and as a student of reality. Who does she represent?

She is « Woman ». She represents all the different and contradictory images of women: sphynx, mother, solar sensuality, hidden magic. She is Donatella Damiani, a student in economics. She is a fundamental character in the film and she came to me quite out of the blue. It always happens to me that way, when I have intensely evoked the atmosphere of a film, then

something lands in my lap, like a gift. This time it was a photo of Donatella. It was a close-up which did not show her enormous mother's breasts that feed, lull to sleep and hide everything. I was struck by her face which resembled that of a wooden puppet or a figure on a Tarot card and her bright, dark eyes, which looked almost sightless. She was the typical postcard image of an Italian woman, with her petite stature, her slim figure and her sharp little teeth. She had the remote fascination of a sea-horse or some strange mythical creature. Although she is practically nude throughout most of the film, showing her enormous breasts, she is never obscene. She is a kind of elfin or sprite-like figure.

Oh, I see. But, at the end of the film, when the hero is about to engage in a wrestling match with women wrestlers (which may end in love or death) why does he find the ring empty?

There is no enemy, because he does not understand women — women cannot be men's opponents. And, furthermore, in spite of all that has been said, the act of making love remains a mystery.

So one is still in the dark at the end of « The City of Women »

Almost, but not quite. The hero returns to the warm darkness of the womb. The train he is still travelling on, after his dream which has lasted two hours and twenty minutes (the length of the film), enters a dark tunnel. I thought it would have been too rhetorical to end with an image of total darkness, so I left a ray of light at the end of the tunnel, the distant hope of a new birth.

Extracts put together by
LIETTA TORNABUONI
(Published in « La Stampa »
on March 29, 1980)

A film about darkness, night and water.

By Federico Fellini

Foreword

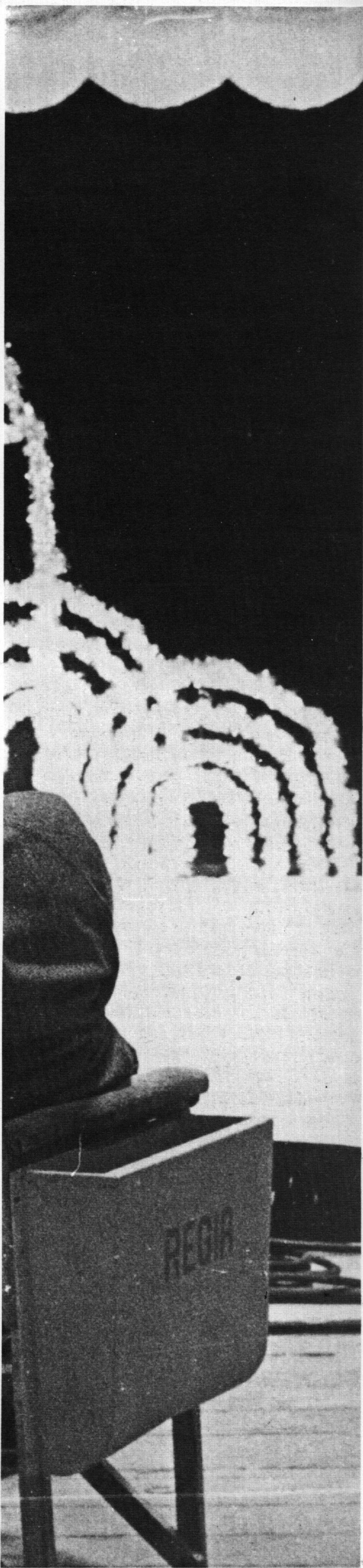
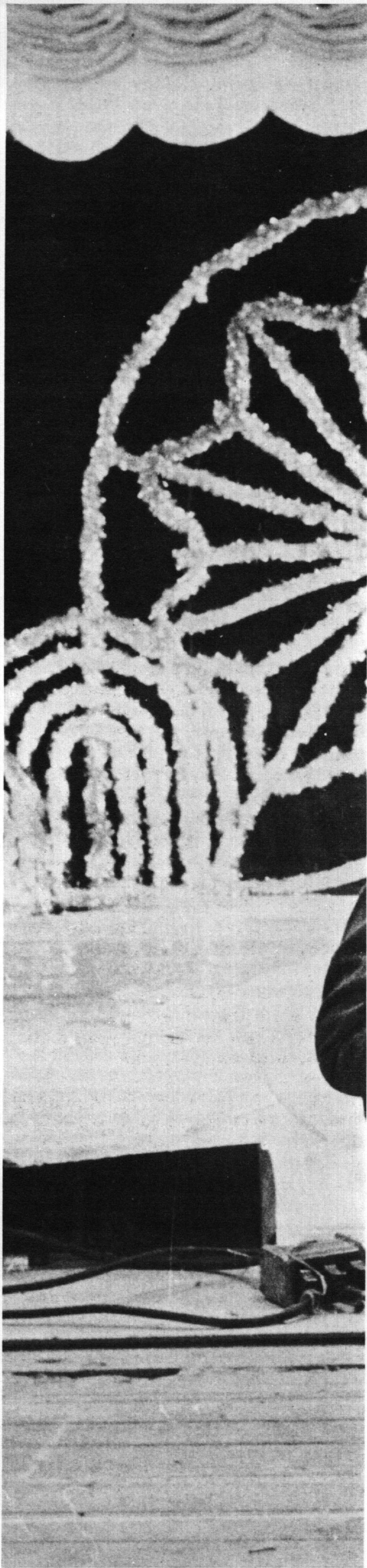
In keeping with my style in writing reviews, which is to leave the reader as free as possible to make his own judgment, I show him things without revealing them to him, following the example of Rossellini, and while waiting for « The City of Women » to be screened in Italy, I had a long talk with Federico Fellini so that he could shed more light on the creative process which led him to make this film. The following paragraphs were intended by Fellini only to tell me more about his film, and were to be subsequently conveyed in my review precisely to prompt personal and independent judgments. However, the interesting questions raised by Fellini, his suggestions for a new manner of reviewing films (even though I have not yet adopted them), certain clues as how to interpret him insinuated here and there during the course of the conversation — although I was invited to consider them merely partial, simplistic, and often clearly in contradiction with the fact that one should let oneself be carried away by the film — induce me to print Fellini's statements in full (even though this was neither the original intention nor our agreement), in the hope that the author's ideas which are complementary to those of the reviewer, will, particularly in this instance, broaden the reader-spectator's scope of judgement.

Gian Luigi Rondi

« If I were a critic, I think I would consider that every film has its own particular way of conveying its message and should be seen in a particular way, and that consequently it should be presented to the reader-spectator in a certain particular manner. What is the principal aim of the film reviewer? To talk about a film, to make it « understood ». And do you think, for instance, that the fairest way to make us understand « The City of Women » is to explain the numerous symbols behind it? By its very nature a symbol is something that cannot rationally be explained, it is not of the domain of language, it can only be conveyed to the innermost self. More often than not, to explain it is to over-simplify it, if not to destroy it. It would be like trying to explain the significance of the forest, the wolf or Little Red Riding Hood in the fairy tales, or why Pinocchio meets his father in the whale's belly. If you scrape off the varnish the charm is lost.

« The City of Women » is a film about the hidden depths, the darkest side of the self, the unknown aspects, the relationship with darkness and night, and with water. Any rational explanation you try to give will merely deprive it of its enigmatic, sphynx-like quality which is its most significant aspect. First and foremost it is a film on women, and has all the diversity, the extraneousness, which is characteristic of women. How can you capture this or categorize it? If you decode it and expose its patterns, its emblematic structures, you can approach the truth because you are familiar with my films and you know me, but in my opinion, you cannot reveal the real truth of the film, its obscurest aspects, to the reader from within. It would be like shutting my film up in a cage, in a net, where it would remain captive, humiliated, depressed, whereas it was intended to be elusive, ungraspable, surrounded by that mysteriousness which is proper to women. Don't forget that this is not a film on feminism, but on femaleness, and what is femaleness? It is everything, not because it refers to women, but because it is the submerged part of

the iceberg, that part of yourself which is unknown to you, and which becomes religion, ethics, art, choice. Instead, what you should say to the reader, perhaps in a letter or in a non-criticism, is that you are not talking about the film in your usual way, but that you are leaving him free to read its meaning or to read into it, by letting himself be carried away by its images, by the fairy tale. You would be doing it for yourself, too, selfishly, because you would be preventing yourself from being overcome by that sclerosis which is a risk in any kind of specialization, in mine as a film director and in yours as a critic. Get the reader involved, confess, tell him how difficult it is for you to endeavour to find the code to interpret the film, and present the film in such a way that the reader is ready to open himself to the film, by baring yourself of your critic's suit of armour which enables you to do intelligent but rather didactic work, and watch the film just as it is, a film which on the one hand is the sum of all my films and also a tribute to the cinema seen as the image of a woman, as sexual initiation, as a dream image, undefinable, and on the other hand comes as if from the womb, is vaguely indecent, full of humours, of darkness, of liquid, and it would be wrong to endeavour at all costs to embody it in a form, in a definable shape. Do not misunderstand me. By writing this you would not be avoiding your duty as a critic or losing your mastery over any of the film's aspects, even those which might appear to have escaped you. On the contrary, you would be doing and saying these things all the same, but in a different perspective, which would no longer be complicated and alienated by a mass of interpretations, but would present the spectator with the film as a whole. Sure, by interpreting this symbol or explaining that metaphor you would be throwing a little light on the subject, but it would only be the feeble light of a torch which would ruin the nocturnal atmosphere of the film. And do you really think it is necessary to explain and give the



key to the interpretation of these symbols and metaphors? Even a child could understand them since they are but banal examples incorporated within the fairy tale. You can tell the story in a few words. A man meets a woman in a train; he follows her; she leads him into the rational world of the rampant female, who wants to show him a completely different side of herself, and he gets sucked under... The feminists. In an aggressive confused atmosphere, but he is the one who sees them this way, he is alarmed and worried. Apart from this, the atmosphere is stormy, threatening, chaotic and magmatic, as is characteristic of anything that becomes collective. The alarm sounds a second time for him when he meets that kind of female ogre in charge of the hotel heating system near the boiler in the basement. It is obvious who she is. If upstairs, at the congress, the feminists are all intent on rationalizing about women, down below, next to the fire, at the level of the deep passions, we see this woman who is the personification of female passion, hidden, dark, burning and flaming. And then, the punk girls? Let us say that the hotel with the feminists represents a kind of workshop where women try to rediscover their identity by trying to drag themselves away from the dark hidden fire that possesses them. This laboratory-like process based on psychic and psychological alchemy, leaves waste matter which is the result of little unsuccessful experiments. The punks are this waste matter, in this laboratory where an attempt is being made to construct a new image of Woman. But, in their own way, these waste substances are trying to feel alive, to live, and they throw themselves into their convulsive music with its mad rhythms, which they mistake for real life... And finally, the boxing ring: the woman to fight against is not there... But it is obvious that by continuing to fantasize about women as if he were an adolescent, he will never come across them, because as long as he goes on letting himself be dazzled by a series of reflections from a mirror which reflects only

himself, he will never find the image of a woman exactly as he wants her. He will only see the image of his step-mother, grandmother, mother, the old witch, Katzone's housekeeper — the images of a man who has made the woman into a kind of all-embracing symbol, a mother-earth, infernal, plutonic figure — and then he makes his final effort and materializes his greatest dream of the female, that is to say a woman who is a Madonna, a mother, air, night, stars, light, and a balloon in which he lets himself be carried away... This fantasy, however, is so inflated that it immediately gives rise to its opposite, which is the destruction of this enormous inflation, of this air bubble. And, if you like, you could also see this materialize in his terror of continuing to escape from himself, while he sees those women's faces floating all around him. They represent plurality, the diversities of many an incarnation, the eternal fascinating fear of the unknown, of your subconscious, of life, of death, the messenger... And what, who, is the author of this destruction? It is Donatella who he keeps meeting throughout the film because she represents femaleness under all its forms; she is a kind of artificial and yet true Ariadne who tries to lead him to safety, but in the end she wraps him in her thread and fires at the balloon with a machine-gun: she is a feminist, a terrorist, Katzone's guest, soubrette, balloon, mother, one who helps, one who kills... In a word, she is the question mark he is faced with every time, the subconscious aspect which he always tries to decipher without success and which he must experience by letting himself be carried away, as he does on the train, not by sleep but by his dream, by trying to perceive what is happening to him through the lucid awareness of the dream. This is why, in the end, the tunnel comes back, and here it is finally possible to come out into the open by accepting the unknown part of the self and its contradictions, experiencing them all together: the wife, the mistress, the feminist, the student-soubrettes, the « collective » of the train which carries them all away, the re-entry into the tunnel,

being aware, I repeat, that he wants to dream, that is, « intentionally without intention » as the old Oriental saying goes. But can you tell me how the hell you can explain a film like this, from the inside, instead of treating it like a mysterious object that you leave your readers and my spectators free to toy with as they will? Yes. I mean they should play with it just as children play. As I have told you before, what use is it for us to try to appear ridiculously adult? But tell me truthfully, do you feel reassured when you look at reality and measure it through the eyes of reason? It scares me immediately because I have always felt that deprives the mystery of all its fascination. Anyway, enough said. It is just ridiculous, out of all proportion, and outrageously presumptuous to talk about a film in these terms! And talking of mystery, let us not forget that Einstein, who, after having spent his entire life searching with the utmost intellectual speculation to throw light on the nature of mysteries, declared that there was nothing more fascinating for him than the darkest, obscurest mystery. Thus, the fascination of its vital tension was restored ».

Federico Fellini
(Published in « Il Tempo »,
March 29, 1980)

Now Fellini knows even less than before about women

An interview with Federico Fellini

How do you first get the idea for the subject of one of your films? Does it take the form of visual images around which you then construct a plot full of ideas? Or do you choose a theme which only develops into images at a later stage?

I may even do some research, carry out a kind of journalistic enquiry on the subject I am about to deal with, but only to throw all this out of the window when the actual film itself begins to take shape inside me. As far as I am concerned it is a question of impulse and synchronization, I have nothing to do with ideologies. Ideologies imply putting on a blindfold, they serve as a kind of comforting protection, and in this sense they are not very far removed from religious beliefs. Ideologies are also invented as a defence against that sense of lack of direction one experiences when one comes face to face with the subconscious. A psychological artist, like myself, is protected from ideologies by his innocence and boyish curiosity. Actually, people do not usually expect these things from me... I do not have any theoretical system... anyway, how can one explain the origin of a creative idea in such a way as to be credible? The most one can do is explain the later stage, which is the actual process of artistic creation, the concrete realization of the airy balloon of the imagination. It is all a question of tension, vocation, congeniality and availability. How can I tell if we evoke our dreams or if they simply happen? How can I tell if creativity is a natural gift or an X-ray of what we are? I cannot go into historical and structural problems in order to find a rational explanation for artistic creativity. On the contrary, when one of my projects goes well and everything seems to fit into place I feel cheated. I cannot, as Pasolini did, manage to make the creative process coincide with the parallel intellectual process, which analyses its semantic and philological depths.

Has your latest film, which is a long day's journey into the female night, changed your feelings towards or your evaluation of women?

After « The City of Women » I know much less about women than I did before. Actually, I made the film to show that they should remain a mystery. I think Einstein once said, « Nothing is more stimulating than mystery ». Women? They are all lovable. I personally prefer their company to men's. There is always an atmosphere of distrust and rivalry between men: one has either to hide one's real self or show off. Women do not restrict one in this way. This is precisely because they represent « diversity », the « other », the « unknown ». They trigger off certain projections in us, we project our ignorance and our personal limits onto the night sky that women represent for us. They leave us confused, fascinated and even frightened; yet these emotions become our most treasured possessions.

So you think you think we should take it for granted that we will never be able to understand women?

Women can only be understood in scientific terms, through a study of physiology, for example — all other methods of enquiry must be regarded with suspicion. I personally feel it is a vital necessity to be able to say of women, « I know nothing about them ». It is absolutely vital not to know, but to understand, how much richer they are in hidden talents than us. Women have lived throughout history segregated from society as though in prison. Well, nowadays, we are as eager to talk to them as we are to an ex-convict. We are curious to know what resources they have developed in order to survive. Women's historical, feminist struggle comes to us from a hidden, underground world we have not experienced. As a result of their past, women have preserved an extraordinary capacity for living in the metaphysical, animal and subhuman world simultaneously. They have preserved the veneer of adolescence better than we have. It seems, and I underline « seems », that their period of idleness and waiting has enabled them to develop endless hidden resources.

Haven't they been waiting for their husbands to return for centuries? If one adds to this a beautiful voice and beautiful eyes and a certain tendency to please, well...

So even modern women are part of the myth?

Women are the « unknown », the « invisible » par excellence. What happens when you try to see the invisible? At the end of « The City of Women » I think I have shown that the only thing we can do, or rather must do, is go on projecting our own image onto women. What image? The mythical one men have always enveloped them in. Men have lived surrounded by great myths from time immemorial: the soul, the holy virgin, the Mediterranean mother... These myths are of vital importance to them, they cannot do without them.

If you personally think that men can, and should, only know women in the mythical sense, what do you have to say about the opposite process? What do women know about men?

Women know men much better. At the biological level and at the level of the mysteries of creation, women are the containers and men the contents. So they know all about it. Women, too, live in their own myth, but theirs goes deeper and is hidden away in the origins of life itself. Women, even the most ethereal, always possess a hidden maternal instinct at a mythical level, and regard you as their child. They see men as father figures, warriors or princes, but also as sons to adopt. In the end, women are always the most powerful, because they represent « Nature », a nature that involves you, encloses you and then « devours » you.

If you could give us a rough statistical estimate, how much of your life have you dedicated to women since your adolescence, not counting the hours of sleep, in which your imagination and desires have free rein? What percentage of your actions.

imagination, thoughts and hopes have you devoted to women?

All my time, all of it. And not only from adolescence onwards but even before that. Throughout my childhood I was surrounded by nurses, mothers and women primary-school teachers. How otherwise could Venus have come to be considered the patron of the arts. It is women who represent the goal to be attained, the heights; they spur you on. You have to admit that the presence of women in this world has been very well planned, I could not have done better myself...

So you have been surrounded by women, or rather by mothers, in the broad sense of the word, ever since you were born. What about men? What about the father figure, who is often thought to arouse conflictual feelings in the child? What about these fathers who are very often considered to be at the root of many a problem encountered by adults during the course of their lives?

When my father died he was exactly the same age as I am now. It is only after so many years that you begin to realize that you have the same gestures. For example, in brushing crumbs off the table. Yesterday evening, when I was at a restaurant, I had the feeling the shadowy figure of my father was watching me as I did just that. He died while I was shooting « *Nights of Cabiria* », so I was thirty-five years old at the time. I cannot really say that I knew him well, he was a travelling-salesman and spent a lot of time away from home. He would come back every now and then laden with presents in the hope that my mother would forgive him. At times he would give her very showy dresses, decorated with sequins, à la Anna Fougez, and these irritated my mother because they revealed his call-girl tastes in women. I must say this for him, he neither encouraged me, nor stood in my way whenever I wanted to to anything. My mother, however, still nags me because I never got a degree. It was only after my father's death that I got to hear of some of the really nice thing he used to do:

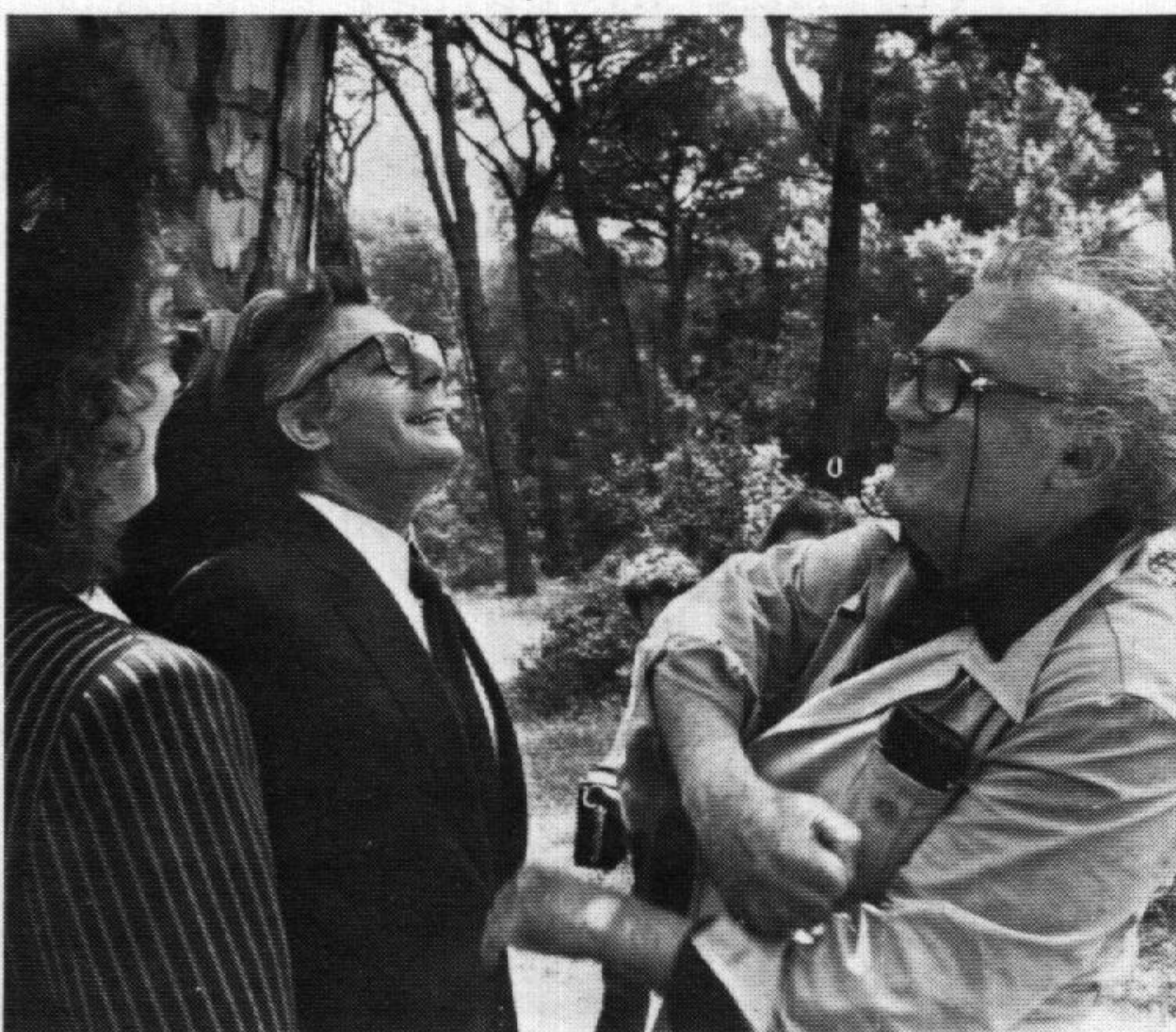
he was so proud of my drawings that when travelling on trains he would show them around to everyone. I take after him in some respects: like him I tend to be a warm, open, well-balanced person. I think he liked women a lot. ... I am saying this hoping that my mother will not happen to pick up your newspaper. Lots of girls came to his funeral, some were very showy, others dressed in mourning, and they all followed the hearse to the cemetery.

*Was he the father you evoked in the « *Dolce Vita* »?*

Yes. There is no father figure, however, in « *The City of Women* ». Apart from the « *Dolce Vita* », there is a father in « *Amarcord* ». For that scene I recalled the father of my friend Titta who lives in Rimini. He was a bricklayer and when Titta and I got up to tricks he would run after us throwing bricks at us. Whenever I go to Rimini Titta always says: « Let's go and visit my father ». And I usually find him sitting eating alone in the kitchen with his braces and cap on. Titta says: « Look who's here », and the old man jumps to his feet, cap in hand, with his mouth full of pasta. He utters an endless stream of « Good Gracious me's » and « Well I never's » and there is no way of making him sit down again until I have left. Titta took him to see « *Amarcord* » at a cinema in Rimini. He saw it three times in succession. The third time he exclaimed: « But that's me ». And ever since, this old man, who is over eighty, has been to see « *Amarcord* », or rather himself, several times. Sig. Ferruccio, the cinema owner, told me that the other cinema-goers often come up and congratulate him or even have a good cry with him.

Interview by Sergio FROSALI
published in « *La Nazione* » on
March 24, 1980

- 1950 LUCI DEL VARIETA' (with Alberto Lattuada as co-director)
- 1952 LO SCEICCO BIANCO
- 1953 I VITELLONI
- 1953 AGENZIA MATRIMONIALE, an episode in AMORE IN CITTA'
- 1954 LA STRADA
- 1955 IL BIDONE
- 1956 - 1957 LE NOTTI DI CABIRIA
- 1958 - 1960 LA DOLCE VITA
- 1961 - 1962 LE TENTAZIONI DEL DOTTOR ANTONIO
- 1963 - 1964 OTTO E MEZZO
- 1965 - 1966 GIULIETTA DEGLI SPIRITI
- 1967 TOBY DAMMIT, an episode in TRE PASSI NEL DELIRIO
- 1968 SATYRICON
- 1970 I CLOWNS (filmed for RAI)
- 1971 ROMA
- 1973 AMARCORD
- 1976 IL CASANOVA DI FELLINI
- 1978 PROVA D'ORCHESTRA (filmed for RAI)
- 1979 LA CITTA' DELLE DONNE



Marcello Mastroianni (Snaporaz)

Marcello Mastroianni was born on September 28, 1924, in Fontana Liri, south of Rome. During the first years of the war he worked as an industrial designer. He was captured by the Nazis and sent to a P.O.W. camp from which he managed to escape. He then went to Venice where he lived in hiding in an attic until the end of the war, and subsequently worked as an accountant with Eagle-Lion, a small English production and distribution company.

He made his theatre debut in 1948 in «Angelica» with Giulietta Masina. He was discovered by one of Luchino Visconti's assistants under whose direction he started to work («A Streetcar Named Desire», «Death of a Travelling Salesman», «Uncle Vania», «La Locandiera», «The Three Sisters»).

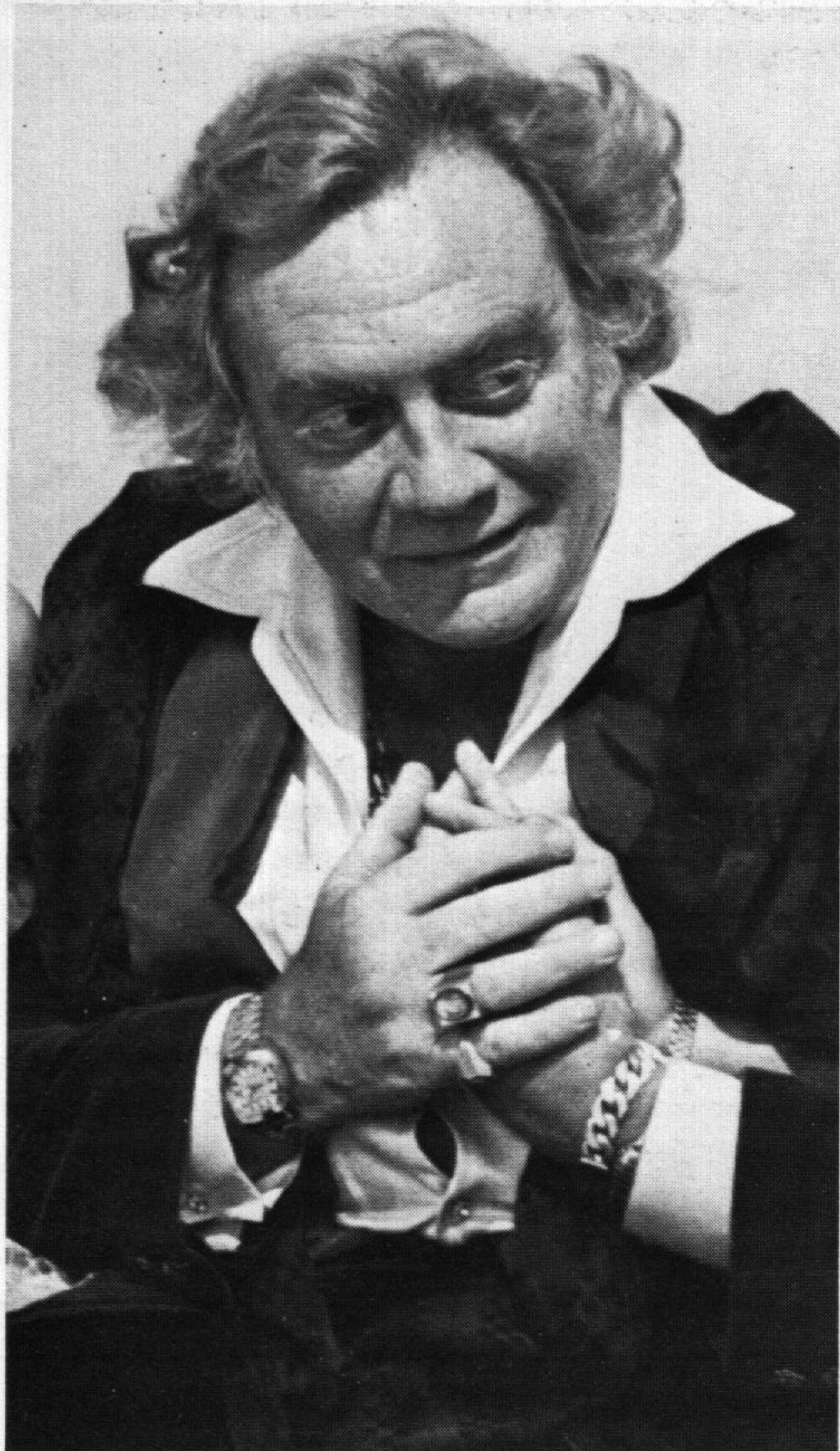
He made his film debut in 1947 in Riccardo Freda's masterpiece, «Les Misérables». Then between 1949 and 1954 he played a number of small parts («Una Domenica d'Agosto» by Emmer, «Vita da Cani» by Steno and Monicelli, «Viale della Speranza» by Risi, «Tempi Nostri» by Blasetti, «La Valigia dei Sogni» by Comencini, «Casa Ricordi» by Gallone, «La Schiava del Peccato» by Matarazzo, and finally «Cronache dei Poveri Amanti» by Carlo Lizzani, which brought him fame). He was Sophia Loren's partner in «Peccato che Tu Sia Una Canaglia», «La Bella Mugnaia», etc... He reached the height of his career as an actor in Visconti's «Notti Bianche», and with «I Soliti Ignoti» by Mario Monicelli and «Divorce, Italian Style» by Pietro Germi, he became one of Italy's foremost comedy actors. The triumph of «La Dolce Vita» brought him worldwide acclaim. Since playing in this film, the majority of the public has identified him with his role. He has played in the most significant productions of the Italian cinema: «La Notte», «Il Bell'Antonio», «Cronaca Familiare», «Otto e Mezzo», «Break Up», «Casanova 70», «Dramma della Gelosia», «I Compagni», «The Stranger», «La Moglie del Prete», «Dramma della Gelosia», «Allonsanfàn», «Todo Modo», «La Donna Della

Domenica», «L'Ingorgo», and has acted under Italy's greatest directors (Comencini, Ferreri, Risi, Scola, De Sica, Monicelli, Pietrangeli, Germi, Petri, Taviani, Visconti, Fellini, Lattuada, Bolognini...). Abroad, he has worked mainly with John Boorman in «Leo The Last», Marco Ferreri in «La Grande Bouffe», «Liza» and «Touche Pas La Femme Blanche», and Louis Malle in «Vie Privée». In 1978 he had an Oscar nomination for his subtle role in Ettore Scola's «Una Giornata Particolare». «The City of Women» is Marcello Mastroianni's 100th film.

FILMOGRAFIA

- 1947 **I MISERABILI**
Riccardo Freda
- 1949 **UNA DOMENICA D'AGOSTO**
Luciano Emmer
- 1950 **CUORI SUL MARE**
Giorgio Bianchi
ATTO D'ACCUSA
Giacomo Gentilomo
VITA DA CANI
Steno e Monicelli
- 1951 **PARIGI È SEMPRE PARIGI**
Luciano Emmer
LE RAGAZZE DI PIAZZA DI SPAGNA
Luciano Emmer
CONTRO LA LEGGE
Flavio Calzavara
L'ETERNA CATENA
Anton Giulio Majano
- 1952 **PASSAPORTO PER L'ORIENTE (Racconto di 5 città)**
Romolo Marcellini
SENSUALITA'
Clemente Fracassi
GLI EROI DELLA DOMENICA
Mario Camerini
- 1953 **PENNE NERE**
Oreste Biancoli
FEBBRE DI VIVERE
Claudio Gora
LULU'
Fernando Cerchio
VIALE DELLA SPERANZA
Dino Risi
NON È MAI TROPPO TARDI
Giorgio Ratti
- 1954 **TRAGICO RITORNO**
Pier Luigi Foraldo
TEMPI NOSTRI
Alessandro Blasetti
LA VALIGIA DEI SOGNI
Luigi Comencini
LA SCHIAVA DEL PECCATO
Raffaello Matarazzo
CRONACHE DI POVERI AMANTI
Carlo Lizzani
CASA RICORDI
Carmine Gallone
LA MUTA DI PORTICI
Giorgio Ansoldi

1955	GIORNI D'AMORE <i>Giuseppe De Santis</i> PECCATO CHE SIA UNA CANAGLIA <i>Alessandro Blasetti</i> TAM TAM MAYUMBE <i>Gian Gaspare Napolitano</i> LA BELLA MUGNAIA <i>Mario Camerini</i>		BREAK UP (L'UOMO DAI CINQUE PALLONI) <i>Marco Ferreri</i>	1975	LA DONNA DELLA DOMENICA <i>Luigi Comencini</i> LA PUPA DEL GANGSTER <i>Giorgio Capitani</i> DIVINA CREATURA <i>Giuseppe Patroni Griffi</i> CULASTRISCE, NOBILE VENEZIANO <i>Flavio Mogherini</i>
1956	LA PRINCIPESSA DELLE CANARIE <i>Paolo Moffa</i> LA FORTUNA DI ESSERE DONNA <i>Alessandro Blasetti</i> IL BIGAMO <i>Luciano Emmer</i>	1965	CASANOVA 70 <i>Mario Monicelli</i> OGGI, DOMANI, DOPODOMANI <i>Marco Ferreri</i> LA DECIMA VITTIMA <i>Elio Petri</i>	1976	TODO MODO <i>Elio Petri</i> SIGNORE E SIGNORI BUONANOTTE <i>Ettore Scola</i> <i>Luigi Comencini</i> <i>Mario Monicelli</i> <i>Nanni Loy</i> <i>Luigi Magni</i>
1957	PADRI E FIGLI <i>Mario Monicelli</i> LA RAGAZZA DELLA SALINA <i>Franz Cap</i> IL MOMENTO PIU' BELLO <i>Luciano Emmer</i> LE NOTTI BIANCHE <i>Luchino Visconti</i> IL MEDICO E LO STREGONE <i>Mario Monicelli</i>	1966	IO, IO, IO... E GLI ALTRI <i>Alessandro Blasetti</i> SPARA FORTE, PIU' FORTE... NON CAPISCO <i>Eduardo De Filippo</i>	1977	UNA GIORNATA PARTICOLARE <i>Ettore Scola</i> MOGLIAMANTE <i>Marco Vicario</i> CIAO MASCHIO <i>Marco Ferreri</i> DOPPIO DELITTO <i>Steno</i>
1958	I SOLITI IGNOTI <i>Mario Monicelli</i> RACCONTI D'ESTATE <i>Gianni Franciolini</i>	1967	LO STRANIERO <i>Luchino Visconti</i> QUESTI FANTASMI <i>Renato Castellani</i>	1978	COSI' COME SEI <i>Alberto Lattuada</i> L'INGORGIO <i>Luigi Comencini</i> FATTO DI SANGUE FRA DUE UOMINI PER CAUSA DI UNA VEDOVA SI SOSPETTANO MOVENTI POLITICI <i>Lina Wertmuller</i> GIALLO NAPOLETANO <i>Sergio Corbucci</i>
1959	UN ETTARO DI CIELO <i>Aglauco Casadio</i> LA LEGGE <i>Jules Dassin</i> AMORE E GUAI <i>Angelo Dorigo</i> IL NEMICO DI MIA MOGLIE <i>Gianni Puccini</i> TUTTI INNAMORATI <i>Giuseppe Orlandini</i> FERNANDO I, RE DI NAPOLI <i>Gianni Franciolini</i>	1968	AMANTI <i>Vittorio De Sica</i>	1979	LA TERRAZZA <i>Ettore Scola</i> LA CITTA' DELLE DONNE <i>Federico Fellini</i>
1960	ADUA E LE COMPAGNE <i>Antonio Pietrangeli</i> IL BELL'ANTONIO <i>Mauro Bolognini</i> LA DOLCE VITA <i>Federico Fellini</i>	1969	LEO THE LAST <i>John Boorman</i> I GIRASOLI <i>Vittorio De Sica</i>		Television
1961	DIVORZIO ALL'ITALIANA <i>Pietro Germi</i> FANTASMI A ROMA <i>Antonio Pietrangeli</i> LA NOTTE <i>Michelangelo Antonioni</i> L'ASSASSINO <i>Elio Petri</i>	1970	LA MOGLIE DEL PRETE <i>Dino Risi</i> DRAMMA DELLA GELOSIA <i>Ettore Scola</i> GIUOCHI PARTICOLARI <i>Franco Indovina</i>	1973	ROMA LIBERATA <i>Alfredo Gianetti</i>
1962	VITA PRIVATA <i>Louis Malle</i> CRONACA FAMILIARE <i>Valerio Zurlini</i>	1971	ROMA <i>Federico Fellini</i> PERMETTE? ROCCO PAPA-LEO <i>Ettore Scola</i> SCIPIONE DETTO ANCHE L'AFRICANO <i>Luigi Magni</i>	1978	LE MANI SPORCHE <i>Elio Petri</i>
1963	OTTO E MEZZO <i>Federico Fellini</i> I COMPAGNI <i>Mario Monicelli</i> IERI, OGGI, DOMANI <i>Vittorio De Sica</i>	1972	LA CAGNA <i>Marco Ferreri</i> CA N'ARRIVE QU'AUX AUTRES <i>Nadine Trintignant</i>		
1964	MATRIMONIO ALL'ITALIANA <i>Vittorio De Sica</i>	1973	CHE? <i>Roman Polanski</i> MORDI E FUGGI <i>Dino Risi</i> LA GRANDE ABBUFFATA <i>Nino Ferreri</i> NIENTE DI GRAVE SUO MARITO È INCINTO <i>Jacques Demy</i> SALUT L'ARTISTE <i>Yves Robert</i> NON TOCCARE LA DONNA BIANCA <i>Marco Ferreri</i>		
		1974	ALLONSANFAN <i>Paolo e Vittorio Taviani</i> C'ERAVAMO TANTO AMATI <i>Ettore Scola</i> PER LE ANTICHE SCALE <i>Mauro Bolognini</i> RAPPRESAGLIA <i>George Pan Cosmatos</i>		



Ettore Manni (Katzone)

Ettore Manni was born in Rome on May 6, 1927, and died in Rome on July 27, 1979 when he accidentally shot himself while cleaning one of his guns. After having studied medicine, law and architecture, he met Luigi Comencini who offered him one of the leading roles in his film «La Tratta delle Bianche» (The White-Slave Traffic), in 1952. He became one of the most popular young idols of the Italian film world, and played in a great number of adventure films, cloak and dagger stories, historical films, light comedies, gangster films, melodramas, etc.... After an absence of a few years he made a come-back in the early seventies, and since he had put on a great deal of weight he was able to start a new career as a feature player.

- 1952 **LA TRATTA DELLE BIANCHE**
Luigi Comencini
- 1952 **I TRE CORSARI**
Mario Soldati
- 1952 **LA LUPA**
Alberto Lattuada
- 1953 **DUE NOTTI CON CLEOPATRA**
Mario Mattoli
- 1953 **ATTILA**
Pietro Francisci
- 1953 **LA NAVE DELLE DONNE MALEDETTE**
Raffaello Matarazzo
- 1954 **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA**
Carmine Gallone
- 1955 **LE AMICHE**
Michelangelo Antonioni
- 1956 **POVERI MA BELLI**
Dino Risi
- 1957 **MARISA LA CIVETTA**
Mauro Bolognini
- 1958 **LADRO LUI, LADRA LEI**
Luigi Zampa
- 1958 **LA RIVOLTA DEI GLADIATORI**
Vittorio Cottafavi
- 1959 **LE LEGIONI DI CLEOPATRA**
Vittorio Cottafavi

- 1959 **NAPOLEONE AD AUSTERLITZ**
Abel Gance
- 1961 **A PORTE CHIUSE**
Dino Risi
- 1961 **ERCOLE ALLA CONQUISTA DI ATLANTIDE**
Vittorio Cottafavi
- 1963 **ORO PER I CESARI**
André De Toth e Riccardo Freda
- 1967 **LA NOTTE PAZZA DEL CONIGLIACCIO**
Alfredo Angeli
- 1969 **L'ARCIDIAVOLO**
Ettore Scola
- 1970 **NOI DONNE SIAMO FATTE COSI'**
Dino Risi
- 1972 **FATTI DI GENTE PERBENE**
Mauro Bolognini
- 1972 **TAMAR (LA SALAMANDRA DEL DESERTO)**
Riccardo Freda
- 1977 **DIVINA CREATURA**
Giuseppe Patroni-Griffi
- 1977 **IN NOME DEL PAPA RE**
Luigi Magni
- 1978 **IL MALATO IMMAGINARIO**
Tonino Cervi
- 1979 **LA CITTA' DELLE DONNE**
Federico Fellini

Anna Prucnal (Snaporaz' wife)

Bernice Stegers (the woman on the train)

Anna Prucnal was born in Poland where she studied music (at the Chopin School of Music in Warsaw) and drama (at the State School of Dramatic Art). After graduating from drama school she had a brilliant career in the theatre, in opera, cabaret and in films, until she settled in France in 1970. Since then, she has tried to remain versatile, and by looking at her achievements in 1979, it certainly seems that she has succeeded in her aims: her part in «Reve d'Est Reve d'Ouest » was an absolute triumph according to both the critics and the public, and Fellini offered her the part of Mastroianni's wife in «The City of Women ».

EAST COUNTRIES

- 1961 LE SOLEIL ET L'OMBRE
Ranghel Vulchanov (Bulgaria)
- 1962 SMARKULA
Buczowski (Poland)
- 1964 CA C'EST PASSE' LE NOUVEL AN
Wohl (Poland)
- 1964 DER FLIEGENDE HOLLANDER
J. Herz (East Germany)
- 1965 REISE INS EHENNETT
J. Hasler (East Germany)
- 1967 WEGE UBER LAND
M. Ekermann (East Germany)
- 1968 PRZEKLANDANIEC
Andrezej Wajda (Poland)
- 1969 DER SEKRETAR
P. Hagen (East Germany)
- 1970 WEG ZUM LENIN
G. Reich (East Germany)

IN FRANCE

- 1971 LE PETIT MAHAGONNY
Brecht
LA VIE PARISIENNE
- 1972 LES SEPT PECHEs CAPITALAUX
Brecht-Weill
DONNA MOBILE
Claude Prey
HELLE
Roger Vadim

- 1973 LE CREUX DE LA VAGUE
Marc'O
LES QUATRE JUMELLES
Copi
- 1974 UBU A L'OPERA
Antoine Duhamel
SWEET MOVIE
Dusan Makavejev
LA FETE A LOULOU
Edouard Luntz (TV)
UN JEUNE HOMME SEUL
Jean Mailland (TV).
- 1975 LES THEATRE D'ADAMOV
Roger Planchon
FOLIES BOURGEOISES
L'HOMME OCCIS
Claude Prey
LES NUITS DE PARIS
Retif de la Bretonne (TV)
NICK VERLAINE
Claude Boissol.
- 1976 LA GRAND'MERE FRANCAISE
Claude Prey
DRACULA PERE ET FILS
Edouard Molinaro
GUERRES CIVILES EN FRANCE
Joel Farges.
- 1977 JACQUES OU LA SOUMISSION
L'AVENIR EST DANS LES OEUFs
Ionesco
TRAVAIL A DOMICILE
F.K. Kroetz.
- 1978 REMAGEN
Anna Seghers
CABARET
Théâtre Gérard Philippe
- 1979 TETE DE RIVIERE
Guy Lessertisseur (TV)
DOSSIER 51
Michel Deville
OU EST DONC ORNICAR
BASTIEN BASTIENNE
Michel Andrieu
- SINGING TOUR
- 1979 REVE D'EST
REVE D'OUEST
Forum des Halles - Paris
Piccolo Teatro - Milan
Festival de Bourges
Festival des Nations de Hambourg
Festival de la Rochelle
Festival d'Avignon
- IN ITALY
- 1979 LA CITTA' DELLE DONNE
Federico Fellini

Bernice Stegers studied drama at the Edinburgh Drama School, and subsequently went to London where she worked on the stage (mainly playing in the classics) for several years. She also played television roles (various episodes of «The Avengers »). In the film world, among others, she has played in Brian Clemens' «Catch Me a Cold ».

Luis Bacalov

Luis Bacalov was born in 1933 in San Martin (Buenos Aires) of an Argentine father of Ukranian origin and a Polish mother. He studied music in Argentina with Baremboim, Dukas, and Berta Sujovolsky. He has played in many Latin-American and European countries as a pianist, and at the same time he does research on folk music and composes. He worked in Columbia for the Radio Nacional and the Theatre TEC, directed by Enrique Buenaventura. He has been living in Italy since 1960, and has devoted his time mainly to composing music for the theatre and for films. He has collaborated, among others, with Damiano Damiani, Renato Castellani, Lina Wertmuller («Festa Campanile»), Franco Zeffirelli, Elio Petri, Pier Paolo Pasolini («The Gospel According to Saint Matthew» for which he obtained an Oscar nomination), Carlo Lizani and Franco Giraldi.

In the seventies, he went back to a concert career in Europe and America, and has made several recordings for RCA, one of which is devoted entirely to Latin-American works.

He has composed music for piano, a guitar concerto, «Interaccion 1» with Leo Brower, for guitar and piano, and several orchestral works. He defines his present work as «research for meeting points, friction and collision between heterogenous musical languages».

*Picture on front cover
by Andrea Pazienza.*

Brochure executed by Simon Mizrahi.

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Pierluigi Praturlon and Tazio Secchia-
roli.*

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Michela Papadia.*

