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Nathalle Granger (FRENCH)

Venice, Aug. 29. Moullet Et Cie. release and production. Stars Lucia Bose, Jeanne Moreau; features Gerard Depardieu, Luce Garcia-Ville. Written and directed by Marguerite Duras, Camera, Ghislain Cloquet; editor, Nicole Lubtchansky; music, Miss Duras. Reviewed at Venice Film Fest, Aug. 23, '72. Running Time: 83 MNS. Lucia Bose Other Woman Jeanne Moreau Salesman Gerard Depardieu Teacher Luce Garcia-Ville Granger Dionys Mascolo Laurence Nathalie Bourgeois

Writer-playwright-novelist Marguerite Duras now essays her second film as a director-writer on own. It is again a literary, rambling film, which have lately developed their own brand name of minimal cinema.

That is, there is no attempt to

Two women, Jeanne Moreau and Lucie Bose, mope through a meal, clean up and sit about. Intermittently the radio is heard about two teenage murders who have killed a child for no reason with the police closing in on them. Miss Duras has used incidents of violence to catalyze her somnambulistic characters in other films, plays, and novels.

It appears Miss Bose, a mother of

two, is having trouble with her seven-year-old daughter who is seemingly violent and wants to send her to a private school. There is an interview with her teacher, who insists that maybe learning music will help.

But it is the little girl's sister who plays the piano. Miss Moreau is seemingly a friend who takes care of the children, burns branches in the back yard and cleans out a sort of boat behind the house.

Miss Bose walks about in a black

tell a story, delve into character or even establish any sort of time level or continuity. It is all in the atmosphere and probably the nearest film equivalent to the socalled French literary movement of "The New Novelists." (Or the early static Andy Warhol—Ed.)

Yet, this one has a better look about it, due, perhaps, to the fine, clearcut, well-graduated lensing of Ghislain Cloquet and the taut editing of Nicole Lubtchansky who keeps this static affair at least coherent and gives it sudden shafts of insight at times in juxtaposition to the relaxed, almost silent, scenes.

cape and Miss Moreau takes walks about the house, outside or burns her branches, etc. Into this comes a travelling salesman. He seems pathetic, sinister and the scene lights up a bit, but Miss Duras lacks the humor to blend it into her sprawling look at a beset household. It, however, is not as stultifyingly tedious as her previous pix, and has a hypnotic quality for some specialized and fest bookings. In fact, it is one of those that pleased the New York Film Fest selection group and has been chosen to participate. Otherwise, it is a highly Mosk. specialized item.