

“He looks like no human being I have ever seen in my life.”¹

ILLUSTRATING ‘IL DIVO’: Critical response to a political biopic.

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Princes, Queens and Presidents

Cinematic portrayals of political figures give the print media an opportunity to discuss these personalities in a much more creative, and often disparaging, way than would normally be allowed in reportage or opinion columns. The (re)presentation of a real-life individual within a fictional form can exaggerate certain qualities. David Denby, writing about Oliver Stone’s recent ‘W’ in *The New Yorker*, states that “Richard Dreyfuss, hunching over and baring his teeth like a shark cruising off Martha’s Vineyard beach, does a wicked impersonation of (Dick) Cheney.”² If the “impersonation” is a distorted reflection of the original person, Denby twists the image further into a more illustrative simile. But it is not just the physical characteristics of performance that can fire the imagination in response; the visual strategies and atmospheric space created by the director are equally suggestive. Let us stick for the moment with Oliver Stone, the bedfellow of flawed US presidents, and his pants-down, (genital) warts-and-all biopics. In 1995, Kenneth Turan wrote in the *LA Times* that “*Nixon*’ starts, like a horror movie, on a dark and stormy night, with the president prowling around a room of the White House like Dracula in his lair.”³ Using the content of the films as a conduit, both

writers have likened their subjects to a dangerous, man-eating predator. In discussing the fiction, the real is pointedly criticised.

Both Cheney and Nixon are controversial figures and are thus more susceptible to being demonised. When the subject of a political

biopic is not a celebrity villain, but one who holds a more ambiguous position in the public eye, the author’s expressed opinion can be more provocative. Stephen Frears’ *The Queen*’ (2006), depicting Elizabeth II’s stubbornly silent response to the death of Diana and Tony Blair’s ascendancy as crown prince of New Labour, gave many critics the opportunity to share their own feelings about recent British politics. Manohla Dargis, writing in *The New York Times*, praised the film’s “toughness” in showing that “the



ensuing crisis of confidence (QE2’s refusal to publicly mourn Diana) solidifies Blair’s power, bringing the monarchy one step closer to the oblivion it deserves.”⁴ There is no doubt that Helen Mirren’s “Kabuki-like” stoicism does reveal a royal family on the brink of extinction, out of step with the national mood, but the fact that Dargis believes that to be deserved is an expression of her own political sentiment.⁵ The fact that an American writer used *The Queen*’ to strike such a barbed comment on



the state of Britain is not surprising; it proves Philip French's observation that in the film "the royal family are shown to be morally and socially blinkered in a way that is likely to get the dormant hackles of any old Republican rising."⁶

Dargis is no less disapproving of Blair, describing his filmic portrayal as possessing "something appealingly puppyish about [his] buzzing excitement as the crisis reaches its apex: he's seizing the day like a bone. But like all dogs Blair needs someone to bring him to heel." Her use of the canine simile begins playfully, but becomes a snapping critique of the figure that the prime minister had evolved into. By the time the film was



released, many critics of Blair believed him to be a runaway mutt that had followed his Texan master, tail wagging, into an unpopular war and was presiding over an economy that was sliding out of control. He needed to be calmed, or have a publicly-funded slipper taken to him.

But all of the figures discussed so far are famous enough that everybody will have a pre-existing opinion about that individual. It is different when a biopic arrives concerning a politician from a different culture than our own (i.e. non-UK/US). Robert Guédiguian's 2005 *Le Promeneur du Champ de Mars* was based on the life of French President François Mitterand. As the film never makes mention of who the central character is, easily recognisable to a native audience, it was re-titled *The Last Mitterand* for its international release. To a non-Francophone audience, the specifics of Mitterand's biography will not be readily understood beyond his presence as the longest reigning French head of state. Dan Fainaru, one of the first to review the film on *Screen Daily* after its premiere at the Berlin Film Festival, advised "audiences . . . to undergo a crash course in late 20th-Century French politics before tackling this subtly refined lesson in history."⁷ Hardly a tasty marketing strategy. But at least Mitterand was a household name due partly to his longevity as France's top dog. What happens when a film arrives on our shores with a reclusive figure at its centre that is not a global political celebrity, one who is as

opaque as the British head of state and as contentious and sinister as Tricky Dicky?

A Machiavellian Prince

"They called him Beelzebub, Moloch and The Black Pope."⁸ Thus begins Wendy Ide's review of Paolo Sorrentino's film *'Il Divo'* in *The Times* (London). The identity of this diabolical fiend is Giulio Andreotti, controversial leader of the Italian Christian Democrat party and seven times prime minister. The name-callers are Andreotti's detractors, within the Italian political establishment and the national media. In the criticism surrounding the film, Andreotti, as played by Toni Servillo, will be laden with many

more derogatory sobriquets by English-speaking journalists attempting to comprehend who he is or what he represents.

How does a critic come to unravel a film that is not in his native language and removed from his own cultural understanding? A way into the film's space must be fathomed, as he is paid to signpost that route for fellow foreign travellers. According to E. Ann Kaplan, when approaching an artwork from another culture, there are two means of "uncovering" its meaning; by 'aesthetic' reading ("humanist/individual or genre-oriented") or 'political' reading ("emphasis[ing] economic, ideological or institutional concerns.")⁹ Ostensibly, *'Il Divo'* is a political film. However, it is unlikely that many non-Italian critics are going to be steeped in the blood of its notoriously labyrinthine national politics and follows that few readers are going to want to be spattered with a lengthy discussion of them. A 'political' reading runs the risk of making the object even more alien to a potential audience.

Those English-speaking critics who do undertake such a reading can only ever do so from an intellectually restricted perspective. Bill Nichols believes that, when confronted with a foreign film, a political reading is problematic, "refracted not only by our own repertoire of theories, methods, assumptions and values, but also by our limited knowledge of corresponding concepts in the other cultures to which we



attend.”¹⁰ Thus, critics tend to remain largely in the territory of what they know and can respond to with authority – that of the aesthetic structure of the film. Any attempts made to place *‘Il Divo’* within a ‘political’ context are communicated through recognised cultural referents. In a nod to the blood-drenched narrative of the Roman Caesars, *The Guardian’s* Peter Bradshaw contextualises the film as “finish[ing] just before Andreotti cedes pre-eminence to Silvio Berlusconi, rather like Tiberius giving way to Caligula.” We do not need to be history scholars to know what these figures represent, thanks in part to the role that numerous cinema and television adaptations have played. The cultural fascination with senate broods of backstabbing bastards is perhaps as a more exciting relief to the usual petty fiddles and squabbles of homegrown politicians; as Ide points out, “[Andreotti] makes our own lily-livered political players look like a bunch of Pollyannas.” (What would have happened if Jacqui Smith’s husband had put a DVD of *‘Caligula’* on her expenses bill?) Paul Whittington’s article in *The Independent (Ireland)* bears the headline ‘Tales Of A Modern Machiavelli’, evoking not so much the historical figure but the popular adjective Machiavellian, of unscrupulous politicking and court intrigue derived from his political (possibly satirical) treatise *‘The Prince’*.¹¹ Both of these references signal the film as a Cultural/Aesthetic Product and Italian, whilst piquing the interest of the potential viewer.

Many other reviewers attempt to place *‘Il Divo’* in the same categories but contextualise through cinematic history. Some veer towards comparison with Italian political cinema: Philip French finds elements of Francesco Rosi in Sorrentino’s work playing to his gallery of cinéphile readers¹²; Whittington, like many others, evokes the more popular style of Neo-realism, inappropriate here as the director’s celebration of cinema artifice is far removed from the movement’s desire to capture reality. Others prefer to draw similarity with the surreal self-conscious theatricality of Federico Fellini. What all of these film-buff winks do is attach cultural cachet to Paolo Sorrentino- he can be ranked amongst the great senate of Italian *auteurs* and their high art product. Even Dave Calhoun, writing in *Time Out (London)*, cannot help himself in this elevation of status when he describes the “*mise-en-scène*” as “Antonioni meets car adverts.”¹³ If the film is deemed to follow in an accepted Italian political tradition, many critics assign it the status of belonging to a rich cinematic heritage too.

Much of this comparative discourse is a response to visual style, which leads to appropriate correlation. Paul Lynch in *The Sunday Tribune (Ireland)* describes, with language appropriate to a butcher’s knife, an opening “cross-cutting series of assassinations sliced together with an angular guitar track . . . the sequence makes you want to dance”.¹⁴ His reference is Scorsese, an American *auteur* versed in European cinema, and the director of *‘GoodFellas’*, his violent epic of Mafiosi occupying powerful positions in society. Citing Scorsese broadens the appeal for an audience who may be wary of references to subtitled cinema. Street-wise American style is more commercially viable than the *haute culture* of Rome.

The Prince Of Darkness

Whilst accounts of style and context help a viewer find a way to approach *‘Il Divo’*, its central figure proves more elusive to explain. Andreotti is at times described as a physical grotesque with exaggerated features; a hunchback with “two gargoyle ears”¹⁵ as if “something . . . went wrong in pottery class”,¹⁶ set into a “face like a granite slab”.¹⁷ This imagery works in two ways – it builds Andreotti as an impenetrable figure, one who has erected a barrier to conceal his innermost thoughts, whilst underlining that the character is a physical construct that has been fashioned and moulded (by a craftsman or craftsmen), prosthetic ear attachments slapped on like clay to the stony surface of the politician. It also presents him as something inhuman, a distorted rendering of a real subject.

Lynch refers to him as an “elusive animal” and this bestial aspect is picked up by many other reviewers. For some, the hunched back makes him a “tortoise of a man”¹⁸ with “pallid elephant skin”¹⁹ and a “bloated, toadish neck”²⁰ and those drooping lugs, according to Nigel Andrews, suggest that “his next evolutionary stage will be a fruit bat.”²¹ The beasts evoked are invariably sluggish and slothful, hibernating in dark places but prone to sudden bursts of energy when appetite dictates or danger approaches. The film invites this animal comparison, as Ide points out in her review; “[Sorrentino] juxtaposes shots of a thoroughbred, mane streaming, winning a horse race with a pony tailed hitman astride a motorcycle.” It is integral to the allusive nature of Sorrentino’s structure of imagery that fires the imagination of the viewer and invites them to draw meaningful correspondence.





The use of this illustrative register allows reviewers to comment on the physical movement of Andreotti who “scurries like an insect”²² or “scuttl[es] along the corridors of power”,²³ a verb associated with a beetle or arachnid. A number of other reviewers employ the phrase “corridors of power”, using Andreotti’s strange mobility through Sorrentino’s deliberately framed interiors to be representative of something perhaps parabolic, a beetling, unnatural gait that all politicians mutate towards when elected to office.²⁴ Whatever the case, Andreotti neither looks like nor behaves like a human being, Calhoun even likens his “gliding” motion to a mechanical “Hoover in slow-mo”. *Variety*’s Jay Weissberg similarly describes the figure as “moving through space as if in a vacuum”²⁵, an idea furthered by Anthony Quinn in *The Independent* describing the senator as “not so much an *eminence grise* as a black hole, sucking all the light around him into his opaque, unreadable eyes.”²⁶ Quinn’s term of ‘grey cardinal’ bleeds the Black Pope of both colour and status, giving Andreotti a certain life-drained quality. But he is also a life-draining void, his character a vacuum where little is actually seen to exist, allowing the viewer space to ascribe his own meaning onto this nebulous figure.

If many of the descriptions have thus far been of tangible objects or creatures from the

known world, this last simile of a ‘black hole’ points to another frame of register, namely that of the unknown world. Andreotti is presented as so uncanny and ‘extra-terrestrial’ that a number of critics try and recover that strangeness through a familiar framework of popular horror fiction, adding hellish and macabre imagery to the indefinite unholy canvas of his character. Such dark princes invoked include “Pinhead from the *Hellraiser* movies”,²⁷ “an autistic *Nosferatu*”²⁸ (a morbidly fantastic creature further ensconced in morbid fantasy), “an Edward Gorey character animated by Tim Burton”²⁹ and “a mixture of Boris Karloff with Buster Keaton, as if a mordant Charles Addams character came to life and took control of the world.”³⁰ What is key to this set of comparisons is that they are a mixture of fictional fiends and comic-book monsters, drawing upon the balance of the film’s portrayal of Andreotti as a diabolical character and a more sardonic caricature. The accumulation of these comparisons point to a figure unnatural and fantastic; this is not a psychological portrait suffused with realism. An audience cannot come away knowing what it is like to be Andreotti; they can only liken him to some other thing.

If many critics have delighted in drawing comparison to the visual manifestations of horror cinema, *The Observer*’s full-page spread



on the film literally invites another graphic parallel. The image from the film that dominates the article has Andreotti centre frame, impassive and still amongst a flurry of activity in parliament, his distinctive black-rimmed glasses and squashed flaps of ears plainly visible. Below the review is the regular feature 'Philip French's Screen Legends', with Sir Alec Guinness as the week's entry; the illustration is his incarnation of John Le Carré's spy George Smiley. Drawn face, thick-framed spectacles,



ears accentuated by a hat pressing them out of shape. The resemblance is uncanny. The selection of this image implicitly pairs Toni Servillo with Guinness and his reputation as a distinguished actor who vividly created characters under heavy make-up. It also links Giulio Andreotti with some of Sir Alec's more ghoulish performances, particularly that of the "sinister, cadaverous crime boss Professor Marcus in *The Ladykillers*."³¹ It is an evocative piece of associative visual context, deepening the notion that the real Andreotti is impossible to pin down- he is an actor fulfilling many different roles but rarely revealing his true expression just as "Guinness became our version of Lon Chaney, Hollywood's 'Man Of A Thousand Faces.'"³²

The choice of George Smiley to illustrate Guinness' eclectic career also resonates with some critics who have found humanity in Andreotti's seemingly inhuman appearance. Bradshaw finds himself 'mesmerised' by the figure of an "undead bureaucrat, a drab Dracula in a shabby suit and boring spectacles." His use of the word 'mesmerised' suggests a fascination by the black art of a hypnotic vampire, but his comment does place this extraordinary figure within a rather mundane existence like the actual Andreotti. This reveals the tension between enacted persona (immortal in art) and extant individual (vulnerable to reality). Sorrentino has stated that when he met the real Andreotti, he was "confronted not with some diabolical monster, but rather with a frail, elderly, hunch-backed man who was wearing two clearly worn-out cardigans to combat a cold Roman winter's day."³³

This suspension between the normal and abnormal manifests itself in some critical response as conflict between images of Good and Evil. For Paul Fairclough in *Little White Lies*, the film "relentlessly . . . conflates the monkish

and the diabolical", citing as an example Andreotti's "ironic framing as a Christian martyr – a toilet cistern at one point serving as a halo",³⁴ the latrine possibly christening him as a profane saint. Paul Lynch takes this idea further.

"It's a film imbued with such mystery and wonder, you would think Pasolini had returned for a study, perhaps, of the Holy Ghost. Instead, *'Il Divo'* subject is about something even more mysterious and less tangible . . . Here's a politician who would not just slip one over the Holy Spirit, but send Machiavelli sobbing into his goblet."³⁵

Lynch's citation of Pasolini is instructive; a controversial, homosexual, atheist who made a remarkably faithful film of the Christ story in *'The Gospel According To St. Matthew'*. Andreotti himself, an ambiguous and contentious figure but seemingly a devout Catholic, is positioned as being somehow both part of, yet beyond, the Holy Trinity, able to outwit a divine being that would make even the Devil blush, represented in the form of Machiavelli. For Lynch, *'Il Divo'* is power absolute, a metaphysical minister operating in a figurative chamber.

The Andreotti of the film is a chameleonic construct of fiction, the viewer latching onto an expressive fragment of the character, which in turn invites him to layer on a unique semiotic resonance. The film theorist David Bordwell has discussed the ways in which an audience interprets character: "Pick out a range of behaviours, a set of traits, a line of dialogue or some other cues. Then make them, by virtue of their representativeness heuristic, stand for an abstract semantic value."³⁶ The film's Andreotti therefore can act on a metaphorical level ("Sorrentino sees Andreotti as a vampire



who fed on the blood of Italy”³⁷), a conceptual plane (“Servillo reveals the demon behind the mask of passivity: it’s like gazing into the face of Evil stripped bare”³⁸) and the realm of the purely symbolic in a kind of morality play (“the grim, fairy tale gloss laid over this potent, shadowy symbol of Italy”³⁹). These examples also raise the question over authorship of this slippery shape, on the one hand visualised by the director, but also divulged by an actor. Inspired by a shadowy real-life individual, who is this fictional silhouette attributable to?



Audience Participation

“Actors need to be loved, but one of Ms. Mirren’s strengths has always been her supreme self-confidence that we will love the performance no matter how unsympathetic the character. It takes guts to risk our antipathy, to invite us in with brilliant technique rather than bids for empathy.”

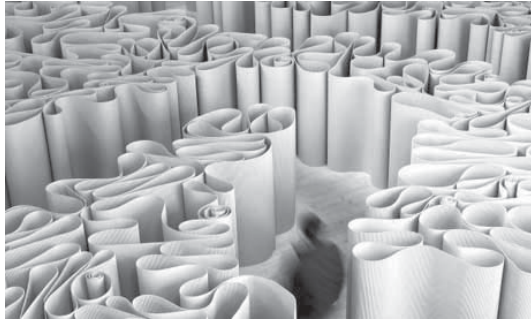
Dargis, writing about *The Queen*, describes the actor’s paradox when portraying a figure that is ambivalent in behaviour and scruple. The audience have to be charmed, or fascinated, by the performer so that the enacted character and his/her narrative are sufficiently alluring or mysterious to hold attention. Sympathy or admiration for the character is dangerous; it risks making a compromised subject (anti-)heroic. The critical response to *Il Divo* is

seduced by the equivocal presentation of its central figure. Emotive hyperbole is absent, no-one is ‘unquestionably moved’ or ‘rent of heart’ by the portrayal. The satisfaction in the reaction is in trying to fathom the rippling surface of Andreotti and what may course beneath.

It is not surprising that Sorrentino has stated that his performance “model” for the film was *The Queen*, believing that “Helen Mirren is Helen Mirren and the queen at the same time: it’s a process that works by assonance, not similarity.”⁴⁰ Toni Servillo’s performance becomes, by this definition, a sonic echo (more abstract) as opposed to a physically exact replica, a poetic inflection of the subject instead of a literal prosaic repetition. Servillo himself has claimed that he refused to watch documentary footage of the real Andreotti, “avoid[ing] focus on the details, things that flatten the character. Instead, I sought to achieve its metaphorical dimension.”⁴¹ This character becomes one that is difficult to pinpoint as a specific individual but is an emblematic type of infinite possibility, a man whom it is feasible to “come away [from] knowing nothing yet suspecting everything.”⁴²

Il Divo could be said to be a celebration of theatrical trickery, exemplified by a scene in which Andreotti seemingly confesses his sins and begs our forgiveness, spitting anger at all those who have misunderstood him. Delivered direct to camera with dramatic lighting cues, it would be foolish to take this at face value. This is Andreotti’s self-composed soliloquy, tweaked and engineered for maximum audience impact. The sequence also comments on the way Servillo’s performance, himself a noted theatre actor, operates. Stanley Cavell has written about the differing approaches to role-playing for the separate mediums of film and theatre: “for the stage, an actor works himself into the role; for the screen a performer takes the role onto himself.”⁴³ His differentiation of style through media is misguided as screen Method actors notoriously “work themselves” into a role just as Brechtian theatre requires performers to display the artifice of character. However, his discrimination in terminology might prove more useful if we align ‘acting’ with psychological realism and ‘performance’ with physical representation. Acting is a process of becoming the person you are signifying through an emotional register as that person experiences action; performance is a technique of adopting a character that is being





signified through a combination of external factors as that character carries out action. One is an active, organic force, the other a studied agent of proxy.

Performance is necessarily linked with its formal presentation. Peter Bradshaw states that “Servillo’s bizarre figure embodies the film”, whilst Tim Robey describes Servillo as “embalmed in the middle of Sorrentino’s symmetrical shots.”⁴⁴ Both of these align the performer as characteristic of the medium – for Bradshaw he is the static form itself, whereas for Robey he is fossilized within the frame. But for whom then does the character of Giulio Andreotti belong to? Perhaps Servillo and Sorrentino are interchangeable with each other, two identical twins inhabiting the same cinematic cortex, fused together as a positive and negative in the fabric of celluloid. Nigel Andrews believes that

“[Sorrentino’s] Andreotti boasts, or confesses, that he has a ‘vast archive instead of an imagination’. Sorrentino, we do not doubt, has both. But they live under the same artistic roof, a dystopic and, in this movie, dispiriting mausoleum, inhabited by the dead of heart, the blind with ambition, the dismal of scrutiny.”⁴⁵

The boundaries between role-playing, film-making and artefact become completely fluid so that Bradshaw’s final verdict that “Toni Servillo’s Andreotti is a macabre masterpiece” becomes justified. He is a passive *object* to be watched, and understood, in the cinema like the film itself, a chiaroscuro Pulcinella inhabiting his own (grand) guignol.

Cavell finishes his discussion about performance style by suggesting that “the actor’s role is his subject for study, and there is no end to it. But the (screen) performer is essentially not an actor at all: he is the subject of study, and a

study not of his own.”⁴⁶ The actor transmits meaning and his experience of the role to an audience; in performance, the audience transmit meaning and their experience of the character(-study), be it ‘Nixon’, ‘The Queen’ or ‘Il Divo’, to the surface of the projected artefact. Ultimately, these performed figures belong to the viewer and his interpretation. It is for us to add colour and texture to the shapes shuffling on screen, allowing them to flourish anew in our verbal and visual impressions. For Jay Weissberg, the most illustrative image from ‘Il Divo’ is one that reverberates with this process: “a quick cut to Andreotti, head turned into a blank cartoon bubble thanks to the expert placing of a light fixture.”

Notes

- ¹ Peter Bradshaw, ‘Review: Il Divo’, *The Guardian*, March 20th, 2009
- ² ‘Troubled Sons’, October 27th, 2008.
- ³ ‘Review’ published December 20th, 1995, posted on *LATimes.com*, accessed May 19th, 2009
- ⁴ ‘Review’ published September 29th, 2006, posted on *NYTimes.com*, accessed May 19th, 2009
- ⁵ Ibid.
- ⁶ ‘Review’ originally published in *The Observer*, September 17th, 2006, posted on *Guardian.co.uk*, accessed May 19th, 2009
- ⁷ ‘Review’ posted on *ScreenDaily.com*, February 16th, 2005, accessed May 19th, 2009
- ⁸ Wendy Ide, ‘Review’, *The Times*, March 20th, 2009.
- ⁹ Kaplan, ‘Melodrama/Subjectivity/Ideology: Western Melodrama Theories And Their Relevance To Recent Chinese Cinema’, *East-West Journal*, Vol. 5, no. 1 (January 1991), p7.
- ¹⁰ Nichols, ‘Discovering Form And Inferring Meaning: New Cinemas And The Film Festival Circuit’, *Film Quarterly*, Vol. 47, no. 3 (Spring 1994), p19.
- ¹¹ Printed March 21st, 2009. ‘Machiavellian’ is such a depreciated term that Fainaru describes Mitterand as possessing a “Machiavellian dexterity” in his write-up and Roger Ebert, reviewing ‘W’, refers to Cheney as a “Machiavellian strategist.” (Originally published in the *Chicago Sun Times*, 15th October, 2008 and posted on *RogerEbert.com*, accessed May 19th, 2009). The writing on ‘Il Divo’ at least uses it both as shorthand for ‘dodgy politician’ and for highlighting the film’s nationality.
- ¹² ‘Portrait Of A Very Italian Politician’, *The Observer*, March 22nd, 2009.



- ¹³ 'Review', March 19th-25th 2009
- ¹⁴ March 22nd, 2009.
- ¹⁵ Dave Calhoun, 'Review' *Time Out (London)*, March 19th-25th 2009
- ¹⁶ Ibid.
- ¹⁷ Lynch.
- ¹⁸ Maira Mackay, 'Review' posted on *CNN.com*, March 16th, 2009
- ¹⁹ Jay Weissberg, 'Review', posted on *Variety.com*, May 23rd, 2008
- ²⁰ Peter Bradshaw, 'Review', *The Guardian*, March 20th, 2009
- ²¹ *The Financial Times*, March 18th, 2009
- ²² Weissberg.
- ²³ Edward Porter, 'Review', *The Sunday Times*, March 22nd, 2009
- ²⁴ Allan Hunter in *The Daily Express* (March 20th, 2009) and Tom Dawson in *The List* (19th March-2nd April)
- ²⁵ Weissberg.
- ²⁶ Anthony Quinn, 'Review', *The Independent*, March 20th, 2009
- ²⁷ Stuart Jeffries, 'Bad Fellas: An Interview With Paolo Sorrentino', *The Guardian*, March 13th, 2009
- ²⁸ Paul Fairclough, 'Review', *Little White Lies*, Issue 22 (March/April 2009), p85
- ²⁹ Donald Clarke, 'Review', *The Irish Times*, March 20th, 2009
- ³⁰ Weissberg.
- ³¹ French, 'Screen Legends: Alec Guinness'.
- ³² Ibid.
- ³³ Paddy Agnew, 'Divine Intervention: Interview With Paolo Sorrentino', *The Irish Times*, March 20th, 2009
- ³⁴ p85.
- ³⁵ *The Sunday Tribune (Ireland)*, March 22nd, 2009.
- ³⁶ *Making Meaning: Inference And Rhetoric In The Interpretation Of Cinema* (Cambridge: University Of Harvard Press, 1989), p154
- ³⁷ Alexander Pashby, 'Review', posted on *ElectricSheep.co.uk*, March 1st 2009
- ³⁸ Weissberg.
- ³⁹ Fairclough.
- ⁴⁰ Guido Bonsaver, 'Prince Of Darkness: Guido Bonsaver interviews Paolo Sorrentino', *Sight And Sound*, Vol. 19, no. 4 (April 2009), p44.
- ⁴¹ 'Tragic Farce: Mikaël Demets Interviews Toni Servillo', on *Evene.fr*, December 2008
- ⁴² Lynch.
- ⁴³ 'The World Viewed' (1971) in Gerald Mast/ Marshall Cohen/Leo Braudy (eds.), *Film Theory And Criticism (Fourth Edition)* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992), p293.
- ⁴⁴ *The Daily Telegraph*, March 20th, 2009
- ⁴⁵ *The Financial Times*
- ⁴⁶ Cavell, p293/4. The brackets are my own- whilst his usage of "screen performer" fits in with this article, as expressed earlier in the argument, I think his differentiation between acting and performance is more useful than screen and stage style.

