

The Centrality of Margins in the History of Cinema

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THE INEQUAL ORIGINS OF CINEMA

With this brief intervention I intend to explore the geography of world cinema and, more specifically, the relation between center and periphery in relation to its history. For anyone approaching film from an historical perspective for the first time it becomes immediately clear the existence of two major poles: Hollywood and Paris. That is to say, American commercial cinema and European arthouse. This macro-distinction dates back to the early days of cinema when cinema was invented, a technological marvel few were willing to bet on. It is no coincidence at all that the history of film originated from, almost simultaneously, Europe and America. The cinematograph, as it was then called, was and still is an industrial product before anything else. The fact that two major economic powers were the first to develop a film industry has determined its history and development to a clear and detectable extent. Conventional histories of cinema tend to differentiate American and European cinema with the former being more commercially oriented and the latter more concerned with artistic expression. Though valid to a relative extent, this division often tends to downplay the commercial essence of European arthouse which, despite all its alleged artistic qualities, remains after all an industry just like the American one. The porous difference between American and European film industries and cultures, rather than intrinsic to the medium itself, is to be attributed to the wider cultural differences between these two continents.¹

Another aspect that sets the early days of American and European cinema apart is the colonial vocation characterizing the latter. In 1896, only a few months after the initial screenings in Europe, films by the Lumiere Brothers were shown in Egypt, first in the Tousson stock exchange in Alexandria on 5 November 1896 and then in the Hamam Schneider (Schneider Bath) in Cairo. The cinematograph from the very beginning was invested with an almost civilizing mission, yet another tool of soft power used by a colonial power to demonstrate its technological superiority and instill an inferiority complex into the colonized. The impact and legacy of this subplot in the history of cinema can be ascertained in the uneven development of African film industries: it was mainly in former French colonies that film culture found a space to grow and nurture itself. There is no denying the western-centric nature of cinema, which is not to say that all western cinema is colonial or racist. The political fact that national cinemas developed differently according to their own economies does not univocally characterize their output, that is to say that filmmakers from the same country can indeed produce very different kind of films. While the geopolitics of cinema so to speak determine the industrial and therefore creative potential of each nation, the films produced therein can be and are in fact of different kinds. In cinema as in life, national or ethnic belonging does not come with a defined, homogeneous set of characteristics.

¹ A telling difference between the origins of American and European cinema is that the Lumière Brothers patented an improved cinematograph, which in contrast to Thomas Edison's "peepshow" kinoscope allowed simultaneous viewing by multiple parties. While cinema in the US was born as a "private", individual experience, in France the cinematograph was a "public" and collective experience. It's curious and worth thinking about how cinema through VoD platforms has partly returned to the private, individual dimension of Edison's "peepshow".

Having said that, there is an enduring imbalance between different national film industries and cultures (intimately related to their political and economic circumstances) which has informed the way we learn about the history of cinema. It has created a set of stylistic priorities, artistic hierarchies which we need to question, to problematize. Since the development of film as an industry is organically related to the economic conditions that America and Europe were in at the end of the 19th century, when cinema was invented, it is a matter of historical course that both these continents developed “stronger” film industries and cultures. That they have come to dominate world cinema in terms of both, output and cultural influence, is an historical fact that cannot be disputed. What should in my opinion be disputed is their artistic superiority, often taken for granted. Is Italian Neorealism really the groundbreaking movement film historians make out to be? Is the French nouvelle vague the most aesthetically revolutionary of all the new waves?

Italian Neorealism: Reality or Myth?

Two years before Roberto Rossellini started shooting *Rome, Open City* on January 18, 1945, the famed Italian director had just completed another war trilogy. Inaugurated with the 1941 navy flick *The White Ship*, followed a year later by *A Pilot Returns*, and crowned in 1943 with *Man of the Cross*, the trilogy celebrated the Italian army’s questionable exploits in the war fought on the side of Nazi Germany. Awarded the National Fascist Party Award at the ninth edition of the Venice Film Festival where the film premiered, *The White Ship* extolled the virtues of the Italian navy and its fearless German ally while depicting the English as little more than barbaric cowards. Based on a story by Benito Mussolini’s son Vittorio and produced by the company he presided over, the Italian Cinematographic Alliance (ACI), *A Pilot Returns* begins in the sky’s blue heights where an Italian pilot is downed and captured by the English in Greece only to valiantly escape to rejoin the Fascist army’s ranks (whose military record in WWII went from one humiliating defeat to another). Like the film that would follow it, *Man of the Cross* features a priest in a prominent role, only this time our heroic man of the cloth is not fighting the Nazis but the godless Red Army (at a time when Franklin D. Roosevelt was praising it for its “magnificent achievements, unsurpassed in all history” in the war against Hitler’s *Wermacht*).

Though on its face opposite politically, Rossellini’s following trilogy—*Rome, Open City*, *Paisan* (1946), and *Germany Year Zero* (1948), shares with the first one a similar penchant for the wishful recreation of (very recent) historical events. Universally praised for their perceived authenticity, the films that effectively constitute the foundation of Italian neorealism—a supposedly genuine representation of “things as they really were”—present a highly debatable version of reality, historical and otherwise. “Italy had been the Third Reich’s main European ally, but this film redeemed the Italians in the victors’ eyes and also in their own: they too had fought Nazism,” remarks the voiceover in the 2006 documentary *Once Upon a Time...Rome Open City* by Marie Genie and Serge July (included in the extras of the Criterion box). As the Italian historian Claudio Pavone spent his life pointing out and proving, the nationalist idea of the majority of Italians having disapproved of, and fought against, Fascism was a myth. This was a very carefully constructed myth, one which neorealism helped to cement into the collective imagination of Italians and their new allies (willing to overlook their former enemy’s past in exchange for their political loyalty). One thing Rossellini’s trilogy faithfully mirrors is the transformist zeal with which Italy, having shifted alliances, swept its recent past under the carpet and contrived a new national reputation. This reputation was founded on an unseemly feeling of victimhood and an

(un)conscious determination to bury deep 20 years of Fascism along with the responsibilities for its crimes.

After two decades of silent compliance and proactive participation in Mussolini's totalitarian regime, the citizens of the Italian capital had turned overnight into fervent anti-Fascists. That is at least the picture Rome, *Open City* wishfully evokes. Like in the vast majority of neorealist films, Italians are depicted as innocent victims of Fascism rather than perpetrators of its abomination while all the blame is conveniently imputed to the evil Germans (personified by Major Bergman, an effeminate sadist). Italian Fascists have vanished into thin air and the very few the film features are mere extras with no narrative agency of their own. Every other character is either an active member of the Resistance or a committed supporter of it in a city that was never recognized as a stronghold of anti-Fascism. The only Italian villain who collaborates with the Germans is Marina (Maria Michi), a lascivious and treacherous young woman. Though admittedly based on a real-life character who had perished in the Ardeatine Caves massacre, the character of Don Pietro (Aldo Fabrizi), upon which the moral rhetoric of the film centres, carries more allegorical weight than he can historically bear. True, some priests were indeed sympathetic towards the Resistance—very few to be honest—but in the symbolic economy of Rossellini's film Don Pietro ends up eclipsing the role played by the Catholic Church during fascism. Not only had the Vatican welcomed Mussolini's rise to power, and embraced the infamous Racial Laws that had institutionalized the persecution of Italian Jews as well as racism in the colonies, but it even aided Nazi criminals escaping after the war (as recounted in Costa-Gavras' 2002 film *Amen*). None of this is even remotely hinted at in Rossellini's film, which ends with Don Pietro's execution carried out by reluctant Italian soldiers under the orders of the stereotypically bloodthirsty Germans. Partly financed and successfully marketed by American producer Rod E. Geiger, *Rome, Open City* constituted the perfect calling card for the political and cultural rehabilitation of Italy in the eyes of the Allies and the international community at large. Though Rossellini always lamented its poor reception, both critical and commercial, the film was a big success in both Italy and America.

The same subservience that was granted to Mussolini and his German ally was to be bestowed upon those who won the war. The victors' eyes and pockets were indeed instrumental for Rossellini's second installment, *Paisan*, produced by Foreign Film Production Inc. and distributed by MGM. In this film, Rossellini consecrated the opportunism with which Italy jumped on the winning bandwagon, mapping the liberation of the boot-shaped peninsula from Sicily upwards at the benevolent hands of the American army (to which Italy had surrendered on September 3, 1943). Once again, Italian Fascism is depicted as nothing more than an act of residual confusion coming from an irrelevant minority, while the Allied Forces' military offensive is a cause of gaiety rather than destruction. It's enough to compare *Paisan's* Neapolitan episode, where an African-American soldier loses his boot and is dragged around town by a street kid, with Liliana Cavani's *La Pelle* (1981) or the beginning of Werner Schroeter's *The Kingdom of Naples* (1978), both set at the same time and place, to notice Rossellini's peculiar levity in depicting the realities of a military occupation—however legitimized, in historical terms, by Italy's wartime conduct. Furthermore, the relationship between Italy's homegrown resistance, mainly active in the North, and the Allied Forces was always a contentious one, rife with contradictions. Rossellini, though, flattens out any historical nuance in the pursuit of that imaginary unity that existed only in fiction when showing partisans and American troops fighting side by side in *Paisan's* last chapter. Even more dubious are the lighthearted tones that characterize the only passing mention anti-Semitism gets in Rossellini's trilogy, when in the monastery episode scandalized monks find out that one of their American guests is Jewish. Anti-Semitism is here framed as an innocuous prejudice of no consequence as

everyone has come together under the magnanimous spirit of Christianity. The criminal complicity of Italy and Italians in what arguably remains the worst crime ever committed against humanity is not to be found in any of Rossellini's films, nor in any other neorealist film for that matter.

In 1948, Rossellini turned his merciful camera on a Germany in ruins, granting its inhabitants a supposedly humanistic treatment that was decidedly denied to their compatriots in his previous two films. The prologue to the Italian version of *Germany Year Zero*, which was edited out from the international cut but is included as an extra in the Criterion edition, offers an equivocal interpretation to that which is to follow on screen. First the opening intertitle points out that, "when ideologies stray from morality and Christian piety, the very foundation of human life, they become criminal madness. Even a child's good sense is tainted as he's led from a horrendous crime to one no less grievous, innocently believing he will thereby be released from his guilt." Then a voiceover declares that the film "aspires only to be an objective and faithful portrait" of postwar Berlin and its "3 ½ million people who plod through a dreadful and desperate existence," feeling compelled to add that, "this is not an accusation or even a defence of the German people." Perhaps rather than accused or defended, they should have been simply held responsible for the regime they had first elected and then tacitly supported throughout the war (unlike other European countries, in Germany there was no organized, armed resistance against the Nazis). By ascribing Nazism to a nondescript ideological perversion, the film downplays its economic root causes and its very Christian nature. To be clear, the horror of National Socialism emerged from the very immoral heart of Europe and its ideological justification included the defence of Christian purity against the dangers of Jewish degeneracy, which Nazi propaganda often associated with Bolshevik atheism.

In *Germany Year Zero*, the young Edmund Köhler (Edmund Moeschke), under the influence of a caricatural pederast, poisons his ailing father, who confesses his generation's inability to stop the scourge of Nazism. Crushed by feelings of guilt, the young protagonist jumps to his death in the film's memorable finale. Though slightly more realistic in the depiction of postwar decay and the transactional expediency of its economy, the film clearly invokes (the Italian prologue notwithstanding) a forgiving spirit the name of which we should all have moved on. The Oedipal murder that the film stages, and that the Italian prologue condemns as senseless, symbolically represents the social trajectory that postwar Germany witnessed. The intergenerational forgiveness Rossellini's film alludes to was something German cinema and society firmly rejected as they committed to the unconditional expiation of their historical responsibilities (a process that, however incomplete and rife with side effects, Italian cinema and society never undertook). It is enough to observe how Fassbinder tackles the same historical moment in *The Marriage of Maria Braun* (1979): devoid of any rhetorical piety, Fassbinder's film is a lucid indictment of the continuity that accompanied West Germany in its transition from Nazism to federal democracy.

Also emblematic in this respect is the cinematographic parable of Thomas Harlan, son of the propaganda filmmaker Veit Harlan, who spent his whole life confronting and denouncing the crimes of his father's generation, most notably in his 1984 film *Wundkanal*. It is worth noting that when Veit Harlan's infamous *Jud Süß* (1940) screened at Venice, it earned the enthusiastic praise of people like Michelangelo Antonioni and the future director of the festival (from 1963 to 1968) Luigi Chiarini. The latter commended Harlan's film for its "search and achievement of a distinct cinematographic language; that absolute form without which there is no art." Antonioni had appreciated the "epic breadth" of what remains one of the vilest examples of anti-Semitic propaganda ever committed to film.

Fascism thrived on the ethical weakness of a society that willingly lent itself to the horrors of a regime that could count on conformism and opportunism in equal measures. The myth of the “reluctant” Fascist or, even worse, of the Fascist “in good faith,” is a historiographical fabrication that different factions across the political spectrum in postwar Italy had a keen interest in promoting. The Communists were perfectly satisfied with the imaginary idea of an Italian proletariat inherently anti-Fascist and blameless, while the Christian Democrats happy to preach the gospel of democratic stability without dwelling on the role the Church had played under Mussolini. This sudden political U-turn suited former Fascists very well in their search for new jobs, preferably in government (the head of the Fascist secret police, Guido Leto, continued working for the Italian secret services after the war). Either through sheer omission or via the systematic victimization of “the Italian people” as a monolithic whole, neorealism contributed to this narrative deceit. Films like Mario Mattoli’s *Life Begins Again* (1945), Alessandro Blasetti’s *A Day in the Life* (1946), Renato Castellani’s *Under the Roman Sun* (1948), and others, often made by directors who had had prolific careers under Fascist rule, propagated the idea of an innocent nation moving on from the disaster caused by a regime no one had anything to do with. Even films like *Bicycle Thieves* (1948), with its iconic finale where father and son walk hand in hand into an uncertain future (suggesting the same intergenerational solidarity of Germany Year Zero), dwelt on the melodramatic depiction of innocent victims with no historical responsibility in relation to their situation. In Vittorio De Sica’s *Shoeshine* (1946) or *Umberto D* (1952), poverty and the poor, in a very Catholic fashion, are framed as inherently redeeming attributes (by a director who, needless to say, had never experienced the cruel squalor of destitution), and not as the reversible outcome of social injustice. Faced with this sentimental onslaught of blameless victims, Italian cinema and society were never held accountable for their past, inaugurating thus a process of creeping rehabilitation of Fascism and its aberrant legacy that lasts to this very day.

The films that honestly dealt with the opportunism and consequent proclamation of national innocence are very few indeed. One of them, Luigi Zampa’s *Difficult Years* (1948), was the first and last neorealist film to expose the political turncoating of Italian functionaries as well as ordinary men and women during and after Fascism. Negatively reviewing it for *The New York Times* in 1950, Bosley Crowther nonetheless helpfully contextualizes Zampa’s film by outlining the tendency of “Italy’s filmmakers to help purge that nation’s troubled soul of the guilt of supporting Fascism.” He then proceeds to note how “diligently, doggedly, devoutly, they have loaded the overwhelming blame for their country’s notorious corruption upon ‘the other fellow’s’ head and have shown that the average Italian was anti-Fascist to the core. The Blackshirts and the plainly alien Nazis have been the notable villains in their films. The heroes—the champions of freedom—have been the ordinary Italian Joes.” A film that had the decency to denounce the exact opposite, what an Italian partisan calls “last minute anti-fascism” in Damiano Damiani’s 1981 TV documentary *Until Memory Lasts: Piazzale Loreto*, was Florestano Vancini’s *It Happened in '43* (1961). The film chronicles the hypocritical speed at which Italians, from all walks of life, switched uniforms overnight and started opposing a regime they had until the day before supported, either silently or vocally. Two films, only, against the neorealist deluge of mystification and victimization are hardly enough to dispel the myth of an innocent nation forced down by an alien regime no one had either wanted or supported. This is a myth whose narrative and aesthetic archetypes were laid down in Rossellini’s war trilogy and subsequently expanded into what came to be known as, equivocally so, neorealism.

BREAKING THE WAVES: BEYOND THE NOUVELLE VAGUE, BRAZIL AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Universally recognized for its aesthetic and narrative impact on the conventional grammar of cinema, the French new wave seems at times to have monopolized completely the very concept of innovation. In the hierarchy of cinema, the nouvelle vague comes first while all the rest if not derivative it appears to be a direct filiation of the work of Godard & co. Needless to say it is not my intention to deny the historic contribution to the development of cinema as a language that films like Godard's *Breathless* (1959) or Resnais' *Last Year in Marienbad* (1961) have made. What I want to raise here is the question of margins. By virtue of their geographical and economic positions, marginal cinemas have often had to face tougher conditions and their creative solutions have had to outsmart regimes that were not exactly supportive. This is something directors from Europe and North America have rarely if ever had to face. As anyone with a vague notion of history can imagine to be a rebel director in 60s Paris must have been very different than being a rebel director in 60s Prague. To work under an overtly censorious regime is another thing all together than working in postwar Western Europe. That is not to say that freedom of expression is an exclusive prerogative of the democratic western world (taboos, political and otherwise, can be broken anywhere, anytime).

The *Nová vlna* (Czech for new wave) produced as many revolutionary films, both in terms of narrative and aesthetics, than the French nouvelle vague and yet its status (at least in the West) is somehow subordinate. Why do film students get to learn first about Godard and Truffaut and later, if at all, about Věra Chytilová and Jan Němec? Why the main bulk of film criticism that gets translated into English (the 21st century *lingua franca*) is French? These are questions every film student, teacher or cinephil should always bear in mind. Always question the order in which we are fed history. While taste remains of course of matter of personal inclinations, canons and hierarchies are formed through repetition and omission. Rather than marginal to the history of cinema, the movements and films produced outside the centers of Eurocentric production should be brought into the center of our discussion. Not out of pity or political correctness, but in order to enrich the debate around cinema, to widen the canon and questions our assumptions (as I have done in the case of Rossellini for instance). I remember reading an interview with Otar Iosseliani in which he harshly criticized Eisenstein for very similar reasons (i.e. historical inaccuracy). I'm sure on this part of the world there is a lot to be said regarding the monopolizing influence of soviet cinema over the film histories and cultures of former soviet republics.

I truly believe that in order to evolve cinema and its practitioners need to be constantly challenged and questioned. That is what the directors of the nouvelle vague did from the pages of the Cahiers du Cinéma, attacking the *cinéma du papà* (daddy's cinema) for its aesthetic ossification and reactionary narratives. Criticizing then doesn't necessarily mean dismissing a director or a film completely, I for example believe that the cinema of Rossellini, despite my criticism, played a role that cannot be ignored. Without negative criticism though, the generational ability to renew the art of filmmaking by contesting what came before (which is different from disowning it) can be hindered. It's very interesting in this regard to look at the history of Brazilian cinema in the 60s. In the early part of that decade, like in many other parts of the world, a new generation of filmmakers emerged. As in France, a new generation of Brazilian filmmakers revolted against the conservative cinema that came before them and placed a greater emphasis on social issues,

addressing the social and racial inequalities of Brazilian society at the time. Directors like Glauber Rocha (*Terra em Trance*), Ruy Guerra, Joaquim Pedro de Andrade (*Macunaima*) and others coalesced around what was then called *Cinema Novo*, “new cinema”. Entertainment values that had up to then dominated Brazilian cinema made way for a politically engaged cinema coupled with formal experimentation. *Cinema Novo* is also credited to have kickstarted what came to be known as *Third Cinema*, a militant, political alternative to both Hollywood and European arthouse whose output mainly focused on anti-colonial struggles around the world.

What is interesting in the case of Brazil is the birth of a sort of counter-movement that opposed what they perceived to be *Cinema Novo*'s dogmatism. To the “aesthetics of hunger”, which Glauber Rocha had theorized in both his films and writings, a group of younger, unrulier filmmakers opposed the “aesthetics of garbage”. Penned by the *enfant prodige* of that movement, Rogerio Sganzerla, in the manifesto of *Cinema Marginal* (as this counter-wave came to known) the Brazilian director declared: "I will never transmit sanitised ideas, eloquent discourses or plastic images before the garbage (...) Crushed and exploited, the colonized can only invent their own form of suffocation: the scream of protest comes from an abortive 'mise en scene' (...) I'll continue to make an underdeveloped cinema by condition and vocation, barbarian and ours, anticulturalist (...)". Clearly detectable in these words is the polemic against the politically edifying intentions of *Cinema Novo*, where Rocha's movement was positivist, Sganzerla's was nihilist. Formally, the films of *Cinema Marginal* are hysterical, their experimentalism devoid of any ideological prescriptions. It is very interesting to watch films like Rocha's *Terra em Trance* (1967) and Sganzerla's *O Bandido da Luz Vermelha* (Red-Light Bandit, 1968) together to notice how lively and vital was the dialectical clash between two different visions of cinema.

I'm not interested to determine which one of the two movements was right or better, what is interesting about the Brazilian case is the creative ability to produce a critique of the avant-garde, of the new wave. A critique that despite its defeatist, provocative tones was anything but gratuitous. Directors like Sganzerla, Julio Bressane, Ozualdo Ribeiro Candeias and other protagonists of *Cinema Marginal* had recognized some of the limits of militant cinema and its often-dogmatic approach and used irony to call them out. Because of their willingness to go against what was new and revolutionary, the discourse in and around Brazilian cinema at the time was richer and more nuanced. I believe that the history of *Cinema Novo* vs *Cinema Marginal* shows us the value and importance of always questioning the canon, even when new and revolutionary in its intentions. There have been no organic counter-movements, to my knowledge at least, against the French new wave, or against Italian Neorealism or the New German Cinema. As a result, their artistic achievement have rarely if ever been questioned or criticized.

A MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE: WEST VERSUS EAST?

To conclude I'd like to reflect on what might seem like a curious anecdote but I believe tells us a lot about the relations between center and margins in cinema. The optical principle behind the invention of the camera first and the film camera later is directly related to perspective, that is the art of representing three-dimensional objects on a two-dimensional surface so as to give the right impression of their height, width, depth, and position in relation to each other. Cinema, we could say, was born with a realistic bias. The history of perspective dates back to the Renaissance, when artists discovered a way to depict reality as their eyes perceived it. The figurative potential of western art is inscribed into the very functioning of the camera which, as we all know, captures the reality in front of itself in perspective. There is also a theological explanation for this:

Christianity, unlike Islam and Judaism, allows for the representation of God. For Muslims and Jews on the contrary, God cannot be portrayed. This theological difference meant a great deal in the visual history of Christian and Muslim civilizations, while the former adopted a figurative style, the latter chose abstract forms that would evoke God without ever depicting it. While western art until the 20th century was for the most part influenced by perspective and therefore by naturalistic representations, Islamic art is historically characterized by fluid lines and anti-naturalistic forms. In her book “Enfoldment and Infinity: An Islamic Genealogy of New Media Art” (published by MIT Press), Laura Marks traces the aesthetic influence of Islamic visual culture on new media art and its predilection for abstract forms. What western art formally achieved in the 20th century through the historic avant-gardes (Expressionism, Cubism, Dada, etc.) is a constitutive element of Islamic art. In his article *Middle Eastern Films: Before Thy Gaze Returns to Thee* the Lebanese critic Jalal Toufic asks a very interesting question:

Did the descent of the standard film camera lenses from Renaissance Western monocular perspective place early Muslim filmmakers at a disadvantage when it came to a genuine formal contribution in the medium of cinema, since these filmmakers came from a tradition that until only a century or so ago (the age of cinema) was, especially in its Arabic regions, still resistant to, rather than ignorant of, Renaissance perspective?

Rather than answering this question, which is nonetheless worth thinking about, I would like to report here the findings of another critic regarding this issue. In his book “Florence and Baghdad Renaissance Art and Arab Science” (published by Harvard University Press), Hans Belting looks at the scientific findings that were behind the “invention” of Renaissance perspective. He finds that “the theory of perspective that changed the course of Western art originated elsewhere—it was formulated in Baghdad by the eleventh-century mathematician Ibn al Haithan, known in the West as Alhazen. Belting deals with the double history of perspective, as a visual theory based on geometrical abstraction (in the Middle East) and as pictorial theory (in Europe). How could geometrical abstraction be reconceived as a theory for making pictures? During the Middle Ages, Arab mathematics, free from religious discourse, gave rise to a theory of perspective that, later in the West, was transformed into art when European painters adopted the human gaze as their focal point. In the Islamic world, where theology and the visual arts remained closely intertwined, the science of perspective did not become the cornerstone of Islamic art.”

In other words, what is believed to be a constitutional, civilizational difference in Western and Eastern visual cultures is more interconnected than we would care to think.

The reason why I reported this example is because I think it shows how differences, be they ethnic, national, cultural or aesthetic, are never monolithic and unchangeable. So it's the dialectic between center and margins in world cinema, for what is the center today might as well end up being the margin tomorrow. And viceversa.