

Welcome, or welcome back! The LFA Newsletter will bring you accounts of recent conferences, book reviews, and keep you up to date on things going on at the Literature/Film Association. We welcome submissions for the next issue. Please send your contributions to Peter Lev at PLev@towson.edu. **And please remember to have a look at the Call for Papers on this site for this year's LFA Conference at York College of Pennsylvania.**

CALL FOR PAPERS

ADAPTATION UNBOUNDED: NEW DIRECTIONS, NEW AGENDAS INTERNATIONAL INTERDISCIPLINARY CONFERENCE

31 OCTOBER - 2 NOVEMBER 2013, ALEXANDRU IOAN CUZA UNIVERSITY
OF IASI, ROMANIA



The topic of this conference, suggested by Jim Welsh, Professor Emeritus, Salisbury University, USA addresses researchers from disciplines such as literary studies, film studies, translation studies, semiotics, and last but not at all least from the recently created research field of adaptation studies. The purpose is to explore the boundaries and the potentialities of adaptation, more broadly defined, as well as the (occasionally fuzzy) boundaries that distinguish this concept from other forms of translation (in all its senses) and rewriting in an attempt to attribute interdisciplinary and transdisciplinary dimensions to on-going research in the field.

The first journal in the field of literature/film studies, *Literature/Film Quarterly* (founded and edited by Jim Welsh), was initially interested in adaptations of literary and dramatic texts to film and later television, though more broadly defined notions of adaptation were not necessarily dismissed. Subsequent journals in the literature/film area (*Adaptation* - editors Deborah Cartmell and Imelda Whelehan, *The Journal of Adaptation in Film and Performance* - edited by Richard Hand), recently published empirical and theoretical books (Linda Hutcheon, *A Theory of Adaptation* (2005), Thomas Leitch, "Adaptation Studies and Its Discontents" (2007), as well as books dealing with a reconfiguration of the present day 'territory' of adaptation (Lawrence Raw, James M. Welsh and Dennis Cutchins (eds.), *Redefining Adaptation Studies*, 2010 or [The Pedagogy of Adaptation, 2010](#) by the same editors, etc.), already show how much adaptation studies, which started from mere comparisons between a literary work and its adapted film have progressed in the last decades.

At the same time, both adaptation and translation have been frequently defined and described in relation to each other. The history of translations is also one of adaptations. Translation theory has struggled against the judgments concerning the concept of fidelity that has dominated the writings on adaptations of literary works. The task of the translator and also that of the adapter have often been looked upon as similarly difficult and unrewarding. In view of its several (frequently overlapping) meanings, adaptation has been discussed from different perspectives not only between distinct areas of study but also within the same discipline. In translation studies, for instance, it has been related to topics such as translation strategy, genre, metalanguage or faithfulness (cf. Bastin, 2008). Other scholars, following Jakobson, consider adaptation as a form of inter-semiotic translation, and have started to produce a growing body of work on the 'translation' of literary as well as non-literary forms into other media, including film and the Internet.

In spite of promising results in carrying out research that foregrounds in an increasingly nuanced manner differences and areas of crossover between translation and adaptation studies (e.g. *Translation, Adaptation and Transformation*, ed. Lawrence Raw, 2012) there still seems to be a need to pursue further refining research along these lines. On the other hand, more investigations need to be undertaken so as to approach the issue of adaptation from a(n increasingly) transdisciplinary perspective.

We therefore welcome both general approaches as well as specific case-studies relating to the general conference theme that will allow participants to approach adaptation from as many (interrelated) angles of investigation as possible, and throw more light on this very old, yet still elusive concept.

Conference sub-themes:

- ✓ Trans/Interdisciplinary definitions of adaptation;
- ✓ Adaptation as : translation, transfer, transformation, appropriation, assimilation, intervention ;
- ✓ Adaptation and translation as intertextual, intercultural, intermedial and interlinguistic operations;
- ✓ Adaptation- translation- theatrical/film performance;
- ✓ Features that differentiate an ‘intersemiotic translation’ from an original
- ✓ The roles of adapters and translators in forging literary and cultural images;
- ✓ The adapter’s vs. translator’s freedom;
- ✓ The semiotic systems underlying translation and adaptation;
- ✓ Translation and adaptation as politically loaded terms;
- ✓ International news: translated and/or adapted?
- ✓ Social constructions of adapters and translators
- ✓ Text and film adaptations to (changed) socio-political contexts.

The closing date for the submission of abstracts (300-350 words) is **15 March 2013**. Notification of acceptance will be given by **30 April 2013**. Please send your abstracts to: jxwelsh@salisbury.edu; L_rawjalaurance@yahoo.com; tcvera@yahoo.com

Selected papers will be published in specialized reviews and in the Conference volume.

This call for papers together with constantly updated information about the conference can be found at

<http://adaptationconference.linguaculture.ro/home.html>

RAY BRADBURY'S GOOD COMPANIONS BY JOHN C. TIBBETTS

“A 10-year old boy still lives inside Ray Bradbury, impatiently scuffling, running, teasing, provoking, and challenging the man he has become. Similarly, Ray’s own literary children, including some of the first stories he ever wrote, still cry out to him and demand to be recognized. Now, a half century later, they are not through with him yet, and he is not through with them, either. Memory and myth are like that, shape-changing with the gusts and eddies of history’s crosswinds.”

I wrote those words in 1997, as I prepared an interview article on Ray Bradbury’s newest book publication, *From Dust Returned*. Now, fifteen years later, and just a few days after his death at age 91, I still apply the present tense. In the more than forty years of our friendship, which saw his visits to my home in Kansas City, my many visits to his home in Los Angeles, our sharing the podium together at several science fiction conventions, touring his work on Spaceship Earth at Disney’s WED facility in Burbank, many interviews, a continuing correspondence—he was never less than *present*. Ray was a present-tense guy, always in the moment. Until the next, and the next.

Even today, I still believe in that present tense.

But what is there to say about him that hasn’t been remembered, expounded, celebrated, analyzed, critiqued, and talked to death all this time? I can merely offer up some thoughts of my own about some of the things I learned that are perhaps not so well known about him.

But, to begin with. . . In a half century of writing fantasy, science fiction, and satire, Ray Bradbury has taken us on safari to hunt Tyrannosaurus Rex, crouch among the mummies in the catacombs beneath Mexico City, chase demons in a Midwestern carnival midway, resurrect ghosts in the Hollywood backlots, sprint through Dublin’s streets, and colonize Mars. We met firemen who burn books, vampires who work in mortuaries, robots who resemble Grandmothers, and spacemen who trail the Son of God from planet to planet. Ray Bradbury is his own macrocosm and microcosm--by turns touching the sun and probing at his own bones. His more than 30 books—including *Dark Carnival*, *The Martian Chronicles*, *Fahrenheit 451*, *The Illustrated Man*, *Dandelion Wine*, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, and, more recently, *From Dust Returned* (along with dozens of plays and screenplays, hundreds of poems, and many consultancies as city planner and Disney Epcot designer) are known to millions all over the world.

So where do I come in? Ray Bradbury had many Good Companions in his lifetime, kindred spirits, beckoning muses. I am not referring to his contemporaries, friends, and relatives, like his beloved Aunt Neva back in Waukegan, Illinois, or cartoonist Charles Addams, or illustrator Joseph Mugnaini, about all of whom I have written elsewhere. And I don’t cite the great catalogue of literary influences which he celebrated so frequently and enthusiastically, from the John Carter adventures and Lon Chaney’s movie grotesques during his youth, to the *Weird Tales* coterie of Robert E. Howard and H.P. Lovecraft during his apprentice days, and to Walt Disney and Lewis Mumford in his later years of public celebrity. No, I speak here of three other men—a filmmaker, a writer, a composer—whom he certainly never met, but who are no less noted in the Bradbury pantheon of heroes. We sometimes know ourselves by knowing our heroes. In citing them, I believe I am further defining Bradbury himself.

To begin with there is the great swashbuckler, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. . . . He was Ray’s Eternal Youth, his Peter Pan. “Douglas” was Ray’s middle name (whether by happy

accident, or not I don't know). Bradbury boasted about the connection and not only signed all three names to my biography of Fairbanks, but he always did the same in the more than forty years of our correspondence. Maybe that was because he knew of my own lifelong research into the screen's foremost swashbuckler, or maybe it was his own code for the fleet, buoyant spirit he followed in *The Thief of Bagdad* and *Robin Hood*.

And there was Gilbert Keith Chesterton. . . Gilbert was Ray's Everyman, his Job grappling with an elusive God. An immense and curious apostle of logic and lunacy who haunted British letters until his death in 1937, Chesterton turned the world upside down and space inside out with his paradoxes. I had no inkling of Ray's enthusiasm for him until one day I spotted on his bookshelves a number of Chesterton volumes. The moment was like a stroke of lightning: Of course! How could these men *not* be bound at the hip! Many happy conversations followed, exchanges back and forth about the poetry of both (he particularly loved Chesterton's *Ballad of the White Horse* ("Do you remember when we met/ Under a dragon moon?"), the Father Brown detective stories, and questions about those famous paradoxes— just *who*, or *what* was the character of "Sunday" in *The Man Who Was Thursday*?

Third, was the French composer, Hector Berlioz. . . Another bolt from the blue. Mighty Hector was Ray's Barbarian at the Gate, breathing fire and brimstone. Ray's chance reference one day to the great Romantic firebrand pricked my attention. In every expostulation and exclamation point, Ray matched Berlioz' volcanic outbursts, the cannon fire, and explosive rhetoric of *The Symphonie Fantastique* and *Harold in Italy*. He knew Berlioz' forays into science fiction, too, in particular, that strange story of a mechanized city of the future. . .

You see, Fairbanks's flying trajectories were those of Ray's flights to Mars, the sun, and beyond. They sang together their paeans to an almost pagan youth, and nurtured the spirit of the boy-man who would never grow old, at least on screen and on the page. Chesterton's sturdy optimism was the smile with which Will Halloway defeated Mr. Dark and Leo Auffmann built his "Happiness Machine." But when the smile turned upside down, we had Chesterton's gargoyles and Bradbury's October People. Significantly, they growled and they grinned, almost interchangeably. Moreover, Chesterton's search for God on earth was like Ray's search for Christ on the planet Mars. They shared the divine paradox of divinity and spirituality immanent in the dust of men. Indeed, I like to think because of Chesterton's topsy-turvy insights and spiritual quests, he knew Bradbury better than Ray knew himself. If you insist, quite rightly, that they never met, read Chesterton's 1911 novel, *Manalive*, and you will see the best portrait anyone ever did—or ever will—execute of Bradbury. As for Berlioz's bursts of energy, well, just try to avoid one of Ray's big bear hugs. Like the blare of Berlioz' brash trombones, those hugs come at you from everywhere at once. Monsieur Berlioz and Mr. Bradbury shouted, loved, and hated at the tops of their voices. Together, they plunged into the Hell of *The Damnation of Faust* and rode the infernal merry-go-round of *Something Wicked This Way Comes*. Indeed, they were the children of Faust, outsiders, interlopers, damned and exalted. I have no doubt that Ray's early story, "The Homecoming," is his own *Damnation of Faust*, evoking a yearning for a dark sublime that would never be satisfied.

Writers, filmmakers, composers all, they were not in the business of shrinking from life or from themselves. I have sometimes wondered how it was that a man like Ray, with little formal education, managed to acquire his experience and love with seemingly remote influences like these, so apart from the more familiar fantasy worlds of *Weird Tales* and the hard realities of space travel. Maybe it's because Douglas and Gilbert and Hector were, like Ray, auto-didacts, who deployed their equal-opportunity enthusiasms in the never-ending search for youth, God, and the Devil.

And so, in conclusion, when I bid farewell to the earthly remains of my friend, I want to say, simply, goodbye, Ray-Douglas-Gilbert-Hector Bradbury.

Andrew George Sarris (1928-2012): *Ubi Sunt?*

By Jim Welsh, LFA Founder

As Grand Pooh-Bah of American auteurism, Andrew Sarris was both mentor and (arguably) founder of what Stanley Kauffmann called "The Film Generation" that convinced itself and the world that cinema was worth discussing, debating and fighting over--the polemics of Godard, the architectural ambiguities of Antonioni, the avant-garde wickedness of Hitchcock that Sarris was one of the first to notice. It was a sad day for those of us who grew up with *The American Cinema* when Andrew Sarris retired his column at the *New York Observer* in 2009. And a sadder one when he died on June 20, 2012, at the age of 83.

So, like other film enthusiasts, I was disturbed and saddened to learn about the death of Andrew Sarris, whom I only met once, briefly, when he lectured at Washington College in Maryland, but who Gerald Barrett interviewed very early-on for *Literature/Film Quarterly* in our first year of publication. For me, Sarris's book *The American Cinema: Directors and Directions* was an essential path toward cinema studies. Sarris introduced American viewers to the auteur theory, lionizing Hitchcock as an avant-garde talent rather than merely a purveyor of thrillers and "the master of suspense," and perhaps swelling the egos of less-gifted Hollywood moviemakers. Sarris wrote with what used to be called "authority" and made his mark, shaping the direction of cinema studies for at least a decade or two before film academics graduated into semiotics, structuralism, and psychotherapy and then discovered post-modernism.

The "facts" are these. Andrew George Sarris was born in Brooklyn on October 31, 1928. He graduated from Columbia College in 1951, and lived for a year in Paris, at which time he met Jean-Luc Godard and François Truffaut, who initiated him to what became known in America as the "auteur theory." Thus attuned to French thinking, Sarris edited the English-language edition of *Cahiers du Cinema*, but his influential "Notes on the Auteur Theory" first appeared in *Film Culture*, published out of the East Village. Sarris became film reviewer for *The Village Voice* for nearly 30 years (1960-1989), met Molly Haskell in 1966, and married her in 1969. Ms. Haskell remained at *The Village Voice* while Sarris moved to *The New York Observer*, where he remained for 20 years (1989-2009). Sarris also taught cinema at Yale, Juilliard, NYU, and for the School of the Arts at Columbia University. Old-fashioned in a good, Woody Allen way, Sarris preferred to use a typewriter. His second major book, "*You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet*": *The American Talking Film, History & Memory, 1927-1949*, was published by Oxford University Press in 1998.

Ready for your Close-Up, Mr Sarris? Ready for Your Pink Slip?

In 2009, the year *The New York Observer* let Sarris go for budgetary reasons, Sarris was featured in Gerald Peary's documentary film, *For the Love of Movies: The Story of American Film Criticism*. Over the years, Sarris had feuded with Pauline Kael, the longtime foe of Auteurism, for decades, until her death. On April 6, 2009, *Variety* reviewer Joe Leydon wrote of Sarris's

interview for Gerald Peary: “Sarris is just classy enough to muffle any remaining animosity he might harbor toward the late Kael. But he and others make little effort to hide their disapproval of another deceased scribe, Bosley Crowther, the longtime *New York Times* critic whose ‘moralistic view’ of movies drove him to pan *Bonnie and Clyde*.” Alas, times change, and woe to those who don’t notice. The latter-day film criticism of the late Herman Weinberg suffered the same fate.

But, who remembers? Does anyone read newspapers or magazines purely for their film criticism these days? Are there enough movies being made to get intellectually excited about? Well, I subscribed to the *New York Observer* for the privilege of reading Andrew Sarris. Although I am still subscribing, I’m not entirely sure that rationale extends to Rex Reed. Stuart Klawans can be great, but *The Nation* doesn’t carry his reviews every week. So should I go back to *The New Republic*, now that it is under new ownership? I’ll certainly stick with *The Threepenny Review*, a “little” magazine disguised as a tabloid, the features good reviews by Steve Vineberg: the latest issue, No. 130 (Summer 2012), for example, covers *Hugo* and *The Artist* wonderfully well. And there are further surprises to be found in the *TLS* on a fairly regular basis. But no one quite up to the level of Andrew Sarris. May he rest in peace.

Fantastically Speaking . . .

By Jim Welsh

***The Gothic Imagination: Conversations on Fantasy, Horror, and Science Fiction in the Media.* John C. Tibbetts (2011)**

New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 416 pp., ISBN 978-0-230-11817-1, Paperback . \$27.95. Hardcover, \$90.00

Reviewed by J.M. Welsh, PhD, Salisbury University Emeritus (Maryland, USA)

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Maybe it’s a right-brain/left-brain problem. Author/interviewer John Tibbetts is also an artist and therefore he *thinks* differently from the rest of us. (He also *sees* differently, but more on that anon.) He can’t help it. He wants to write a book about the acrobatic American silent movie star Douglas Fairbanks, for example, so he wants to call it something poetic like “The Choreography of Hope,” which tells readers *nothing* about Fairbanks, or his costume film antics, or swashbuckling silent movies, or matinee idols. He edits a book of interviews with s/f and fantasy authors and illustrators and filmmakers and stars, so he calls it “The Gothic Imagination,” and hopes that reviewers may somehow find it. Luckily, Michael Dirda of *The Washington Post* did find it and reviewed it for the paper’s *Book World* pages. Next thing you know, Tibbetts is being interviewed on radio from Kansas City, where he lives.

My contention would be that this interview book is *really* about adaptation, not only adaptation, but Adaptation Writ Large. Tibbetts covers, for example, the obvious classic Gothic novels: “All of the boundaries of Gothic themes and tropes, particularly the Frankenstein and Dracula prototypes,” he writes, “are being redrawn and reimagined, particularly in the novels of Brian Aldiss,” (p.285), who is interviewed in the “Postmodern Gothic” section of the book. Aldiss claims that “the beginnings of real science fiction” were adapted from the Gothic novel. “The impulse behind my writing *Frankenstein Unbound* was, in a way, exegetical. I hoped to explain to people what Shelley’s story was really about. She wants to deal with the ‘secret fears

of our nature.’ I’ve always thought yes, that’s one of the things that real science fiction does: treat ‘the secret fears of our nature.’ It’s by no means about the future. Hence, I wrote my Frankenstein book.” (p.330) Aldiss later discusses the Stanley Kubrick adaptation of his story “Super Toys Last All Summer Long.” Then came the screenplay, a “process [that] took years,” discussed here in detail.

Other interviews discuss other movie adaptations: Peter Straub felt “almost personally wounded after I realized what had happened to my book,” *Ghost Story* (p.306). Stephen King discusses *Carrie* and *The Shining*. Tibbetts has two interviews with Chris Van Allsburg, whose *Polar Express* was adapted to film by Robert Zemeckis in 2004. Or how about Maurice Sendak discussing a one-act opera adapted from *Where the Wild Things Are*? Sendak was painting sets when Tibbetts interviewed him! Then there’s the “conversation” with Ray Bradbury and Ray Harryhausen, who grew up together in Los Angeles during the 1930s.

I first saw the Tibbetts book in Connecticut on my way to Toronto in the autumn of 2011. In Toronto I bought another spacey book, Margaret Atwood’s *In Other Worlds: SF and the Human Imagination* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd., 2011), then, upon looking into it, I wondered why Tibbetts didn’t include Margaret Atwood or Ursula Le Guin? Were they not Gothic-worthy? Tibbetts could say, as Ms. Atwood does in her Introduction, the book that

follows “is not a catalogue of science fiction, a grand theory about it, or a literary history of it. It is not a treatise, it is not definitive, it is not exhaustive Rather it is an exploration of my own lifelong relationship with a literary form, or forms” Atwood’s as a writer, Tibbetts’s as an interviewer and cultural gadfly. For the Tibbetts collection is a very personal one, going back to his childhood and dedicated to his father, James C. Tibbetts (1917-1998), “member of First Fandom, who first showed me the way to the worlds of wonder.” The father, an enthusiastic and widely-known collector of fantasy, corresponded with Edgar Rice Burroughs and named his son John Carter Tibbetts after John Carter of Mars.

The reason John Tibbetts did not include Margaret Atwood, by the way, was that he had not personally met and interviewed her, as he had done with all of the writers and celebrities he could track down, after his tributes to H.P. Lovecraft and Edgar Rice Burroughs. A personable broadcast journalist for years in Kansas City and once the editor of a movie fanzine, Tibbetts had opportunities most writers would have lacked. Active in a major media market in Kansas City, he was invited on movie junkets, which explains his interviews with the *Star Trek* character actors and with *Superman* star Christopher Reeves. It was on a *Batman* junket in 1989 that Tibbetts noticed Bob Kane, sitting isolated in a restaurant (since he was not a central part of the Hollywood hoopla for the Tim Burton movie), and sought him out for an interview and ended up with a personalized sketch of Batman and Robin, reproduced in the book. In other words, this book is loaded with surprises, for anyone interested in questions of adaptation or, more generally, in science fiction, fantasy, or the Gothic imagination.

For example, Tibbetts, himself an artist and illustrator, is interested in how Old World paintings have been “adapted” to New World settings and Americanized by Walt Disney, who, according to art historian Albert Boime (1933-2008) “draws” upon “dozens of European artists and fairy-tale illustrators for his animated features” (p.203) or German director F.W. Murnau, who “used the drawings of several of Goethe’s *Faust* illustrators as models for his film, *Faust*” in 1926. Or Ken Russell, who used Henry Fuseli’s “Nightmare” in his film *Gothic* (1986). Such examples are not, to my knowledge, commonly discussed in books treating adaptation theory. As noted earlier, Tibbetts *sees* differently.

He also *listens* for adaptations, as the author of books on Antonín Dvořák and Robert Schumann. Is it common knowledge that Claude Debussy used atonal systems to evoke the terrors of Edgar Allan Poe and attempted an opera adaptation of “The Fall of the House of Usher”

or that Ravel's *Gaspard de la nuit*, a piano work, was "inspired by what George Moore once called the 'mad and morbid' prose poems of Aloysius Bertrand"? (p.279).

More obvious examples abound as well: Tibbetts interviews Robert Bloch (1917-1994), whose novel *Psycho* (1959) was famously adapted to film by Alfred Hitchcock in 1960. "*Psycho* is *not* a movie about a shower scene," Bloch advised Tibbetts: "It's a movie about the secrets of human beings, that they carry around with them" (p.30). One concludes, therefore, that awful shower scene *must* be distracting? So *Psycho* confronts "secret fears of our nature"? Something to ponder on a dark and stormy night.

How good is this book? Well, in February of 2012 it *was* nominated by the Horror Writers of America for their "superior achievement" 2011 Bram Stoker Award in non-fiction. It *is* a pleasure to read.

David T. Johnson. *Richard Linklater* (2012). Urbana: University of Illinois Press. 177 pages. Paperback, \$22.00. Hardcover, \$70.00.

Reviewed by Peter Lev, Department of Electronic Media and Film, Towson University, Towson, MD, USA

This short volume could be described as reluctantly auteurist. David T. Johnson (co-editor of *Literature/Film Quarterly*) mentions that he has some doubts about the auteur theory of film, because 1. filmmaking is a highly collaborative undertaking; and 2. auteurist readings tend to obscure other useful ways of thinking about a film. Nevertheless, Johnson finds himself defending auteurism as an empirical and aesthetic position, as in this passage on *The School of Rock* (2003): "Viewed now, with its outsider protagonist, love for popular music, antiauthoritarian sympathy, allusions, and humor, the film seems like a clear fit with the rest of Linklater's work, even as it represents a break as well, at least with the immediate past.... That Linklater's film, as well as the two that follow [*Before Sunset* and *Bad News Bears*] should seem both inevitable and surprising speaks to the genuine pleasures that his career path... always seems capable of delivering" (p. 75). Though Linklater veers between commercial Hollywood projects and quirky low budget films, Johnson sees pleasurable connections in his body of work—a refreshing concept that too rarely makes its way into academic film books.

Perhaps the most interesting claim that Johnson makes for Linklater as a serious film artist is that his work explores cinema as an art of time. For example, some Linklater films use the French New Wave technique of "temps morts," moments where little or nothing happens yet the image, sound and duration are essential to the film's structure. Linklater also experiments with more-or-less "real time," sequences where film duration matches closely with our experience of real duration, as when Celine and Jesse take a late afternoon walk through Paris in *Before Sunset* (2004). Linklater's most exciting time experiment links two films. *Before Sunset*'s Celine and Jesse (played by Julie Delpy and Ethan Hawke) are characters that were introduced in Linklater's 1995 film *Before Sunrise*, so by presenting them again Linklater shows how both actors and characters have altered over nine years. Johnson connects this dual perspective with the idea that cinema is a record of mortality, quoting André Bazin's "mummy complex" and Roland Barthes' thought that photography is "a contact with death" (p. 88). He leaves out Jean Cocteau's potent statement along the same lines: "The cinema is death at work." In the context of the two films, the obvious aging of the actors/characters suggests both a grievous loss (nine

years have passed without these very compatible lovers making contact) and an intense new possibility (death is at work, so seize the day).

The interview between Johnson and Linklater that concludes the book shows that despite his very informal way of speaking Linklater is thoroughly conscious of cinema as an art of time, and of himself as the product of various influences including both Hollywood and European films. A cinephile, Linklater sees his founding of the Austin Film Society and his film production work as tightly linked, “the way Truffaut and Godard said, I could edit an issue of *Cahiers du Cinéma* or make a film, they’re kind of the same” (p. 130). His discussion of the film *Me and Orson Welles* (2009) is imbued with a sense of how important Welles was, and is, to film, theatre, and American culture (pp. 146-147). Johnson also asks Linklater about a fascinating work in progress, filmed once a year, following a boy as he grows up; a twelve year process is planned, and should now be almost complete. Naturally, Linklater cites Truffaut’s *The 400 Blows*—and, by implication, the later Antoine Doinel films—as an antecedent to his project (p. 148).

Film scholar Vivian Sobchack once told me at an SCMS conference that any book that impelled her to view one or more films was a success. By this standard, Dave Johnson’s book on Richard Linklater is a slam dunk. I have seen *Slacker* (1991), *Before Sunrise*, and *Before Sunset*; somehow, via the complex interweaving of personal taste and media publicity that so affects film viewing, I was not drawn to other Linklater films. However, Johnson persuasively argues that all of Linklater’s films and videos are worth viewing, and that the whole body of work adds up to more than the individual parts. I have many hours of happy viewing ahead.