



Figure 1. Installation view of *Les Justes au Panthéon*
(*The Righteous at the Pantheon*, France, 2007)

Passion, Commitment, Compassion: *Les Justes au Panthéon* by Agnès Varda

Sandy Flitterman-Lewis

Somewhere in chapter 3 of *The Beaches of Agnès* (*Les plages d'Agnès*, France, 2008), Agnès Varda's autobiographical celebration of her eighty years, she discusses her childhood and early youth in the port town of Sète. The sequence is redolent with Varda's characteristic blend of personal revelation and social observation, something that defines her unique experimental voice. But this sequence is far from the typical nostalgic reverie that we encounter in so many autobiographical works. Embedded within the account of the family's move to Sète during the great exodus of World War II—a collection of sunny images of houseboat life and joyful games (plus the typical Vardian ironic shock shot of a man exposing himself)—is a sequence in which Varda describes in detail her 2007 installation at the Pantheon in the heart of Paris. Commissioned to commemorate the placement in the Pantheon's crypt of a plaque honoring the many “Righteous” who saved Jewish children during the war, it was part of the inaugural ceremonies attended by survivors and scholars of

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the Shoah and dignitaries from around the world, as well as the general public. The honorees, by now mostly deceased, were the 2,600 French individuals, some known and many anonymous, who made it possible that three-fourths of the Jewish population survived the French variant of the Shoah, which saw the deportation of 76,000 Jews to Auschwitz and other extermination camps. For sixty years these rescuers remained invisible, until President Jacques Chirac made the decision to honor them in the marble crypt alongside martyred resistance leader Jean Moulin. He asked Agnès Varda—whose relation to the tragedy as a fourteen-year-old girl who didn't really know Jews was somewhat limited—to create an installation for the dedication ceremony. Her dazzling solution is a breathtaking combination of historical recognition and minutely detailed, intensely personal fictive vignettes, which inscribe a distinctive female voice and sensibility in this institutional hall celebrating great men.

While the installation was intended to last one weekend in January, the lines outside the Pantheon after the official opening led to an extension of two more weeks (Varda later reproduced a version of the installation for the Festival d'Avignon in July 2007). As all installations are fleeting, lacking extensive documentation and existing for a finite period of time, it is very difficult to grasp their process and reception. In fact, in the third phase of a career that spanned six and a half decades, Varda embraced this form for its spectatorial freedom, its liberated possibilities of invention, and its radical reformulation of the cinematic experience. For *Les Justes au Panthéon* (*The Righteous at the Pantheon*, France, 2007) Varda displayed photos of the rescuers and some of their fictional counterparts on the floor of the Pantheon. Surrounding them, a ten-minute film loop of fictive scenes of rescue was projected on four screens: two in color and two in the black-and-white newsreel style of the World War II era. As Varda describes it, she wanted to create an evocative, fragmented, historical, and subjective vision: “Memories, faces, landscapes, feelings. Yesterday, and today as well.”¹ In the program for the ceremony, she adds, “While they are watching this double film on separate screens, I wanted [the visitors to the Pantheon] to experience many fragmented feelings, bits of emo-

tion linked both to History and to certain key images of our collective memories.”²

For a long time, access to this short film was available only through an internet search. Then it was finally collected as a bonus to Varda’s 2017 *Tout(e) Varda: L’intégrale Agnès Varda* box set, placed among the surprise features, which included a recipe for chard au gratin and a 35mm strip from one of her films, *One Hundred and One Nights* (*Les cent et une nuits de Simon Cinéma*, UK/France, 1995), a comprehensive and joyful survey of cinematic history. Whereas the installation itself is elusive, Varda offers an ingenious solution in *The Beaches of Agnès*: she embeds the installation and her creative process within an account of personal memory in her autobiographical film. By manipulating temporalities and making the installation part of her own subjective and creative history, Varda invents a way to personalize the historical and to immortalize the ephemeral.

In keeping with Varda’s taste for proliferating forms, *The Beaches of Agnès* was soon accompanied by an illustrated text. This book is in the collage mode that Varda loves: references and asso-



Figure 2. *Les Justes au Panthéon* (France, 2007)

ciations are encouraged since they go beyond the fixity of the cinematic form. The complete text of Varda's ubiquitous voice-over is reproduced along with a relatively random selection of images from the visual track, virtually detached from their predetermined and immutable relation to the soundtrack, in favor of what coeditors Freddy Denaës and Gaël Teicher call "narrative importance or visual force."³ In suggesting readings that ebb and flow like the tides that are the central metaphor of *Beaches*, they aim to "respect the fluidity of the text, with no indication of the place or person who speaks [in conversation with Varda], leaving the spectator/reader the liberty to zigzag between the words and visual indices, in order to reconstruct one's own memory of the film, between the simple pleasure rendered by the text of a writer and that offered by the film by the same Agnès Varda, cineaste" (2). This perfect interaction of image and text with spectatorial pleasure and imagination is part of the Vardian *ars poetica* and, as such, profoundly illustrates the intention and practice of her installation in the Pantheon. The created environment of the installation, embedded in the film and mirrored in the book, thus reverberates with simultaneous visions and sensations, allowing the individual subjectivity of the viewer/reader to merge with a felt sense of history.

In this mode, Varda addresses her historic work, her work of history, from the standpoint of personal engagement. This section of the book and the film are titled "Plages de Sète." This section matches text with four photograms of Varda walking backward on the beach (and literalizing the cinematic effort to evoke her childhood). She begins with a precise memory: "In school we had two obligations: to wear the blue-checked Vichy pinafores and to sing praises for old Marshal Pétain." The girls sing, their song resonant with the spirit of the period, "Maréchal, nous voilà," evoking the triad "Travail, Famille, Patrie" that replaced "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité" in Vichy France (14). More wartime memories lead to a short recollection of camping with the Girl Scouts and the realization, years later, that some of the girls were led to freedom in Switzerland because, unbeknownst to Varda at the time, they were Jewish (16). This then allows Varda to turn, appropriately, to the installation that she created in the Pantheon.

Fifty years later I made a short film on the horror that was inflicted on the Jews and also on those named the Righteous, because they saved thousands of children. They were peasants, pastors, and priests, school principals, and ordinary folks. . . . I placed their photographs and those of anonymous others on the Pantheon's floor below several screens. Viewers saw the vile spectacle of French gendarmes arresting Jewish children, forcing them toward the extermination camps. To speak of it and to film it, even in fiction, makes me shudder. (43)

The book's editors chose three images taken from the ten-minute loop to illustrate these words. Each medium close-up depicts a kepi-wearing gendarme arresting Jews. On the next page are photos of two of the actual "Righteous" selected from the many photos Varda had chosen from the Musée-Mémorial de la Shoah's archives and elsewhere—portraits of Jean Kroutz and Jeanne Vallat. Finally, a full-page image of the installation in its entirety (including one of the images of arrest on the giant screen) emphasizes the singularity of the armed state against the vast and populous throng of ordinary French rescuers (yesterday) and of viewers (today) (17–19). Still, the flow of the film itself is more comprehensive, for it is with the actual screening of *Beaches* that the historic impact of the installation is strongest. In the program for the Pantheon ceremony, Varda chooses her words with precision: "Three hundred archival photographs, posed on the floor like open books; two films on four screens, in the style of Occupation newsreels or fictional and fleeting vignettes, and a large tree projected on a screen at the back of the nave."⁴ Varda's characteristic interest in dialectics creates what she calls a "double-récit":⁵ the Righteous and the children, photo portraits and cinema, vibrant nature and solid marble. The same precision is shown in the images she chooses (from the abundance in the installation's film loops) to accompany her description in *Beaches*, where page numbers no longer pose a limit.

The transition from recollection to installation is achieved with the sudden and stunning appearance of the most recognized symbol of the Shoah in France: the yellow felt star inscribed with the word *Juif*. Offered in a close-up while a pair of tailor's scissors

lies next to it and patient hands sew stitches, this symbol of the process of social exclusion, normalized isolation, and eventual deportation of Jews under the Occupation is our entry into the world of the Righteous and Varda's composition. The yellow star, imposed by the Decree of 29 May 1942, required all Jews over the age of six to visibly declare their difference from the so-called authentic French population. In Varda's cinematic artistry it signals both the world of personal memory that spans decades, from youthful insouciance to artistic intervention, and the imperative of public recognition that the installation represents. For *Les Justes au Pantheon*, the star appears early in the film loop, an abrupt and vivid transition from the familiar black-and-white newsreel footage of Nazis under the Arc de Triomphe, swastika-adorned buildings, and, significantly, a phone booth with the admonition *Accès interdit aux Juifs*. The Magen David belongs to a series of what Varda calls "key images," images whose iconic significance telegraphs a collective meaning: a tree whose burst of red leaves suggests the Burning Bush, a stamp on an identity card marking *Juif*, a false baptismal certificate, a suitcase, a basket of food, a child's blanket, and so forth. There is also a wordless sound collage of familiar noises, such as shouts, train whistles, typewriter clacking, farm animals, and in one scene, a Yiddish lullaby. After a brief discussion of the historical background, I return to a description of the installation itself.

Passion

Agnès Varda has always been one to explore and document the diverse lives and social realities of those whose experience differs from hers. With curiosity as her lodestar, she transforms the investigative gaze, and even the gendered gaze, into a compassionate engagement with the Other. Varda's interest in people (the fishermen of Sète, the merchants on her street), in politics (Black Panthers, Cuba, women's rights), in different social contracts (bourgeois marriage, popular muralist groups, scavengers), and always in children (and families of all kinds) has informed every part of her oeuvre, from photography to film to installation art. And although there is a constant sociological refrain, her films are far

from the traditional inquiries of sociology. In fact, the perpetual movement from the publicly factual to the subjective and intimate, the border between them continually contested, is something that defines her art. In the Pantheon, this blending becomes the key to the power of the installation, for here, Varda's passion for a history that is in one way not her own becomes a shared passion for collective history and its contemporary ramifications.

That *Les Justes* focuses on Jewish children and their rescuers is not an arbitrary choice. What has come to be known as the “War against Children” in Occupied France literally began on 16–17 July 1942, a date that has been called the “hinge” of the Occupation for its status as a turning point in both the persecution and the rescue of Jews. The roundup of entire Jewish families—for the first time—led to the widespread phenomenon of “hidden children” and the many forms of heroic rescue that worked in the shadows and on the margins of the established lines of resistance. Their recognition was only gradual; it can be said to have culminated in the 2007 ceremony in the Pantheon where Varda's installation celebrated, in an unexpected and enduring way, those people hidden from history. The Vel' d'Hiv roundup is the name given by historians to the sudden but systematically prepared roundup of Jewish men, women, and children by French police. Vel' d'Hiv is shorthand for the *Vélodrome d'Hiver*, the glass-domed winter cycling stadium where over fourteen hundred Jews were held for a week without food or water before being deported to their deaths in the East. Previously only “suspect” foreign Jewish men were sought for deportation, so the unexpected arrest of women and children, two-thirds of the detainees, put Jewish children in particular in immediate danger.

Weeks passed while French and German officials discussed what to do with the children once the parents were deported. This “bartered brood” became the singular endangered population, such that when the arrested children finally followed their parents, from whom they had been separated in the holding camps, all Jewish children in the general French population were placed in danger. At the same time, networks for rescuing Jewish children were organized, clandestine safe houses were formed, and relays



Figures 3–4. *Les Justes au Panthéon* (France, 2007)



Figures 5–6. *Les Justes au Panthéon* (France, 2007)



Figures 7–8. *Les Justes au Panthéon* (France, 2007)



Figures 9–10. *Les Justes au Panthéon* (France, 2007)



Figures 11–12. *Les Justes au Panthéon* (France, 2007)

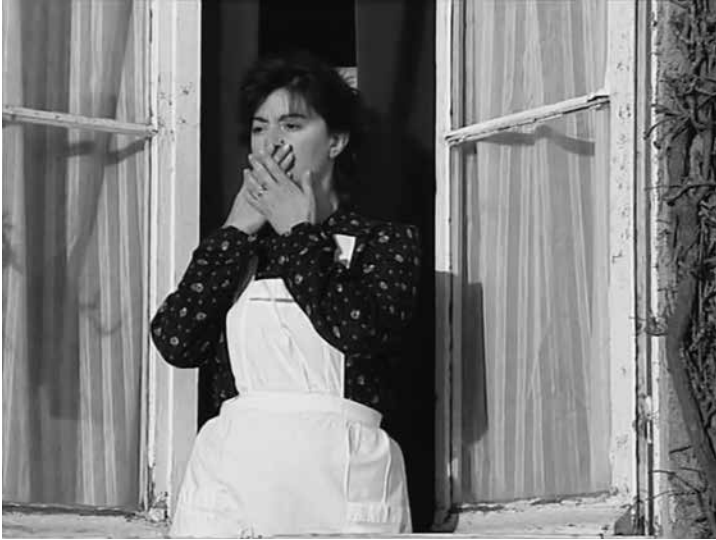


Figure 13. *Les Justes au Panthéon* (France, 2007)

of escape and underground flight were mapped out. Thus, given Varda's traditional concerns, it is no surprise that her installation honoring the thousands of French rescuers would also emphasize the relations between these heroes and their juvenile charges. In her hands, the celebration of the Righteous became the honoring of Jewish memory at the same time; while most of the rescuers are very old or no longer alive, the children that were saved are living memorials to the human capacity for goodness and ethical behavior.

Commitment

Varda's commitment to make the stories of the Righteous palpable, to combine the images of real people with those in her fictions, and to evoke the silences of the hidden children themselves materialized in a set of ingenious solutions to the problem of historic memory. To honor the rescuers in her installation, she populated the floor of the Pantheon with their portraits, some in black-and-white (real rescuers), some in color (their fictive counterparts), creating a sort of carpet of righteousness through which

the viewer/participants could wander. She conceived of her installation as an invitation to meditate and to contemplate, along the lines of her praise of artist Christian Boltanski, whose installations Varda said made her feel like “walking through the work instead of standing before it like a picture.”⁶ In addition to the floor of portraits, as noted, Varda created four film loops (two in black-and-white, two in color) comprising vignettes of rescue capable of being perceived instantaneously by a casual, intermittent glance.

In thirteen momentary anecdotes we find (1) a little boy hidden under the protective sleeve of a nun as a Jewish tailor and his family are herded into a police van; (2) a young mother with a suitcase who leaves her two small children at a house in the countryside of the “Zone Libre”; (3) a baptismal certificate signed by a priest; (4) two young Jewish women chatting while a man registers as a Jew at City Hall; (5) two children shaking apples from a tree while they silently indicate *no* to some inquiring gendarmes; (6) the passage of baskets filled with food in the mountains, a detail in close-up; (7) a little girl given to the protective arms of a peasant woman; (8) children playing in a huge tree in the country as a Yiddish song wafts from their perch; (9) adults talking in front of a church while a man gets on his bicycle with a mission of warning; (10) the travel from village to farm by the man on his bicycle; (11) children on a playground being told in a whisper to hide; (12) children at an outside farm table being rushed into a hayloft to hide; and (13) the arrival of the Gestapo, the capture and deportation of two trapped children being marched to a waiting car, and the arrest of their protectors. Each episode ends with a photograph and name of one or two of the Righteous, as the color portrait of each fictional counterpart fades. And yet, it is undeniably the story of Jewish children that Varda tells, finding a way to create, within the prescribed ceremonial honoring the Righteous, a sense of the haunted reality of these children whose experience has been historically erased. The double register—fiction/actuality, French rescuers/Jewish children—a hallmark of Varda’s artistic practice, is most evident in how she approaches the plight of the children, in an oblique movement that changes them from abstractions to living beings. These actors are no longer characters; they are attitudes,

gestures, and ideas concretized in the space of an instant, telling the double story of the rescuers and the rescued. Varda explains: “I wanted to tell this story with a certain naturalness, making the viewer feel the childhood of these little ones, their loneliness, the omnipresent fear, but also the discovery of the countryside.”⁷

Compassion

I have noted elsewhere that Varda’s *Les Justes* conveys an overwhelming presence of “empathetic reciprocity,” the recognition of a common network of caring relations that holds us all together.⁸ The varied filmed vignettes are exquisite, emblematic gems of hiding and rescue, each radiating compassion in a different circumstance. Within the grandeur of the majestic hall, the installation celebrates intimate, individual acts of loving kindness.⁹ In fact, all of Agnès Varda’s work, in each of her self-identified phases as photographer, cineaste, and visual artist, foregrounds a relational aesthetic that embraces artist, viewer, and subject in a social bond born of a compassionate commitment to humanity. “Nothing is banal if you film with empathy and love,” declares the cineaste in her final film, *Varda by Agnès (Varda par Agnès, France, 2019)*, and in retrospect, this underlines the contemporary imperative for moral action evoked by her installation in the Pantheon.

Interestingly, our return to the very site of the dedication ceremony delivers an unexpected sisterhood, for among the attendees were two exact contemporaries of Agnès, Simone Veil and Marceline Loridan-Ivens, two Jewish women, each with a specific and moving story about her teenage experience of the war. These three French women of profound humanistic conviction, all age fourteen at the time, joined in honoring people of conscience who had been hidden from public recognition for decades. It could be said that an accident of fate dictated their reunion, ten years before Veil’s death, eleven years before Marceline’s, and seven and a half decades after the event that inevitably binds them: the Shoah. Feminist icon Simone Veil (néé Jacob), a Holocaust survivor, created the *Fondation pour la Mémoire de la Shoah* and was its first president. When she was minister of health, she agitated to legalize contraception and

abortion in France; the final law was named “la loi Veil” in her honor. When she was ceremoniously buried in the Pantheon with her husband in 2018, thousands of people attended in the sweltering heat. Her Auschwitz number was prominently displayed in the ceremony and in the crypt.

Marceline Loridan-Ivens (néé Rozenberg), that diminutive ball of energy with a wild halo of red hair, is increasingly recognized as one of the most prolific witnesses of the Shoah, having been a prisoner in her teenage years and filming and writing about her experience of familial losses literally up until the day of her death. Her public life is framed, start (*Chronicle of a Summer* [*Chronique d'un été* (Paris 1960), dir. Edgar Morin and Jean Rouch, France, 1961]) to finish (her 2018 novel *L'amour après*, cowritten with Judith Perrignon), by the intimate, searing memory of loss, a yearning to survive, and a commitment to remember. After her husband, documentarist Joris Ivens, died in 1989, Loridan made her first and only fiction feature at age seventy-five, *The Birch-Tree Meadow* (*La petite prairie aux bouleaux*, France/Germany/Poland, 2003). The film takes its name from the translation of Birkenau, the concentration camp where Loridan was imprisoned and where her father was murdered. At the time of Simone Veil's induction into the “hall of great men,” Loridan said, “I felt like all the girls of Birkenau entered the Pantheon.”¹⁰

Finally, it turns out that after Veil's death, a short video was circulated that had Simone and Marceline sitting on a bed, characteristically laughing and reminiscing about their time together as teenagers in Auschwitz-Birkenau. This is a visual reminder of Marceline's wild sense of humor that not only helped others survive but also survived the war itself. Agnès Varda documented and commemorated the reality that they, as Jewish children, lived. Each of them (Varda in the manner of Franco-German activist and journalist Beate Klarsfeld) has left us a legacy of feminine solidarity, social commitment, and boundless compassion.

The Red Kitchen, the Atelier, and the Courtyard

From the joyful solidarity of *One Sings, the Other Doesn't* (*L'une chant l'autre pas*, France/Soviet Union, 1977), with its celebration of female friendship and positive social action, to the mature recognition of the sanctity of memory and the profound understanding of women's historical power evoked by *Les Justes*, Agnès Varda's work has been the heartbeat of a dedicated feminism that transcends the particularity of specific films and situations. For her valedictory film she came up with her own triad of guiding principles: "inspiration," "création," "partage" (sharing). She speaks of the trio in detail in *Varda by Agnès*, where she outlines her artistic procedure for "exciting the creativity of each person . . . [her] privilege as a director."¹¹ First, there is the raw material, the starting point, images and ideas gleaned from an eclectic and varied life. Then, there is the artistic process, the making of the finished work, a construction molded out of knowledge and dreams. Finally, there is—most importantly—sharing, the ability to give that work to others and to start a conversation, the desire of the spectator and the artist's pleasure as well.¹² Thus it was with a particular sense of joy that I realized there was a correspondence between Varda's trio of watchwords and mine. Varda's inspiration matched my idea of passion; her creation evoked my idea of artistic commitment; and her sharing involved my idea of compassion. An invisible affinity, something I have felt about Agnès for years, materialized for me in the writing of this article. And so I invoke the rubric of this section. The Varda-Demy house on the rue Daguerre was filled with variety, color, and light; articles recognized from her films populate the space: a clock without hands, a heart-shaped potato, a photograph of her mother in the garden, even the cats. As she notes in the booklet accompanying *The Beaches of Agnès*, "The house in Paris. Workplace, lifespace, and homebase, for the whole family. The courtyard is its epicenter, with over fifty years of history to tell. To help tell it, the courtyard was rebuilt on a set, looking as it did in 1951, and after."¹³

I go even further with the creative triangulation: the kitchen is the scene of ideas, something's always cooking; the atelier is the

scene of work, resembling a medieval workshop and reminding Varda of Demy; and the courtyard is a special scene of sharing, a place to exchange ideas in the casual setting of food and friendship. Anyone who's seen a picture of Varda or met her in person knows immediately that she has an exquisite sense of color: purple and mauve scarves, patterned ethnic tunics, unusual combinations of fabric and design. This extends to her surroundings: vibrant pink and Greek blue in the courtyard, bright red tile in the kitchen. This kitchen is something stunning to see, this defiance of established norms and a refusal to conform to the conventional feminine space. At the same time, Varda adapts this space of cultural givens to her own vision, one of unexpected vibrancy and joyful novelty. Varda has invited us into her atelier in many of her films, the clutter always reminding us that visual ideas often emerge in creative chaos. Most notably, in *The Gleaners and I* (*Les glaneurs et la glaneuse*, France, 2000) she lets this space create parallels with the wide variety of gleaners and environments that she has explored throughout the film.

But most important to me personally is that leafy courtyard where one sunny day in June 2007, Agnès and I had tea while she explained her installation in the Pantheon in January. She told me about the ordinary people who hid or saved Jews during the war and about the children who so intrigued her, and, leaping about in time from her youth to the present moment, she delighted in telling me about her experiences and her process. She even showed me the maquette, with a kind of anticipatory excitement because she was going to mount the installation in Avignon. Sometime after the conference in Rennes where I presented my paper, Varda made *The Beaches of Agnès* with the aforementioned inclusion of that very installation. When I saw her afterward I congratulated her on noting *Les Justes* in the film, and she responded, characteristically, "Et les juifs!" From my perspective today, I marvel at how *Les Justes* has moved from a footnote in the Varda canon (difficult to see and not necessarily noted in discussions of her installations) to a memorable position of prominence and visual power in one of her most personal masterworks.

And finally, for me, the most wonderful example of Varda's *partage* is her inscription in the book that contains the French ver-

sion of my essay on *Les Justes*. Agnès Varda: *Le cinéma et au-delà*, is a collection of the papers presented at a conference in her honor in November 2007.¹⁴ I asked Agnès to sign my copy when she was in New York, and without a moment's hesitation she invoked the empathetic relay that is so central to her work, the *I* of creation and the *you* of reception in a productive back-and-forth that reverberates with perpetual connection. She wrote: "Chère Sandy FL, Merci pour ta vision de mon travail. Agnès V."

Notes

This is a version of a paper presented at "Virtual Varda." I dedicate it to my twin sister, Sharon, and her husband, David, in gratitude for their help in its preparation. And thanks, as ever, to my husband, Joel, for his poetic insights.

1. Quoted in Armelle Héliot, "Les Justes au Panthéon," *Le Figaro*, 22 December 2007. Here I want to mention two corrective points, suggested to me by Nancy Lefenfeld, author of *The Fate of Others: Rescuing Jewish Children on the French-Swiss Border* (Clarksville, MD: Timbrel, 2013): "In France the term *les Justes* is basically synonymous with those designated by Yad Vashem as *Righteous Among the Nations* (formerly called *righteous gentiles*). It does not encompass Jews who were themselves engaged in the work of saving other Jews. Networks of Jews worked hand in hand with networks predominantly Catholic or Protestant or Quaker, etc. Also (in spite of my title) I have long argued that the word *rescue* is a poor one to use for talking about this subject. I advocate using the term *humanitarian resistance* instead." Phone conversation with Lefenfeld, 6 July 2020.
2. *Hommage de la Nation aux Justes de France*, program for the *Les Justes au Panthéon* installation at the Pantheon, 18 January 2007, 7.
3. Freddy Denaës and Gaël Teicher, eds., *Les plages d'Agnès: Texte illustré* (Montreuil, France: Les Editions de l'Oeil, 2010).
4. *Hommage de la Nation aux Justes de France*, 7.
5. This term is from a personal conversation, although Varda has said similar things in various interviews.
6. *Agnès de ci de là Varda* (*Agnès Varda: From Here to There*, France, 2011).

7. *Hommage aux Justes de France*, program for the *Les Justes au Panthéon* installation in Avignon, 7–27 July 2007.
8. Sandy Flitterman-Lewis, “Varda: The Gleaner and the Just,” in *Situating the Feminist Gaze and Spectatorship in Postwar Cinema*, ed. Marcelline Block (Newcastle upon Tyne: Cambridge Scholars, 2008), 214–25.
9. The Book of Ruth, an ancient Hebrew text, is part of the Bible, as is the Book of Esther, the only two Books attributed to women. The Book of Ruth is included in the third division of the Writings of the Hebrew Bible. As I write in another essay on *Les Justes*: “The Book of Ruth has another title, *The Book of Chesed* (loving kindness, *caritas*, compassionate tenderness—there is no exact translation) because it is about relations of generosity and kindness among human beings, inspired in the Book of Ruth by women’s caring for each other.” Flitterman-Lewis, “Varda,” 222.
10. Loridan says this in *Marceline. A Woman. A Century (Marceline, une femme, un siècle*, dir. Cordelia Dvorak, France/Netherlands, 2017).
11. Quoted on the display accompanying the Varda retrospective at Film at Lincoln Center, December 2019–January 2020.
12. This is a rough approximation taken from the same beautiful and engaging display.
13. Sleeve notes, *The Beaches of Agnès* (DVD, Criterion Collection, 2008).
14. Antony Fiat, Roxanne Hamery, and Éric Thouvenal, eds., *Agnès Varda: Le cinéma et au-delà* (Rennes: Presses Universitaires de Rennes, 2009).

Sandy Flitterman-Lewis is an internationally recognized scholar on Agnès Varda. Her book *To Desire Differently: Feminism and French Cinema* (1st ed., 1990; 2nd ed., 1996) was the first sustained examination of Varda’s career in English and has proved foundational for subsequent work on the filmmaker. She is one of four founding editors of *Camera Obscura* and is also a founding coeditor of the cultural studies journal *Discourse*. Her current work is on Jewish families in France during World War II, the subject of her conference “Hidden Voices: Childhood, the Family, and Antisemitism in Occupation France,” Columbia University, 4–5 April 1998.



Figure 14. Sandy Flitterman-Lewis with Agnès Varda at the Université de Rennes, November 2007