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Really amazing things. That was very moving and exciting. It was really exciting to know that women in Africa liked it.

### Note

A version of this interview originally appeared in *Scungetti's* 10 (Autumn 2006): 30–33.

## The Gleaners and “Us”

The Radical Modesty of Agnès Varda's *Les Glaneurs et la glaneuse*

In both its formal and thematic choices, *Les Glaneurs et la glaneuse* (*The Gleaners and I*, 2000) is one of Agnès Varda's most experimental films to date. The documentary's delicate themes of poverty, aging, filmmaking, and art warrant this shift toward a more unconventional style. *Gleaners* explores the agricultural tradition of *glaneage*, the legalized practice of culling leftover food from fields after the harvest. Varda journeys from France's rural fields to its urban markets to meet and, with her handheld DV camera, to chronicle the lives of *glaneurs* of all sorts. Through her direct address to the camera, her voice-over commentary, and her associative editing choices, she reveals that some *glane* out of necessity while others *glane* as a lifestyle choice or in rebellion against commercialism and consumer waste. These diverse people, their life conditions, and their reasons for *glaneage* seem unrelated at first, but over the course of the film, Varda draws remarkable social connections among them. Such unusual connections question and upend conventions concerning subjects worthy of documentation, since Varda chooses to include not traditional documentary fare but quite the opposite: moments of banality, images of aging and decay, and interviews with social outcasts. *Gleaners* encourages viewers to connect the motives one might expect for *glaneage*, such as poverty and adversity, to more unexpected ones, such as resourcefulness, tradition, art, and activism.

Varda recognizes that her task as documentary filmmaker parallels that of other *glaneurs*, though her voice-over says that instead of grains or fruit she *glane*s “acts, gestures, and information” with her camera. Moments selected from her travels and her many hours of footage self-reflexively acknowledge

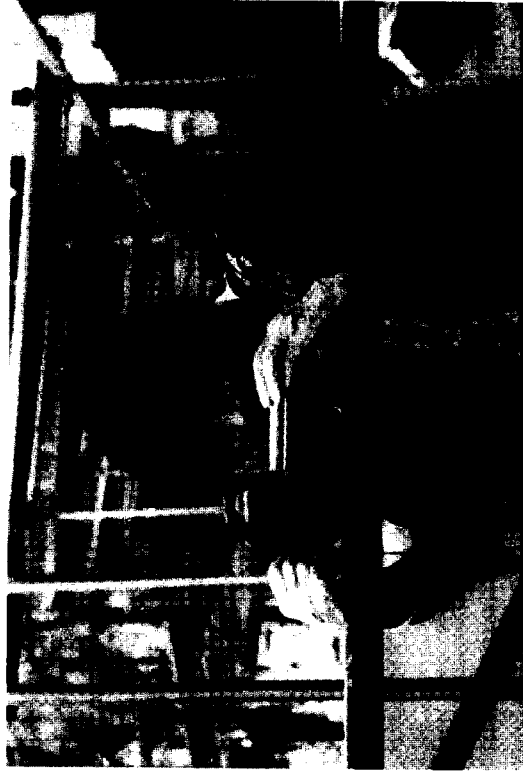
her own role as, in her words, a "gleaner of images": *la glaneuse*. By extension, Varda's methodology in *Gleaners* underscores that documentary filmmaking itself is always a form of gleaning, conditioned by what a filmmaker finds valuable while shooting on location, which footage the filmmaker selects for inclusion in a film, and how the filmmaker chooses to arrange those selections for an audience. Varda describes this approach to filmmaking as educational: "Every time you make a film, you learn something. You approach other people, other people's work, some landscape you never noticed before. It's like giving sudden life to what you see and capturing the beauty in it."<sup>1</sup>

What makes *Gleaners* unique is Varda's profound manipulation of address in the process of achieving these effects. By modifying the modes of address, identification, and narration particular to the documentary genre, Varda hails both her viewers and the people she films—including herself—as active participants in *Gleaners*. This narrational style, which I call "filming in the second person," creatively locates Varda within her arguments while maintaining a firm commitment to the people she talks to, gleaners and viewers alike. As a result Varda's film conveys as much about herself and her spectators as her many acquaintances who glean. She draws poignant connections among these seemingly disparate groups, and the resulting eighty-two-minute film engenders a complex but direct circle of communication among filmmaker, filmed subjects, and viewing audience. In this essay I examine how Varda's filming in the second person contemplates the social politics of gleaning while simultaneously using her innovative filmic "you" to scrutinize the structures of documentary representation itself.

Indeed, the film is full of not only people revealing themselves but people revealing themselves to each other. With her onscreen presence, Varda connects with the gleaners she meets, and her physical proximity to them serves as a reminder that she shares in the conditions of their lives. Varda explains, "I asked people to reveal themselves, to give a lot of themselves; so I thought that the film should also reveal a little about the filmmakers, that I should just use a little bit of myself in it."<sup>2</sup> Underscoring this association is one of the film's most self-reflexive moments, one wherein Varda playfully adopts the pose of Jules Breton's *La Glaneuse* for the camera, balancing a bundle of wheat proudly on her shoulder before dropping it in favor of her DV camera. Though seemingly whimsical, it is significant that she adopts the pose of the *subject* of the painting here: the gleaner herself, not the artist himself. In doing so, she creates an explicit connection with her interview subjects, breaking down the barriers between filmed subjects and filmmaker.

### Meeting *la Glaneuse* and *les Glaneurs*

Furthering the investigative style she has practiced throughout her career—especially in *Sans toit ni loi* (*Vagabond*, 1985)—Varda is always present in *Gleaners*, whether she physically appears onscreen, asks questions offscreen, comments in voice-over, or frames the image as her point of view. Her insistence on placing herself within the film reminds us that Varda's gleaning and assembly of these images necessarily shapes the documentary story. Her connection to gleaning is further advanced by an onscreen interrogation of her own aging process. With clever wit and a good dose of humor, she often compares the rot of vegetables in fields or detritus in the streets with her own aging body, particularly her hands. These scenes are marked by an affable, bittersweet directness and by an extraordinary sense of visual and textural composition. Twice in the film, for example, the crisp, digital images slowly track over her wrinkled hands in close-up—first compared with the rotting, veined flesh of a potato and later with Rembrandt's mottled, aged flesh in a self-portrait. Varda's commentary makes the connections explicit: "That is to say, this is my project: to film with one hand my other hand. To enter into the horror [of it as it ages, decays], I find it extraordinary. . . . And here's



"This is my project: to film one hand with my other hand" (Agnès Varda, *Les glaneurs et la glaneuse*, Ciné-Tamaris, 2000).

Rembrandt's self-portrait, but it's the same thing in fact, it's always a self-portrait."

Similar moments feature highly abstracted close-ups of the roots of her graying hair, cabbages after the harvest, mangled cars after they have been crushed, a lucite clock missing its hands. The film's voice-over and cutting always relate these moments back to Varda's self-portrait of her own aging process, as she dryly comments that "my hair and my hands tell me the end is near" or "a clock without hands, that suits me. You don't see time passing." Again, although somewhat whimsical, the ensuing pauses in her commentary and elevated minor-key music render each of these confessions disquieting; yet these explorations of her own aging approach a more fascinated than fearful tone. Her close framings in loving detail almost fetishize these harbingers of death and, in an adept feminist move, revalue the physical signs of age that society chooses to malign.

This exploration of aging parallels that of gleaning in powerful ways. Considered together, both themes mark an interrogation and reevaluation of what society deems worthy of regard and respect. They embody a kind of eco-feminist subversion of aesthetics, of what Western society considers beautiful and therefore valuable. For in our capitalist patriarchy, one learns to prize the new, the young, the beautiful, the marketable; Varda instead revalues the used, the aged, even the unsightly. She rebelliously asserts that she likes to film "rot, waste, debris." She finds the "horror" of her aging hands "extraordinary," comparing it not to concepts of shame or uselessness but to priceless artworks. She prefers the nonsaleable, misshapen heart-shaped potatoes to the perfectly rounded ones. She praises the Musée en Herbe's program *Poubelle ma belle* ("my beautiful garbage can/trash"), which teaches children to recycle and to appreciate that which is not brand new. The most sustained way in which she embraces this fundamental concept of "my beautiful trash," however, is by gathering the stories of those ignored by society, oppressed by corporations and governments. In short, she strives to increase social awareness of "waste and trash" but also to push that more important and compassionate question in gleaning embodied by "who finds a use for it?"<sup>3</sup>

### Filming in the Second Person: From "I" to "You" to "We"

In hailing her audience as participants in an ongoing conversation about society's attitudes toward poverty, waste, and class, Varda is engaged in breaking the boundary between those onscreen and their viewers, and she does so by filming in the second person. Grammatical person, according to the

*Oxford English Dictionary*, indicates a participant's role as either the speaker (I/we in first person), the addressee (you in second person), or someone or something spoken of (he/she/it/they in third person). Second-person address, rarely used in traditional literature, is most commonly found in travel guides, letters, lyrics, and games. Like literature, cinema traditionally prefers first- or third-person narration, and *Gleaners* employs these strategies as well. Varda occasionally narrates in third person ("they get all their food from trashcans"), though her first-person narration comprises most of the film's spoken commentary ("I wanted to talk to him," "I like filming rot, waste, debris") and nearly all of the film's interviews offer first-person accounts of gleaning.

The most distinctive mode of address in *Gleaners*, however, is the second person. Obvious cinematic uses of the second person include direct address through an eyeline match with the camera and voice-over commentary or dialogue that speaks to "you," the viewer. Varda sometimes narrates in second person ("you don't see time passing"), and she looks at the camera often, but most effective are the gleaners who look and speak directly to the camera/viewer, such as François in his rubber boots and Etienne-Jules Marey's grandson at his vineyard.<sup>4</sup> As the spectator becomes more involved in the stories of these gleaners, the lines between "you" and "them" begin to soften, and Varda thereby encourages her audience to participate in the film's conversations and to care about the people speaking.

Yet *Gleaners* is engaged in an even more radical project than speaking directly to individual spectators about social issues. Arguably, the film's most important project is to interpellate you, the viewer, as an active participant and subject. This, however, is not Louis Althusser's repressive, dominant ideology hailing you.<sup>5</sup> Nor is it classical Hollywood's "textual hailing," as Kaja Silverman describes the "You are now in Bedford Falls" establishing shot of *It's a Wonderful Life*.<sup>6</sup> That is, this is not an address that encourages you to adopt the false subjectivity of another—especially that of a fictional Hollywood character—or to be Althusser's "subjected being . . . freely accepting of his [sic] subjugation" or even to acquiesce to the subjugation of others.<sup>7</sup>

Instead, *Gleaners* strives to raise your social consciousness in the Gramscian "spirit of scission [a redemptive break from social class, capitalism, or other forms of division] that must aim to spread itself from the protagonist class to the classes that are its potential allies."<sup>8</sup> Of course, many leftist propaganda films seek class reeducation and solidarity, but *Gleaners* differs in that it promotes a pensive, questioning spectator and a grassroots approach to social change that is *situated*, per Donna Haraway, and thus generative of "an epistemology and politics of engaged, accountable positioning."<sup>9</sup> By multi-

plying and revaluating the meanings of "gleaning," this documentary teaches us to recognize and reconsider our societal role in class, gender, and age practices, as well as in environmental, cultural, and filmmaking practices. Befitting Varda's lifelong commitment to countercultural activism, her film offers us an alternative, revolutionary model: *Gleaners* openly defies bourgeois ideologies by challenging class oppression, environmental destruction, ageism, and rampant consumerism. The film's sociocultural critique teaches us to reject our prescribed role under consumer capitalism. It is a counterhegemonic second-person address that might more aptly translate: "Hey, you, gleaning comrade! Value your fellow humans and the environment!"

Toward this end, *Gleaners* strives not simply to target the second-person "you" but to inspire our embrace of a stronger, communal sense of the first-person plural, "we." The film's novelty and efficacy lie in its subtle interweaving of these modes of address, all designed to hail you in the second person, and through this hailing to lead you to a humanist awareness of the first-person plural. That is, Varda wants "you" to join "us," a community of gleaners, humanitarians, fellow humans, in order to shift from separatist ideologies of "I," "you," and "them" to the more inclusive "we."

One of Varda's most overt expressions of this humanitarian goal appears not in *Gleaners* itself but in the DVD's follow-up documentary *Deux ans après* (*Two Years Later*, 2002), in which she revisits many of the original interviewees and other gleaners too. Moving beyond a simple then-and-now update, Varda reverently tells us that it was the astounding number of letters, stories, and gleaned gifts sent to her after the release of *Gleaners* that prompted her to continue the film's project two years after its completion. All of these letters share with the filmmaker how inspiring and life-changing her film is for their authors, and how it creates a new awareness and a sense of community among gleaners of all sorts. One viewer of *Gleaners* interviewed in *Two Years Later* clearly summarizes the success of the film's humanitarian project: "It makes you want to be a better person, to pay more attention to other people." Confirming this response, Alain, the market gleaner and English-as-a-second-language teacher first interviewed in *Gleaners*, reports that now more people stop to talk to him, praise his volunteer work, and buy his leaflets. Another interviewee who first appeared in *Gleaners*, the famous philosopher and psychoanalyst Jean Laplanche, compares gleaning to a radical practice of psychoanalysis; like gleaners, who must be open to possibilities, the doctor "must give up what he knows so he can be receptive to something that is completely new." Yet another viewer describes her experience of *Gleaners* and the inspirational impact of Varda's role in it like this:

### *The Radical Modesty of Les Glaneurs et la glaneuse*

Delphine: Seeing this film was like a rebirth . . . this film just completely put us back in touch with ourselves, with life.

Varda: But it talks about leftovers, things that are abandoned.

Delphine: Yes, but it's made by someone who is very much alive.

The original *Gleaners* develops this inviting, communal tone in multiple ways. In the remainder of this essay, I will analyze how three of these methods raise awareness of social class: Varda's use of second- and first-person address, her unobtrusive DV camera coupled with her onscreen role, and her persuasively engaging sense of humor.

### *Raising Class Consciousness: "Us" and "Them"*

Clearly, Varda's project seeks to humanize groups of people who are routinely ignored by more privileged members of society. She asserts in one promotional interview that gleaning "is a subject matter that is vaguely gray. When you see these people in the street, you don't look at them. My idea was not only to find them but to let them speak. To show that they have thoughts and feelings and intelligence—a luminescence."<sup>10</sup> Initially, Varda's statement seems to take for granted a problematic position of dominance when she, as a middle-class film director, claims the authority to "let them speak."

By invoking the second person, however, she redirects that authority and addresses the very people who habitually ignore scavengers and gleaners. When she says, "you don't look at them" scavenging in the streets, she puts into question the identity of the "you." Most obviously, "you" refers to those people who do not need to scavenge for food, who can afford to ignore gleaners in the streets and so choose to. Varda's statement implies that she herself was one of these people when she began her documentary project, since she needed "to find them" before she could "let them speak." Yet her strategic use of the second person groups her largely middle-class viewing audience in this category with her. She thereby implicitly slips into the deliberately absented first-person plural by hailing us as complicit, which perhaps initially incites a slight defensiveness about our privileged class position. Simultaneously, though, this subtle first-person-plural address encourages all viewers to open our eyes and minds, to acknowledge and accept a class of people whom society trains us to ignore.

In fact, Varda complicates such issues of class consciousness throughout *Gleaners*. As one of her key political strategies, she strives to dismantle the lines that separate poor gleaners from higher-classed or recreational gleaners. As a shared practice, gleaning produces Antonio Gramsci's realignment of

"potential class allies." The film's disjunctive editing facilitates this breakdown of class boundaries through its surprising and often humorous juxtapositions. For example, Varda's interview with Claude, the poor and dispirited yet persevering traveler who gleans from potato fields and trash cans, immediately cuts to the gourmet kitchen of four-star executive chef Edouard Loubet, who, the film soon reveals, also gleans. This shift from poverty-stricken traveler to gleaning gourmet chef broadens and revalues definitions of gleaning even as it offers a more comfortable point of identification for bourgeois audiences.

Since the film's release in 2000, I have viewed *Gleaners* with public audiences and with my undergraduate film students more than twenty times in Paris, New York, and Atlanta, and the response is unfailing: predominantly middle-class audiences always laugh at this comparison of a poor traveler and a gourmet chef. Considering the film's overt class analyses, I find this moment of laughter highly significant: why do audiences feel compelled to laugh at this comparison? It is true that Varda's abrupt juxtaposition here creates a moment of visual shock as she cuts from Claude's dingy, cramped trailer to Edouard's bright, spacious, stainless-steel kitchen. The polar class associations of these locations alone locate a humorous irony in the moment. At a deeper level, however, the laughter may also originate in Varda's direct class comparison, one that necessarily calls attention to the viewer's own class position.

Varda's carefully edited juxtaposition of these two differently classed gleaners initially might seem designed to condemn middle-class viewers, as the comparison easily could have set up a biting criticism of the chef's—and the audience's—bourgeois privilege. More productively, however, this moment of awkwardness functions not as a slap at bourgeois audiences but as a gesture of inclusivity in the first-person plural: we must situate ourselves on a continuum of privilege ranging from the pristine, stainless-steel affluence of the chef as he prepares fetishized, expensive foods to the shabby, trailer-bound poverty of the traveler who must scabble for leftover fish from garbage cans. Further, the surprisingly sensitive nature of Varda's interview with Chef Edouard quickly reveals that he gleans out of economic frugality as well, albeit under less dire circumstances. "Nothing should be wasted," he tells us. "We don't throw anything away [in my kitchen]. You have to be economical." This bourgeois chef gleans for his herbs and fruits because he refuses to pay for overpriced foods of lesser quality at the store. Moreover, through gleaning he can ensure the freshness of his ingredients and honor his grandparents, who taught him the tradition of gleaning when he was a boy. Through the sincerity and sensitivity of Varda's interviews with both of these

gleaners, the film allays any class defensiveness or judgment on the viewers' part and once again invites us to align ourselves with all gleaners.

Varda's equal treatment of impoverished and bourgeois gleaners alike creates a connection among diverse people because they value frugality and resourcefulness. She accentuates this connection by cutting from the potato gleaner to the chef by way of a clever graphic match: the two scenes end and begin, respectively, with similar shots of Claude and Edouard holding food. Such visual rhymes typify the film's overall editing pattern, subtly but effectively likening the motives for gleaning among poverty-stricken travelers and gourmet chefs, as well as other gleaners. Through such parallel edits, *Gleaners* sutures us into identifying with all of the gleaners interviewed: the film's kaleidoscopic montage asks us to redefine gleaning by drawing connections among its seemingly disparate motives of necessity, tradition, kindness, activism, artistry, and resourcefulness, regardless of class distinctions that would separate us from them.

In her interviews with gleaners Varda shows compassion and appreciation, inspiring a sympathetic response from viewers in turn. She poses open-ended and concerned questions to the gleaners—"What happened to you [to necessitate gleaning for all of your food]?" or "Did you know that once they're through picking potatoes, you're allowed to take leftovers?"—and devotes extensive screen time to their responses. In Beauce, for example, she meets Claude's group of travelers, who must glean their staple diet from leftover heaps of potatoes, several tons deemed unfit for sale by corporate growers and so dumped in fields, left to rot. She conducts several lengthy interviews with these travelers. Close framings and longer takes in this scene, particularly the tighter shots inside Claude's small trailer, reveal his dignity and resourcefulness. For almost six minutes of screen time, Claude discusses the hardships of his living conditions, the wastefulness of markets and corporate growers, and the difficulties of gleaning out of necessity. Since Varda is posing her questions about gleaning to audiences as well as to the gleaners, her second-person address of "you" during these interviews invites a productive shift to first-person plural, carefully building a measure of intimacy among filmed subject, onscreen filmmaker, and viewing audience.

### Documentary Modesty and Digital Video

Throughout *Gleaners*, Varda interrogates gleaning with a sense of wonder, humility, and, as she puts it, "modesty": "The people I have filmed tell us a great deal about our society and ourselves. I myself learned a great deal while I was shooting this film. It confirmed for me that the documentary

film is a discipline that teaches modesty."<sup>11</sup> She asserts that modesty, which she strives to inculcate in the audience, was one of her primary motivations for using a DV camera. Eyeline matches and slightly oblique camera angles stitch us into her conversations with her interviewees, but it is the small size and flip-out monitor of her handycam that allows us to get physically closer to people during interviews without intimidating them: "to look them in the eye," she says, without having "to hide behind the camera."<sup>12</sup> Nothing inherent in digital cameras leads inevitably to changed relations between filmmaker and subject, but the DV camera's unobtrusive size and secondary viewscreen offer possibilities for such a difference, and Varda's film embraces these possibilities.<sup>13</sup>

The sense of connection enabled by Varda's technical choices extends to the viewer as well, creating the film's remarkable first-person-plural feel. In effect, the camera is "us," the viewing audience seated at the table or walking through the field with Varda and her interviewees. When the gleaners talk with Varda, they address the camera's presence and hence our presence too. These choices turn the typical informant interview—a ubiquitous trope in documentaries—into something quite new. Varda's small DV camera, her casual on-location settings, and her onscreen presence trade not on the authority invested in the interviewer and the distanced objectivity of the staged third-person interview but on the situated communality and spontaneity among all conversing, including the overtly addressed viewer. *Gleaners* thereby fosters a more "modest" role both for the documentary *glanense* and the viewer, swaying our sensitivity subjectively toward the interviewees.

While *Gleaners* differs markedly from mainstream styles, so too does its mode of address differ from the subjective styles of other contemporary documentarians. As with these better-known filmmakers, Varda's own acknowledged presence as documentary director, aging persona, and gleaner of images helps to flesh out her film's meanings, but she prefers to emphasize the politics of poverty for the gleaners as the film's dominant theme.<sup>14</sup> She is careful to avoid the pitfall of over-emphasis on herself, a significant difference from other documentaries that prominently include their directors onscreen.

Ross McElwee's *Sherman's March* (1985), for example, humorously highlights its own derailment from its original topic (a historical documentary about Sherman's March) and its devolution into the director's "shameless alibi to pick up women," but it veers further into a masochistic, "hysterical" documentary, as Lucy Fischer terms it.<sup>15</sup> McElwee hides behind his camera for most of his film, often looking voyeuristically at women and then mocking himself for doing so. Varda, in contrast, conducts highly engaged

onscreen interviews in *Gleaners* and engages far more explicitly with her film's political and social ramifications. In many ways her work is more akin to Michael Moore's documentaries. Like Moore, Varda wears her left-wing agenda on her sleeve and does not conceal her political biases during her interviews and voice-overs. Yet Moore often employs a rather egoistic and confrontational demeanor with his interviewees, one marked by "personal audacity," "self-righteousness," and a "principle of brash provocation," as Matthew Bernstein writes of *Roger and Me* (1989).<sup>16</sup> Moore's sense of humor often builds from the fallout from these confrontations, largely drawing on criticism and satire. Varda's sense of humor, on the other hand, stems mainly from her discoveries of odd, unexpected connections, found objects, and delightful absurdities.

### Hailing Us with Humor

Varda's use of humor in *Gleaners* is one of her crucial rhetorical tools when invoking her second-person address, and it strongly engenders the film's shift to the first-person plural. Through humor, the film engages us in a modest yet compelling way. Varda's witty asides and amusing anecdotes enable her to approach us more directly than a traditional documentary might, much in the way that the flip-out monitor of her small camera allows her to speak more intimately with the people she meets. Further, the candor of their stories is disarmingly funny and thus puts the viewer at ease with the different people interviewed.

Toward this end, *Gleaners* often inserts small gifts for our amusement: a dog inexplicably sporting an enormous red boxing glove strapped under its chin, a lawyer dressed in full judicial regalia standing in the middle of a cabbage patch, a "dancing" lens cap. The last is perhaps the best example of the film's strategic humor, since Varda uses it as gentle mockery of the presumed infallibility of the documentary genre and its director. Having forgotten to turn her camera off after an interview, she films "the dance of the lens cap." The camera swings at her side as she accidentally films the lens cap dangling above the ground. Rather than disregard or delete this extraneous footage, however, Varda embraces it. As the cap dances wildly for nearly fifty seconds, the director humanizes herself by admitting a moment of forgetfulness. She pushes the scene further, however, by scoring the shot with jazz music and transforming a delightful found object that she too has gleaned into a prized moment of beauty for us to share. In these gleaned moments of humor, the film winks at us and engages us on its own offbeat terms.



The dance of the lens cap (Agnès Varda, *Les glaneurs et la glaneuse*, Ciné-Tamaris, 2000).

These funny asides and anecdotes strategically usher us into sympathy with the film's larger political issues, especially that we are all, in some sense, gleaners and therefore should not discriminate against those who glean out of poverty. Rather than lecturing, the film introduces us more fully to the gleaners Varda has met through its warm, humorous tone. Sometimes that humor simply entertains us while courting our political assent, as when Varda defiantly eats a stingy grower's figs; sometimes it relieves tension when comparing different living conditions, as with the potato gleaner and the chef. Most often, the film's humor serves as a common thread that unites the quirky *glaneuse* herself, the myriad interview subjects, and the film's diverse viewers—now reeducated as “modest” class allies—directly hailing us all as gleaners.

### Notes

Sections of this essay were published in another form in “Beautiful Trash: Agnès Varda's *Les glaneurs et la glaneuse*,” *Senses of Cinema* 45 (2007), <http://www.sensesofcinema.com/contents/07/45/glaneurs-et-glaneuse.html>. Reworded and reprinted with thanks to the editors of that publication.

1. Agnès Varda, “The Modest Gesture of the Filmmaker,” interview by Melissa Anderson, *Cinéaste* 26, no. 4 (2001): 27.
2. Richard James Havis, “Varda Gleans DV Style,” 2-pop: *The Digital Filmmaker's Resource Site Online*, May 30, 2001, [http://www.2-pop.com/library/articles/2001\\_05\\_30.html](http://www.2-pop.com/library/articles/2001_05_30.html).
3. Agnès Varda, promotional materials for *Les Glaneurs et la glaneuse* (Paris: Ciné-Tamaris and the Groupement National des Cinémas de Recherche, 2000), 1.
4. The *Gleaners* shooting script (courtesy of Varda and Ciné-Tamaris) reads: “on ne voit pas le temps qui passe.” My translation here to the second-person “you” follows the standard translation of the third-person French, “on” (one). The French “on” is commonly understood to address the reader in the second person, which the film's subtitles reflect as well.
5. Louis Althusser, “Ideology and Ideological State Apparatuses,” in *Lenin and Philosophy and Other Essays* (London: New Left Books, 1971), 174.
6. Kaja Silverman, *The Subject of Semiotics* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1983), 49–50.
7. Althusser, “Ideology,” 182.
8. Antonio Gramsci, “Cultural Themes: Ideological Material,” in *Antonio Gramsci: Selections from Cultural Writings*, ed. David Forgacs and Geoffrey Nowell-Smith (London: Lawrence and Wishart, 1985), 390.
9. Donna Haraway, “Situated Knowledges: The Science Question in Feminism and the Privilege of Partial Perspective,” in *Simians, Cyborgs, and Women: The Reinvention of Nature* (New York: Routledge, 1991), 196.
10. Havis, “Varda Gleans DV Style.”
11. Varda, promotional materials for *Gleaners*, 2.
12. Havis, “Varda Gleans DV Style.”
13. For further reading on Varda's use of the digital camera in *Gleaners*, see Homay King, “Matter, Time, and the Digital: Varda's *The Gleaners and I*,” *Quarterly Review of Film and Video* 24 (2007): 421–29.
14. Agnès Varda, personal appearance, Paris, July 23, 2000.
15. Lucy Fischer, “Documentary Film and the Discourse of Hysterical/Historical Narrative: Ross McElwee's *Sherman's March*,” in *Documenting the Documentary: Close Readings of Documentary Film and Video*, ed. Barry Keith Grant and Jeannette Slonitowski (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1998), 333–34.
16. Matthew Bernstein, “Documentaphobia and Mixed Modes: Michael Moorcock's *Roger & Me*,” in *ibid.*, 408–9.