

'Demy and the Marvellous'

Once upon a time...

'My life is a long childhood,' sang the young women of Rochefort in a working version of their famous song. This is also what Jacques Demy thought about his own life. His wonderment before the puppet shows to which his mother took him led to the vocation, at a very young age, of cinema seen as a dream or magical toy... For the little 'Jacquot of Nantes', everything started from childhood and all his art contributed to prolonging it. In the family attic, fitted out as a 'studio', he painted stories on strips of celluloid, also shooting frame by frame with an amateur movie camera to animate his cardboard characters. Alone and like a craftsman, he invented worlds for himself, small-scale models of the fantasies to come.

Once he had grown up, Demy would like the sequence-length shot whose duration helped in creating a seamless world... He would imagine bringing back characters and actors from film to film, thus dreaming his oeuvre like a village and a world, a great uninterrupted fiction, constantly run through with influences and returns. He would shoot in the street, but as a painter of reality, would also intervene on the motif: the large flats of colours on the façades of the houses in Rochefort, the macadam smoothed expressly for Gene Kelly's dance... The Marvellous, from the Latin *mirabilia* ('astonishing, admirable things'), meets an intimate need to transfigure reality: doubtless to protect himself from it and to substitute a desirable world for it.

Demy liked to bring back his characters from one film to the next, thus dreaming of a truly marvellous world ruled by his own laws. Thus Lola/Anouk Aimée, abandoned in the film bearing her name, would reappear in *Model Shop*; Roland Cassard/Marc Michel also evokes Lola in *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*: 'In the past, I loved a woman. She didn't love me. She was called Lola.' And although scheduling conflicts prevented Nino Castelnuovo (Guy in *Umbrellas...*) from playing Bill, the fairground worker in *The Young Girls of Rochefort*, that had been the intention at the outset. Demy often had to abandon continuities of fate, even though allusions persist, like a memory or the trace of the idea: again in *Model Shop*, Lola relates how her lover left her for a woman who gambled: the Jackie from... *Bay of Angels*...

You must believe in your dreams

'A real fairytale!' exclaims one of the characters in *Lola*. And why not? Anything can always happen: it suffices to believe in one's luck, in the magical power of music, fairies, and love. Like Lola, precisely, who, like a Sleeping Beauty, awaits the return of her Prince Charming. Like Delphine in *Young Girls* who believes in the predestination of individuals and hopes for an

amorous encounter in the streets of Rochefort, and that all will end well. Or else Donkey Skin who sings: 'If a prince charming does not come to take me away, I swear here that I shall go find him myself'.

It's necessary to believe in luck or fate. Luck *or* fate? Both, no doubt, as long as the belief persists that love is the encounter of two halves long separated. Thus the painter paints his ideal female love without knowing she lives in Rochefort, and both already sing the same song, the melody of happiness, as if by anticipation. Or it is the Prince and Donkey Skin – played by the same two actors – who know, without knowing each other, the same song ('*Amour, je t'aime tant*'), the sign that, to become reality, an encounter awaits only the roll of the dice of fate, the nudge of a fairy... or the magic wand of cinema.

Be amazed by nothing

To believe is also not to be amazed by anything: either finding one self in Hell or that a donkey excretes gold like a slot machine. Nor is there anything amazing in the fact that the characters sing to speak. No more so than a man getting 'pregnant'; at most his doctor will tell him that 'it's not serious, it's disconcerting'. What is ordinarily extraordinary must not astonish more than it should... In the universe of the Marvellous, everything is justified all the better since one is not obliged to provide too many explanations. And even if the entourage sometimes remains incredulous or critical...

Singing: a 'banal' Marvellous

Not being amazed... It happens that people speak in alexandrines as if it were nothing. And like dancing that comes naturally in walking, singing creates no break. Hollywood musicals made a 'number' out of it, a remarkable moment apart. According to Demy, singing integrates more into daily life and customary situations, to the point of becoming the language itself. All the more so in that Michel Legrand's music is close to the rhythm of spoken language and human breathing. Amazing Marvellous that can attain a certain form of realism.

The direction does not oblige on the characters a bare lyricism, as in an empty space, but invents concrete activities for them at the same time. Thus, Geneviève and her mother 'discuss' in their umbrella shop whilst one arranges a floral bouquet and the other prepares a meal. Thus Donkey Skin, sometimes as a slattern, sometimes a princess, breaks eggs and prepares the mixture whilst singing the recipe for her love cake.

Passages

The Marvellous presupposes a passage, a bridge between two worlds, in the image of the transporter bridge that appears in the titles of *A Room in Town* and transports the fairground people at the beginning of *The Young Girls of Rochefort*. Better than an overly prosaic road bridge, the transporter bridge moves its passengers in the air, as if suspended and flying. The fairground people entering Rochefort at the beginning of the film and leaving at the end, mark the intrusion of the Marvellous in the everyday world: they bring songs, dances and colours to a gloomy daily life. The Marvellous is dreamt like an alternative life.

Each time, it is a crossing that allows access to the Marvellous, whether it be multicoloured or bicoloured like the realm of the dead.

Threats

Although it creates a protected space apart, the Marvellous does not always shelter from misfortune, and sometimes the return of the so-called 'real world' is all the harsher for having been kept at bay: the war in Algeria that separates those who love each other in *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*; the insistent presence of the Vietnam War in *Model Shop*; labour strikes and confrontations in *A Room in Town*; or the sudden news, on the page of crime stories, of a woman hacked into pieces...

Sometimes that is due to a cloud in a blue sky or to a mood so that the dream becomes tarnished and the fête veers to masquerade. It is Geneviève refusing to join in the carnival-time celebrations in the streets of Cherbourg: 'I find these people ridiculous'. It is the snow falling at the end of *The Umbrellas* and covering the lovely décor of a dead love with a shroud. Sad fête.

Dressing-up

The threat does not always come from outside, but from the Marvellous itself in which certain characters live (retreat), victims of prefabricated dreams of love, built up to the point of sham: the twin sisters' wigs; the bleached hair of the painter in *The Young Girls of Rochefort* and Jackie in *Bay of Angels*; Lola's boasting: 'Touch me. I washed my hair - you'd say it was silk'. Marvellous finery or flashy signals? Signs of femininity are exhibited and exacerbated, and from disguise or jewels (the stage costumes of Lola and the young girls, Donkey Skin's weather gown), we go to dressing-up: glitter, heavy eye makeup, feather boa or garish lipstick.

Sometimes the handsome uniform completely sucks out the person's lifeblood: Geneviève's mink, at the end of *Umbrellas*, imprisons her in her new status as a married, kept woman. Édith will manage to twist the use in *A Room in Town*, streetwalking naked under her fur coat. And the dead donkey's skin with which the princess covers herself will become a dazzling gown at court.

Black behind pink

The earliest versions of the scripts written by Demy are striking for their blackness, progressively watered down or concealed by successive rewritings. One of the very first versions of *The Young Girls of Rochefort* imagined the painter crushed by the fairground people's lorry. The kingdom of *Donkey Skin* was to have been inhabited by hanged men, skeletons and wandering plague victims. And Guy was supposed to have returned in *Young Girls*, having closed his garage following the death of his wife.

The earliest versions of the songs are also cruder. That of the painter in *Young Girls* gushed with exuberant sensuality: 'The angels of the night, magic spells of the dream / Crowned with sun will flood her breasts / From her mouth blood will burst her lips / Where fleshy desire will spring forth by night.' And *Donkey Skin*: 'Will you wait for me to be dead / Having lived the current climate', referring to Geneviève's highly moving confession in *Umbrellas*: 'I who would have died for him, why am I not dead?'

A Room in Town assumes blackness and exhibits it: a violent death, two suicides, garish, dirty colours... The film's whole aesthetic turns upside down the Marvellous, often so colourful in Demy's films, to speak the obligatory blackness without a mask - as in Grimm's fairytales that are, granted, often naive and pleasant but also threatening to produce a lasting effect on the child who will become a spectator.

'Donkey Skin and the Marvellous'

Harsh reality of the fantastic element

When he began the preparation of *Donkey Skin* in 1969, upon returning from the United States, Jacques Demy dreamed of a shimmering, luxurious film. The Marvellous, the fantastic element at the heart of his world view, was going to find in this film of magic a logical fulfilment, even though the filmmaker had to recognize that 'magic is expensive'. Imagining a number of dolly shots and boom movements, he wanted to give his staging a Hollywood look, which he had precisely refused in his American film, *Model Shop...* But Mag Bodard, the producer, could not raise the necessary money, and she was obliged to revise downwards. It was this thwarted dream and an obligatory simplification that was going to enable Demy to strike the miraculous balance of *Donkey Skin*, an inspired mixture of makeshift and magic.

Sets

In the middle of the forest, a few unexpected objects contrast sharply with the natural setting and suffice to create a magical world: a mirror, a telephone... Similarly, the great walls of the rooms at Chambord were simply covered with ivy. Ornamentation remains limited to the stained-glass windows and to precise set elements in vast interior spaces: beds, folding screen, thrones, mirror...

Donkey Skin's bed was supposed to be a huge flower opening and closing at bedtime. But when it came time for the shooting, the mechanism did not work. Jacques Demy related: 'I had noticed two stags, downstairs, in the entry of Chambord. We had them brought up and made the bed from them, improvising the rest'. In the end, the fake stags, guardians of a bed set in the middle of the room, rhymed with the deer seen at the fairy's home and added to the film's rich bestiary. Already, in this sketch drawn by Demy in his youth, the stags' antlers are mixed up with the trees, blending animal and vegetal like a foreshadowing of *Donkey Skin's* castle.

At the outset, Demy had naturally called on his collaborator, the production designer Bernard Evein, but the latter renounced for lack of means to realize them. He was replaced by Jim Leon, whom he had met in San Francisco, representing an art that crossed Pop Art and aesthetic conventions of the fairytale in a riot of colours and a profusion of materials. The English painter created 28 set designs that have now disappeared; the screen, an element from the king's hall, and the film's poster attest to this psychedelic trend.

Costumes

A characteristic peculiar to the fantastic element, the film frees itself from any precise historical reference, and as in Michel Legrand's music, combining harpsichord and electric, styles and epochs coexist: the Princess's Louis XV dresses and the Prince's Henri II costume... Classic elements such as the ruff and vaporous Hollywood-star negligee for the Lilac Fairy... The King's exaggerated puff sleeves whose form and volume take inspiration from compositions by Eisenstein or Welles...

Everything is distributed and composed round a strong idea: one royal family in red and the other in blue. Agostino Pace remembers this chromatic division: 'We agreed together that we would paint all the elements, from faces to furniture by way of the horses'.

Demy called on Pace, a stage costume designer, who designed the main characters' costumes, whereas Gitt Magrini – costume designer for Antonioni and Bertolucci – was in charge of conceiving them and having them made in Italy.

An important influence was the painter and stage designer Leonor Fini, who inspired Cocteau and the Surrealists and whom Demy met in November 1969. The memory of her animal disguises and other phantasmagorical frenzies hover over the film's costumes and universe, particularly the cats' and birds' Ball, for which the masks were designed and made by Hector Pascual and his workshop.

Dresses

The highlight of the show, the Princess's dresses had to defy the imagination, since even the Lilac Fairy did not think 'that was possible'. No less than ten dresses were planned, as opposed to 'only' four different costumes for the Prince.

The first drawings bring out voluminous puff forms, similar to the King's costume: like father, like daughter. With all the decorative excess necessary: 'One must feel the fabrics,' wrote Demy in his preparatory notes. Brocades, sequins, diamonds, veils, crystals, pearls, etc. Simple but bright colours, childish illustrations closer to Disney than to good taste, or more Disney than [Gustave] Doré.' And although it is a real donkey skin that the fleeing princess wears over her shoulders, the weather-coloured dress was a creation from start to finish, made of the same material as movie screens and thereby the ideal support for any kind of *projection*... Projection in the film, the dress showing weather and clouds, or the 'projections' of the spectator, who did not believe 'that was possible' either.

Catherine Deneuve: 'The dresses were heavy to wear, and it was difficult to stroll in the interminable staircases of the château de Chambord. But those difficulties did not interest Jacques. For him, it was as if a dancer had come to complain about his bleeding feet or his broken back. It had no relation with the film itself so why talk about it?'

THE DONKEY SKIN

On the one hand: the Princess's dresses, which are pure creation and fantasy; on the other: the famous real dead donkey skin that the Princess puts on to flee... Her costumes summarize this constant tension between magic and realism that is the basis of the film's fantastic element. Pace tells us that he had first proposed 'using a fake skin, but Jacques wanted at all costs a real one, so we went to the slaughter house to find one. It was incredibly heavy. And then the odour was horrible! So it was necessary to have it cleaned and treated. In the end, the skin became the symbol of the film: it was that which was chosen, rather than the dresses, to clothe the princess on the poster of the film, drawn by Jim Leon.

Hector Pascual:

'I remember the first day when I went to do the fittings with Catherine Deneuve. We had had to have the skin reworked. As was, there would have been living worms because, as I told you, the skin was authentic, so I had to readapt it. When you remove the skin from an animal, it remains 'alive', organic. I remember having lined it four or five times. Jacques Demy had told me: 'Don't say anything to Catherine!', otherwise, she would have never worn it.

Gaël Lépingle: The dresses were very heavy; was the skin, too?

HP: Yes and no. I invented the way that allowed for the skin to hold easily on her. I had to put a material that looked like flesh, skin, but fictive.

Bertrand Keraël: So what was the inside made of? Fabric?

HP: It was nylon paper, plastic, that I then painted. I had gathered information on the way skin dries out.

GL: It's a strange mixture of fiction and authentic...

HP: And that's why it's quite poetic. Personally, I think that things are never dead. You always have to be in relation with the living. If the fashioning had seemed dead, life would not have been transmitted to the screen.

I consider Catherine Deneuve quite strong: wearing that skin that must have seemed bloody...'

Special effects

Unlike a special effect, made later in a laboratory, a process shot according to Demy had to keep an artisanal or 'primitive' side, created during the shooting if possible. Sometimes, it was the cinematographic language itself that served as trick and became magical again: the doubling of Donkey Skin into princess in the cabin, by the sole thanks to the angle/reverse angle and hooting script; the carriage that turns back into a 'pumpkin' owing to a simple cut-in of one shot to another.

The handwritten list of process shots gives an idea of their importance, their variety... and their simplicity: 'appearances/disappearances, transformations, slow-motion (combined with a forward or a backwards action), speeded-up action, magic wand, stopped characters'.... Demy, a contemporary of the New Wave and, he too, heir to the realistic cinema of the Lumière brothers, also says what his art owes to Méliès, his phantasmagoria and his 'visible transformations'.

A few tricks: *Appearances*: Donkey Skin in the Prince's room. *Disappearances*: the lovers' boat that glides over the water and vanishes. *Transformations*: a rose with a mouth that speaks. *Film run backwards*: the candles light up by themselves. *Slow motion*: it serves for going from one world to the other, to creating a time that does not exist in ordinary time. Amongst other charms, the Lilac Fairy multiplies trick pleasures: bothered by the yellow of her dress, she changes the colour immediately (matte shot with the tree trunk); she comes and goes as she pleases, suddenly appearing and disappearing, or resorts to an effect of transparency (sudden or progressive appearance); she masters space, as well as time, and it is the famous anachronism of her return at the end in helicopter...

Inspirations

The fantastic element in *Donkey Skin* depends on this balance between magic and realism at the same time that it is nurtured by a legendary story and a whole iconography that preceded it: old engravings, magic lantern plates, silent cinema... A legend and an imaginary universe that take root in the Romantic tradition of 19th century France.

As if by magic, i.e., with the greatest naturalness, the contemporary influence of the hippie style – which Demy witnessed during his stay in Los Angeles – incorporated itself into this old tradition. Counterculture and psychedelics light up the dream sequence [*in which the lovers want to do what is forbidden and smoke the pipe in hiding, where strange coloured flowers grow in the fields, where open-air banquets make wine flow*]. As for the flowered beard of the 'red' king, it certainly evokes Charlemagne but, perhaps even more, in the late 1960s, a decidedly hegemonic flower

power. And as if to authenticate this link, Jim Morrison in person, lead singer of The Doors, came to visit the set at Chambord, a moment immortalized by Agnès Varda's camera.

Film memories, childhood memories

Jacques Demy saw *The Devil's Envoys* (1942) at the age of 11: the vision of a stylized Middle Ages and perception of a poetic realism transposed in a France of troubadours and evil creatures...

But above all, it was Jean Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast* that he and Pace watched several times during the preparation of the film: the presence of Jean Marais, the Beast's costume, living décors, tricks, a mysterious path in the forest, a magic formula, the role of mirrors...

Jacques Demy was six when he saw *Snow White and the Seven Dwarves*. He would remember the glass casket, the song, the cake, the friendly presence of forest animals. For *Donkey Skin*, Demy also rethought *Cinderella*, her fairy godmother (and advisor) and the pretty foot gliding into the glass slipper... and *Sleeping Beauty*.

'Mirror, mirror on the wall...'

Right from the titles, a book appears in homage to the story's literary origins. Then the illustration on the first page moves: the writing becomes film, the fixed image becomes animated. One can remain prisoner of the freeze frame. Similarly, the mirrors, this 'frozen water' (to borrow Claudel's expression), keep the characters caught up in the contemplation of their reflection, like an image in its frame. But the mirror is two-sided, also becoming a projection surface: Donkey Skin, thus seeing her father the King as if with a spy camera; Donkey Skin gazing at her reflection in the water of the pond like Narcissus and hoping for a prince charming, who arrives in the following shot. And when the Prince takes his magnifying glass to examine the ring of his beloved, who then appears in his room. Looking in a mirror provokes the projection, the surface becomes a screen, as if cinema had already been invented at the time of kings and queens.

The crossing

As in the mirror or in a reflection, the other is a double, a projection of oneself: the Prince splits himself to enter his dream, just like Donkey Skin to make her cake. But the mirror, as cinema knows since Cocteau, is also a secret passage to another world. And this passage carries out a veritable metamorphosis in everyone. Only then can the tale come to an end, having itself achieved its transformative power that can only be brought about by its reading or viewing (its 'projection'). At the very end of the film, the ugly donkey skin slips to the ground and reveals the sun-coloured dress; the Prince grasps the hand of his princess and leads her to his father and

mother, or rather, towards the camera, which has taken the place of the parents. Then we are on the terrace at Chambord: Demy links in the movement. The young couple, now seen from behind, finishes its advance. The Prince and Donkey Skin have gone to the other side of the mirror and completed their metamorphosis. Like Alice, the marvellous lovers henceforth know that mirrors are made for being crossed.

The clean and dirty

The clean and the beautiful will therefore be the measure of all things, and ugliness or filth, a veritable obsessive fear. The Fairy's proposal to cover her goddaughter with the donkey skin becomes a transgression: dressing in a smelly skin, covering one's face with soot, living on a farm run by a shrew who spits out toads... Logically, it is the laundresses, personifications of cleanliness, who begin by mocking Donkey Skin.

Thanks to her magic wand, Donkey Skin will make her cabin a transitory place, a place of her own and quite singular since cleanliness and dirt rub shoulders indiscriminately: luxury and poverty, earthen jars and splendid armchair. The film critic Serge Daney noted that the song of the love cake was like the film's *fold*: midway through Donkey Skin's journey between the two castles, it makes the Princess *and* the slattern coexist at that moment.

A donkey defecates gold... The banker-donkey offers the King the product of its bowels, like small children presenting their faeces to their parents as a gift. This is a key for understanding the law that rules the Kingdom: a place where shit is established. The clean and the beautiful will therefore be the measure of all things, and ugliness or filth, a veritable obsessive fear. A weather-coloured dress is inevitably the colour of good weather; Donkey Skin starts housecleaning as soon as she enters her cabin, and the maidens of the realm are ready to do anything to get a ring on their finger: 'You have to suffer to be beautiful'. Language itself is contaminated by this imperative of the Beautiful: without meaning to, the Fairy begins speaking in rhymes ('*une robe moins commune / une robe couleur de lune*') or in alexandrines ('*La vie n'est pas aussi aisée qu'on croit / qu'on soit petites gens ou bien fille de Roi*').

Child, where are you?

Donkey Skin is a tale for children, but there are hardly any children in the film, and barely more in Jacques Demy's other films. If little ones are as unobtrusive in a universe however allotted to the world of childhood, it is because adults have taken their place. Donkey Skin changes dresses in her cabin as if she were playing with dolls and bakes her love cake as if she were playing merchant. The Prince throws tantrums and sulks, and his face brightens only when he admits his

secret dream: 'I'd like Donkey Skin to make me a cake'. The Princess and the Prince seem even more to be constantly performing, as if acting out a Christmas pageant for their parents, a comedy of innocence and a song of happiness.

But happiness is only a dream, and childhood is often solitary: 'I need calm, I didn't say I needed company,' says the Prince. And his relationship with the Princess is less one of lovers than one of brother and sister in which we again find the spectre of incest. The sublimation of sexual relations, a constant in Demy's work, masks a taboo whose price is melancholy. Demy would end up eliminating these lyrics, doubtless overly explicit: 'We shall do what is forbidden / Until exhaustion, until boredom'.

One can be both parent and child: Catherine Deneuve plays the Queen *and* her daughter. No offspring, but an identical reproduction or 'self-begetting'. The only (pro)creation at work in *Donkey Skin*, the sole successful transformation, is the making of the cake. For although the Princess must turn into a slattern before getting back her royal finery, what did she gain from this ordeal? Whereas every fairytale or fantastic story presents a transformation/emancipation of its character, Demy's film remains ambiguous, and morality is not necessarily intact. It is easy for the Lilac Fairy to forbid incest for 'questions of culture and legislature', but there remains a delighted smile on the Princess's face when her father finally finds her again and assures her that, henceforth, 'we shall never leave each other again'.

When the girl in *Umbrellas of Cherbourg* announces to her mother that she is pregnant, the latter exclaims: 'But how is that possible?' The act of love poses problems. Children seem to be born in cabbages or in an eggshell, like this chick that is miraculously born during the making of the cake.

If donkeys defecate gold, how do we find our bearings? From the donkey (*âne*) to anality, Freudian theory positing that the child imagines himself a newborn 'evacuated like an excrement' is not far. Hence the importance of food in *Donkey Skin*: the sexual act shifts and finds its metaphor in nutrition. The banquet hardly appeals to the Prince who will recover his appetite by devouring his beloved's cake at the risk of suffocating. 'We shall stuff ourselves with pastries,' they sing together, and since it is the same thing here, 'we will have heaps of children'.

Young people

Once upon a time there was a story

'Donkey Skin' is a folk tale. At the end of the 17th century, Charles Perrault wrote a version of it, all in rhyme:

'Il était une fois un Roi
Le plus grand qui fût sur la Terre
Aimable en Paix, terrible en Guerre
Seul enfin comparable à soi'¹

It was this version that inspired Jacques Demy's film. Others exist – including one by the Brothers Grimm ('Cat-Skin'), in which the king really marries his daughter. Between the original tale and the film, 'Donkey Skin' existed in many other forms: illustrated children's books, a silent film in black and white (1908)... and, in the 19th century, illustrations for magic lantern shows. These lanterns, ancestors of the cinema projector, were apparatuses into which were inserted glass plates that were painted or drawn, with the lantern's light projecting these images on the wall. Performances were often accompanied by the words of a storyteller called a bonimenteur.

Spot the mistake

Jacques Demy used classic fairytale elements in his film but used them in unusual fashion, twisting them to create a surprise. Thus the Fairy, who changes dress colour at will, indeed lives in a cave but a cave where she has a telephone! The animals, familiar inhabitants of fairytales, are, however, quite strange here: the puss no longer wears boots but serves as the King's throne. The Prince and his court ride horses, but entirely painted red. As for the final marriage, it is a fireworks display: the Fairy arrives not on her broom but in a helicopter... And the animals that parade by come from all countries: horses magnificently harnessed, camel, buffalo, elephant... and even a chimpanzee.

Cinema is magic

For Jacques Demy, the little 'Jacquot de Nantes', everything started from childhood. Cinema was seen as a dream in real life or a magical toy. At an early age, in his parents' attic, he was already

¹ Once upon a time there was a King
The greatest on Earth
Kind in Peace, fearsome in War,
In the final analysis, the only one comparable to himself.

painting stories on film (*Le Pont de Mauves*). Using a small amateur movie camera, he also animated characters in cardboard, shooting frame by frame. *Attaque nocturne*, which he made at 17, prolongs his wonder watching the puppet shows to which his mother took him.

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Unlike special effects made in the laboratory after filming, for Jacques Demy, 'special effects' had a home-made side, 'cobbled together' at the moment, using the possibilities of film. When the Prince escapes from his bed, the filmmaker uses the process of double exposure. For the candles that flare up by themselves, he runs the film backwards. He also makes the Fairy fly up towards the ceiling in slow motion. And he uses the projection of moving images to create the effect of clouds on the weather-coloured dress.

Double-exposure: Demy filmed two movements on the same film: a first time, the sleeping Prince; then, after having rewound the film, the Prince getting up to go join Donkey Skin. Thus, the film recorded the Prince twice but during the projection, we have the impression that it is the same moment.

Backwards: in truth, what we see is the instant when the candles are blown out, but at that moment, the film is projected backwards, thereby giving the impression that, on the contrary, they are lighting up. For this scene, Demy took inspiration from a film by Jean Cocteau: *Beauty and the Beast*.

In slow motion: in truth, the Fairy was filmed descending from the ceiling. It is that shot that is finally projected, but backwards and in slow motion, which gives the impression of the Fairy going up through the ceiling.

Projection: the fabric of the weather-coloured dress is the same as that of cinema screens. Demy filmed clouds in the sky which he then projected on the dress at the moment of shooting the scene. When the Princess moved, she was followed by the machine projecting the clouds, which was mounted on tracks (this is what is called a 'dolly' or 'tracking' shot). Thus, the clouds are always visible on the dress.