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Saint laurent bertrand bonello

Best Reviews Latest Top Reviews When I close my eyes, I see piles of clothes. When I open them, I only see darkness. So says Yves Saint Laurent (in Gaspard Ulliel's stunning performance) in the film Saint Laurent, which opens here more than a year after he took Cannes by storm. Since then, he bagged many awards at the film festival circuit, including the prestigious Cesar Award for Best Costume Design. Like its titular designer, Saint Laurent is a mass of contradictions and trember with sensitivity; At the same time, it works on stubborn endurance and revels in Saint Laurent's powerhouse work ethic. It's an intriguing (if sometimes over-the-top) portrait of a designer obsessed with his craft. Start to the end, the video will enchant and intoxicate. Andy Warhol once paid tribute to Saint Laurent, describing him as half of the two most important artists of the 20th century (Warhol was the other half), and in the film the skinny, handsome and demonically charismatic designer treats this statement as nothing more than stray downs that landed on the lapel of a suit. However, Saint Laurent also suffers from self-doubt and block designer, brought by 20th-century style debauchery, namely, drugs, alcohol, sex and partying. Saint Laurent Rating 4 of 5 Run Time 150 min French Language Opens 4 History focused on the years between 1967 and 1976, Yves Saint Laurent the most professionally productive and personally excessive years. During this time he drank and parted ways with his models Betty Catroux (Aymeline Valade) and Loulou de la Falaise (Lea Seydoux), and fell in love and chased Jacques de Bascher (Louis Garrel), with whom he had an all-encompassing affair. When something went wrong, there was always Pierre Berge (Jeremie Renier) - Saint Laurent's business partner as well as in life - to come and snatch him out of the mess and heal a hangover. Pierre knew that whatever else was going on, Saint Laurent would eventually start working and not rest until his latest creations appeared on the catwalk, provided he was scolded, pampered and pepy. Saint Laurent premiered a few months after rival film Yves Saint Laurent (directed by Jalil Lespert) was officially opened in the US and became a biography of the designer. Too bad though - the audience who saw Lespert's film would be treated to an official, politely bland version of (mostly early) life and the time of Saint Laurent, which neatly toed the line at every turn. It was created with the blessing and seal of approval from Yves Saint Laurent maison and Berge himself, and in it you can almost see the shadow of the PR manager hovering over each cage. Saint Laurent, on the other hand, has been excluded from the maison rooms, and rumor has it that Berge pulled the strings to make things very difficult for the Saint Laurent team, led by Bertrand Bonello. It turns out that Berge's hostility is not this film anything but conducive: Laurent is a candidate and badass and steeped in mid-century decadence. And there are unforgettable scenes of the runway collection, which, incidentally, have been recreated from scratch since Bonello got zero collaboration with maison. See the ballet collection of designer Russes in 1976 - probably the best work Saint Laurent has ever done that changed the course of women's fashion. He is so rich in color and exhilarating with spirit, and it's hard to believe as: Only in previous scenes, Saint Laurent literally busted his guts and suffered the ordain of hell to make it all together. Saint Laurent loved men sexually, but it was women who tried to influence and even protect: He wanted to beautify their existence and empower them with simplicity and elegance. Women probably owe him a lot, although judging by this video, he was not the type who expected thanks or gratitude. Screening Schedule Saint Laurent Japanese title SAINT LAURENT/エンドーラン Rating 4 of 5 Director Bertrand Bonello Runtime 151 min. French, English genre drama/romance/biography In accordance with COVID-19 guidelines, the government strongly urges locals and visitors to exercise caution if they choose to visit bars, restaurants, music venues and other public spaces. PHOTO GALLERY (CLICK TO ZOOM) By the time he sent his Hommage aux Années 40s collection down the runway, Yves Saint Laurent became the great fashion moderniser of the 20th century. Gone wasp-waisted, haute-feminine silhouette popularized by Dior, replaced with wide-shouldered, thin-hipped androgynous that standardized pants for women and proposed a tuxedo jacket as glamour height. Saint Laurent was the first designer to prioritize the street as his archive, dressing Youth Quake in Mondrian prints and safari jackets, reworking the sartorial DNA of cool children such as Paloma Picasso and Loulou de la Falaise into clothes that offered arguments, proposals, claims to the nature of chic and the idea of a modern woman. The tribute collection used the way such women combed the flea markets to redefine the styles worn by their mothers, an exercise in retro resignation that Saint Laurent mined for its most perverse dimension: these were clothes made and worn during the Nazi occupation of France. In front of an audience increasingly shocked by what they saw, came men's jackets reworked for women, fabrics that recalled curtains and upholstery, outrageous fur chubbies in basic colors that intimate the kind of clothing that kept the woman of the night cozy. The collection would turn out to be one of Saint Laurent's most influential, making a whole set of savvy retro codes available to disrespectful sex mother-in-law such as Jean-Paul Gaultier in the 1980s and Martin Margiela in the 1990s. It was, needless to say, a complete scandal. Hommage aux Années 40s is one of two iconic YSL collections w Saint Laurent on the other hand), and the way it works in the film points to the sly historical and aesthetic tactics developed by director Bertrand Bonello to revive the bio and pic relationship in this stodgiest genre. If you don't know anything about the 1971 import succès de scandale, the film doesn't offer much help. There is no fitting creative process, no speculation about the designer's thoughts or feelings about the collection, no contextualization or explanation of how the clothes were received, no narrative summarizing the implications of it all. In short, there is no trivial psychology about the creative process that you get in something like Imitation Game. Bonello plays something completely different. It is true that if you pay close attention to the scenes leading up to the publication of the collection you will observe Saint Laurent (Gaspard Ulliel) remind a friend of the hand his mother used to throw, and their dresses, so the 1940s ... This half-sentence, along with a couturier look at the sketch work, is the whole story we're given to one of the groundbreaking events in the postwar way. You're more likely to remember the moment when Yves enters on someone shooting heroin and politely apologizes for interference, or a sex game initiated when his lover and business partner Pierre Bergé (Jérémie Renier) locks him in a closet like a naughty little boy. What you get is astonishing reconstructions of the collection itself, richly recreated by costume designer Anaïs Romand (working without direct access to the YSL archive and against Bergé's open hostility, which supported a much more conventional 2013 biopic directed by Jalil Lespert). Bonello stages a sharp procession of models descending the marble staircase and circling through the audience of Parisian high society. As the scene progresses, we feel that something is at stake here, some interesting impact is generated by clothes, some kind of increased attention and sensation has penetrated the room, but the film refrains from telegraphing any clues as to what exactly it means. So we look at the clothes and think about them: are they nice? Bold? Uncomfortable? What kind of idea or attitude do they express? What values or sensitivities are they challenging or affirming? What kind of woman do they propose? This is part of the Saint Laurent method: to give us images that belong to history, without limiting them to it, to present scenes from a life in which the set design assumes its own life. Bonello draws on some kind of richly sensual distancing effect, which we might better call dissolving. The film doesn't dress up historical material as much as to grant them instantaneous flowering or crystallization with some more basic sub-layered tone, texture, atmosphere, impact. This is one of those biopics involved in creative genius, like Peter Watkins's Edvard Munch or Maurice Pialat's Van Gogh, whose integrity completely independent of its biographical dimension. Saint Laurent will certainly tell you about the life and times of the famous fashion designer, but his ideal viewer is the one who knows nothing about Yves Saint Laurent, and its effect is to put every viewer in this situation. Here comes Betty Catroux (Aymeline Valade), a lithe, six feet tall, extremely self-contained model who has become the muse of Saint Laurent. Her entry into the narrative ticks off an element of YSL tradition, but her meaning in the film is the way she navigates the nightclub, the composure and rhythm of her body described in the jewel shades of a sly dance floor. Check out another box of loulou de la Falaise (Léa Seydoux) about which you can learn everything on Wikipedia if you're so inclined, but which functions in the world of Saint Laurent as a zone of polite, ramshackle insouciance in counterpoise to cool Betty, upright glamour. Texture on texture. In another kind of film, debauchery playboy Jacques de Bascher (Louis Garrel) will be moving the mechanics of caution:

too much drugs, too much sex, the incarnation of the devil on his shoulder, which takes you flying in the bushes, shows how to buttfuck on a gynecological chair, throwing pills popping orgies on the cusp of the AIDS crisis. Saint Laurent associates de Bascher with the most severe period of substance abuse by a designer, but he is not a puppet of any moral drama. The montage of dumbfounded drugs sustained in the second half of the film is not there to set an obstacle to overcome, or to mark the place of a dark experiment relevant to creative genius, or to associate with the psychological structure or characteristics of character, or comment on the perils of fame, power and money. Bonello suppresses this kind of message-making on the basis that it's clear what needs no explanation. Saint Laurent is a great fashion film because it treats fashion as a model for generating ideas and impressions from a deep commitment to surfaces. The film opens in 1974, when Saint Laurent checks in at a Parisian hotel under the name M. Swann and proceeds to confess to the reporter the intimate details of his life. This is an interesting way to start, elliptical and oblique, and the film quickly jumps back to the YSL atelier in 1967 to initiate a more conventional chronology. More or less: M. Swann's alias signals saint laurent's identification with Proust, while heralding Bonello's way of mixing history with memory, fact and sensation, the expectations of biography with the autonomy of perception. Saint Laurent is a memory film with a wonderfully idiosyncratic sense of rhythm and pace. Scenes play out differently with sudden changes or deliberative longueurs; bold title cards, which mark each year change, structure the narrative without setting neat, summarizing chapters. Split-screen montage that sequences run YSL collections before political crises in the late sixties could fall as glib it's not as elegantly framed (and commented on) as a fantasy that unfolds with an interval of one gyration of Betty's hips, dancing at night. After two and a half hours, Saint Laurent justifies its length with real force as its full form emerges into view. The final episode of the film connects with Yves' moment in a Paris hotel room, during his darkest days of lassitude and drug use, in order to regroup and build into an expanded, wonderfully polyphonic climax organized around the legendary 1976 Ballet Russes collection. Where the 40s collection has been strategically decontextualized, Bonello devotes much attention to the production of the Russian collection. Collecting all your emotional, sensual and formal energy, film channels them through the production of clothing materials. When Saint Laurent's sketches reach his atelier, and his dedicated craftsmen work on the captivating task of translating pencil and ink into textiles, silhouettes, ornaments and accessories, he is tempted to read the allegory of the task Bonello has set himself. The Russian collection was extravagant to the max, a deluge of flowing liquid luxury and rich haute couture finishes. The film woes and scintillates in contact with it, chipping into a kaleidoscope of multiple frames and perspectives. This spatial fragmentation is preceded by a narrative time analog. Past, present and future commingle; Saint Laurent's childhood gaze pierces the texture of the film, as do the visions of older Yves chewing in the company of a servant, surrounded throughout his life by a collection of precious tchotchkes and modernist art. This chronological fracking occurs when an exhausted Saint Laurent checks into the hospital, suggesting that the film has been captured by the imagination or delusions of its protagonist. Both past and future materials can be indexed to specific data: childhood scenes date back to the time that inspired the Hommage collection, and future scenes refer to the 1993 sale of the Yves Saint Laurent brand to the French oil company's 3.6 billion francs division. Until now, however, every line of facts or fiction, history or atmosphere, real or imaginary, has been swept away in symphonic motion at once triumphant and melancholic, pouring monuments and sounds from the cool, enigmatic ship Monsieur Yves Saint Laurent. I suppose I should end up saying something about Ulliel's performance, but maybe it's my own strategic omission, or the subject of another kind of recognition that can take up analysis, as, beyond the incredible physical resemblance to his model and the technical precision of his body language, Ulliel organizes his effects around an obscure interior. So I'll just leave to be and close, as the film does itself, for a note of appreciation for the sensual form and fabric of life enclosed by an enigmatic smile. Smile.

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