

to think that. But I don't know, because it doesn't happen all the time. If it happened all the time, then I would have the statistical guarantee that this works to advantage in that sense. But I was thinking also of the role of the male director who becomes a heroic figure, and thinking of what you said about women filmmakers not being taken that seriously. I mean, to be a male director—even on a small scale—becomes a very glamorous kind of occupation; but with the woman, oddly enough, being an actress holds a great deal more glamour, even though she may have a very small part, than the position of being a female director. On the other hand, there's an indulgence toward the female which sometimes works to a very great advantage in terms of getting things done.

SC: Do you think it's slightly a disgrace to be a woman film director?

SDH: This depends on the eyes of the beholder.

SC: Haven't you noticed that labs, for instance, are very friendly with you—they immediately call you by your first name. I mean, I'm always "Shirley" to everybody.

SDH: I haven't had quite that experience; but that might have been because of my own attitude in coming in.

SC: I pick up the phone and I say, this is Shirley Clarke and I'd like to know how much it costs to print such-and-such. "Well, Shirley, it's . . ." I mean, immediately. Now, I'm pretty sure that this is not what is done with the average man. Since it happens to be an attitude that they have, then women should use it, because actually, it's better if people don't take you completely seriously. Strangely enough, they are more agreeable and more willing to do things for you than if they are afraid of you. And if they're not afraid of you because they don't take you seriously, you know what you're doing yourself—that's still your business. If your goal is a certain goal, you go right ahead getting it, and let them think whatever they want.

On Yoko Ono*

Yoko Ono

October 1968

on *Film No. 4, 1967* (in taking the bottoms of 365 saints of our time)

I wonder why men can get serious at all. They have this delicate long thing hanging outside their bodies, which goes up and down by its own will. First of all having it outside your body is terribly dangerous. If I were a man, I would have a fantastic castration complex to the point that I wouldn't be able to do a thing. Second, the inconsistency of it, like carrying a chance time alarm or something. If I were a man, I would always be laughing at myself. Humor is probably something the male of the species discovered through their own anatomy. But men are so serious. Why? Why violence? Why hatred? Why war? If people want to make war, they should make a color war, and paint each other's city up during the night in pinks and greens. Men have an unusual talent for making a bore out of everything they touch. Art, painting, sculpture, like who wants a cast-iron woman, for instance.

The film world is becoming terribly aristocratic, too. It's professionalism all the way down the line. In any other field: painting,

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