

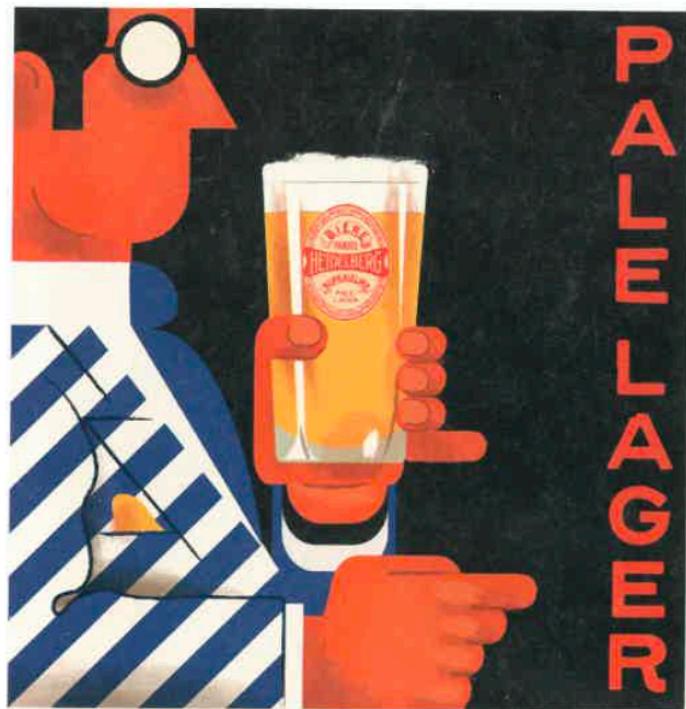
149° Série, N° 12

200 Old Francs

THE FRENCH DISPATCH

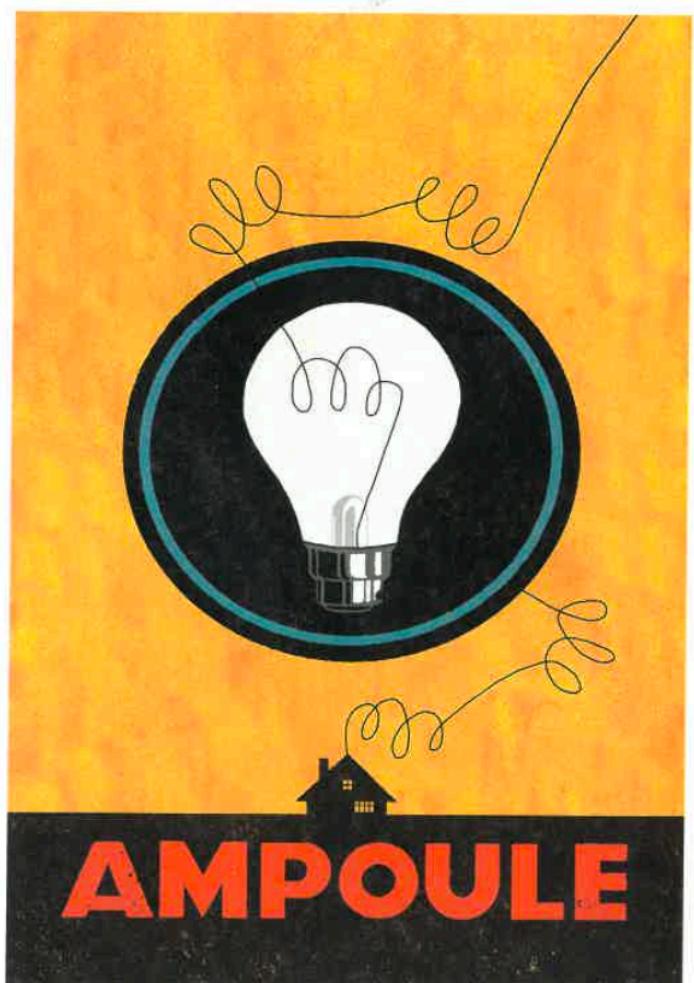
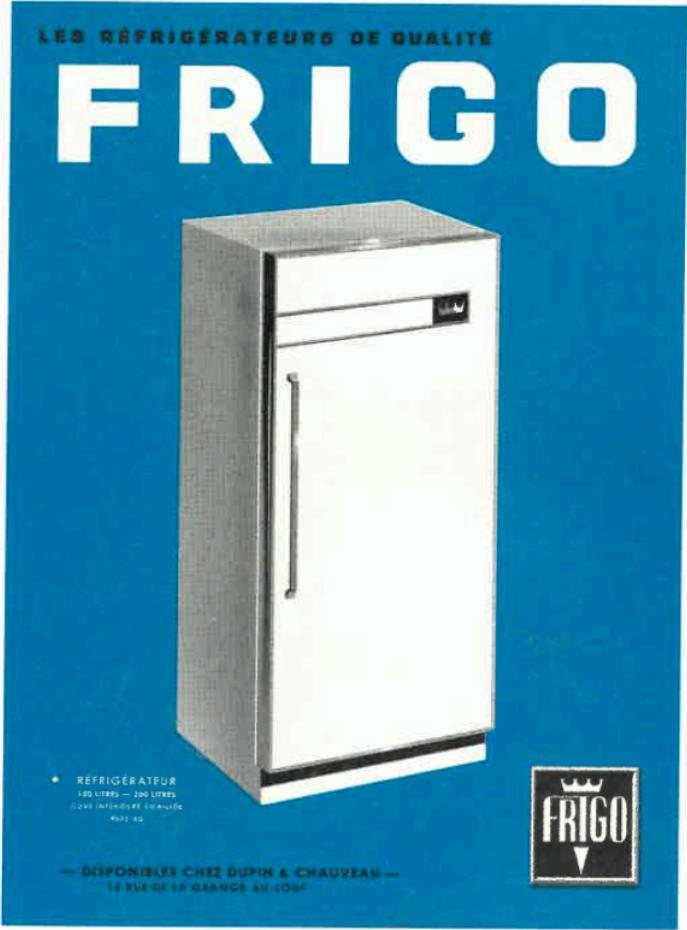
OF LIBERTY, KANSAS EVENING SUN





Heidelberg
(Ph.D.)
PALE LAGER

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INTRODUCTION

UNFORGOTTEN EDITORS: ROSS, SHAWN, HOWITZER

The movie began as an anthology. "I always wanted to do a collection of short stories," Wes Anderson said recently about **THE FRENCH DISPATCH** (the movie about the titular magazine that inspired the eponymous publication you are now holding).

"The second thing I always wanted to do," Anderson said, "was to make a movie about *The New Yorker*." **THE FRENCH DISPATCH** is not literally based on *The New Yorker* magazine, but it was "totally inspired by it." When Anderson first discovered the publication in 11th grade, he gravitated to the short stories, fodder for a budding fiction writer. At college in Austin, he would hang out in the library to plum old bound volumes, where "you could find the J.D. Salinger stories that had never been collected."

The New Yorker showed up at an incendiary moment. Roaring back after a war (and a pandemic), 1920's America was reading and listening and looking like never before. It feasted on magazines with names like *Life* and *Fortune* and *Time* and *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*: artful, sagacious, amusing, and to publishers' delight, gloriously covered in ads. Magazines were also the vanguard of rich, new ideas: Little magazines—like *The Paris Review*, *The Little Review*, *The Criterion*, *Broom*—exploded out of the cafe-lined cities of Europe, launching a generation of writers and artists, and giving voice to a fleeting feeling of liberation, one for which many Americans were leaving home.

Harold Ross, *The New Yorker*'s improbable co-founder—and part of the inspiration for **THE FRENCH DISPATCH**'s Arthur Howitzer, Jr.—was also a mover. Born in Aspen (then a hardscrabble mining town), grew up in Salt Lake. Elementary school dropout, vagabond writer, newspaper tramp; by the age of twenty-five, his byline had appeared for over a dozen newspapers. When World War I broke out, he enlisted in the Army, and later claimed he walked one hundred and fifty miles to Paris so he could write for



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Original Text by Alex PASTERNAK

Illustrations by Javi AZNAREZ

Design by Erica DORN

Editorial Guidance from David BRENDEL



the military newspaper *Stars & Stripes*. He edited it for a year, and there met a number of future collaborators—including his future wife, the feminist and writer Jane Grant.

It was the dawn of the Jazz Age, and the mercurial Ross relocated to New York for a new rhythm. He took editing gigs, and took refuge with a wisecracking lunch circle of writers and artists at the Algonquin Hotel (including Dorothy Parker and Harpo Marx). He began to envision a new kind of magazine. Grant, by now the first full-fledged female reporter at *The New York Times*, helped him pitch investors. Unlike many of the popular magazines at the time, which Ross found too sophomoric and middlebrow, the new periodical would target a more sophisticated audience. It will be, they wrote in a prospectus, a “reflection in word and picture of metropolitan life. It will be human. Its general tenor will be one of gaiety, wit, and satire, but it will be more than a jester.”

With backing from Algonquin regular and yeast fortune heir Raoul Fleischmann, they launched *The New Yorker* in February 1925. The debut issue—a wry mix of reporting, short stories, and funny drawings—sold out in thirty-six hours. It was stylish and occasionally witty, but spotty and searching for its footing, a work in progress. Ross dashed off a note to his contributors: “We had not intended to look so much like a humorous magazine and regret that the appearance, together with the contents, tend to give a wrong impression. We are changing our make-up somewhat and are trying to be a little more serious and purposeful.”

Fleischmann, now publisher, had other changes in mind, like shutting it down. That didn’t happen then or the other times he tried, because the editor always fought like hell. Ross never wanted mainstream success either—he promised “it is not edited for the old lady in Dubuque”—but as the magazine found its voice it found that lady and many others. Credit Ross’s good fortune, exhausting perfectionism, and talents for cultivating a cavalcade of fantastic writers and artists, masters of all kinds of stories. They included Joseph Mitchell, who helped inspire *THE FRENCH DISPATCH*’s Herb-

Left and Right: Scenes from the town of Ennui and the offices of THE FRENCH DISPATCH.



Arthur Howitzer Jr. (1900-1975) was the son of a newspaper publisher, and founder of *THE FRENCH DISPATCH* magazine.

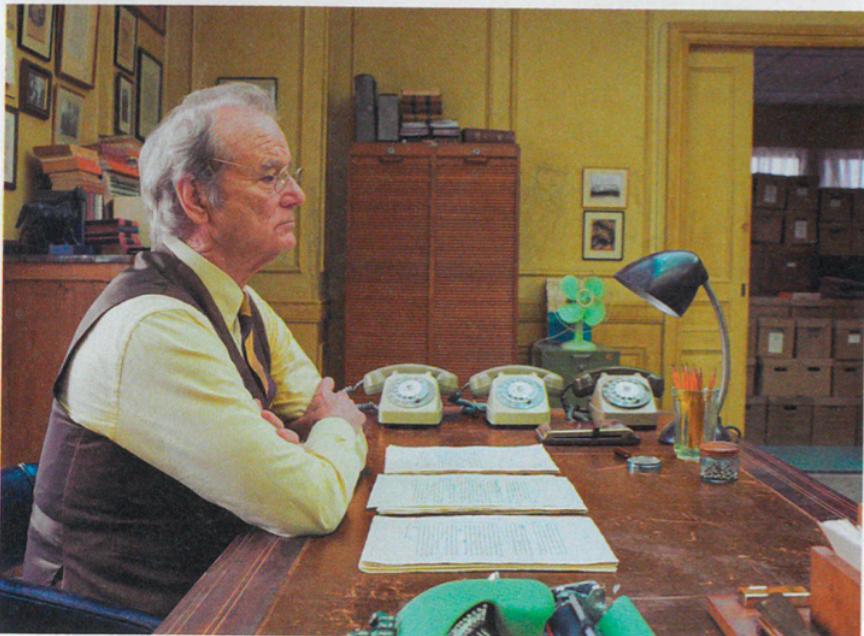
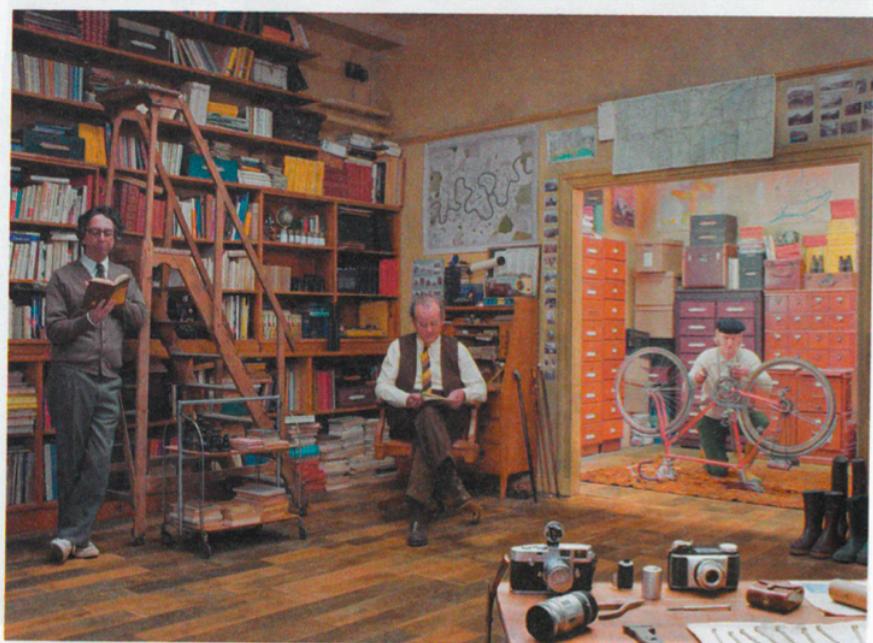
saint Sazerac; Mavis Gallant and Lillian Ross, inspirations for the Dispatch's Lucinda Klementz; and James Baldwin and A.J. Liebling, who blended together as the first inspirations for Roebuck Wright.

After a frantic search for an ideal managing editor, what Ross called his "Jesus," William Shawn showed up. Whereas the madcap Ross dared and coddled his divas, Shawn—Ross's eventual successor, and the other part of the inspiration for Howitzer—took a gentler, more encour-

"He knew when some young stranger was saying things that one had never quite heard before."

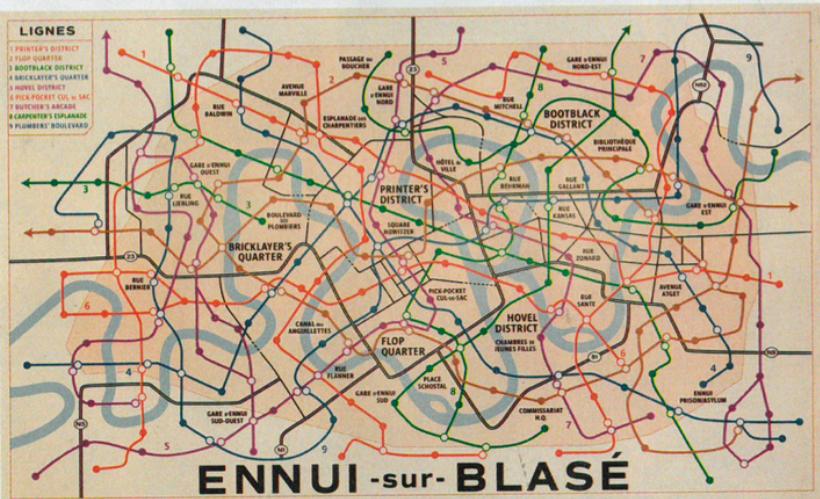
aging approach. "No editor ever ruled a large and complex magazine as absolutely as he ruled this one, yet no editor ever imparted to so many writers and artists as powerful a sense of freedom and possibility," Hendrik Hertzberg and Roger Angell wrote. "Mr. Shawn had few preconceptions when it came to reading, and was always hoping to be surprised or instructed—to find something out of the ordinary. He knew when some young stranger was saying things that one had never quite heard before."

That kind of personality fueled the magazine and its contributors, and became its staggering innovation. That lady in Dubuque — and all the readers who would later become editors or writers or artists or filmmakers — may have never once seen the names of Ross and Shawn in their magazine, at least not until they were gone. But you can still hear their voices all over the place, and see why they drew such a crowd, an infectious love for collecting great stories that no one had ever quite heard before. ■

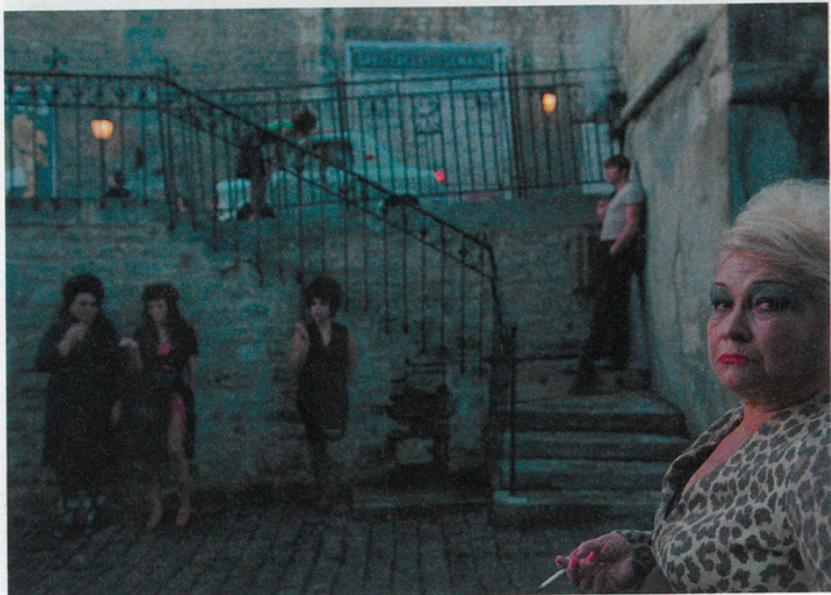


« The Cycling Reporter »

by Herbsaint SAZERAC



Above: Subway map of Ennui and its environs.



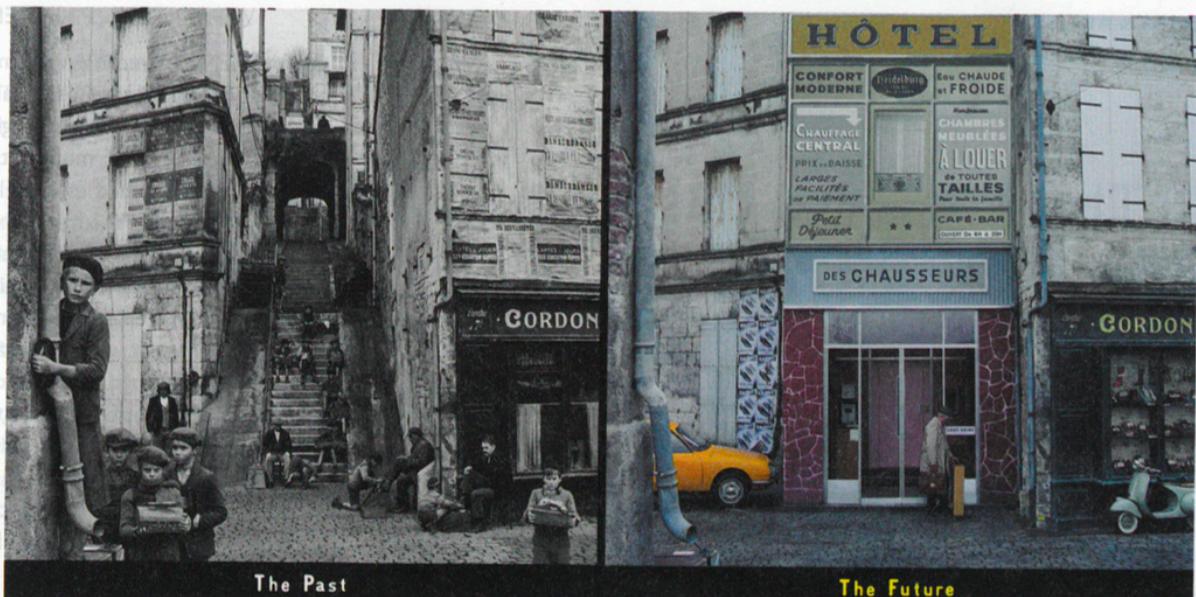
the military ON LOCATION

ENNUI-sur-Blasé, the home of THE FRENCH DISPATCH, evokes a Paris that is no more and maybe never was, but it is actually the city of Angoulême. Perched on a plateau overlooking the Charente River, the city is sometimes called "the balcony of the Southwest," but also "la ville de l'image" and the "capital of the comic strip," for all of the colorful murals that cover its walls and for all of the artists within them. Home to a comic art school, museum, and annual festival of animation, the city is now responsible for about half of France's animated film production. (Angoumoisins became key contributors to THE FRENCH DISPATCH: forty percent of the film's crew were based in town, and some 900 citizens worked as paid extras. Some say it was the biggest international production ever made in France. The animated sequences supervised by Gwenn Germain were executed entirely locally with local talent.)

Since its days as an ancient Roman city, Angoulême's coveted strategic location made it a frequent target of sieges; in *Illusions perdues*, Honoré de Balzac called the old town, ringed by its medieval fortifications, "the height of grandeur and power." Much of the surrounding area was rebuilt in the 19th century, but the old city, tucked between the ramparts and the town center, still harbors another lifetime: winding streets, staircases, small squares, grand mansions, a bridge, a castle, a cathedral, town hall, and welcoming neighbors. One day, the producers learned that a small army of local high schoolers, inspired by the "Yellow Vests" movement, were planning a march through the city, and likely right through the shoot. "We put out a couple of signs labeled 'detour' in the hopes that they would not interrupt the filming," one producer said. The students had many grievances; the production, happily, was not one of them. "They didn't detour—but instead paid us a brief, sweet, respectful visit," she said. "It's that kind of town." ■

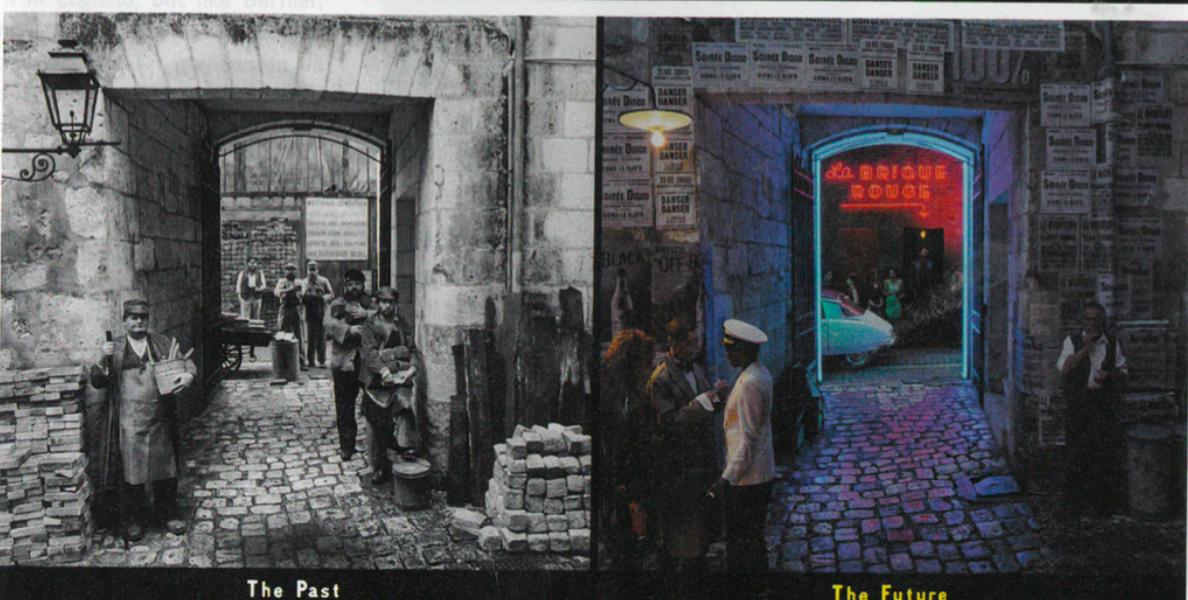
Left: As the sun sets, a medley of unregistered streetwalkers and gigolos replaces the day's delivery boys and shopkeepers, and an air of promiscuous calm saturates the hour.

Right, from top: The Bootblack District; The Bricklayer's Quarter; The Butcher's Arcade.



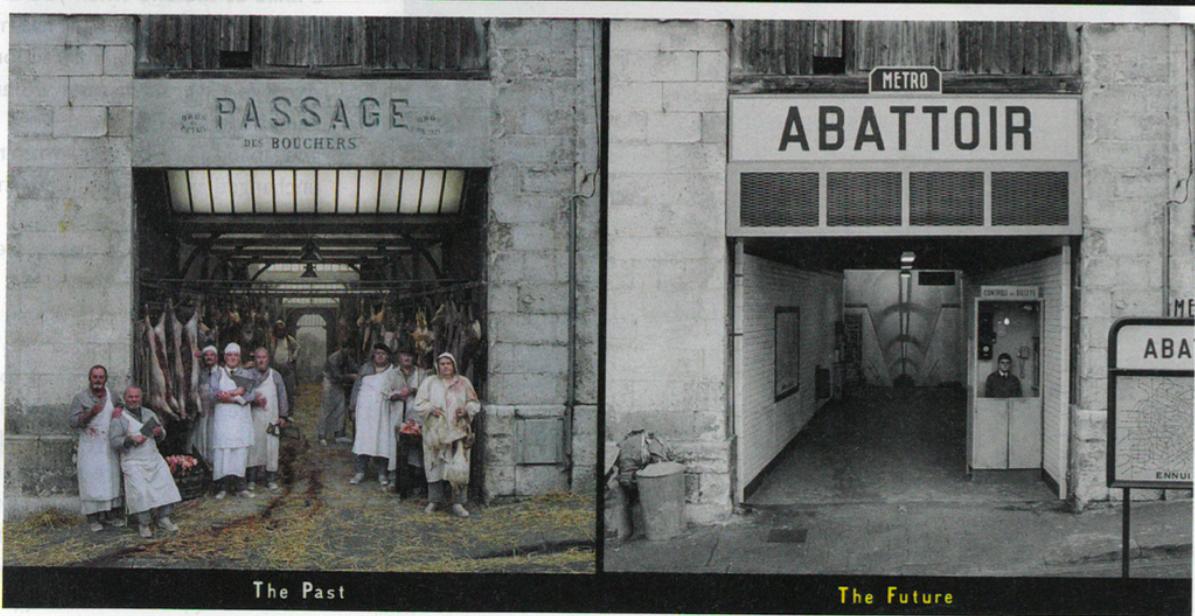
The Past

The Future



The Past

The Future



The Past

The Future

« The Concrete Masterpiece »

by J.K.L. BERENSEN

CADAZIO

UNCLES AND NEPHEW GALERIE



A poster for Moses Rosenthaler's solo show at the Cadazio gallery. (The painting is actually by the artist Sandro Kopp.)

WHEN I arrived in Angoulême to begin work on the Rosenthaler paintings, I faced a formidable challenge: I knew I had two and a half months to create unique pieces that had to look like a genius had worked on them for three years.

We started with a lot of references: Francis Bacon, Willem De Kooning, Jenny Saville, Frank Auerbach, Anselm Kiefer, and many others. It was clear that Rosenthaler's paintings had to incorporate energies of the work of these artists, but be an entirely independent, newly invented, idiosyncratic thing.

At the studio (inside a derelict felt factory just outside of town that had been

"Now do one where you attack it with a knife when you are done."

transformed into a full-fledged movie set) the first weeks were spent testing materials and mark making. We started by making a 2-foot square sample of how the flesh would be painted. When I had done this, Wes said "Good. Now do another one. This time make more marks of different sizes." And the following day: "Good. Now do another one. This time make them sharper and more detailed." And so on. He was always supportive and both very precise and occasionally quite esoteric in his instructions. "Now add some random elements, more splatters"; "Now do one where you attack it with a knife at the end when you are done"; "overwork the paint so it has maximum complexity and total abstraction." After two lively weeks of tests we arrived at something that had the desired qualities, and I made a full size test, which remained unchanged and became the fifth painting that appears in the film.

There were many more memorable scenes behind-the-scenes: the taxidermied beagle that was stuck in customs and delayed the painting of the train-car sunflower painting; the final touches to the large paintings—made while waiting for the camera crane to be fixed—up until two minutes before the first roll, with me up a ladder in costume; or the many further Rosenthaler-style paintings I have made since we wrapped that will never be in the film... — Sandro Kopp

SOME OF MY LIVES

J.K.L. Berensen, art correspondent for THE FRENCH DISPATCH, was inspired by the legendary Rosamond Bernier. Ms. Bernier and her husband John Russell were soulmates, worshiping at the altar of France. Bernier had a backstory too grand to invent. She abandoned college early for a stint in Acapulco under the tutelage of Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera. Next was an extended sojourn in France, first as Paris editor of *Vogue*, later as co-founder of *L'Oeil*, an English language, Paris-based art journal. *L'Oeil* published original work by the greatest artists of the day, which Bernier describes in her first memoir "Matisse, Picasso, Miró: As I Knew Them." Russell was born in England, but like Bernier, was a lifelong Francophile. He became the art critic for *The Times of London* via his friend Ian Fleming, followed by a long reign as art critic at *The New York Times*. Russell is known for books and essays on such artists as Vuillard, Seurat, and his close friends Max Ernst and Dorothea Tanning. Bernier became an adored art lecturer at The Metropolitan Museum of Art and wrote a second memoir "Some of My Lives," published when she was an eloquent 95. As a couple—married at Philip Johnson's Glass House with Leonard Bernstein walking Rosamond down the aisle—they had a modernist marriage made in heaven. ■



Right, from top: Moses Rosenthaler, the celebrated painter of the French Splatter-school Action-group and the most eloquent artistic voice of his generation, in his padded cell; Simone, his muse, was Olympian in her ability to hold extremely challenging positions for extended periods of time; the Levantine art dealer (perhaps not a connoisseur) Julien Cadazio.



« Revisions to a Manifesto »

by Lucinda KREMENTZ



Above: Negotiations between undergraduates and the university administration break down abruptly in early-morning hours after clamorous debate, angry name-calling, and, finally, outright gambling over: the right of free access to the girl's dormitory for all male students.



FRENCH LESSON: SLOGANS FROM MAY 68

IN THE FRENCH DISPATCH, student revolutionaries demand change on the streets of Ennui-sur-Blasé, armed with slogans and signs. In May 1968, student radicals at the University of Paris provoked a campus shutdown, spiraling into demonstrations, occupations, and general strikes. Their weapons included posters made in occupied printing studios and slogans scrawled all over the city's walls—vital, funny, incendiary messages that spread to walls around the world, and helped define that convulsive era. A tiny selection: www.yabada.com/selections.html

- ¶ Vivez sans temps mort, jouissez sans entraves ("Live without dead time, enjoy without impediments").
- ¶ Sous les pavés, la plage! ("Beneath the cobblestones, the beach!")
- ¶ Ne travaillez jamais ("Never work").
- ¶ Prenons la révolution au sérieux, mais ne nous prenons pas au sérieux ("Take the revolution seriously, but don't take ourselves seriously").
- ¶ Soyez réalistes, demandez l'impossible ("Be realistic, demand the impossible").
- ¶ Lennui est contre-révolutionnaire ("Boredom is counter-revolutionary").
- ¶ La barricade ferme la rue mais ouvre la voie ("The barricade blocks the street but opens the way").
- ¶ Bannissons les applaudissements, les spectacles est partout ("Let us ban all applause, the spectacle is everywhere").
- ¶ Je suis Marxiste—tendance Groucho ("I'm a Marxist—of the Groucho persuasion").
- ¶ La société est une fleur carnivore ("Society is a carnivorous flower").



Left: The Girl's Dormitory Uprising. What will normal reality be? Next week, next month, whenever (if ever) we get the chance to experience it again. Anyone's guess.

Right, from top: Juliette, devoted to the cause and against bureaucracies and stooge-governments; Krementz and Zeffirelli engaged in a series of revisions. What do they want? To defend their illusions. A luminous abstraction.



RECOMMENDED VIEWING

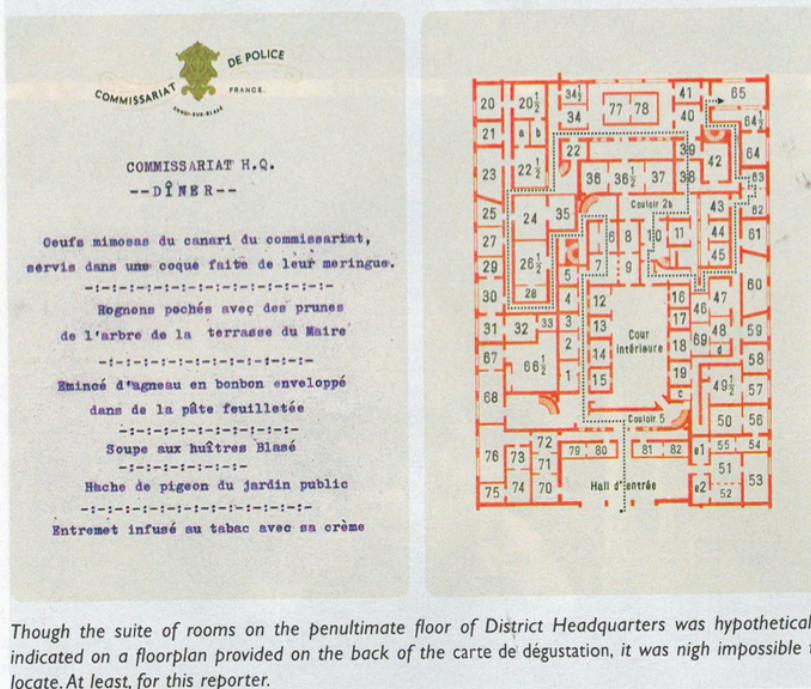
THE FRENCH DISPATCH pays homage and owes a debt to a rich, diverse cinematic history. Here are some of the films that provided inspiration to the filmmakers, cast, and crew, in no particular order.

- ¶ THE GOLD OF NAPLES (De Sica)
- ¶ BOUDOU SAUVÉ DES EAUX (Renoir)
- ¶ THE LOWER DEPTHS (Renoir)
- ¶ THEY MADE ME A FUGITIVE (Cavalcanti)
- ¶ CITY STREETS (Mamoulian)
- ¶ TIREZ SUR LE PIANISTE (Truffaut)
- ¶ LE NOTTE BIANCHE (Visconti)
- ¶ UN CARNET DU BAL (Duvivier)
- ¶ DAVID GOLDER (Duvivier)
- ¶ TOUCHEZ PAS AU GRISBI (Becker)
- ¶ LA CHINOISE (Godard)
- ¶ QUAI DES ORFÈVRES (Clouzot)
- ¶ THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, 1934 (Hitchcock)
- ¶ LE TROU (Becker)
- ¶ MASCULIN FÉMININ (Godard)
- ¶ MON ONCLE (Tati)
- ¶ PLAYTIME (Tati)
- ¶ SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS (Mackendrick)
- ¶ CASQUE D'OR (Becker)
- ¶ HIS GIRL FRIDAY (Hawks)
- ¶ L'ASSASSIN HABITE AU 21 (Clouzot)
- ¶ LA VÉRITÉ (Clouzot)
- ¶ LE FEU FOLLET (Malle)
- ¶ LOVE ME TONIGHT (Mamoulian)
- ¶ PAINTERS PAINTING (de Antonio)
- ¶ RULES OF THE GAME (Renoir)
- ¶ LES QUATRE CENT COUPS (Truffaut)
- ¶ THE TENANT (Polanski)
- ¶ VIVRE SA VIE (Godard)
- ¶ IRMA LA DOUCE (Wilder)
- ¶ ONE FROM THE HEART (Coppola)
- ¶ THE RED BALLOON (Lamorisse)

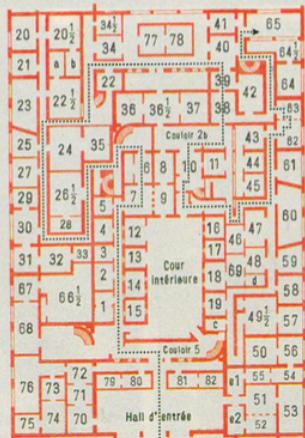


« The Private Dining Room of the Police Commissioner »

by Roebuck WRIGHT



Though the suite of rooms on the penultimate floor of District Headquarters was hypothetically indicated on a floorplan provided on the back of the carte de dégustation, it was nigh impossible to locate. At least, for this reporter.



LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR

ARTHUR Howitzer Jr., editor of THE FRENCH DISPATCH, was loosely based on Harold Ross, the first editor and founder of *The New Yorker*. Ross's byline never appeared in the magazine, but between the launch in 1925 and his death in 1951, he spent numerous hours a day writing letters and memos to correspondents and friends near and far. Many of his thousands of letters, like these two, survive in the archive of the New York Public Library.

To Mrs. Baskin, who was the Pulitzer Prize-winning author Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, and had submitted the story "Miriam's Houses."

NOVEMBER 30, 1945

Dear Mrs. Baskin: Mr. Lobrano showed me that letter you wrote a month ago, when you sent back your proof, and I kept it to write you. I put it in my "slow" basket and then I didn't do anything about that basket, beyond retrieving occasionally something that had to be ceased to be "slow," because things have been coming at me so fast lately that I've been dizzy...

You are a little wrong in your idea of how we work here. I never actually decide on the details of a piece, or when I do it is extra routine business. I do what I call "query" things in a story, pass the queries on to Mr. Lobrano, and then he and the author decide on the details. And actually what I and the rest of us do is query, too, for in the long run the story is the author's and is run over the author's signature, and if the author wants to retain some bad grammar or some ambiguity, or even print two or three words upside down, we let them do it if the story is good enough to get by with the defects, or what we consider the defects. We've got to accept or reject what the author wants in the long run, in toto. We do put up a hell of an argument about details sometimes, though, and occasionally we have to hand back a story we think we have bought because the author won't yield on points we consider important. ...

The only great argument I have against writers, generally speaking, is that many of them deny the function of an editor, and I claim editors are important. For one thing, an editor is a good



trial horse; the writer can use him to see if a story and its various elements register as he or she thinks they register... most of the writers think we are helpful at times, if a nuisance generally. We are unquestionably captious and careless frequently and occasionally we suggest changes for the mere sake of change, or for a peculiar personal feeling, but we try not to cram our theories, little or big, down writers' throats...

Sincerely yours,
H.W. Ross

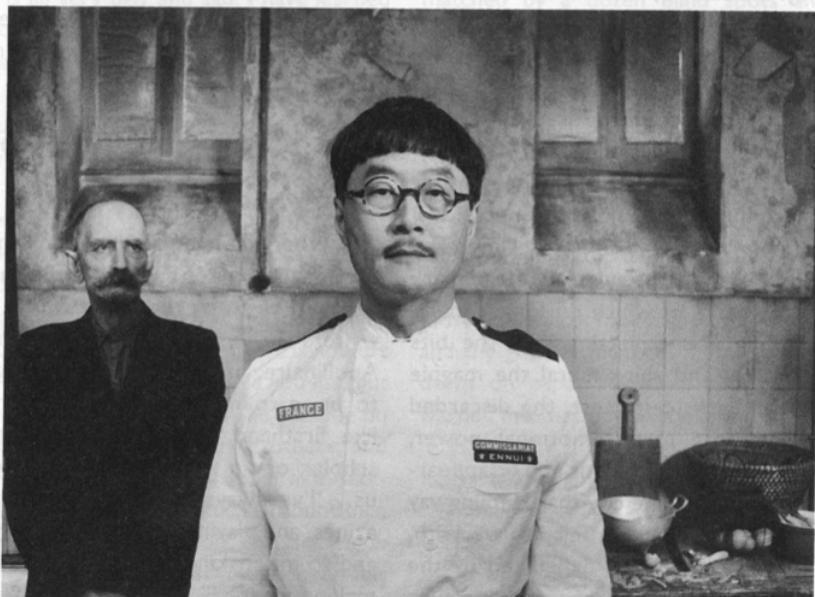
To George Jean Nathan, the critic and editor who co-founded The American Mercury and The American Spectator.

DECEMBER 27, 1949

Your statement that most magazine successes have been helped largely by pure editorial accidents is a knowing and sagacious one. If it is off at all, it is off on the side of understatement... *The New Yorker* is pure accident from start to finish. I was the luckiest son of a bitch alive when I started it. Within a year White, Thurber, Arno, and Hokinson had shown up out of nowhere. I guess they had shown up within six months. And Gibbs came along very soon, and Clarence Day, and a number of other pathfinders I could name if I spent a little time in review. It just so happened, accidentally, that all that talent was around, waiting... Magazines are about eighty-five per cent luck. All an editor can do is have a net handy, to grab any talent that comes along, and maybe cast a little bread on the waters...

As ever,
ROSS

Right, from top: The once almost promising guitarist Chauffeur Joe Lefevre and his hungry band; the Commissaire de Police; and Lieutenant Nescaffier, Chef Cuisinier for the Commissaire's private dining room. [OR: I can neither comprehend nor describe what occurs behind a kitchen door.]



FURTHER READING

THE WRITERS AND EDITORS WHO INSPIRED THE MOVIE



Janet Flanner



A.J. Liebling



Joseph Mitchell



Rosamond Bernier



Ved Mehta

Janet FLANNER, "Dearest Edith" (Profile of Edith Wharton)

Janet Flanner in a 1960 CBS interview: "We had gone to France, you know, as if we'd come from France. That's not true of most Americans. We all turned up in Paris as if our parents had literally indicated that from infancy for us. There we all were... a hundred francs a share among us. We were all voluntary exiles, temporarily. We went willingly and gladly and lived grandly on little money. Wine was so cheap, you know, that it seemed as if you drank it for nothing."

A.J. LIEBLING, *Between Meals*

Longman, 1959

Excerpt from introduction by James Salter: "The year was 1926-27 and the Paris Liebling discovered is like Cavafy's Alexandria, William Kennedy's Albany, or Bellow's Chicago, a city seen mainly from the underside with occasional glimpses into the upper realms. The book is a kind of guide to a legendary Paris, parts of which no longer exist. Liebling was collecting, like the bits of string and shiny metal the magpie brings back to its nest, the discarded things that carry emotional power, fragments of a fabulous and disappearing city, the same city that Hemingway and Gertrude Stein fell in love with, a city in the 1920s exhausted by the effort of our years of war with huge

casualties, and weary despite the final triumph. The face was still ravishing but the tone of the skin had lost its freshness and there were faint lines in the brow and around the mouth."

Joseph MITCHELL, "Thirty-Two Rats From Casablanca"

The New Yorker, April 21, 1944

"In New York, as in all great seaports, rats abound. One is occasionally in their presence without being aware of it. In the whole city relatively few blocks are entirely free of them. They have diminished greatly in the last twenty-five years, but there still are millions here; some authorities believe that in the five boroughs, there is a rat for every human being."

Calvin TOMKINS, "Art Talker" (On Rosamond Bernier)

The New Yorker, February 14, 1977

"Whether she is discussing the French Renaissance under François I, the Paris of Paul Poiret, or the effect on art of writers such as Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Apollinaire, and Proust, she manages to bring to her subject what sounds like firsthand knowledge. 'I'm not a scholar or an art historian,' she told us... 'I've always loved books and magazines, and playing around with images, and to me making a lecture is just like making a book.'"

Ved MEHTA, *Remembering Mr. Shawn's New Yorker*

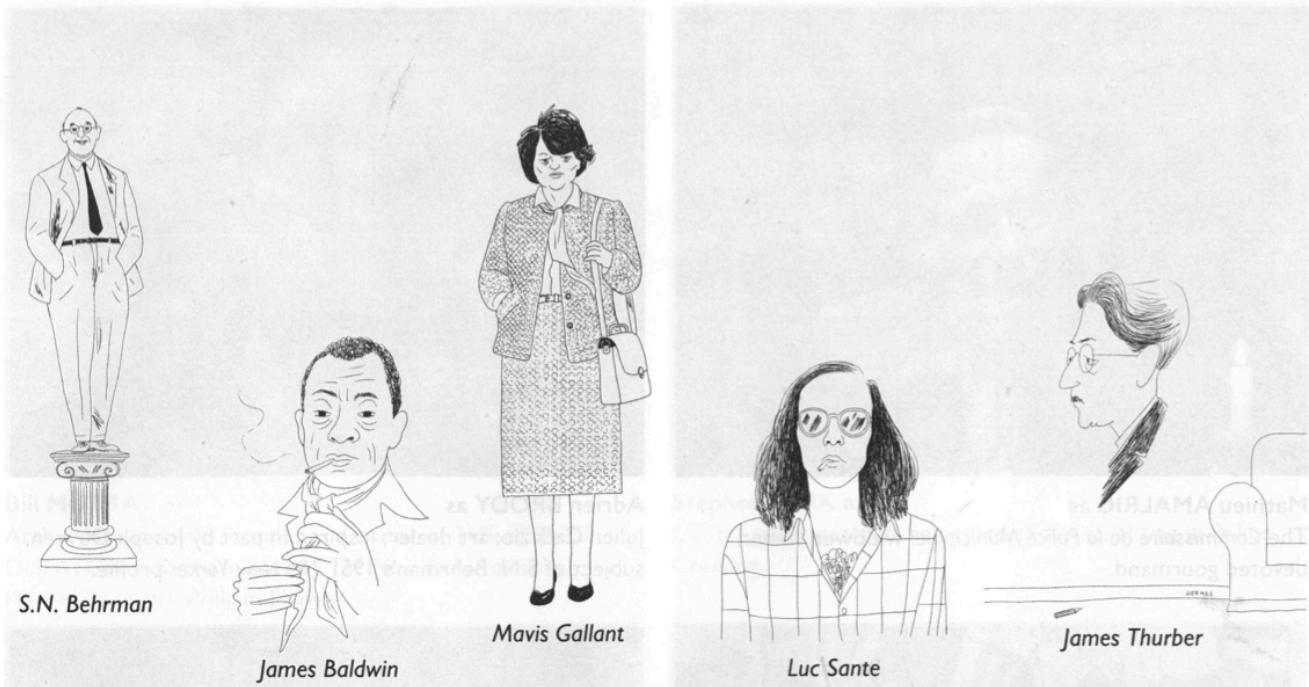
Overlook Press, 1998

"In my years as a writer, I had seen many editors of books and magazines come and go. Each one had typed me as a blind writer or an Indian writer, for instance, and had been interested in my writing on only one or the other of those subjects. In contrast, Mr. Shawn, without having been given a word of preparation or explanation, had jumped in with me in my writing projects, each more outlandish and improbable than the last, as if he were my Siamese twin, who would have to accompany me wherever I went, even to the ends of the earth."

Brendan GILL, *Here at The New Yorker*

Da Capo Press, 1975

"To me in my early weeks and months on the staff of *The New Yorker*, the most startling fact was the total absence of any camaraderie in the office... The custom was to speak as little as possible, and then as dourly as possible. One never touched another person except by accident. Song was as strictly forbidden as whistling, which among reporters has always been thought to invite bad luck. I was willing to get along without whistling, but it was hard to get along without song; and to get along without conversation was surely impossible."



S.N. BEHRMAN, "The Days of Duveen," Part One

The New Yorker, September 29, 1951

"When Joseph Duveen, the most spectacular art dealer of all time, travelled from one to another of his three galleries, in Paris, New York, and London, his business, including a certain amount of his stock in trade, travelled with him. His business was highly personal, and during his absence his establishments dozed. They jumped to attention only upon the kinetic arrival of the Master. Early in life, Duveen—who became Lord Duveen of Millbank before he died in 1939, at the age of sixty-nine—noticed that Europe had plenty of art and America had plenty of money, and his entire astonishing career was the product of that simple observation."

James BALDWIN, "Equal in Paris"

Commentary Magazine, March, 1955

"... I had come to Paris originally with a little over forty dollars in my pockets, nothing in the bank, and no grasp whatever of the French language. It developed, shortly, that I had no grasp of the French character either. I considered the French an ancient, intelligent, and cultured race, which indeed they are. I did not know, however, that ancient glories imply, at least in the middle of the present century, present fatigue and, quite probably, paranoia; that there is a limit to the role of the intelligence in human affairs; and that no

people come into possession of a culture without having paid a heavy price for it."

Mavis GALLANT, *Paris Notebooks*

Random House, March 12, 1988

Letter from Mavis to The New Yorker, accompanying the manuscript for Paris Notebooks, June 17, 1968: "This is the last lot. I stopped it the morning of June 5th because the worst of it was over, and one has to stop somewhere... Some of it may look like second guessing on my part, or being wise after the event, but I can assure you it is authentically almost hour by hour as written at the time... It is all very ugly and sad. I have learned from this that nothing is sadder than one fragment of a revolution."

Luc SANTE, *The Other Paris*

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2015

A quote from Luc Sante:

"My method is the magpie's: I look for shiny things. That is, I look for concrete material details of daily life, and I look for vigorous prose, which is the only kind I can read for very long... There is not just the eloquence of the people you list, but also that of reactionaries like Maxime du Camp and the Goncourt brothers, and even of a police commissioner like Adolphe Gronfier. There is such an abundance of engaging writing about the city, much of it untranslated, that my research felt like a spree."

And another:

"I should mention that, Gertrude Stein and Gene Kelly aside, none of us felt any particular interest in or affinity for the earlier generations of Americans in Paris—we especially weren't Hemingway fans... Also, don't forget: all the cities in the world were at one time unstable, freaky, and colossally sordid. A few still are."

James THURBER, *The Years With Ross*

Harper Perennial Modern Classics

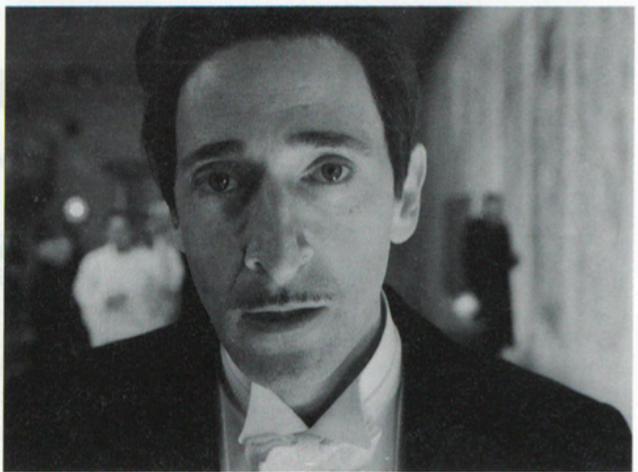
(December 26, 2000), 1957

"Ross had insight, perception, and a unique kind of intuition, but they were matched by a dozen blind spots and strange areas of ignorance, surprising in a virile and observant reporter who had knocked about the world and lived two years in France. There were so many different Rosses, conflicting and contradictory, that the task of drawing him in words sometimes appears impossible, for the composite of all the Rosses should produce a single unmistakable entity: the most remarkable man I have ever known and the greatest editor. 'If you get him down on paper,' Wolcott Gibbs once warned me, 'nobody will believe it.'"

The full versions of these and other writings are collected in An Editor's Burial: Journals and Journalism from The New Yorker and Other Magazines (Pushkin Press, 2020), an anthology of essays and articles that helped inspire THE FRENCH DISPATCH.



Mathieu AMALRIC as
The Commissaire de la Police Municipale: widower, father, devoted gourmand.



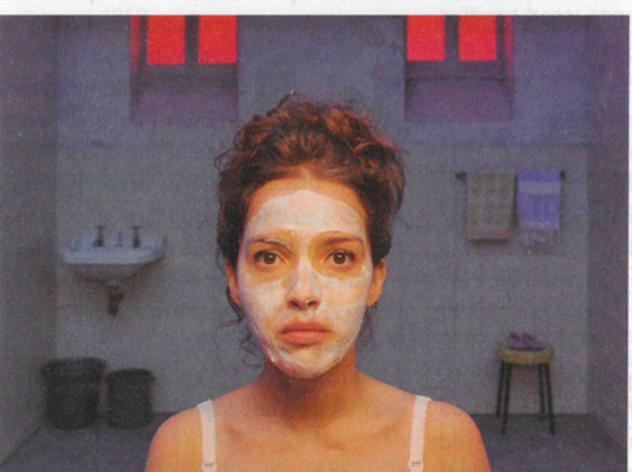
Adrien BRODY as
Julien Cadazio: art dealer; inspired in part by Joseph Duveen, subject of S.N. Behrman's 1951 *The New Yorker* profile.



Timothée CHALAMET as
Zeffirelli B: student revolutionary movement leader.



Benicio DEL TORO as
Moses Rosenthaler: incarcerated artist.



Lyna KHOUDRI as
Juliette: opposing student revolutionary movement leader.



Frances McDORMAND as
Lucinda Kremetz: American journalist; inspired in part by Mavis Gallant, celebrated writer of innumerable short stories and author of the "Paris Notebooks" on the events of May 1968.



Bill MURRAY as
Arthur Howitzer, Jr: founder and editor of THE FRENCH DISPATCH; inspired in part by *The New Yorker* editors Harold Ross and William Shawn.



Stephen PARK as
Lieutenant Nescaffier: esteemed chef specializing in Police Cooking.



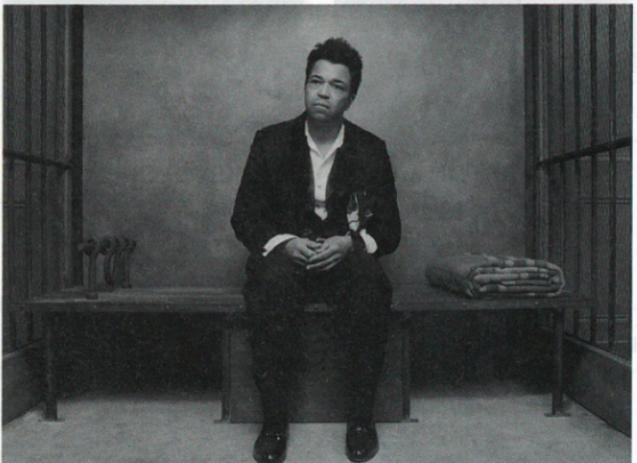
Léa SEYDOUX as
Simone: prison guard, artist's muse.



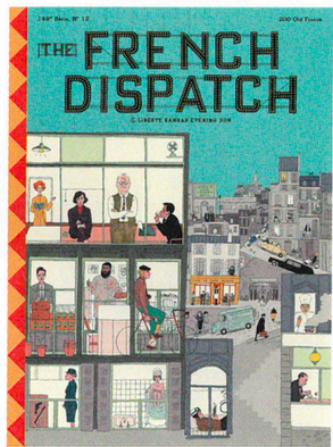
Tilda SWINTON as
J.K.L. Berensen: writer and lecturer; inspired in part by Rosamond Bernier, writer/editor and famous "art talker."



Owen WILSON as
Herbsaint Sazerac: writer and *cycliste-flâneur*; inspired in part by Joseph Mitchell, Luc Sante, and street photographer Bill Cunningham.

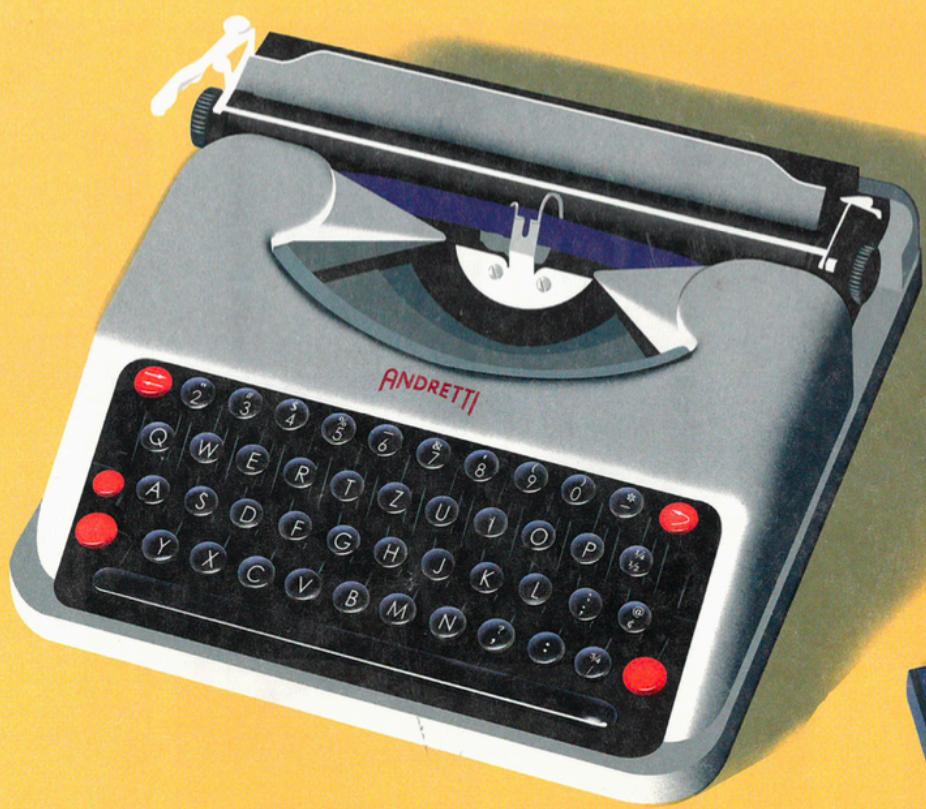


Jeffrey WRIGHT as
Roebuck Wright: food/social critic with a typographic memory; inspired in part by A.J. Liebling, James Baldwin, and Tennessee Williams.



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