Godard manages yet again to turn out a cigarette infused stylized artistic tress of cinematic silver with Pierrot le Fou. Following in the footsteps of his last films, yet somehow in this attempt he seems to have hit his own wall of creative prowess. The return of Belmondo and Karina (two of Godard's muses) as two near divorced soles is a testament to his long lasting relationship with his own style. Strong color pallets, intimate settings and attempts at creating a snapshot of every day France lies well beneath the surface of what might seem to be an ordinary plot.

Godard has a skill set that leads him down the path of intimate awkwardness with his characters. The voyeur tactics he uses to draw the viewer closer to the preverbal shop glass of personal conflict and issue which his characters live is telling of his own life choices. The events of Pierrot unfold like modern American road film akin to Trains, Planes and Automobiles or possibly Natural Born Killers. Although interlaced with direct French influenced inserts of stylized life Godard seems a touch lost in his path to completion. His directing style is not much different than that of Breathless (1960) or Contempt (1963). Chop cuts, stitched together with linear narratives that are paramount to plot slip and slide along Godard's pavement of cinema. Sometimes I can barely understand what it is I'm looking at.

Outside from the contrived, I must admit that the juxtaposition of spit fire in completed dialog between the two characters (Marianne & Ferdinand) controls the beat of the film in a way that leads the story. Rushed, hurried yet careful is the best way to describe this. The dialog between the two has an unease that insist to their fate. Godard has a way of combining sound and sight to tell his stories as if you're witnessing them directly seated in his mind.

I’ll end by saying this. Pierrot le Fou was a strain to watch. Like a play without an intermission I found it difficult to withstand the bed sore I was getting while being beat down with a minimal story line encapsulated by a fierce political shell and painted by the mind of a visual genius. There is something to gain by watching a Godard film, to understand the “Nuevo” method the French mastered and absorb Godard’s impressionistic stylization has extreme merit even if following the meandering story plot leads one “of the road”.