



Class PN 1993

Book .C6

Scanned from the collections of
The Library of Congress

AUDIO-VISUAL CONSERVATION
at The LIBRARY of CONGRESS



Packard Campus
for Audio Visual Conservation
www.loc.gov/avconservation

Motion Picture and Television Reading Room
www.loc.gov/rr/mopic

Recorded Sound Reference Center
www.loc.gov/rr/record

no 1

21

CLOSE-UP

A QUARTERLY DEVOTED TO THE ART OF FILMS

THE ART OF FILMS



3/6 net.

INTERNATIONALISM

Nationalism, if it is not too narrow and limited, is to be encouraged, but Art and Literature—the world of inspiration and of creative ideas—transcend national boundaries. The literature of other countries will widen your outlook, and we invite you to inspect our stock of books in French, German, Spanish and Italian.

Catalogues on application

J. & E. BUMPUS Ltd.

BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
350 Oxford Street, London, W.1

Telephone : Mayfair 3601

A. ZWEMMER

Fine Art Bookseller

B O O K S

On the Fine Arts in all Languages

Just issued :—

Catalogue No. 10. Bargain list of Books on Art.

Catalogue No. 11. Books on French Art.

Post-free on application.

76 - 78 Charing Cross Road
London, W.C.2

Telephone . . . Temple Bar 4710

CLOSE UP

Editor : K. MACPHERSON

Assistant Editors : BRYHER ; OSWELL BLAKESTON

Published by POOL

LONDON OFFICE : 26 LITCHFIELD STREET, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.2.

SWISS OFFICE : c/o F. CHEVALLEY, CASE POSTALE, CAROUGE s/ GENEVE.

Contents

	PAGE
A Mining Film. Erno Metzner	3
Enthusiasm? Robert Herring	20
As Is. K. Macpherson	25
Facts for Finance. Oswald Blakeston	29
At the Boundary of Film & Theatre. Zygmunt Tonecki	31
Continuous Performance. Dorothy Richardson	36
Four Films from Germany. A. Kraszna-Krausz	39
Datum Point. Dan Birt	46
<i>Limits</i> , a Brazilian experimental film	47
Notes from America. Herman Weinberg	50
Young Workers film their Own Life. Klara Modern	53
Jabberwocky. Clifford Howard	55
Comment and Review	58

Criticism and Achievement ; Charing Cross Road Section ; Emil und der Detektiv ; The White Frenzy ; Grand Hotel Reservations ; Book Reviews ; Western Electric medical films.

<i>London Correspondent :</i>	ROBERT HERRING
<i>Paris Correspondent :</i>	JEAN LENAUER
<i>Berlin Correspondent :</i>	A. KRASZNA-KRAUSZ
<i>Geneva Correspondent :</i>	F. CHEVALLEY
<i>Hollywood Correspondent :</i>	CLIFFORD HOWARD
<i>New York Correspondent :</i>	H. A. POTAMKIN
<i>Moscow Correspondent :</i>	P. ATTASHEVA
<i>Vienna Correspondent :</i>	TRUDE WEISS

	<i>Subscription Rate.</i>
ENGLAND	15 shillings per year
FRANCE	75 francs per year
GERMANY	15 RM per year
SWITZERLAND	15 francs per year.
AMERICA	4 dollars per year
ALL OTHER COUNTRIES	15 shillings (English) per year

Copyright 1932 by Pool.



Artis (Hofman)

CLOSE UP

Vol. IX No. 1

March, 1932

A MINING FILM

BY ERNO METZNER.

The plot of *Kameradschaft*, a Nero-film directed by G. W. Pabst, concerns a serious accident in a coal-mine, and naturally a considerable part of the film is played underground. In the following article, the architect, E. Metzner, who designed and built the sets, tells of the extraordinary problems that had to be solved here. Opposite is an original sketch by Erno Metzner for the mine wrecked by explosion.—*The Editor*.

Having thoroughly studied mines of the Ruhr-district and the coal-districts in the North of France, the director has decided to have the subterranean scenes necessary to the film, erected in the studio. First necessity: Picture and sound must be absolutely true to nature.

Empty or laden lorries are to roll in the studio, booming, rumbling along the tubes—yet the sound must not be reflected. The creaking of the wheels on the rails has to be choked. There is no echo in a mine. Light and sound stay close to their source in the silent darkness. The noise of rolling coal-piles, shaking troughs and blasting shots, dies away without echo.

But the studio has wood-flooring. The buildings are partly constructed on high wood-scaffolds, strongly resounding. They shiver and roar under the charge of the lorries, which with a weight of four hundred-weight each, are joined to trains and dragged by an engine weighing nine tons; they hold the sound for a long time: and the events themselves are noisy. Tons of stones, when the drifts fall in, have to produce in the studio the force of the catastrophe of nature.

How to suppress the undesired resonance becomes the most urgent problem. The effect wanted is obtained by placing old rubber tires, cut up, under the sleepers of the rails, thus making them soundproof for a length of 300 yards. The essential quietness of all the rolling, falling and stamping is perfected to a high degree by covering the whole floor of the tunnels with wet packed mud. The sound, of course, is hollow in the low, long construction, (shut on the top), and made of plaster of Paris, mostly, as in the original mine, strengthened by round timbers, corresponding to those in actual use. The impression of reality and genuineness of the décor and its occupants is augmented by heaping up buckets of coal-dust,

fine as flour. Actors and staff are black to the base of their lungs. One reason why the realism of these sets must be carried to extremes is that the spectators are able to view the actor with anxiety and alarm, only if the supposed danger becomes credible and eminent by the utmost truth to life. Rocks that had been cast in real mines and copied in plaster of Paris, genuine coal, wood and coal-dust, engines, lorries, windlasses and machines taken from mines, support the illusion, which, scantily lighted, has been caught by the camera in a masterly way. Where the working of coals had to take place in the studio, a block at which the pneumatic hammer was to work, was built up by means of tar and pieces of coal.

Real shaking troughs driven by compressed air convey the dug coals to the electric train which drives through the tunnels of the studio spraying sparks from the aerial line as in the mine. It is the mine as it really works. Yet not too much of this is shown. The greater part of the film is played in a destroyed coal-pit.



Fig. 1

The first photograph (Fig. 1) is the picture of a real explosion. Its lack of grandness is disappointing. The ruins do not suggest at all the overwhelming, horrible destruction which has taken place here. In this instance nature could not be used as a model for the studio. And this is where the architect is given free range for his own ideas. And only he, who in the coal-districts sees the big collieries with their innumerable iron-

towers, with their huge coal-slopes reared against the sky like black mountains, their coking-kilns and blast-furnaces; a stupendous human achievement of power and organisation; will understand not only the difficulty, but also the great possibilities of the problem of constructing buildings in the studio; forming a unity with these immense industrial places; for it must be felt as unity by the spectator seeing pictures of both places in the film.

In the scenario a narrow-flame is prescribed as the beginning of the catastrophe. In the studio the flame was produced by blowing thin, quickly burning dust over a spirit flame. It reached an unusual length in the low drift, extending over 25 yards, and flowing along the ceiling of the closed tunnel without any outlet. A sudden extraordinary heat suffused the building, and to avoid its flaming up, the plaster-walls of the sets and the wooden scaffolding were continuously cooled with water. The plaster-work endured the heat very well, without being visibly damaged and without bursting. The explosion following the flame caused a great inrush of water. The sets were built in big water-tanks with a volume of 300 cubic metres. The lower parts of the buildings which were made of plaster and had to stay under water for a couple of days, were painted with tar for the purpose of increasing their resistance by isolation.

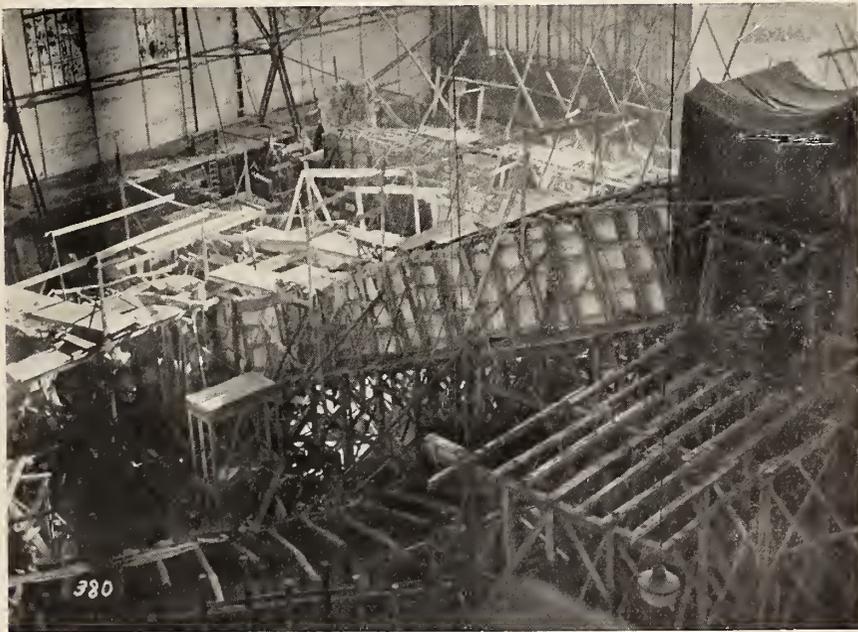


Fig. 2

All the sets for the water-scenes were constructed in one group (reproduced in photos Fig. 2 and Fig. 3). Eight yards above the level there

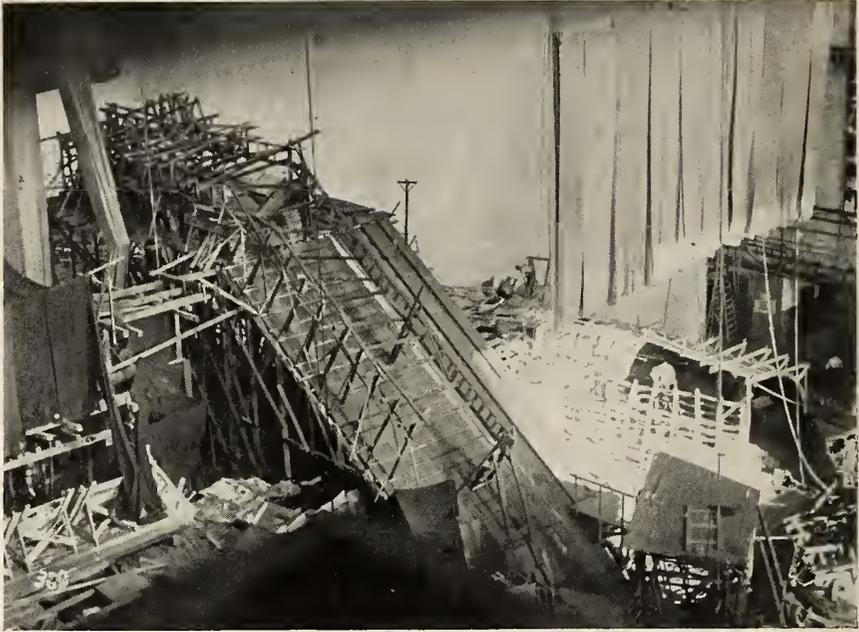


Fig. 3

were tanks with a volume of 20 cubic metres each, able to discharge suddenly huge quantities of water by means of 30 cm. iron-tubes. The irruption of such volumes was plainly visible, yet other water-masses were directed into the tank from below, successfully helping to raise the surface of the water.

With such sets the utmost care is needed to avoid dangerous accidents. For persons who occasionally stood in water up to their necks there was the great danger of electric shocks. A small accident, a hanging cable an insufficient insulation, or an overthrown lamp, each were sufficient to cause a serious catastrophe. Therefore special precautionary measures were taken in dealing with the cables.

But much more dangerous were the falling masses of material. Tons of stones were thrown from a great height, pulling timber-ceilings and blocks with them. There was constant danger of death in the studio yet not at the very moment of the collapse, for that had been calculated in advance and carefully prepared for. But there was the danger of those countless casual unexpected happenings, which could have been caused by the downfall of the stones which had been placed high up above the floor days before.

There were special difficulties with the actors. One of them was to be buried under falling stones in two portions. First he was to stick between

the masses that had come down to his shoulders only, then he had to be covered entirely. The construction, (Fig. 4) was built for the purpose of protecting him against the stones.

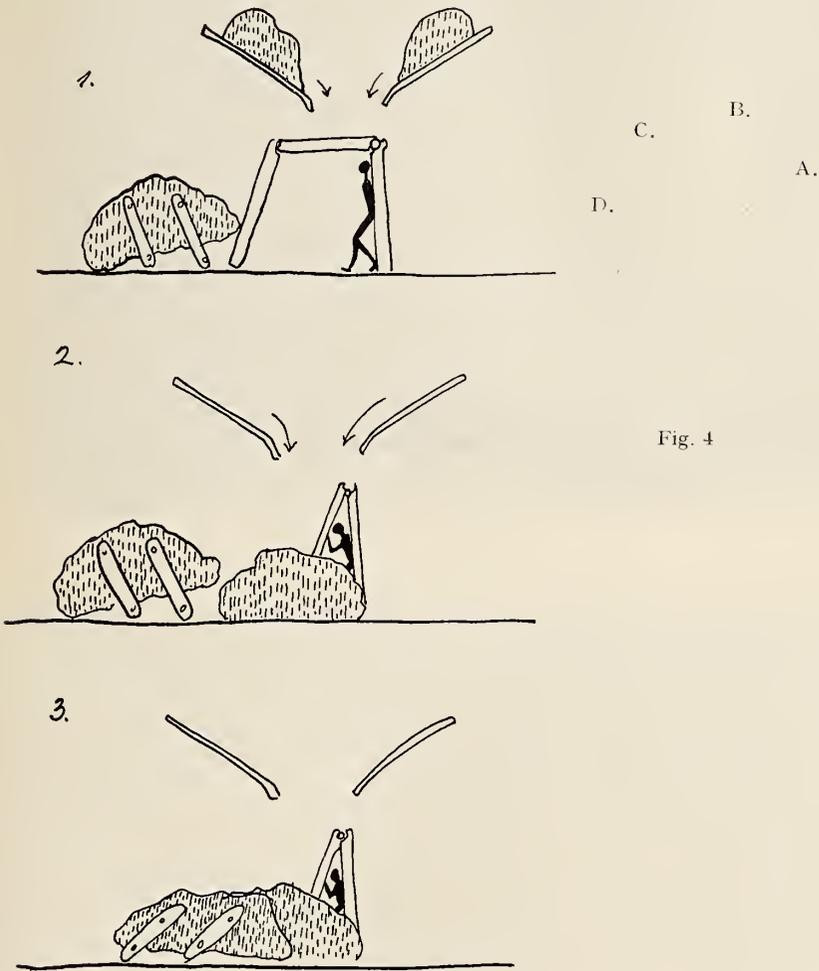


Fig. 4

Post A is stable. On its top the cross-bar B, which is to be pressed down by the 200 hundredweight of stones, is fixed by hinges. So only the corner C gives way to the irruption, and the masses which come down are kept from the actor who has to stand close to post A. Now he is covered up to his shoulders. After half a second another mechanism is set in motion. The big stone D, fixed on hinges too, comes down from the side and from above to cover the man entirely. The pile of stones which rushes down from very high-up with great force is unchecked and natural. Yet the security is sufficient in spite of the great masses and the load of many hundredweight.



Fig. 5

A tunnel which falls in too, and for a length of 25 yards, is shown in Fig. 5. It was made in the same way as the others, but 25 yards above the tunnel there was a timber construction which looked like a huge roller-blotter. The lower plane, corresponding to the place where the blotting-paper is fastened to a real roller-blotter, shows the shape of a rock. This construction made of timbers, the narrow part of which leaned on the floor, had a weight of more than 3 tons. This charge was to press in the ceiling of the tunnel, rolling over the drift continuously for 25 yards, while approaching the camera (shown in Fig. 6). An iron rope was led by pulleys

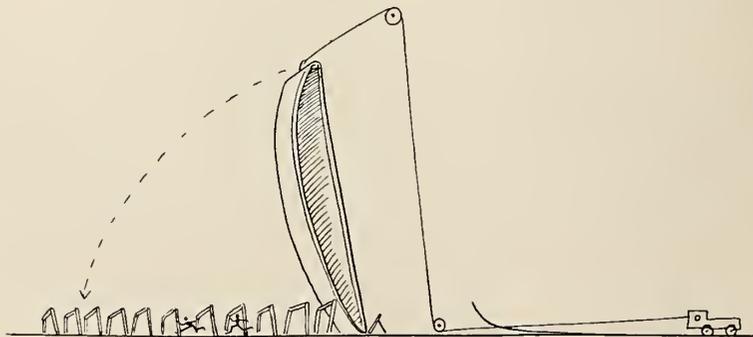


Fig. 6

(hanging from the iron construction of the studio) to the timber construction on the one side, and on the other side to an engine that was to serve as counter-weight. The rails on which the wheels of the engine turned ended in an abrupt elevation of the ground. At the beginning of the movement, the engine was to be pulled by the construction, and at the end the engine had the effect of a brake. There was a doubt, whether the construction would not move sideways instead of falling down right in front, to press in the ceiling of the tunnel. So two guide-rods were erected, 4 yards high. The possibility of the construction sliding backwards or turning forward, threatening several lives, was considered as the last likelihood of an undesired occurrence. So the construction was fastened by grappling irons reaching down to the foundations of the building through the floor of the studio. The engine that served as a counter-weight is shown on the right in Fig. 6.

The scene was satisfactorily photographed without being repeated. More important, the film was finished without any accident. From the last day our work—which was about two months ago—I could not help being surprised by that fact.





Original sketch by Erno Metzner, for mine flood in "Kameradschaft."

Sketch original d'Erno Metzner pour les scènes d'explosion de "Tragédie de la mine."

Eine Originalskizze von Ernő Metzner zur Grubenüberschwemmung in "Kameradschaft."



A series of stills from films of the S. M. Eisenstein Collective Productions made in Mexico, and shortly to be released.

Quelques "stills" des films tournés au Mexique par S. M. Eisenstein Collective Productions, et qui vont être présentés incessamment.

Eine Reihe von Photos aus Filmen der S. M. Eisenstein-Produktionen. Die Filme—in Mexiko hergestellt—werden binnen kurzem vorführungsbereit sein.











Photo: G. Alexandrov





Photo: G. Alexandrov



Yucatan, Chichen-Hfa. At work in America's oldest ruins—The Temple of a Thousand Columns.

Yucatan, Chichen-Hfa. Au travail, dans les ruines les plus anciennes du continent américain. Le temple aux mille colonnes.

Yukatan, Chichen-Hfa. Bei der Arbeit in Amerikas ältesten Ruinen—dem Tempel der tausend Säulen.





Photo: G. Alexandrov

ENTHUSIASM?

England has a new school of thought. Got Russian-inferiority and gone labour-conscious. The most noticeable result is that instead of going to films to enjoy them, we go because they are good "jobs of work." Instead of imagination, we look for "raw guts."

In other words, we have realised that enjoyment and imagination are not part of the English make-up . . . all to the good. On the other hand, the English are in for a bad time if they think they know what work is, and as for facing "real life," it is the great virtue of the nation that we don't. We refuse to, we very nearly stop life being real—certainly for ourselves, and almost for other people, who look on in amazement.

England also had a real life submarine tragedy. And a film was made of it. The Admiralty requested that it should be made quite clear that the film had nothing to do with the disaster, but they needn't have worried so much. *Men Like These!* was started on its impressive way with a very odd piece of poetry, spoken in a very British broadcasted voice. Then we saw that the film was neither a document nor a tragedy. We did not have a plain record of the use of Davis apparatus, nor did we feel in the very least what it is like to be trapped in a sunk submarine. The director, you see, had heard about "real life," and he knew people often said films of courage

and endurance were spoilt by a story (witness *Avalanche*), so he cut down the story and then put in bald-documentary Davis life-saving stuff. One was subordinated to the other.

Which may or may not explain why there is a new school of thought in England.

Then came Vertov's first sound-film. The newest thing in sound-films. Like a bright sports-model, bristling with gadgets. Like a new car, leaves the rest nowhere. It used sound as it should be used. It welded it with picture as it should be. Sound was image-sound, picture was equally image. Technically it was, adult, intelligent, on our level. It was the nearest approach to what could be done that has been done.

And, lo and behold, to the new school in England, it glorified Work. That was Vertov's first sound-film, *Enthusiasm*—for what? For work, just like that, an end in itself. It doesn't seem to me much to be enthusiastic about. I should like a little less enthusiasm, a little more reasoning out and following up. Work is a means to an end, and the means has to be controlled to reach the right end. It's a pity we need work, which is only a side-line at best and if there were another name for it, maybe we shouldn't bow so much to something that is really only the Eno's of our practical life.

Vertov made his film a *Symphony of the Don Basin*. Church bells ring in the opening. The libretto says "Each bell is an echo of the past." The churches are naturally razed, new factories are built, sirens replace bells and everyone is very happy. But each siren is, of course, also an echo from the past. Merely the next thing after bells, the next wave—from the same land-locked sea. In essentials, streaming into churches and streaming into factories is the same. One has a spire, the other a chimney. Both have discipline, dread, superstition, obedience. The film shows how these may be turned to new channels, how dogma succeeds dogma and that you shatter an ikon to worship a tractor.

Which we know already. It is too late to show this film in England. It should have been seen at Wat Tyler's rebellion. The problem no longer exists. There are new ones, rather subtler and more urgent. It is funny to find this film applies solely to Russia, and must be looked at like that. The older ones didn't. The stream of the great Soviet films were tributary to the main thing, intact in each one of us. They entered in. The floods of *Enthusiasm* do not enter in, they pour over, wave after wave. Lovely waves, that touch just the bare edge of work, glorify it, and recede.

When coal begins to come out of the earth in this film, there are "Many echoing Hurrahs." Simple pleasure evidently returns. But do we want to return? Can't we go forward? The miners to whom the Prince of Wales gave a Scilly bulb-farm, the others who run a Royal mine on co-operative basis do the same—we know all about that. The Third Movement says, in effect, "From the Don Basin come trains laden with corn and metal; in the opposite direction go the grain trains . . . the revolutionary songs press

into the factories and mingle with the working of the machines . . . the clanging of factory plant blends into the tune of the International as special machines measure the enthusiasm of the Don workers, converted to exact figures of production increase."

There is drive, imagery, a certain lyricism about it. Enthusiasm for an ideal—good! An ideal without any personal symbols—to those who don't know their symbols, all the better! And what is the ideal? Production increase. What happens after, nobody knows. The advantage of a Five Years' Plan is that it takes five years to work out.

But everyone knows what happened in England after the Industrial Revolution, and everyone knows Mr. Ford did not have to advertise until mass production. And what no one seems to wonder is when trains dripping grain whizz wildly all over Russia, when the wheat is black with smoke from the factories, when there is meat for all and milk for all, and every peasant has a pet tractor, *how* better off will the peasants be? What will be the effects on their minds, or will their minds cease to work? Where does work lead to, what does it mean, above all why do we do it; these things are beyond reach of enthusiasm. But the older films took them in. *Bed and Sofa*, *Ten Days*, *Mother*, *Potemkin*, *Storm*, even *Blue Express*, *Turksib* and *Earth*; film after film had *something* that, apart or along with its specific application, went inside, linked it to inner life, made it at once international and revolutionary.

That thing was the "personal element."

Raise eyebrows in horror! Cry "flapdoodle!" and "dilettante!" Hollywood—people, love-interest. Well, yes . . . people, love, interest. People such as we are. Not the one-sided single facet of false glass set glittering by Goldwyn. To run away from people because of that is as bad as to accept it. The "personal element" means psychology. In turn, that means pleasure. You are frightened of pleasure, you set up work as a god. As annoyed as anyone at only half of people put on the screen, the new English school bolts off to the other extreme—propaganda. Films of work. Salt or Sanatogen. Ship it, sell it. Then think who to. "Members of the community." That is what you are out for. People must realise they are members of a community. What makes them communal, salt-eating or psyche? Well, leave that out. Cancel with "useful citizens." Their use depends on their health. Give them salt, Sanatogen—they oughtn't to need it. What, I wonder, as I see "job of work" pictures, is the use of propagandaing the salt-trade if you don't take the trouble to get your salt-eaters straight with themselves first?

"That's not my job."

Very graciously, it is left to others. To Pabst. Is it not amusing to see how he has come into his own—Pabst the psychologist, at the time when people don't want to bother with people, but *Get On With The Job*? How long ago those days when nowhere but in *Close Up* was there any sign that

Jeanne Ney and *Lulu*, and so, proportionate people, existed on film! *Crisis* was a half-and-half-picture. But all through such a work as *Enthusiasm*, so gallantly reaching wrong goals, I see the figure of Brigitte Helm, nervous, unreleased, unemployed in herself. I saw her as I watched *Bed and Sofa*, but then I could think, that is what she will become in a few years. That Russian wife, when she has more rooms to live in, more chestnuts, a better radio—she will be Helm. Plough by all means, but now and again psychological ploughing. Mine too, but once in a while (not “for all time”) mental mining, down into the personal, where it ceases, if you like, to be personal in anything but its arrangement. For then we lose this guilt-complex about work.

Why not pleasure? says Pabst, delving. And Brigitte Helm curled up on a sofa, explains. Explains why she cannot get pleasure, why her husband keeps her for pleasure but finds it in work. Why not pleasure say the lovers in *Jeanne Ney* staring across a desk, corpse-divided. Diessel confronting the war has the same question.

Pabst's answer—because you are afraid.

You who are seeking to hide your disharmony with work, clamp down all the twisted roots. Talking like butchers about “the raw guts of life,” and taking to “goods works” like any frustrated Baptist. “Real life,” not inner life. Work, instead of pleasure.

It seems very odd, this new jargon, because if you look at a thing that is bungled you say “a laboured effort,” and when you say “a job lot,” you mean white elephants, though it sounds like the new school of thought. But why have we, like Ophelia, to protest so much? When all our energies co-ordinate and impel us towards some end, when in fact we are doing something as well as we can, we are not conscious of working—we are doing what we want. We want pleasure—I beg and insist on it. There is a new school growing up. There is a literature growing up. Very little of it has the sense of pleasure of C. A. L.* Most of it is argumentative, bad-tempered. Though it has things she may not, while it lacks pleasure, it lacks most. This literature is burying the cinema in its past, as literature itself has been buried, and the worst of all signs is that it is being done by men who did not know that past. Unless one saw *Waxworks* at the time, *Waxworks* is boring now; far better see *Helga* or *Animal Crackers*.

We forget, I think, that a new generation is adult which has grown up since the movies. When they dig up the cinema's past, they forget that its past was pleasure. We are the last who can tell them.

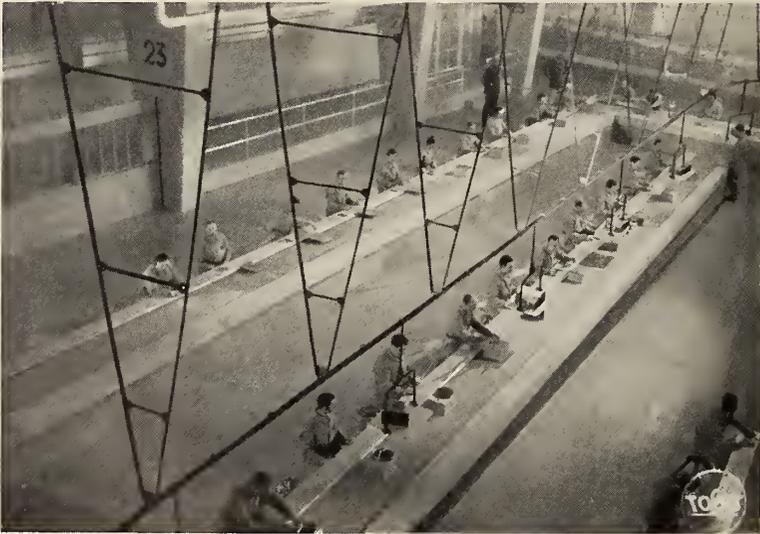
We are the last who grew up with movies. We saw Nazimova's films as they were made, not when they were revived, Academically; we sat in draughts and put up with fire, flicker, breaks, scented disinfectant—for what? For delight, magic, pleasure. Early Swedish and Sennetts and Italians were not early then. Rooms were naturally orange at night, and

* C. A. Lejeune. *Cinema*. Reviewed in December *Close Up*.

the country deep blue. It was part of the magic. Our companions were men who got rolled into door-mats by fire-engines. We heard of cinema first, and Chaplin came after. We are the last, as we were the first, to grow with it unprejudiced. We experienced something that will never be possible again. We gave to it and took from it, and we know that its secret is pleasure.

That is what made it flourish, laid the way for Sovkino and "genius" and cutting and the new school of thought. Unless we can hand it on, to those who can now get "jobs" in the "work," cinema's pointless. Pleasure is the keynote. It cannot be replaced by a metronome. Words of advice and a plea . . . less jargon, more joy.

ROBERT HERRING.



In the factory. "A Nous la Liberté," René Clair's new film. Photo
Production : Films Sonores Tobis, Paris.

A l'usine. Du récent film de René Clair : "A Nous la Liberté." Photo
Production : Films sonores Tobis, Paris.

In der Fabrik. "A Nous la Liberté," René Clairs neuer Film. Photo
Produktion : Films Sonores Tobis, Paris.



Paul Olivier in " A Nous la Liberté."

Paul Olivier dans " A Nous la Liberté."

Paul Olivier in " A Nous la Liberté."

AS IS

BY THE EDITOR

And now, apart (as far as possible) from Jobs of Work—see Herring's article preceding—and apart from those faintly toxic gnats who gull themselves they find life's crown and glory in the faithful carrying out of Jobs of Work; let us turn to another style in current film construction and review, invading a rightly mutinous historic precedent. At the moment I refer to the increasing sanitation anxiety. For now films must be *clean!* Yes, clean.

And that's a strange, contemporary virus, that deodorising neurosis, born in the States and already invading the four corners of the earth. That "labour-saving," prophylactic, plumbers' feud against all natural humors and their right to function.

Films must be clean, and cleanliness—define it if you are able—will make them "safe" for wives and mothers and mothers' loved ones, see if it won't!

"Cleanliness" is on its way, a sort of plumbers' mate; but *who is to define it?* Cleanliness as a conscious opponent, as a definite *protagonist* to emphasise the unclean, can exist solely for one type of man—the dyed-in-

the wool, matured-in-the-gutter sewer rat if you'll pardon the expression, with his wistful, natural longing for air and light of the sun.

Air, he will tell you, is clean sometimes, sun is clean, the country is clean sometimes, the sea is clean sometimes. Towns, no. For sewers run under them, and every home is intermittently a tributary. Argue, if you will, one need not think of that. Who does?

I do, he'll say. I think of it, Whenever I enter a house I think of it.

He sees an entire city, and, not only that, each person in it, as something he'd rather escape from, something that *ought to be changed*. He can define cleanliness so glibly—somewhere far away—but woe betide you and me if his definition should ever become legislative!

When charring becomes second nature something is wrong. Some women spend their lives charring. (I've met a few men who do the same). They polish not only what needs to be polished, but what is already dazzling to a degree. Cleansing, to them, is no longer a matter of mopping up the grime, there are no more microbes even who care to face so chill a resting place; then they redouble their efforts. Why? *Because they cannot stop*.

So with health precaution. Odd and disintegrating offenses must be countered with odd and disintegrating remedies. All in the name of hygiene and cleanliness. Rapidly it becomes a morbid physical pre-occupation. And while people are daubing and purging and sluicing and gargling and patting, *some* syndicates are getting very rich. And why? Because nothing is easier for alarming people than suggesting corns and cuticle and constipation are social errors. Make no mistake. If films are to be cleaned, it won't just happen like that. Somebody has seen a way to feather his nest, a moral *teinturie*. Small blame to him!

A review of *Delicious* in one of the film-fan monthlies, says "Without Gaynor and Farrell you wouldn't walk two blocks to see it . . . Encourage this clean picture by attending it." Which speaks so neatly for itself. Of *Private Lives* is written in the same paper, "The kids won't understand this, we hope." Too simple for kids! They'd waste less time with words! *Ladies of the Jury*,—"Clean, healthy entertainment. Not a hint of the risqué."

So now, as films are to be clean, what in them was unclean—or risqué? Risqué—what is that? Who but a frenchman could have thought of such a word to mean anything quite so loweringly smug? The titter, the pleasurable wriggle of the safe, parochial little men and their large, parochial safe wives, at some wan detail of their bedroom life laid vulgarly and tediously bare! All there in that one word. Is this what we're going to cut? Ah, yes! But is it?

You may be pretty sure nothing will be cut that we shall miss. What is dreary, dreary, is that anybody had ever supposed there was anything not strictly lower middleclass and "proper" either in film or theatre—at



Rolla France and Paul Olivier, that superb and familiar Clair character, in "A Nous la Liberté," René Clair's new film made for Films Sonores Tobis, Paris. Photo: Films Sonores Tobis, Paris. Rolla France et Paul Olivier, qui expriment si bien la manière de Clair, dans "A Nous la Liberté," le dernier film réalisé par René Clair pour les Films sonores Tobis, Paris. Photo: Films sonores Tobis, Paris.

Rolla France und Paul Olivier, der wohlbekannte prächtige Charakter-darsteller aus René Clair-Filmen in "A Nous la Liberté, René Clairs neuem Film, der für Films Sonores Tobis, Paris hergestellt wurde. Photo: Films Sonores Tobis, Paris.

all events in those places where it is to be attacked (the syndicate will relish that word) or rectified.

From what one gathers, nudity—that is to say scant sequin loin-cloths worn with a smirk—will be frowned on. Isn't it about time? Bedroom scenes will not be countenanced. Well, here they are, already bemused with architecture and anatomy, as though cleanliness—or should it be cleanness—were a matter of dressmaking or interior decoration. Isn't it perhaps being unself-conscious and direct in one's attitude and approach to life and people? Draw me up a catalogue of sins and see if there isn't something positively innocent and virginal about it. Something vernal and plaintive, like a little vision nipped by fear.

Well, the mind that wants cleanness is the mind that believes in dirt. If beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, there is also the natural and human repartee about the mote and the beam. And many there are who could not know satisfaction other than in the detection of dirt around them. That is their own pathology.



Paul Olivier in "A Nous la Liberté."

Paul Olivier dans "A Nous la Liberté."

Paul Olivier in "A Nous la Liberté."

There has not yet existed a sinner who is not more sinned against than sinning, who has not served to show up the scatterbrained and irresponsible ferocity of his attackers, who has not been somehow purified by contrast simply with those wise and just who hound him into prison or to the gallows, and so to oblivion.

There has not been a man who can back up his moral and social rectitude without farce, without somewhere some affirmation of an inward chaos of disavowal, incontinence, hypocrisy, unmercifulness and deceit. There has not yet existed a wise and just man who at some point in his life has not appeared to himself and to others a bit of a humbug or a bit of a felon.

In short, we're all tarred with the same brush. And the only thing that really shows us up is judging others. So let us hope the purifying syndicate makes a lot of money and is satisfied, for it is a malodorous, unmanly task.

But it might be *very* funny to hear them in consultation!

KENNETH MACPHERSON.

FACTS FOR FINANCE

Where were you drunk up? *Why* was the Quota Act? Indeed, my dear enthusiast, the Act was fashioned to help British films: there have been lots of British films since the Act.

How does it work? You want to take advantage of the official opportunity to create talkies?

First:—

You pick a large American Company to whom you decide to sell your picture. You call to see the manager. You explain that you want to make a film and that you want a release-contract with the manager's most delectable company. "Well," replies the manager, "what we don't lose on the roundabout racket, we'll lose on the swings!" And he gives you your contract.

This contract provides that when you deliver the negative you receive so much per foot: the sum varies between £1 a foot and 25 shillings—average 22 shillings and sixpence. Or, you may receive a certain sum on delivering the negative and further remuneration on bookings. Some contracts have "quality clauses;" some have not. Nearly every contract stipulates that the sound has to be recorded on a certain system.

"But," you think, "nothing matters, and if it did matter what would it matter?" You have a guarantee for a certain sum of money to be handed over when the celluloid is cut. (Let us say this sum is £4,000). You are gambling on your own ability to turn out an ingenious effort. But you must not forget immediately to knock off the manager's commission for negotiating the contract.

Second step:—

You make out your cost sheet! Studio fees, you find, range in England from £1,000 to £400 a week. Studio charges include electricians but not their overtime salaries; a set designer, whose work you will probably hate, but not the raw materials for your sets—etcetera. There will be additional expenses: of paying artistes not only for the production but also for rehearsal; of transport for the company and lighting equipment to exteriors; of virgin stock for the camera plus charges of printing and developing; of the hire of the cutting room for assembling the picture after the floor work is over; of etcetera!

Having totted up your expenses, you will stagger to a corner and moan, "Excuse me, but it's a habit of mine!" The worst of it is that you could probably get away with quite adequate resources if you did not, by terms of your contract, have to record on an American system which demands a heavy royalty per reel. There are several excellent British systems which have abolished royalties, but it is not always so easy to sell pictures which have been made with them! Still, you determine to go

through with the job. You waive your own rights: you put in your work as scenarist, director and cutter for nothing. You take the third step:—

You *approach* a financier. He begins by shouting that he trusts you have not come about some fool film business. (" Films are such a damned gamble, old man.") You flourish your contract. The financier agrees to back your credit at the bank for £3,000 for a week and a half. That means that the financier will make £1,000 profit for a ten days loan; that means that you will have a £1,000 less to cover your balance sheet. Actually, the big man of money won't put down more than £1,500 as he will be able to arrange credit with the studio.

Lo! the financier has been *approached*! And it might have been quite a decent little four reeler, something at least to match with the Hollywood yard-cloth, had you been able to spend the full £4,000. But your talkie is rushed into the shape of an ill-considered quickie by sheer lack of funds; a programme fill-up—another Quota movie!

By the final-way, about this four reel business, most Quota affairs being four reel products:—Transport dictates that your film has to fit into four tins: a thousand feet a tin with a little to spare. If your film turns out to be an inevitable 4,600 feet business, it can never be shown! Which seems a worthy thought to end this lesson on!

The Quota Act? Who will dare to throw the first Stein?

OSWELL BLAKESTON.



Paul Olivier, Henri Marchand and Raymond Cordy in "A Nous la Liberté." Scenario and direction: René Clair. Photography: G. Perinal. Music: Georges Auric. Sets: L. Meerson.

Paul Olivier, Henri Marchand et Raymond Cordy dans: "A Nous la Liberté." Scénario et régie: René Clair. Photographie: G. Perinal. Musique: Georges Auric. Décors: L. Meerson.

Paul Olivier, Henri Marchand und Raymond Cordy in "A Nous la Liberté." Szenario und Regie: René Clair. Photographie: G. Perinal. Musik: Georges Auric. Dekorationen: L. Meerson.



Paul Olivier, Henri Marchand and Raymond Cordy in "A Nous la Liberté." Scenario and direction : René Clair. Photographie : G. Perinal. Music : Georges Auric. Sets : L. Meerson.

Paul Olivier, Henri Marchand et Raymond Cordy dans : "A Nous la Liberté." Scénario et régie : René Clair. Photographie : G. Perinal. Musique : Georges Auric. Décors : L. Meerson.

Paul Olivier, Henri Marchand und Raymond Cordy in "A Nous la Liberté." Scenario und Regie : René Clair. Photographie : G. Perinal. Musik : Georges Auric. Dekorationen : L. Meerson.

AT THE BOUNDARY OF FILM AND THEATRE

At the time when the silent film tended with big steps to technical and artistic perfection, the theatre impressed by the success of the cinema, tried to imitate it by the dynamizing of the scene, by saturating the action with technical tricks and by informing the production with cinema rhythm. Very characteristic of the tendency of the theatre at that time was the endeavour to get rid of excessive *litterature* in favour of modern technics, in which the theatre saw the source of new theatrical performances and the future of theatrical art.

This unilaterality of conception of the function of the theatre has manifested itself sooner than could have been expected.

To-day we are witnesses of a contrary process : the theatre, seeing the disorientation caused to the film by sound innovation, propagates the abandonment of technics and the return to *litterature* and to . . . theatre.

The film, having absorbed the newest technical achievements, i.e., sound, introduces . . . the old operetta.

This reads perhaps like a paradox, but it will suffice for looking round at current sound-film production, in which reigns the most attractive set of "operettas diva" — Maurice Chevalier, to affirm, for instance, that the above paradox has become *the most actual* reality.

It seems interesting, and particularly now, to examine the phases of the reciprocate reaction of the film and of the theatre.

As the point of issue for our consideration, let us take the experiments of dadaists and futurists, who being the first in expressing homage to technics, tried at the same time to eliminate literature, replacing psychological conflicts and the intellectual basis of a literary work with a phonetic structure of murmurs and tones, emphasizing the visual and sonal part of the spectacle* without considering the logical part or the sense of the text.

The actor, from the dominant position he occupied in the pascistic throughout literary theatre, in which he used to perform the function of the psychological subject, and of a reservoir of spiritual emotions for the spectator; in the experiments of dadaists and of futurists loses this character, transfers the centre of gravity from the inward part to the external accessories, to the complex of his movements and gestures, to the mechanics of his body. To the first consideration is promoted the postulate of dynamic, of tempo and of movement; these fundamental elements of cinema art. The emphasizing, however, of the purely visual part and of effects derivating from technical combinations of the mechanised body of an actor— while accentuating the rhythmisation of his movements, has brought moreover a renewal of the forgotten form of the art, i.e., of theatrical pantomime, making the theatre resemble the eccentrics of a music-hall, the acrobacy and circus jugglery, turning to reality on this road the postulate that requires from the modern spectacle—"the maximum of sensation in the minimum of time."†

Lately the expression of these tendencies is sought in the experiments of Professor Schlemmer in the "Bauhaus" at Dessau.

Schlemmer endeavours to infuse into the theatrical show the possibilities of space and those of plastic. He places the actor and the complex of his movements into the form of space in the understanding of cubists, tending to create an architectonic theatre of movement.

"Die Bühnenkunst ist eine Raumkunst und wird es in Zukunft in erhöhtem Masse sein"—this is the main principle of Schlemmer and his conception of the theatre. "The scene space" is compiled by Schlemmer according to the stereometrical system of lines—the scene is here understood as an "organisation of space and of architecture" and makes the synthesis of elements of space, of movement, of bodies, objects and men and of light.

* To-day's synchronisation of the sound films could profit much, I think, by these experiences.

† There is no need to add or to prove that the film has realized this postulate in the amplest and most perfect way.



Combination of film and stage. "Sturmflut," by Paquet. Direction: Erwin Piscator. Berliner Volksbühne.

Formule de cinéma-théâtre: "Sturmflut" par Paquet. Direction: Erwin Piscator. Berliner Volksbühne.

Verbindung von Film und Bühne. "Sturmflut" von Paquet. Regie: Erwin Piscator. Berliner Volksbühne.

Making use of the latest electric lighting innovations, Schlemmer creates an important factor of the element of light, attaining sometimes very interesting results, as for example in the *Metaltanz*, in which is expressed a real synthesis of light and movement, an impression of film projection.

The conception of the theatre as on a level with the film, has been effected by an English woman, Miss Loïe Fuller, in her "light theatre" in which took place a direct optical shaping, analogically as it occurs in the film.

Miss Loïe Fuller did away with static *décor* in the theatre, replacing it with shifting, "composed" scenes, by projecting coloured electric light, concentrated by reflectors in changing colour and form. The scene is transformed into a world of fantasy. Light dominates everything on the scene, it becomes the sole dominant of the scenic space. The dramatic tension is obtained and intensified only by means of light effects, which—it seems—was also the aim of the producers of the film "Light Rhythms" (see *Close Up*).

We have here a striking example of how much the tendencies of film and theatre have coincided.

Among the modern regisseurs tending to a merging of theatre with film, should be mentioned in the front line Erwin Piscator. He considers four kinds of film adaptable in the theatre: the film *instructing* the spectator by interpreting in a visual epitome the events forming the background of the spectacle, for instance: the history of the period preceding the revolution in the show *Rasputin* in which the film was comment on the action and represented somewhat a modernised form of Greek chorus. *The dramatic film* connected directly with the action of the play, creating with it an inseparable and unified characteristic of the majority of Piscator's productions, and best evinced in Paquet's *Stürmflut*. Here Piscator has combined so tightly the action of the stage with that of the film, obtaining the illusion of perspective prolongation of the scene, that the boundary of film and theatre is almost obliterated.

The *film-comment* reinforces the action, it is an "optical word," and the "trickfilm" introduces the element of satire and parody in certain scenes and situations, with the object of stressing them very plainly; for instance the trick film of Grosz to Hasek's *Sveik*. Another type of this kind of film was



The Polish Theatre in Warsaw. "The Tower of Babel," by Antoni Slonimski. Director: Leon Schiller. Photo: St. Brzozowski.

Le Théâtre polonais à Varsovie. "La Tour de Babel," d'Anton Slonimski. Directeur: Leon Schiller. Photo: St. Brzozowski.

Das polnische Theater in Warschau. "Der Turm zu Babel," von Antoni Slonimski. Regie: Leon Schiller. Photo: St. Brzozowski.



The Polish Theatre in Warsaw. Langer's "Périphérie." Director : Leon Schiller. Photo : St. Brzozowski.

Le Théâtre polonais à Varsovie. "Périphérie de Langer. Directeur : Leon Schiller. Photo : St. Brzozowski.

Das polnische Theater in Warschau. Langers "Peripherie." Regie : Leon Schiller. Photo : St. Brzozowski.

a cartoon of Grosz for the *Drunk Boat* of Rimbaud—Zech, in which the film was completed by recitation of poetry and by means of additional projections, representing visions of a feverish poetical imagination.

Unlike Piscator, the Polish regisseur, Leon Schiller, seldom adapts film in the theatre, he lays more stress on giving a cinematographic tempo, attained by projecting quick light on single fragments of scenes and situations. He often operates with light in quite a new way, achieving such perfect results that the play assumes the character of film and some scenes appear to be actually film itself; as for instance in the piece of Antoni Slonimski *The Tower of Babel* or the *History of a Sin* by Stefan Zeromski, or Shaw's *Man and Superman*, or Langer's *Périphéries*.

Without hazarding what forms may be assumed by a reciprocal interaction of film and theatre, whether the boundary between them will vanish or become still deeper, there is no doubt that the front line in the sphere of art will be marked by modern tendencies of our epoch, tendencies based on the most accomplished achievements of science and of modern technics.

ZYGMUNT TONECKI.
(Poland)

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

THE FILM GONE MALE

Memory, psychology is to-day declaring, is passive consciousness. Those who accept this dictum see the in-rolling future as living reality and the past as reality entombed. They also regard every human faculty as having an evolutionary history. For these straight-line thinkers memory is a mere glance over the shoulder along a past seen as a progression from the near end of which mankind goes forward. They are also, these characteristically occidental thinkers, usually found believing in the relative *passivity* of females. And since women excel in the matter of memory, the two beliefs admirably support each other. But there is memory and memory. And memory proper, as distinct from a mere backward glance, as distinct even from prolonged contemplation of things regarded as past and done with, gathers, can gather, and pile up its wealth only round universals, unchanging, unevolving verities that move neither backwards nor forwards and have neither speech nor language.

And that is one of the reasons why women, who excel in memory and whom the cynics describe as scarcely touched by evolving civilisation, are humanity's silent half, without much faith in speech as a medium of communication. Those women who never question the primacy of "clear speech", who are docile disciples of the orderly thought of man, and acceptors of theorems, have either been educationally maltreated or are by nature more within the men's than within the women's camp. Once a woman becomes a partisan, a representative that is to say of one only of the many sides of question, she has abdicated. The batallions of partisan women glittering in the limelit regions of to-day's world, whose prestige is largely the result of the novelty of their attainments, communicating not their own convictions but some one or other or a portion of some one or other of the astonishing varieties of thought-patterns under which men experimentally arrange such phenomena as are suited to the process, represent the men's camp and are distinguishable by their absolute faith in speech as a medium of communication.

The others, whom still men call womanly and regard with emotion not unmixed with a sane and proper fear, though they may talk incessantly from the cradle onwards, are, save when driven by calamitous necessity, as silent as the grave. Listen to their outpouring torrents of speech. Listen to village women at pump or fireside, to villa women, to unemployed service-flat women, to chatelâines, to all kinds of women anywhere and everywhere. Chatter, chatter, chatter, as men say. And say also that only one in a thousand can *talk*. Quite. For all these women use speech, with individual differences, alike: in the manner of a façade. Their awareness of being, as distinct from man's awareness of becoming, is so



"Mädchen in Uniform." *A significant German film made by a woman director, Leontine Sagan, under the artistic direction of Carl Froelich—the first film of the Deutsche Film-Gemeinschaft.*

"Mädchen in Uniform (Demoiselles en uniforme). *Un film allemand assez significatif réalisé par un directeur féminin : Leontine Sagan, sous la supervision artistique de Carl Froelich—la première production de la Deutsche-Film-Gemeinschaft.*

"Mädchen in Uniform." *Ein bedeutender deutscher Film, der unter Leontine Sagans Regie und Carl Froelichs künstlerischer Leitung als erster Film der Deutschen Filmgesellschaft hergestellt wurde.*

strong that when they are confronted, they must, in most circumstances, snatch at words to cover either their own palpitating spiritual nakedness or that of another. They talk to banish embarrassment. It is true they are apt to drop, if the confrontation be prolonged, into what is called gossip and owes both its charm and its poison to their excellence in awareness of persons. This amongst themselves. In relation to men their use of speech is various. But always it is a façade.

And the film, regarded as a medium of communication, in the day of its innocence, in its quality of being nowhere and everywhere, nowhere in the sense of having more intention than direction and more purpose than plan, everywhere by reason of its power to evoke, suggest, reflect, express from within its moving parts and in their totality of movement, something of the changeless being at the heart of all becoming, was essentially feminine. In its insistence on contemplation it provided a pathway to reality.

In becoming audible and particularly in becoming a medium of propaganda, it is doubtless fulfilling its destiny. But it is a masculine destiny. The destiny of planful becoming rather than of purposeful being. It will be the chosen battle-ground of rival patterns, plans, ideologies in endless succession and bewildering variety.

It has been declared that it is possible by means of purely aesthetic devices to sway an audience in whatever direction a filmateur desires. This sounds menacing and is probably true. (The costumiers used Hollywood to lengthen women's skirts. Perhaps British Instructional, with the entire medical profession behind it, will kindly shorten them again). It is therefore comforting to reflect that so far the cinema is not a government monopoly. It is a medium, or a weapon, at the disposal of all parties and has, considered as a battlefield a grand advantage over those of the past when civil wars have been waged disadvantageously to one party or the other by reason of inequalities of publicity, restrictions of locale and the relative indirectness and remoteness of the channels of communication. The new film can, at need, assist Radio in turning the world into a vast council-chamber and do more than assist, for it is the freer partner. And multitudinous within that vast chamber as within none of the preceding councils of mankind, is the unconquerable, unchangeable eternal feminine. Influential.

Weeping therefore, if weep we must, over the departure of the old time films gracious silence, we may also rejoice in the prospect of a fair field and no favour. A field over which lies only the shadow of the censorship. And the censorship is getting an uneasy conscience.

DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON.

IMPORTANT

The next issue of

CLOSE UP

will appear JUNE 1ST

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS

FOUR FILMS FROM GERMANY

Berlin, January.

In these times connections which formerly seemed to be complicated, threatening and hidden, suddenly become clear, distinct and familiar. Everybody learns, everybody sees and feels that economic circumstances turn into political ones and that political measures have their effect on economy. Things have ceased to be phenomena in themselves and exhibit the reasons which have brought them about, and the results which they are going to effect. Everything has its place in the logical or illogical sequence of general development, assumes its attitude towards it, adapts itself to it, drives it forward.

The film too. Officially it has made up its mind to remain unpolitical—the more so since the commercial organisations are afraid of dissension among the cinema public. With exaggerated, desperate, spasmodic comedies once more they attempt to distract the people's minds from what is going on around them, outside the walls of the cinema. But yet from one première to the next, the number of such plays—with understanding of contemporary issues and a desire to grapple with them—increases. The German history books are searched for names, episodes and catchwords to which could be attached a symbolic meaning. Topical speeches are to be heard from historically dressed throats and after particularly succinct references follows a well deliberated pause, so that the audience may applaud enthusiastically right into the soundfilm without losing the next sentence. . .

There are, however, other films too. Although not frequently. Films which try with perceptible jerks and cracking joints to stand on their own legs amidst the vortex: to demand art and taste, to retain a point of view even if only because they are contrary to those of other people.

* * *

In the annual vote arranged by the Berlin daily paper *Der Deutsche* where nearly all the German film critics of renown and prominent personalities of Germany and abroad are asked which film had most impressed them, the film *Mädchen in Uniform* held the winning number of votes.

The film in question is not a light military comedy as one might infer from the title which is the only insincere and business-like thing in the film. The "Girls in Uniform" are the pupils of an aristocratic boarding-school—heavy with tradition—of the Potsdam pre-war period. Into this boarding-school a new, wild, obstinate orphan is brought; almost crushed by the oppressive regulations there, made drunk by the beauty and love of a governess and nearly driven to suicide.

This story, borrowed from the theatre and reminiscent of the stage might be of less importance in itself than the way in which it has been



"Mädchen in Uniform."

"Mädchen in Uniform (Demoiselles en uniforme)."

"Mädchen in Uniform."

moulded. A way which expresses naturally and with charm the delicate side of the subject and which characterizes distinctly but not abruptly.

There is no man in this film, no real love-story, nor anything seductive. The many girls who appear wear no charming lingerie but prosaic grandmother-nightgowns. They are not made up as dolls but are filled with the sincere enthusiasm of youth instead of artificial sweetness. They do not "act," they don't express themselves by the usual gestures. They touch an idea, feel it entirely, live it and help us to live it with them. This diligence of sentiment and innate ability of all the 50 girls, determines the atmosphere of the picture, and radiates from the screen into the audience,



“Mädchen in Uniform.”
“Mädchen in Uniform (Demoselles en uniforme).”
“Mädchen in Uniform.”



the sense of the rooms of the boarding-school as they might even nowadays exist in Potsdam; as well as the figures of the Frederician headmistress and of her body of teachers; never caricatured but portrayed in minutest detail, so that people antipathetic to such persons can think them disgusting and ridiculous, and others consider them just as comprehensible and correct as they do their living models.

This objectivity of representation has helped the film to gain its unquestioned success both with the press and the public; a success with which we might readily agree, the more since this success secures the remuneration of the artists through whose collaboration the film was created. It is the first German film made on such a collective basis. It is also the first film of the first German woman-director of importance: Leontine Sagan. The names of the chief actors should be remembered: Dorothea Wieck, Hertha Thiele, Ellen Schwannecke.

* * *

In the same census *Kameradschaft* by G. W. Pabst occupied only the fourth place.

Kameradschaft was made under a particularly inauspicious star. The unsettled conditions of weather of the last summer caused an extraordinary delay, and the resistance of the mineowners whose courtesy had to be depended on, brought about fresh difficulties from scene to scene. So, after all, the première took place at an exceedingly unfavourable time to the subject and tendency of the film.

The film in question concerns the mining disaster of Courrières where German miners crossed the frontier to bring help to their imprisoned French comrades.

The scenes of the catastrophe and rescue which take up two thirds of the action, are full of the most complicated, subtle and effective shots ever made in a German studio.

And especially the scene in which full visual and acoustic possibilities are used in the expression of profound psychological interpretations. One of the French miners has been imprisoned for hours, the signals he hammers become more and more apathetic and infrequent. But when at last the sound of far-off voices interrupts his desperate waiting, his hammering turns into rapid drum-beats and suddenly resembles the sound of machine-guns, with which the voices of the Germans now also mingle; until the gas-mask and helmet of the German rescuer who forces his way through the wall completes the war-time vision of attacking Germans in steel-helmets and the rescued miner—on the edge of insanity—furiously rushes at his rescuer.

Yes—but such distinct allusions to the senselessness of war, the internationality of labour and of frontier-guards, such piercing and therefore sceptical aspects of to-day and the future are not very popular in these times.



"Kameradschaft." Pabst's epic of a mining disaster. Production : Nero-Film.

"Tragédie de la mine," la reconstitution d'une catastrophe minière, par Pabst. Production : Nero-Film.

"Kameradschaft." Pabst's Filmepos eines Bergwerkunglücks. Produktion : Nero-Film.



People are either of different opinion or they know all these problems too well. This seems to be the chief reason why G. W. Pabst's new film did not gain the success which had been prophesied by the critics.

* * *

Moreover, another pacifistic film—although it treated its subject more superficially and optimistically, was no more successful : The film *No-man's-land* by the new director, Victor Trivas, founded on an idea by Leonhard Frank.

Here no-man's-land consists of devastated ruins between two trench-lines. Assaults and artillery-fire have swept together five men : A Frenchman, a German, a wounded English officer, a negro and a Jew, whose uniform has been burnt and whose tongue has been paralyzed. Dependent on one another soon they get into difficulties ; not understanding each other's language soon a thorough misunderstanding arises. Only the negro, a cabaret artist who mangles all languages laughs cheerfully and makes peace—until this idyll in *No-man's-land* rouses the suspicions on all fronts and the canons of all the protagonists bombard this personification of peace.



"*No-man's-land.*" A Resco-film by a new director, Victor Trivas, founded on an idea by Leonhard Frank. Photo : Central-Film, Fett & Co., G.m.b.H.

"*No-man's-land,*" un Resco-Film réalisé par un nouveau directeur : Victor Trivas sur une idée de Leonhard Frank. Photo: Central-Film, Fett & Co., G.m.b.H.

"*Niemandsland, Ein Resco-Film des neuen Regisseurs Victor Trivas, nach einer Idee Leonhard Franks.* Photo : Central-Film, Fett & Co., G.m.b.H.

But larger than life, side by side and defenceless the Frenchman, the German, the Englishman, the negro and the Jew march towards the entanglements.

With this apotheosis the film ends. It is only an apotheosis, no reality.

* * *

It is difficult nowadays to say how one can teach an audience such things. Naturalism frightens—as we see with *Kameradschaft*. Symbolism—as we see with *No-man's-land*—has no power of conviction. And skittishness—as we see with *Die Koffer des Herrn O. F.* is an offence.

The trunks of Mr. O. F. arrive at a small mid-German town, thirteen ostentatious trunks of all sizes. The sleepy old town suddenly wakes up. Gossip, puzzling, swindling are stirred up round the trunk and their unknown owner. Suddenly the rumour is spread they belong to a millionaire who has come to the town. For what purpose? And now begins a fever of activity. Buildings arise, the small town grows and flourishes while the world around suffers from deepest crisis. International conferences attempt to solve the mystery, and naturally don't discover the fiction of the lost trunks as the source and decisive impulse of this favourable economic impetus.

All that might have been thought out quite nicely, but was worked out wrongly — approximately with the means of the cabaret *Blauer Vogel* — decorative and playful, impressive and wrong. The settings are more important than the play and the idea is hidden behind beautiful paintings. This farce on the economic crisis reminds us of a juggler who appears with a serious face of a doctor at the death-bed of the patient and who promises to bring him new life. Then he begins to tickle the patient until he laughingly expires.

* * *

With *Mädchen in Uniform* one feels: Here is a statement, but it is not pronounced.

With *Die Koffer des Herrn O. F.*: Here is perhaps a statement, but it is kept secret.

With *Kameradschaft*: Here is a statement, but is too true to be comforting.

With *No-man's-land*: Here is a statement which is too comforting to be true.

A. KRASZNA-KRAUSZ.

DATUM POINT

A first impression of a city is a kind of datum point, a fixed point to which the entire survey of the city is referred, and so it assumes a value out of all proportion to the fortuitous origin of its position. If my first impression of Berlin had been formed on looking into a bookshop window, where I should undoubtedly have seen little else but the slogan "Es ist unmöglich von Edgar Wallace nicht gefesselt zu sein!", I should have based all subsequent impressions of the city on the theory that modern Berlin is determined to be "Modern" at any price. Happily my first impression of Berlin was connected with the Cinema, and therefore, I believe, my survey of the city as a whole was much more accurate than it might otherwise have been.

There were just two lines of lights in front of the *Capitol* when I first saw it; *Kameradschaft* was one, and *Regie: G. W. Pabst* the other. I knew I had found my datum point, for where else in the world is a director acknowledged to be the chief attraction of a commercial film? And my datum point was not a peak, for I was to find plenty of higher ground than this in the course of the survey. Even the *Ufa Palast* (which was at that time showing *de Kongress tanzt*) had with the stills a list of technicians in as big print as the list of actors; and there is a knowledge of what constitutes "cinema" in the mind of the Berlin man-in-the-fauteuil which is almost incredible to the Englishman, used to an audience that pays its money for three hours of assorted movie, and doesn't much care what it's about as long as it doesn't have to think.

Continuous performance is the exception in Berlin, and is found only in some of the smaller houses. The majority have two performances a day, one at 7 and the other at 9.15, and some have also an afternoon performance. The programme consists of the feature picture, the *Wochenschau*—the week's newsreel, and sometimes also a short, but altogether a programme of just under 2 hours, which is as much as anyone can digest of such concentrated entertainment as movie. After seeing this system in operation I am convinced that it is our three hour continuous performances that account for the inability of our audiences to digest any film needing their mental co-operation. Sloppy technique hasn't a chance to get by in Berlin, a clumsy or meaningless cut is spotted at once and commented on by several members of any audience, and psychologically impossible conduct on the part of anyone in the story is certain to get a contemptuous laugh. Greta Garbo's film with Robert Montgomery had to be taken off after about three day's run at the Gloria Palast, the public would not stand that kind of thing.

In Berlin the cinema handles these subjects which in other countries are confined to the stage, with the result that everyone goes to the cinema as a matter of course. In England the cinema is still looked down on by an

enormous number of people. In Berlin the stage imitates the screen, and films made from stage plays are so rewritten as to make them thoroughly cinematic—*Mädchen in Uniform* showed no traces of its theatrical origin—whereas in England we continue to photograph stage plays almost without alteration, and to make our original screen stories as uncinematic as possible. There is some justification for this, as only special audiences in England will tolerate cinematic films in a cinema, but on the other hand there is no attempt on the part of the trade in this country to get the theatre audience for some of its theatres while keeping its present audience with its present kind of film; this, I am convinced, could be done.

You will have noticed that I have spoken of "Berlin" and not of Germany; this is because Herr Metzner, Pabst's architect, told me that I was not to judge Germany by Berlin, for he said that there is more in common between Berlin and London than between Berlin and the rest of Germany, or between London and the provinces. But I imagine the ratio Berlin : London : Germany : England hold good, at any rate as far as cinema audiences are concerned.

This German enthusiasm for, and consequent understanding of the cinema is I think due to the fact that they have got rid of the ball and chain of tradition to a large extent, and are determined to find the most vivid and powerful means of expression they can use; they have found it in the film. They are determined to make and to use only that which is really alive and full of power and movement. They have no use for the dead or for the comatose. In pictures they have discovered the camera; in architecture they have discovered concrete, in drama they have discovered the talkie, and if in literature they have discovered Edgar Wallace, it is something to have discovered anything at all which has movement in England.

DAN BIRT.

LIMITS

A short article and some stills from the first Brazilian avant-garde film, are reproduced herewith. The film, *Limits*, was produced and directed by a young Brazilian artist, Mario Peixoto, and acted by Raul Schnoor, Olga Breno, D. G. Pedreira and Faciana Rei. The text of the article states the point of view of Mario Peixoto, and is similar to his statement delivered to the public at the first performance.

Limits, the meeting of three lives ruined by life within the limit of a boat lost at sea.

Two women, one man, three destinies, which life, having limited constantly in their desires and possibilities, gathers at last in the most limited of spaces.



"Limits."

"Limites."

"Grenzen."

Everything is limited.

Repeated throughout the film, everything struggles to break down its limits.

The camera flees towards Nature with the persons, crossing skies and sea, following clouds, flying with the birds, running with the tormented creatures, following the movement, the impulse, of the three whom Nature the illimitable, seems to be trying to draw to herself; falling with their weary bodies, advancing ten times on the spring with flows, runs, flees, losing itself following the horizon;—journey without end. But returning, it is the same earth which it encounters, the ground which is the surface and the end of all vision, the wall which marks the limits; limits which bind, limits of every kind.

Even in the vagueness of Nature everything has its limits.

A series of themes, of variations, of situations, of movements and life, caught by the artist, developed and constructed geometrically to form a whole; a film in which the pictures speak for themselves through rhythm.

Through every situation; embroidering a thousand variations, each picture informing the whole; everything is set to rhythm. Rhythm and



“ *Limits.*”

“ *Limites.*”

“ *Grenzen.*”

rhythms of all kinds. The film itself is one vast rhythm of despair and anguish, of isolation, of limitation; developed and completed by the rhythmic impetus of scene-building.

Every scene has its interior rhythm well defined, and belongs in duration and form to a rhythm of sequences; a structural rhythm, building according to plan.

In this film everything is rhythm. It is rhythm which, in every sequence, defines its limit, it is the rhythm which explains and interprets throughout the film, marking the beginning and end of each adventure. It is rhythm which defines the limits, which defines *Limits*.



"Limits."

"Limites."

"Grenzen."

NOTES FROM AMERICA

PART TWO

(By Herman G. Weinberg)

Eisenstein's little Parisian truffle, *Romance Sentimentale*, (which, Paris or no Paris, was an illuminating presage of what we may expect from the Russian sound film), drew the following comment from the wise-cracking theatrical trade paper. *Variety* :

" Peculiar stretch of film suffering from an overdose of imagination . . . its subject matter is one of those complexed mental pictures of the sadness of autumn. Has its good points from a photographic angle but is a hodge-podge on continuity. . . (It) is called a novelty but otherwise might be tabbed a travelogue. Fully six minutes of silent wind-blown trees, water ripples, stormy waves and clouds."

And this has been thrown in the face of a film, probably the first film, to use sound and music as an abstract force, the first pure sound film—however *avant-garde* its theme may be*.

Though the American press does not recognise anything by Eisenstein in *Romance Sentimentale* which is decidedly Russian in concept and treatment, or how the use of percussion and dynamics in Eisenstein's treatment of sound stems from the overtone montage of his earlier silent films, this same press is most decidedly aware of the *Russe* "touch" here:

(A paragraph culled *in toto* from a Baltimore paper.)

STAR GOES RUSSIAN.

Ruth Chatterton wears specially made Russian boots in several scenes of her new starring vehicle, "Once a Lady," in which she plays an unconventional Paris woman."

I am sure there is no doubt about the Russian atmosphere of Miss Chatterton's specially made boots "in which she plays an unconventional Paris woman."

Another amusing incident which shows that America is still a trifle uncertain, to put it mildly, as to "what it's all about" is the time had by all the exhibitors and publicity directors in getting the title of Greta Garbo's recent talkie straight. No one could decide whether it was *The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox* or *The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox*. And how they juggled Miss Garbo's morality about in billing this film made for one of the most exhilarating stretches of fun I've had since the rumour came from Hollywood one day that a film recently completed was so bad that they had to re-shoot the last three reels in order to put it permanently "on the shelf."

Hollywood's excursions into the macabre and grotesque of a sudden (we have *Frankenstein*, *Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* already completed) is encouraging only in an attempt to break away from the stereotype of the society or drawing-room species of opera. *Frankenstein* is a complete negation of Mrs. Shelly's book. Where in the latter was raised the social problem of artificially creating life without a particular reason, and that any life lacking a soul would be futile, the film makes the scientist Frankenstein give the monster a diseased brain which is supposed to alibi his murdering and plundering. If all Mr. Whale's intention was that of creating a bogey-man species of character, he has succeeded, and no one will deny him his promise. Certainly Boris Karloff's make-up as the creature is hideously realistic in the extreme. But the film's motivations spring from no significant well-sources. It is technical acrobatics for its own sake—to terrify and to shock. It leaves one just where any other cleverly executed melodrama would leave one. Satisfied at the happy ending and the inevitable reunion of the lovers at the close. I think back at the last manifestation of this theme in *Metropolis*—where the artificial

* Only in one other film have I heard sound used as a wild commentary on the action—in Ozep's *Karamazov*. It proves conclusively that from Russia will come the true sound films of the future—not the verbose talkies of America, but a continuance and furtherance of the technique disclosed by the Germans in *Tankstelle* and *Kameradschaft*.

human being took the form of a beautifully seductive woman who through a curious twist in her mental make-up, preached communism to the workers, inciting them to revolt. Here is food for thought. This is provocative and stimulating. It raises the question: "Bereft of all our civilized sheen, or surface trappings, our lacquered souls and machine-like reason, would we choose between communism or capitalism if the problem was suddenly confronted to us for the first time?"

But the American movie doesn't think—and the German one occasionally does. The film *Frankenstein* is like the scientist's creation—a monstrosity without reason, or meaning. We are no longer children to be scared by bogey-men, if this is all they have to tell us.

I have more confidence in *Murders in the Rue Morgue* done by my friend, Robert Florey, who worked on the continent last year for Pierre Braunberger. Universal has let him take Poe's thriller and I hear they have given him plenty of leeway. Possessed of a camera eye, a good filmic sense and faculty for the eerie and morbid (witness his early silent film, *Johann, the Coffin Maker*)—this film should be good. Anything less will be a disappointment, at least, to me.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde has evidences of being the most successful of them all, by virtue of the inventiveness of director Rouben Mamoulian, the young Armenian who, I am told, has juggled the camera around in this film like it was never moved since the advent of sound. Advance stills look exceedingly promising. This film, no doubt, will be the one most eagerly awaited by both American and European followers of the cinema.

King Vidor, who should have been the one hope of the American movie, by virtue of *The Big Parade*, *The Crowd* and *Hallelujah* (for which statement, I must take, I presume, critical exception to Mr. Potamkin) did *The Champ*, a maudlin tear-jerker, in the parlance of *Variety*, exploiting a "cute" child actor. It will probably be very popular, being good movie entertainment—but, oh! such bad, bad art!

Von Stroheim is acting in vehicles unworthy of his talents, all directorial propositions having fallen through, while Lubitsch carries on valiantly—the only European director who has succeeded in affecting a happy compromise in Hollywood. The fact that his new film, *The Man I Killed* is a drama (his first since *Three Women*) makes it awaited with more than usual interest. Every new Lubitsch film discloses a new cinematic trick or two which the wily Teuton keeps up his sleeve. He is a fount of seemingly inexhaustible filmic ideas. If Lubitsch could be given a post like Pommer's with Ufa—that of supervisor, I am certain the output of the Paramount studios would be on a much higher level.

But probably the most anxiously awaited new film of them all is Eisenstein's Mexican venture which has recently been completed and is being prepared for distribution. Eisenstein's answer to Edmund Wilson's facetious remarks in *The New Republic* anent this film were succinct and to

the point. When Wilson implied that Eisenstein had gone to Mexico to get away from the Soviet, work unhampered, free, in new surroundings, under the hot tropical sun, amid splashes of bizarre colour and glamour as a relief from the Soviet film factories, Eisenstein replied that he, Tisse and Alexandrov were no longer children who ran away from home to see Indians putting feathers in their hair or cannibals putting rings through their noses.

HERMAN G. WEINBERG.

YOUNG WORKERS FILM THEIR OWN LIFE

Some time ago a film was turned in one of the empty and deserted studios of Vienna. No newspaper has taken notice of it, no famous actors belonged to the cast, the public did not know anything about it, it was created only by the will, the courage and assiduity of some young workers and students. These young people, members of the Young Socialists' Union had united to turn a film which was to express and canvass their idea, the idea of socialism. They undertook their task with enthusiasm but little money—there was not even money enough to heat the studio—and they turned a silent film. Its action is quite primitive, but impressive. It shows



"Young Workers film their own life." A film made in a deserted Viennese studio by members of the Viennese Young Socialists' Union.

"Jeunes travailleurs filmant leur propre vie." Un film réalisé par les membres de l'Union Viennoise des jeunes socialistes, dans un studio abandonné de Vienne.

"Arbeiterjugend verfilmt ihr eigenes Leben." Die ser Film wurde von Mitgliedern der Wiener Sozialistischen Arbeiterjugend in einem sonst unbenützten Wiener Filmatelier gedreht.

that the young worker of to-day must not separate from his comrades in order to lead a life apart as an individual, but that they must all work and struggle side by side to improve the fate of every single one; that every boy and every girl must keep to their organisation and help create the new world. That is what the film attempts to demonstrate. It happens among the workers and unemployed of Vienna. The time of action is the year 1931—the year of the crisis, of misery, hunger and unemployment.



Two rôles were played by professional actors, who had been out of work for a long time. Besides these only young amateurs were at work. For a certain time clerks, apprentices, typists and factory workers turned into a film director's staff. One who had a certain knowledge of filmwork had written the scenario and acted as something like a director; two experts were available, one was the cameraman, the other one manager. All the other posts were occupied by inexperienced people. In spite of difficulties and the scarcity of money, the film will be finished very soon. Some outdoor scenes have yet to be made. After that the film will be cut and copied and then it will be ready to be shown.

It is not a grand work of art which has been created, not a film which will be mentioned in the history of film-art, but yet it is a proof that with courage, industry and juvenile enthusiasm good work can be done—besides and quite apart from commercial capitalistic production—work which is of certain value. This film proves that—far from the commercial “art-management”—there can be and there is an independent mind and free artistic creating.

KLARA MODERN.

JABBERWOCKY

“ Grind out your sterile panorams,
O camera god of smirk and pose;
Buy up the Friars and the Lambs.*
All your Janes in underclothes
And all your bankers' high film-flams
Can't change the cabbage to a rose.
One look at you and Thespis scrams
Into the night to thumb his nose.”

Thus does one American writer, Ben Hecht, record his disgust of Hollywood. In proof of his sincerity, he voluntarily renounced a fifty-thousand-dollar contract. Without rhyme, but with abundant reason, he explains that he couldn't endure the hypocrisy of those “ nervous, crazy guys, the producers.”

There is nothing especially unusual in this outburst. It is typical of writers in general, men and women, American and European, who venture into filmland's topsyturvydom. Customarily, however, unlike Mr. Hecht, they do not explode until after they have collected the cash. A forbearance which may be placed to their credit or otherwise, according to the point of view. But explode they do, sooner or later.

A somewhat puzzling question is presented by this characteristic reaction on the part of those who undertake to serve the “ nervous, crazy guys ” of Hollywood. The impulse is to declare immediately and unequivocally that there is every justification for it. But a moment's reflection will halt or at least temper this impulse.

Ample allowance can be made for the pioneers—Maeterlinck, Sir Gilbert Parker, Gertrude Atherton and others who succumbed in childlike innocence to the pristine lure and mystery of Filmania. But this extenuation does not apply to those who now follow in their footsteps.

These latter-day adventurers come to a Hollywood already fully explored, charted, and described. They have heard the tales of returned travellers. They know in advance the conditions they will encounter, the vagaries, the confusions, the grotesqueries, the absurdities that abound in this mazelike realm of intermixed reality and makebelieve.

Is it possible that those who earn their bread and cheese through the gift of a fertile imagination are so far untrue to their genius as inadequately to picture to themselves what lies ahead of them when they set forth to dance attendance upon the modern Comus? It would indeed seem so, to judge by the scornful huffiness with which each in turn quits his job and staggers back to the world of sanity under a load of golden shekels.

*The leading American actors' association

When Alice stepped through the looking-glass she accepted with mannerly good humor the bewildering, dislocated world in which she found herself. If in the same fashion Hollywood could be accepted for what it is, much ruffle and backbiting would be avoided. Moreover, the amenable writer—and no one is more needed or more welcome in Hollywood—would quickly find himself in every whit as commanding a position as that accorded Alice in the pale of the fantastic. Instead of a labored diatribe to commemorate his experience, he could expressively content himself with a simple paraphrase of Alice's imperial jingle :

O cinema creatures and liegemen, draw near!
 'Tis an honor to see me, a favor to hear;
 'Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea
 Along with producers, directors and me.

Some few there are of minor distinction, drifting in from the outside world, who have abnegated their esthetic and social conventions, as well as their literary sacraments, and have unconditionally "gone Hollywood." But they are the rare exception. To become thus immersed in films involves complete oblivion with respect to humanity at large. It offers no alternative but to adopt the materialistic prescript of Omar—"Take the cash, and let the credit go." The professional Hollywood scenario writer, for all of his princely income, for all of his village importance, for all of his ability and accomplishments, is but one of a thousand cogs in a convulsive machine designed for the focal glorification of Bessie Brooks or Tommy Snooks.

It is not difficult to understand, therefore, why the invited author shrinks from the prospect of absorption into the cinema whirligig. But it is not so easy to understand why, if he comes at all, he cannot for the time being, at least, adapt himself to circumstances. This means, to be sure, that not only must he be willing when in Hollywood to do as Hollywood does, but also to do as Hollywood tells him. And perhaps that's the rub. His *amour propre* is at stake.

The conventional author, and in particular the individual smartened with a halo of popularity, instinctively resents dictation or subservience to the whims of others. He is congenitally a soloist. An independent creator. He must not be classed with the journeyman, in the expectation that he will follow blue-prints and specifications. However, he knows, or should know, before he comes to Hollywood that thus it will be, along with much else that is anomalous, divergent, and deranged. And yet he comes, seduced by the vision of fleshpots or something, only to be inevitably disenchanting and to go home howling with derision and the pain of punctured dignity.

So far as is at present known, only one author of prominence has served a spell in Hollywood and retired with smiles and with expressions of understanding and toleration. Like the amiable Alice, he politely regarded his incursion into the maze of the fabulous as a diverting

and memorable dream, neither resenting the incomprehensible impositions placed upon him nor making mock of the circus that cavorted about him.

Accordingly, he found no fault with being cloistered in a cubbyhole and being treated on the studio lot as one of the Gnats or Beetles. Without protest he took orders on story writing from a Humpty Dumpty bred in a tailor shop and to whom syntax and poll tax were more or less synonymous. He willingly allowed Tweedledums and Tweedledees, Jabberwocks, Knights, Queens, and Royal Messengers to pass critical judgment on his work. He did not take it to heart that stock Walruses, Carpenters, and Oysters were called in to tinker with his creations, that his stories were still further mangled in the filming, or that Punch and Judy were permitted to dictate their titles. Nor did he take offense when some of his best efforts were rejected by the King as bunk and boloney.

In return for what they considered an honor in letting him through the gates, he listened respectfully to ten-thousand-dollar-a-week Royalty, some of them but few years out of short breeches, and not one of whom could tell him the difference between a Tenpin and Pterodactyl. He betrayed no rude amusement, but accepted it as part of the entertainment, if he chanced to see a born Shoemaker directing a Victorian court scene and drawing five hundred dollars a day for doing it. Nor did he so much as sniff when he learned that one of the Imperial Family, on seeing a preview of *A Tale of Two Cities* and being told that it was from a novel by Charles Dickens, an Englishman, forthwith instructed his Secretary to "Send right away a cablegram to dat Charlie Dickens for a option on his next book."

In short, and seriously, this particular and exceptional author accepted the hospitality and the gold of Hollywood in the dual rôle of a tolerant guest and a conscientious servitor. More than that, he took pains after returning to normal civilisation to write some very nice things about Hollywood. Whether he could ever be induced to go back is another matter. Even the most broadminded and most indulgent mortal has his limitations. Also, one nightmare, however enlivening, is more than aplenty.

CLIFFORD HOWARD.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

CRITICISM AND ACHIEVEMENT

Why this gap between written criticism and the subject criticised?

Supposing, for the length of one sentence, that critics retain the power to get a kick out of good work: why not a performance instead of a dry lecture?

As far as film and theatre criticism are concerned, supply would be meeting demand. Folk in search of theatrical diversions would be presented with a show. A written show of the same style and quality as the real show.

Enough of hour-by-hour oracles! The public ought to be allowed to use its own judgment for its own DELIGHTS (note that the old-timers call the films JOBS)!

Imagine how alive a paper might become when all the critical departments are out to give a show! Art criticism could teach something of the creative activity of artists instead of journalese: descriptive writing bringing the picture before the reader's eyes, leaving it to the reader's own psychological make-up whether he accepts or rejects. Each book review could become a tiny book amusing to read in itself . . . and thusly . . .

O. B.

CHARING CROSS ROAD: SECTION VIEW

Much in much: production, projection, studio and theatre acoustics, and the ultimate rest in the ultimate *Talking Pictures* by Bernard Brown (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd. 12s. 6d.).

Routledge have reissued some of the German photo booklets: *Male Body*, *Negro Types*, *Hollywood*: all at 2/6 with an English text this time. Also, *Mother and Child* at 3/6 with 48 photos by Hedda Walther, and *Circus* at 10/6 with 47 photos by H. W.

The Verlag Scherl of Berlin have provided popular series on German stars: Lillian Harvey, Willy Fritsch, etc., at 1/6 a time.

The new *Das Deutsche Lichtbild* is the best ever turned out by the yearly publishers: far in advance of our own *Modern Photography* (Studio Publications. 7/6.).

And 1932 will bring for the book lover *ultra-violation*?

O. B.

EMIL UND DIE DEDEKTIVE, a Ufa-film directed by Gerhardt Lamprecht.

The most popular book for children has been the story *Emil und die Dedektive* by Erich Kästner for the last two years. Emil, a small boy, is sent to Berlin to see his grandmother; he goes by train, all by himself, the

money which he has to give to his grandmother carefully hidden in his pocket. But when he is alone in the compartment with that uncanny looking fellow in the black stiff hat, he falls asleep, to wake up at the moment the uncanny man steps off at the Zoo station with his money. He rushes out from the train, too, following the black hat through the crowded station and along the streets. Bad enough for a small boy who had never been to the city before if you imagine the Berlin traffic and the crowded streets. Emil does not try to tell the police, for having committed some mischief with other boys at home, he fancies they knew of it in Berlin, and he would be imprisoned. So he takes up the pursuit by himself, but soon finds some helpful youngsters, and the kids really manage to catch the thief and prove his theft.

This novel is the plot of the talkie, which is played by 140 children. Fancy their hunting through the streets, their conferences and debates; and fancy Fritz Rasp playing the part of the man with the black stiff hat! Everyone would be afraid of meeting him alone in a compartment, I think. Most of the children play very naturally and you can see how much they like it. And the audience likes it too, children as well as grown-ups, though I do not think that the film is quite as tastefully done as the book is written.

TRUDE WEISS.

Sonne über dem Arlberg (The White Frenzy), a Sokal-Production directed by Dr. A. Fanck.

Dr. Fanck's mountain-film for this year is a comedy, played on the Arlberg, the paradise of skiing people on the frontiers of Austria and Switzerland.

Having seen the former mountain-films, I was always sorry that their serious plots were never adequate to the beauty of their settings. In attempting to match the action with the power and sternness of the mountains themselves, withal mellowed by tenderest pangs of love, the general result was *Kitsch* among beautiful surroundings. One felt the beauty of the places would be so much more enjoyable if unassuming comedy instead of some *Kitsch* tragedy were made the *raison d'être*.

In the latest Fanck film the old wish is realised. It is really a "white frenzy" of snow and sun and movement, and a good deal of humour. The best ski-masters of Austria take part in it, and when they "fly" down the slopes, twenty, forty of them, in swift curves, the glittering snow spraying round them, you too, in your seat in the dark, get the thrill and happiness of a glorious day in the mountains.

For those who know something of skiing, there is special pleasure in watching Hannes Schneider, the famous "head-master" of the skiing school on the Arlberg, giving special skiing lessons to Leni Riefenstahl, who starts to learn in the beginning of the film, and seems so apt a pupil that she is able to follow him in the speedy race up and down the slopes at the end of

it. There is so much swiftness and movement in the film that sometimes you long for a moment's pause to study the landscape.

Two comic parts are played by famous "real prize-winners" performing incredible tricks on skis with humour and real artistic skill.

Sonne über dem Arlberg is heartily recommended to all who love mountains and winter-sports: especially to those who are unable to go to the mountains themselves, as antidote for gloomy, foggy winter days.

TRUDE WEISS.

Vienna, 1932.

GRAND HOTEL RESERVATIONS

The official cast of *Grand Hotel* being at hand, it is obvious that M-G-M. are sparing no pains in making their talkie of the Baum book the greatest etc., etc. of all time. As usual when no pains are spared, Edmund Goulding is called in to give the *coup de grâce*. He directed, bear in mind, *The Trespasser* and *Reaching for the Moon*.

It would be easy to carp at the cast. Given a free pick from all the studios, one could have made an interesting choice. But it is a good cast from the M-G-M. lot, and here it is.

Garbo as Gruinskaja. That of course alters everything. It will be a good film for Garbo. She, not the hotel, will be the star. That must be as it may; at any rate, it is nice to know Garbo will appear as the dancer. One who has seen the play can imagine her that morning, singing at the telephone; see her, too, leaving. And as one thinks, see her in the part. At the same time, from the point of view of the hotel as star of the film, what a pity the rumour was false that Negri was to be called in! One who read the book will remember that the dancer was suffering from advancing age, loss of audience, weight, wrinkles and temperament. . . . I always thought Dagover's imitation of Pavlova in *Congress Dances* was done with an eye on the part. Now I feel that Norma Shearer put out the Negri news in revenge for not having landed the typist. . . . Joan Crawford is to be Flaemmchen. She can't be as good as was Ursula Jeans, but it cooks Marion Davis' goose, and if Constance Bennett could not be borrowed and for once given the only part she could play, Joan Crawford is best.

Wallace Beery is Preysing. Now, that is a Jannings part. So they made Jean Hersholt hall-porter, mindful of *The Last Laugh*. That is how Hollywood works. Lewis (Inevitable) Stone steps in as doctor. Veidt is the real one of course, and failing him Keaton. He hoped for the invalid's part; it would have been good for him. But Lionel Barrymore has a corner in disease-sufferers, so they gave it him. A pity. Krigilein is essentially small—a rabbit lost in the warren. Keaton could have done that. Or the doctor. John Barrymore too could have made those portentous remarks about life that fall to the doctor, and he has only one side to his face, anyway.

But he is the baron, Gruinskaja's lover. Well, maybe Garbo think she not act again with Gilbert, who'd have been good, and maybe Crawford and Garbo would't be in a picture together if Gable were along, another good one for the part. Pity Novarro can't act and that Montgomery flopped so, when teamed with Garbo. John of the holy Barrymore's is too old. The little tragedy of the tale is the dancer's love for the young man just when she is realising her own age rather forcibly. However, as Garbo is not old, and it will be Garbo's film, things get shifted round.

There we are, anyway, and it is, as it stands, a good enough cast to promise a better film from the tale than was the book. It is fortunate that directors never make very much difference to Garbo . . . and now does anyone remember that *Grand Hotel* was originally written as a film? A silent German picture that did not have much success—grubby, ill-lit, plumply acted. The film rights were sold to America. Nothing happened. But V. Baum, as you can see by her photos, persevered; book and play had terrific success—and new film rights of the book were sold! It was not Universal this time that bought them, but it's a Universal story.

R. H.

BOOK REVIEWS

Caligula by Dr. Hanns Sachs. Elkin Matthews and Marrot. 7/6.

This is a most entertaining book. Moreover, it helps us to understand Caligula; it tackles the problem in the light of modern scientific research. We begin to see daylight. Older writers contented themselves with enumerating the queer doings of this "enigma," as they called him, and drawing moral reflections therefrom; they left it at that. He was a bundle of self-contradictory elements; in short, he was mad, mad like Tiberius and Nero and all the rest of them. A convenient explanation; perhaps not the correct one.

Dr. Sachs' method in dealing with this picturesque apparition is to reveal the underlying necessity for the conflicting traits of character, their interdependence; he dissects his subject and lays bare his nervous system, his motives and springs of action. Caligula becomes human, intelligible; he is no longer an ambiguous monster.

We watch him growing up, an endearing and attractive child. Then comes the youthful period under the stern and old-fashioned Tiberius, where he showed his powers of adaptation by suppressing every trace of his own individuality, such as it was. The Romans expected a great deal from a future Emperor with these amiable qualities; they failed to perceive his underlying weakness. It went to his head, being ruler of the world. A display of power over his fellow-creatures helped him to forget his weakness—hence the enormities. Amusing are his relations with the Roman Gods; they read like a vast joke. With the Jewish Jehovah he also had some fun,

and English readers can learn about "Philo's little Trip" in one of E. M. Forster's books: it is almost too good to be true.

Dr. Sachs is inclined to disbelieve in the "madness" of Caligula. He was what we should call jumpy—too jumpy in the long run for the Romans, who polished him off in a fashion which is admirably described here. One would like to see Caligula on the screen, though that little love-affair with his sister Drusilla might have to be toned down. . .

NORMAN DOUGLAS.

Das Deutsche Lichtbild. 1932. (Robert and Bruno Scvhultz, Berlin).
Photographie for 1931. (Arts et Métiers Graphiques, Paris).

The new edition of the famous German annual is in every way as satisfactory—and perhaps better than its predecessors. Glorious reproduction and presentation make it the virile, aesthetic triumph which successfully glosses over those seascapes and misty portraits which will always find a place anywhere. The more vigorous material—Heinrich Kühn's *Morgensonne*, Willy Zielke's candles, burning and snuffed, Dr. Rudolf Meller's lightning over Innsbruck, Leopold Krause's young man shaving, Munkacsi's Spanish cabaret and boys running into the sea (to take a few at random)—apart from technical felicity, is vivid with a sense of movement suspended finely on mental impetus.

Folds in drapery, birds, nudes, mountains and flowers; these appear abundantly, they always will. But the real and memorable feature lies in the kineticised and narrative construction of the ampler-minded material, of which there is satisfying plenty.

Photographie, with loose-leaf metal-ring binding, and a foreword by Philippe Soupault, is done on less gorgeous paper, but is extremely well printed in spite of that. It is interesting as contrast and comparison.

Hoyningen-Huene has an attractive male torso, which is slightly less interesting, if *du même genre* as Jean Moral's young man with ball. Max Peiffer-Wattenphul has been sub-conscious and gaily macabre with his syntheses of elderly charmers of the water-front underworld type. Here is Munkacsi with his Tanganyikan boys running into the sea again, and a delicious black cat deciding apparently to scratch out his eyes. Umbo has a sunny plage study, superbly lethargic and restful, Le Pennetier a study of injection of lipiodol in a kidney which looks like a black flower against a strange crepuscular pagoda.

The French publication has far fewer cloud effects and still waters, only two studio nudes, and these less in the inert, misty manner with which we are so familiar. There is more volatility about it, more vitality on the whole. Both are equally international, both equally desirable.

Americaansche Filmkunst. Dr. J. F. Otten.

Fransche Filmkunst. Elisabeth de Roos.

De Absolute Film. Menno ter Braak.

Dr. J. F. Otten approaches the American film critically and not sentimentally—he has not yet reached that state of magnificent boredom for which the American movie is the sole antidote—and the resulting picture is naturally a gloomy one. As the comic film is excluded from consideration (since that is for a separate volume in the series) the picture is gloomier than ever. But there is recognition for the few good pictures that have come from Hollywood and recognition of the fact that the weaknesses of that film Sodom are in great measure manifest in European films other than those of U.S.S.R.

It is unnecessary to set out the complaints on which the author bases his condemnation—they are more or less common ground. Particular antipathies are Fairbanks as he is now, De Mille, John Gilbert, *The Big Parade*, Lubitsch in so far as he is the most completely Americanised of them all—and we applaud vigorously, nationally. The book must have been conceived some time ago and very few talking films of recent date are mentioned.

Fransche Filmkunst has chapters on: *Menilmontant*, *Fait Divers*, *Cavalcanti*, *Gance*, *L'Herbier-Epstein*, *Clair*, *Feyder*, *Dulac*, *Chien Andalou*, and *Jeanne d'Arc*—almost everything of value in the French cinema. They are for the most part sensitive and thoughtful work. Sometimes one feels the author is being too kind, at others too harsh.

Two specific criticisms occur. The case against Epstein might have been qualified by some reference to his later films, from *Finis Terrae*. And it is difficult to sympathise much with her admiration for the not very disquieting *Coquille et Clergyman* or with her hostility (but feebly rationalised) to *Un Chien Andalou*. But this is the filmlover's great trauma. Oh that sadism and donkeys (cet anal-sadisme).

De Absolute Film spins with a spirited, if somewhat exaggerated, attack on Fritz Lang, his monocle, and the *Nibelungs*. You wonder why, unless you have not forgotten Kriemhild's dream. And this, the redeeming feature (according to Dr. Menno ter Braak) of the film was made by Walter Ruttmann. If it had been made by Pudowkin, even with the use of actors and psychological motives, the gulf between Lang and his assistant would still have been as great. Ruttmann's actual dream and Pudowkin's hypothetical one would both have been covered by the expression absolute film in the wider of the senses of that term—film using purely cinematographic means—what we mere English call pure cinema. However, it is the films belonging to the more limited category which bears that name which are the subject of this monograph. But first, why is the name applied to this category at all? Leaving aside the historical source of "absolute film" in Parisian cinema jargon, and the somewhat arbitrary nature of this limitation of the term, there is yet a real connection between the wider and the more limited sense.

This connection lies in the preoccupation with the fundamental problem of the nature of cinema which the very existence of the absolute film (limited sense) expresses.

After scrutinising the use of such expressions as "visual music" and "reality" in relation to the so-called absolute film, the author finds that they, just as the word "absolute" itself, do not suffice to distinguish the category of film with which one associates the names of Eggeling, Richter, etc. The question is whether "absolute film" can have any significance as a descriptive term to cover this category of films, which involves asking what is it which distinguishes the category to which it is intended to apply. The answer is found along the lines of the "quality of associations" of the film to be classified. Where this is simple, i.e., no subject, idea, thesis, but purely a rhythmic theme, there the description "absolute film" can be of some use. This way of using the term will cover films with "objects," such as Deslaw's *Marches des Machines* or Ivens' *Bridge*, as well as purely abstract work. *Inflation* (a film which illustrates how close is the connexion between the film of ideas and the absolute film) and *Etoile de Mer* would be borderline cases. But the author disclaims any intention of binding himself to observe any strict classification when, leaving theory, he turns to films and directors.

The more important of the directors whose work is discussed in the second half of the book are Ruttmann (Opus 2, 3, 4, *Berlin, World Melody*), Richter (*Filmstudie, Rennsymphonie, Zweigroschenzauber, Vormittagsspuk, Inflation*), Man Ray, Deslaw (satisfactorily relegated) and Ivens (but cursorily noticed—see Vol. No. 3 when it appears). Mention is also made of Mol, Von Barys and Fischinger.

The author does not consider the future prospects of the absolute film (limited sense) are favourable. The tendency will be in the direction of films where the associational content is more complex. However, we may be less pessimistic than this and prophesy that the absolute film will for a long time yet attract new directors, both on account of its disciplinary value and its comparatively low cost. Add to that its charm. (Exciting illustrations. Contrast also Fritz Lang and monocle on p. 3 with the beauty of Ruttmann's hands photographed by Krull on p. 6).

H. A. M.

Sound Films in Schools. The report of an Experiment undertaken jointly by certain Local Education Authorities and by the National Union of Teachers in the Schools of Middlesex. Published by "The Schoolmaster" Publishing Co., 3, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

This book describes in detail an experiment made to determine the value of sound films in education. As in all other experiments made recently in

schools, it was considered finally that " sound films will prove to be an indispensable aid in teaching such subjects as geography, history, science, English, foreign languages, mathematics, music, physical training, and domestic economy." It was recorded in addition that backward children did nearly as well in the tests following the showing of the films, as pupils of normal development. And one headmaster suggested that by the use of the cinema in education, retarded children might be stimulated to more interest in their lessons and, as a result, rejoin the standard of average achievement.

It is not possible here to describe in detail the report on the experiment. But the first point that strikes the cinematographic observer is the extremely poor film material available. With a couple of exceptions the pictures listed do not come up to the standard of either German or American educational pictures. It is stated on page 79 that " the application of films to this country than in the United States of America, France, Italy, Germany, Japan, for example." And hostility to the method is certainly more common among teachers in England than abroad.

To make cinematography however a successful part of English education it will be necessary to prepare special films, with the co-operation of both teachers and cinematographic technicians. Certain films might well be prepared by the schools themselves; the actual making of a reel is not nearly such a costly business as people imagine, and Mr. Gow has been making historical stories at his school for years. We might suggest too, that some of the amateur film groups might combine with the schools of their districts, lending equipment and their experience. But it would be essential for the scenario to be based on a teacher's script. Haphazard or badly planned pictures are as useless as an out-of-date text book. In the meantime, *Close Up* readers will find many arguments in the above report, of assistance in breaking down the hostility that too often surrounds the cinema, in the minds of many people.

Some more books of the series *Die Bücher des Lichtspielvorführers*.

(Published by Wilh. Knapp, Halle (Saale), Germany.)

The small green booklets of this series dealing with the problems of the projection of films are already well known to us. We like the clear way of their explanation, beginning with the elementary principles, their being popular in style but not injuring truth nor accuracy. There are twenty to thirty tables and diagrams in each book and photographs of the different types of apparatus mentioned in the course of the explanation. The structure of all the books is a similar one: the first chapters give a short introduction into the theoretical side of the problem, the greater part

is devoted to practical, technical questions. Most of the booklets recently published deal with the projection of sound-films. The price is 1.-RM. or 1.20 RM.

There is :

Vol. 3. *Gleichrichter*, von Reinhold Dahlgreen.

"Gleichrichter" are rectifiers, apparatus, which change and transform the usual alternating- or phase-current into a quality which is needed for the lamps of the projector. This is done by means of valves—a very important chapter for film-projection.

Vol. 6. *Grundlagen des Tonfilms*, von Dr. Paul Hatschek.

This number is the most important one, I should say, because it deals with the fundamental principles of the sound-film in general and consequently appeals to a larger number of readers. Everyone can understand it with a bit of intelligence, interest, and comprehension of technical institutions. We are interested to hear that the first essays on sound-films were made five years only after the invention of the silent film, we see a picture of Edison's phonograph, and on it goes to the "electric" sound. Light-sound, needle-sound, magnetic sound, they all are treated in special chapters, and so are Makro- and Mikro-projection, as well as the synchronisation.

Vol. 7. *Der Verstärker und seine Bedienung*. Von Ing. Werner Hasenberg.

Amplifiers, another "special" subject. Theoretical foundation is given only as far as absolutely necessary, for "who has ever asked, that the driver of a motor-car should know the specific weight of the oil he uses?" says the author. But as the questions are most complicated ones, the author tries to help by two general chapters on sound and electricity.

Vol. 8. *Die Bedienung der Tonfilmmaschinen*, von Dipl.-Ing. F. Kleffel.

How to attend the sound-film apparatus are the contents of the last number of the books for the film-operator. It gives a survey on the different types of sound-film projectors, needle-sound and light-sound, describes the various accessorial machines, the amplifiers, loudspeakers, etc. There is a chapter and many photographs, sketches and diagrams on the installation of the sound-film-equipment in a cinema. Special "laws" are given for handling of machines with needles- and with light-sound, we are told all about the control. The last pages are devoted to the different possible disturbances concerning the quality of the sound, and the author endeavors to enumerate the probable reasons and the ways how to get rid of them.

T. W.

The Cinematisation of the School. By L. Sukharebsky and A. Shirvindt. (Published by Teakinopechat. Moscow.)

Lunacharsky, the late Soviet commissar of education, declared that "in a few years the cinema will have established itself in the school as firmly as the blackboard and the text-book," and the present book affords ample proof

of the energy and seriousness with which Soviet Russia has addressed herself to the task of achieving this end. In 1930 the cinema was being used for instructional purposes in no less than 1,994 educational institutions in the Soviet Union, but under the Five Years' Plan it is proposed to raise this number to 9,970 at a total cost of over 68 million roubles (or 7 million pounds sterling).

The Cinematization of the School is an exhaustive study of all the problems and tasks involved in this extended use of the cinema for instructional purposes. Among the questions dealt with, for instance, is that of the choice of apparatus. Up to now it has not been possible to produce in Russia a cinematographic apparatus rivalling in respect of cheapness and efficiency those of foreign manufacture, but the Soviet TOMP (Trust for Optico-Mechanical Production) is working at a special type of apparatus for schools, which it is hoped to be able to produce at a price of from 250 to 300 roubles (£25-30).

Then there is the question of training the teachers in the use of films for instructional purposes. The teacher must not only study the subject of the film shown so as to be able to deliver an introductory address and to furnish supplementary explanations; he must further make himself sufficiently acquainted with the technique of cinematography to be able, in case of need, to cut, repair and re-arrange the material. He must further study the reactions of the child to the film and the question of the suitability of different types of films for children of different ages and classes. As regards length, for example: in general, short films of from 300-400 metres are used for instruction in Soviet schools, but for the youngest children it is found preferable to use still shorter films ranging from 100 to 150 metres in length.

"The Central State Institute for Cinematography in Children's Schools" has been founded for the purpose of investigating and solving the various problems connected with the introduction of the cinema into Soviet schools and already series of films graded for the respective school years are available on an immense variety of subjects, including, among others: mathematics, physics, Russian language and literature, reading, writing, physical culture, sport, hygiene, first aid, gymnastics, games, drawing, music, modelling, foreign languages, sociology, etc., etc. Special films have been made, suitable for children of various ages in village schools and affording instruction in the various aspects and occupations of country life; and it is proposed to form in each rayon a central library of films to be lent, as required, to the schools in the surrounding villages.

The achievements of foreign countries in the manufacture of instructional films and the methods of using them have been carefully studied by the Soviet educational authorities and are summarised in this volume, which contains in fact an immense amount of useful information and suggestions for all those concerned with the use of the cinema for educational purposes.

Readies, for Bob Brown's Machine, the Roving Eye Press, Cagnes sur Mer, A.M. France. 10/-.

Any new device is apt to be greeted with laughter or has to overcome habits of long duration yet the immediate success of the talking film should warn us not to reject a reading innovation without trial. It is impossible, however, to review this book without having seen the actual machine in operation.

Briefly the idea is that of a machine said to be as compact as a typewriter, worked by electricity, and possible of control so that a page may be re-read or a chapter anticipated. The book becomes a roll printed by a new photographic process, and enlarged by a magnifying lens as it passes the reading slot to any size of type preferred by the reader's eyes.

There are also a selection of stories prepared for the "readies" by Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, Charles Henri Ford, and many other writers. It is difficult, however, to get the continuous effect that they would have, passing through a machine, when they are broken up on the printed page by hyphens.

Demonstrations would be preferable to a book but those interested in new experiments would find the suggestions to alter reading method of interest.

The Education Department of the Western Electric Company, Ltd. (Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.) is anxious to compile a list of all talking pictures on medical subjects (together with names of the medical men or institutions responsible for them), made anywhere in the world, apart from England and the United States. *Close Up* readers possessing such information are invited to send names and particulars of such films to above address.

Lists exist of silent films and it is important to remember that the information is required for *sound films* only.

It is certainly to the advantage of educational cinematography that such a list should be established, so that work on these subjects be not duplicated. Medical films are not only costly to make but are usually available for a very limited audience of specialists and students.

The Western Electric Co. are in possession of several medical films made in the States; *Laparotrachelotomy* by Dr. de Lee, *Prolapse of the Uterus and Rupture of the Diaphragm*, (these two last are only a series of diagrammatic drawings with running commentary, and not operations) and two dealing with children—*The Study of Child Growth*, and *Infant Behaviour*. It is hoped to include a review of the films dealing with infancy, in the June *Close Up*.

Might we ourselves suggest to the makers of medical films that a needed and useful work would be a picture dealing with the protection of children

from diphtheria and scarlet fever by immunization. We understand that this knowledge is being spread amongst the general public in the States through wireless talks and lectures. The process, in both cases, is quite painless and can be done at little cost. While many school doctors are urging parents to protect their children against diphtheria, practically no one is aware, outside medical circles, that protection against scarlet fever may be easily obtained. And there is nothing in this subject, to prevent such a film being shown widely, to all classes of audience.

W. B.

Silt, a one reel film made by Mr. Dan Birt to illustrate some of his theories of sound, was shown recently at the London Film Society. Dredgers, sand, sunlight on still water, the movement of buckets and arms, have acquired an audible, rather than a visual, sense even in the photography so that were the film to be shown silent, it would still be heard more than seen. Educational authorities are grumbling at the lack of suitable films for schools: *Silt* may be recommended to their notice, both because of its subject and for its interesting use of sound experiment with documentary material.

Mr. Santar writes us from Prague that new tariffs are to be imposed there on films to support the native industry. Eighteen talking Czech pictures were produced in 1931, of which two had German version and most were commercially successful. It is considered a pity in Czechoslovakia that these films are barred from many countries through an exclusive use of local material. We think, however, that for film societies at least the concentration on material not available elsewhere should make these films of great interest, particularly for students. Perhaps some enterprising film society will organise a Czech performance and show at least, some of their interesting documentary films.

A HISTORY of the ENGLISH HOUSE

By
NATHANIEL LLOYD, O.B.E., F.S.A, F.R.I.B.A.



This is the fullest and most authoritative history of the English house which has ever been published—a magnificent record in text and photographs, drawings and plans of dwelling-house development in England from the earliest times to the middle of the 19th century. The volume contains nearly nine hundred illustrations which, for convenience of reference and comparison, have been arranged in groups according to subjects under such headings as Plans and Elevations, Entrances, Windows, Chimneys, Ceilings, Wall Treatment, Fireplaces, Stairs, Metalwork, &c. In each of these groups the illustrations are shown in chronological order, so that the reader may turn over page after page of photographs representing eight hundred years of, for example, Elevations or Fireplaces, to compare one with another and note the changes and development of each particular feature throughout its history. Such a succession of consecutive examples has never before been assembled, and its value to persons interested in English domestic architecture can scarcely be over-emphasized.

Price £3 3s. Net.

Postage 1s. inland, abroad 2s. 2d.

An eight page illustrated prospectus will be sent free on request to the publishers.

THE ARCHITECTORAL PRESS
9, Queen Annes Gate, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

THE ACADEMY CINEMA

OXFORD STREET (Opposite Waring and Gillow)

Organiser: Miss Elsie Cohen

Gerrard 2981

presents

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM CLASSICS OF THE WORLD

Commencing Sunday, March 6th

Premier Presentation in England of Pabst's
Great Epic of the Mines

"KAMERADSCHAFT"

Future programmes will include Piel Jutzi's "Mutter Krausen,"
"Madchen im Uniform," "The Path to Life," "M" and various
revivals. A Weekly Notice will be sent on receipt of enclosed card.

MILLER & GILL (1924) LTD.

CARRY A COMPREHENSIVE STOCK
OF MODERN BOOKS.

FIRST EDITIONS

PRESS BOOKS

94 CHARING CROSS ROAD,

'PHONE:

LONDON, W.C.2.

TEMPLE BAR 6944.

The Adelphi

The Sun Painter

by

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Abortion : A Case for Enquiry

by

CLAUD MULLINS

The Moral Basin of Revolution

by

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence

by

CATHERINE CARSWELL

The Half Mile

by

T. O. BEACH CROFT

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

1/-

March, 1932

Filmtechnik

Film Art

Journal for all artistic, technical and economic questions of film-essentials

The paper of the Dachorganisation of creative film artists of Germany

Editor: A. Kraszna Krausz, Berlin

7th Year—Every 14 days 1 issue
Price per quarter 5.25 R.M.

Published by Wilhelm Knapp, Halle/S.
Germany. Mühlweg 19

Specimen number free

Film Für Alle

the first monthly publication in Europe devoted to the problems of purely amateur cinematography

5th Year

Editor : Andor Kraszna-Krausz, Berlin

Publisher : Wilhelm Knapp, Halle/Saale, Mühlweg 19

Subscription 2.25 R.M quarterly
Specimen number free on request

THE NEW REVIEW

Contributions by
Writers of - -

Yesterday—

To-day—

To-morrow

BUT not of the

Day before Yesterday

Nor

The Day after To-morrow

BOUND VOLUMES *of* CLOSE UP

A Complete Record at a glance of world progress and development in Film Art from July 1927 to the present day.

Close Up, the only constructive, critical protagonist of the Cinema's potentialities in art, technique and labour, is recommended to librarians and students as invaluable, and, indeed, essential to accuracy and scope of knowledge in all branches of cinematography; including the history of sound development from the outset.

Most back issues are out of print. We have had to refuse requests (mostly from libraries) for complete sets. The following bound volumes are still available.

- VOL. I. *Out of print.* A few odd numbers of August, September, October, November, 1927, are available.
- | | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------|------|
| VOL. II. Only a few copies remain. | Price | 25/- |
| VOL. III. | | 15/- |
| VOLS. IV, V, VI | Available at | 10/6 |
| VOL. VII. A few copies available | Price | 25/- |
| VOL. VIII. A few copies available | Price | 25/- |
- Odd numbers of June and September issues available. March and December *out of print.*

POOL 26 LITCHFIELD STREET,
Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2

THE LONDON MERCURY

EDITED BY J. C. SQUIRE

Monthly

3s.



Yearly

36s.

Usual Features

ESSAYS

SHORT STORIES

POETRY

Portraits of Contemporary Authors

BOOK PRODUCTION

Woodcuts

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Letters from Foreign Parts

Critical Studies

The Drama

Architecture

Fine Arts

The Movies

Biography and Memoirs

Travel and Adventure

History

Anthropology

Natural History

Cookery

Fiction

Topography and Antiquities

Poetry

Religion and Philosophy

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

The Manager, THE LONDON MERCURY,

229 STRAND, W.C.2

☐ I desire to become a Subscriber to *The London Mercury*, and enclose Cheque (P.O.) for 36/- in payment of a subscription for one year, beginning with the.....number.

Name

Address.....

(And of all Booksellers and Newsagents)

(C.U.)

Are YOU a *Lighthearted Student* ?

The Lighthearted Student

Part I. German.

By Bryher
& Trude Weiss

PRICE
2/6

Imagine a language text-book insinuating to you a sense of delight and amusement!

Methods without tears and without masters have helped many people, but who has before walked ecstatically, even, you might say, swaggered through grammar, run through declensions and vocabularies like a legacy, taken verbs in his stride like cocktails?

Well, believe it or not, but that is what has been done with *The Lighthearted Student*. This, the first volume, deals with German. What you won't be able to do with German when you have absorbed it won't be worth doing. Not that the L. H. S. is a frivolous book, if that is likely to trouble you. Schools have taken to it kindly, travellers have taken it to their bosoms, unsolicited testimonials fill our files. Learn German this humanitarian way, it's exciting and most pleasurable.

From Leading Booksellers or

POOL, 26 LITCHFIELD ST., London, W.C.2,
CHARING CROSS RD.



POPULAR SPRING BOOKS

FOR THE TRAIN

GRAVE AND GAY WORKS OF
LEWIS CARROLL



with the quaint original illustrations

5s. net.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS—Bibliographical as much as literary interest attaches to "FOR THE TRAIN" . . . Friends of Carroll, and Alice especially, will be anxious to possess a copy . . . The tale, "Novelty and Romancement", is funny to a degree, . . . Carroll foresaw the electrification of railways . . . a delightful volume.

BACK WATERS

By JOHN GAWSWORTH

with an Essay by

EDMUND BLUNDEN

5s. net.

New and neglected material of William Godwin, N. J. Pye, Lady Hester Stanhope, Leigh Hunt. Intimate and revealing passages about Bygone Celebrities.

NEW ANGLE BOOK (2)

GOOD BYE GAMES!

The Modern Degradation of Sport

By PETER POWELL

1s. net.

THE SEARCH PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

DENIS ARCHER, 6 OLD GLOUCESTER STREET, W.C.1

IMPRESSED BY
THE MERCURY PRESS, LTD.,
LONDON, ILFORD AND CHELMSFORD.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

The Leading
Literary-Political Monthly Magazine

Published on the First of the Month . . . Price 3s. 6d.

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MARCH NUMBER

The Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY
HENRY W. NEVINSON
SIR JOHN MARRIOTT
G. K. CHESTERTON
STEPHEN GWYNN
LORD OLIVIER
O. M. GREEN

Special Offer to New Readers

*Send two penny stamps to cover cost of postage
and a free specimen copy will be sent you.*

The Circulation Manager,
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW
13, Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

Recent Successes

now **3s. 6d.**

His Monkey Wife

by John Collier. *5th Impression*

Scenes and Portraits

by Frederic Manning

A Middle-Class Man

by Leonhard Frank

The Love of Jeanne Ney

by Ilya Ehrenburg

The Covent Garden

Library 5/- *each*

NEW ADDITIONS

**The Scandal and Credulities of
John Aubrey**

edited by John Collier

Diary of Peter Bussell

edited by G. A. Turner

The Great War with France

by Sir Henry Bunbury

WRITE FOR COMPLETE LIST

PETER DAVIES

CLOSE UP

QUARTERLY DEVOTED TO THE ART OF FILMS



A QUARTERLY DEVOTED TO THE ART OF FILMS

3/6 net.

INTERNATIONALISM

Nationalism, if it is not too narrow and limited, is to be encouraged, but Art and Literature—the world of inspiration and of creative ideas—transcend national boundaries. The literature of other countries will widen your outlook, and we invite you to inspect our stock of books in French, German, Spanish and Italian.

Catalogues on application

J. & E. BUMPUS Ltd.

BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

350 Oxford Street, London, W.1

Telephone : Mayfair 3601

A. ZWEMMER

Fine Art Bookseller

BOOKS

On the Fine Arts in all Languages

Just issued :—

Catalogue No. 10. Bargain list of Books on Art.

Catalogue No. 11. Books on French Art.

Post-free on application

76 - 78 Charing Cross Road
London, W.C.2

Telephone . . . Temple Bar 4710

CLOSE UP

Editor : K. MACPHERSON

Assistant Editors : BRYHER ; OSWELL BLAKESTON

Published by POOL

LONDON OFFICE : 26 LITCHFIELD STREET, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.2.

SWISS OFFICE : c/o F. CHEVALLEY, CASE POSTALE, CAROUGE s/ GENEVE.

Contents

	PAGE
Paul Green in Holywood. Frank Daugherty	81
Hollywood in Fact. Clifford Howard	87
Manifesto. Oswald Blakeston, Kenneth Macpherson	92
Film Criticism in Japan. Y. Ogino	107
The Sword of Death. Robert Herring	115
Prospective Perspective. O. Blakeston	117
The Blue Light. Trude Weiss	119
A Book Teaches the way to See Films. A. Kraszna-Krausz	124
Vienna of the Films. Klara Modern	129
West and East of the Atlantic. Bryher	131
Comment and Review	133

Publicity?, "Our" Academy, Netherland Filmleague, Greenland Movie, Educational Cinematographic Institute, On the Mountains and in the Valleys, Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, Book Reviews.

<i>London Correspondent :</i>	ROBERT HERRING
<i>Paris Correspondent :</i>	JEAN LENAUER
<i>Berlin Correspondent :</i>	A. KRASZNA-KRAUSZ
<i>Geneva Correspondent :</i>	F. CHEVALLEY
<i>Hollywood Correspondent :</i>	CLIFFORD HOWARD
<i>New York Correspondent :</i>	H. A. POTAMKIN
<i>Moscow Correspondent :</i>	P. ATTASHEVA
<i>Vienna Correspondent :</i>	TRUDE WEISS

	<i>Subscription Rate.</i>
ENGLAND	15 shillings per year
FRANCE	75 francs per year
GERMANY	15 RM per year
SWITZERLAND	15 francs per year.
ALL OTHER COUNTRIES	15 shillings (English) per year

Copyright 1932 by Pool.



*Chimpanzee in "Animals Look at You," a film by Paul Eipper. Production, Nerthus-Film.
Chimpanzé. "Les Animaux vous Regardent" film de Paul Eipper. Production : Nerthus-Film.
Schimpanse in "Tiere sehen dich an," einem Film von Paul Eipper. Produktion : Nerthus-Film.*

CLOSE UP

Vol. IX No. 2

June, 1932

PAUL GREEN IN HOLLYWOOD

The quiet arrival of Paul Green in Hollywood has found no echoing reverberations in the press ; yet this simple young man, who might pass for a football player or a well-to-do lumber clerk, may be destined to change the whole course of Hollywood's development.

He is not, of course, the first dramatist to arrive in the film capital. And it isn't at all unusual for dramatists equally as well known as he is to arrive with just as little huzzah. But it's barely possible that, if the film folk knew something of the significance of the young man's arrival, they might be a little more apprehensive, to say the least, about his presence among them.

Paul Green's Chapel Hill exploits are too well known to need any elaboration here. He wrote some thirty or forty one-act plays for Professor Koch's group at the University of North Carolina ; he won the Pulitzer Prize with his play *In Abraham's Bosom*; his *Field God* and *House of Connelly* have both had New York productions. But his professional connection with the stage does not constitute his only claim to distinction in the worlds of literature and the drama.

He belongs to that group of which Professor Koch and Professor Baker of the 47 Workshop are perhaps the outstanding examples—the group which instituted and developed the "little theatre" movement to its present considerable proportions.

Anyone who knows the history of this group, its small beginnings, its phenomenal growth in the face of the antagonism and ridicule of the "professional" theatre, its present affluence and long list of distinguished "graduates," knows something also of the organic and evolutionary nature of the theatre itself and all its applied arts, and may well measure with consideration the effect of the member of such a group in Hollywood.

Hollywood has literally fed upon its professionalism. It's oldest axiom relates of the box-office. "If it's box-office, it's good." But not all the Hollywood money, not all the Hollywood power, has the ability to change the nature of a history which was more or less designed at its inception—as shown by the history of the theatre before it. Hollywood's growth has been the first infant flush of birth and unthoughtful strength. It's beginnings have been happy to the point of miracle. It has not had to plan its development, weigh it, gauge it against human values, measure it against the times, the changing flux of human nature. These things have all been left to the gods of chance and "the breaks." And the gods have been most wonderfully kind.



A sloth who looks more curious than lazy, in "Animals Look at You," a film by Paul Eipper. Production, Nerthus-Film.

Photo : Hedda Walther.

Un paresseux chez qui la curiosité l'emporte sur la paresse ! Du film "Les Animaux vous Regardent," de Paul Eipper. Production Nerthus-Film.

Photo : Hedda Walther.

Ein Faultier, das eher neugierig als faul aussieht in "Tiere sehen dich an," einem Film von Paul Eipper. Produktion : Nerthus-Film.

Photo : Hedda Walther.

Sound brought some change into this status of the movies' affairs. The inclusion of talk brushed away at one stroke a great deal that had been peculiarly "of Hollywood." The influx of talented and distinguished minds from the worlds of literature and the stage added to the confusion. First, perhaps, because the medium was not fully understood—Hollywood became a sort of intellectual Bonanza, a rich lode which couldn't give out, and everyone rushed to stake out their claim. Second, because between the theatre and the movies, as serious workers in each field have known from the first, there exists a difference of approach amounting almost to conflict. But not in the ordinary sense of the word.

Paul Green insists that there is no conflict between stage and screen. And he is careful to bear out his statement with proof. But that there is a decidedly great difference of approach, he knows perhaps better than most.

"The stage ever has been and ever will be based upon the poetry of word. The screen is based upon the poetry of vision, of movement," he acknowledges.

And behind that statement lies a good deal that Hollywood itself has been slow to comprehend, and perhaps may never need to understand. For two courses lie open to it, as two courses lie always open to any human endeavour—to develop itself intelligently, and within its limitations to seek full expression—or to die. Hollywood may do either with equal celerity. No one, surely, is in a position to be prophetic about that matter today. The movies are admittedly in a bad way. Largely divorced from their foreign market, and eking but a poor subsistence from their native American soil, they stand today much in the same position that the theatre stood when the movies first began to make inroads upon its profits, finally



A baby gorilla in "Animals Look at You."

Un bébé gorille dans "Les Animaux vous Regardent."

Gorillababy in "Tiere sehen dich an."

destroying the road entirely and leaving what was left of the stage to a few blocks of platinum lights on Broadway.

Yet the stage today is not dead. And the movies tomorrow may be just as alive—provided they can nourish their own seeds after disintegration sets in.

It is very like Paul Green that he should quote Samuel Goldwyn, one of the ablest of the professional movie makers, when noting the signs of the times in the “decentralization” of the motion picture industry. Yet it is not difficult to imagine that the two may have quite different meanings in their mind when they use the word. The average movie maker, speaking of decentralization, pictures a studio, perhaps, in Hollywood, one in New York, one in London or Paris.

Paul Green, with the history of the American theatre quite fresh in his memory, speaks of decentralization with a picture of the movie as almost a folk-drama in mind—with hundreds of college students and filmateurs everywhere making their own pictures, just as people today write their own books or paint their own pictures—as, indeed, communities, through the efforts of just such students and lovers of the theatre have come to make their own theatre. Economic obstacles have called into being the little theatre groups for the making of stage plays. Economic necessity will as surely bring about movie groups formed for the same purpose.

Then why not, says Paul Green, use the same groups?

They are already formed in many of the leading universities, such as Yale, Harvard, Iowa, Washington, Berkeley, North Carolina, Dakota, etc. They already have the machinery of the stage necessary to production. Camera equipment, lights, etc., are relatively not much more expensive.

It is a daring, but quite logical thought—and there is but one thing remaining to be overcome before the actual work of pushing such a project could be started. That one thing is the antipathy of the average intelligent student to the movies of the period. Students of the theatre are not particularly thrilled by the thought of emulating Greta Garbo and Clark Gable, Jimmy Cagney and Edward G. Robinson, Joe E. Brown and Tallullah Bankhead. The “professional” movie, therefore, while perfectly acceptable as entertainment, makes but slight appeal to the esthetically-trained student of the theatre.

The badness, however, of many of the movies of the day, does not preclude the possibility of good movies.

The internationalism of the film—of even the talking film—has been born again.

Concentrated and intelligent distribution of the best films has already proved itself an easy means of firing students over the artistic possibilities of the film as a medium of group expression. In many cases, where a variety of films has been shown, preference for the film over the theatre is not uncommon. Green is of the belief that it is only a question of time before the film automatically develops its own artistic centres—which may be as far removed from Hollywood, literally and figuratively, as may be desired.

“Which is not at all to say that a little movie movement would endanger the professional output of Hollywood, any more than the little theatre movement endangered the life of the Broadway theatre. The latter actually preserved the



"Animals Look at You."

"Les Animaux vous Regardent."

"Tiere sehen dich an."

theatre when Broadway significantly was unable to. I don't see how the same action could hurt Hollywood, and it might help it.

"The notion, however, that such a movement would be only for a few chilly intellectuals with arty inclinations is wholly erroneous. Hollywood, obviously,

is too far removed from the centres of American life to absorb it all, or to express even a part of it. Sinewy and well-developed groups in localities all over the country, with their own instruments, could give us a national movie that Hollywood could never hope to emulate, and one which might compare favourably with the folk-drama, folk music, folk theatre of any country."

That this view is wholly in accord with the notions of the producers themselves is evidenced by the work done by their Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences since its inception. This organization, a self-styled Academy, but really an instrument of propaganda as well, has done much work in acquainting university groups and women's clubs with the actual carpentry of movie making in an effort to arouse enthusiasm for the medium. That it has been in part successful is patent. But there is little doubt that the actual good pictures released—and these must include a great many from Russia, France and Germany—have done more than anything else to bring about this interest.

Paul Green was sent out from New York to the Warner Brothers studios to do a screen adaptation of *Cabin in the Cotton* for Richard Barthelmess. Slow of speech, deeply thoughtful, and a real student of "theatre," whether movie or stage, he has welcomed the opportunity to get at grips with the industry—to find out what makes its wheels go round. His findings have surprised him.

"Everyone in Hollywood," he says, "talks freely of Hollywood's intellectual inferiority. Yet in New York and London and Berlin, I venture to say, it is not possible to find the stage more intelligently discussed and analysed than is the motion picture in Hollywood. There is no paucity of brains in Hollywood. The difficulty seems to be to get them to function together. Whether that's the fault of the commerce of the place, its economic structure, or the result of the fallacious notion that conflict and competition must exist in any industry which uses art for its ends, I haven't been able to determine. But I have never seen more intelligent effort applied to anything, art or industry, than the people of Hollywood are applying to the betterment of films."

The very fact that the movies can find a place for him—the fact that his knowledge of and sympathy for the negroes of the south is sought by them—while at the same time they are reaching out into all other arts and crafts, into painting for their designers, into music for their scores to pictures, into drama for their writers, into literature for their ideas, into science and industry and mechanics for their appliances, convinces him that here is not alone an isolated industry, but the great and final marriage of industry and art, of all the industries and all the arts, really, for it holds the possibility of embracing them all. Movies are, he believes, the great art of the twentieth century. And possibly the only medium that can adequately express it.

FRANK DAUGHERTY.



"Animals Look at You," by Paul Eipper. Production, Nerthus-Film.

"Les Animaux vous Regardent," par Paul Eipper. Production : Nerthus-Film.

"Tiere sehen dich an," Ein Film von Paul Eipper. Produktion : Nerthus-Film.

HOLLYWOOD IN FACT

Sneezing at Hollywood is rapidly fading into the background of fashion. As a vogue here in the States it has quite lost its zest. Of the one-time host of American scribes addicted to this pungent habit only a few remain in the field.

And the smart periodical devoted to twitting the Hollywood films has definitely had its day. The longest-established and most prominent of this brood, a fortnightly review published in Hollywood itself, has at this very writing shut up shop and joined the departed for lack of further interest and support.

On the other hand, the fan magazine continues to flourish and spread like a green bay-tree. It now numbers no less than thirty individual publications, full-flowered and thriving lustily on a combined circulation of millions, while still others in various stages of bud are but awaiting the sunshine of better times to bring them into vigorous bloom. Besides which many of the popular monthlies and weeklies, as well as thousands of newspapers, are now regularly giving space to Hollywood in the form of general news and personalia or pleasant commentaries on current pictures.

There are two robust reasons for this decline of cinema lampoonery. First, the demonstrated utter futility of it. Hollywood through all the years has remained complacently indifferent to ridicule and satire, or, at most, has joined in the laughs provoked at its expense—and there is scant satisfaction in continuing to stick pins into an elephant's hide. Second, the enforced realization that Hollywood, after all, is not an anomaly, a freak, an upstart, a something apart from the realities of life, but, on the contrary, is a very real and expressive integrant of today's Promethean merry-go-round.

We are not here concerned with the physiology of Hollywood. Its inner workings, with its grotesqueries and extravagances of management, may continue to offer material for the jokesmith, but they have ceased to interest.

Thus, disparagement of Hollywood—pictorial Hollywood—resolves itself into disparagement of popular intelligence—and this is a bit too much! Say what we will as individuals in criticism of the American cinema for its lack of art or finesse, we are met by the stolid and impregnable verity that the responsible cause of our distemper is not Hollywood, but society—society minus its starched vestments of intellect and punctilio.

The doubting Thomas, if he would be convinced, has only to acquaint himself with the answers to the questionnaire recently submitted to the people of the United States by the Will Hays organization. The collective response to this inquiry concerning the public's moving picture tastes is not only a solar-plexus blow to the idealist, as well as a stunning setback to the cinema reformer, but it serves also as a complete vindication of Hollywood. For many years, despite the outspoken skepticism of its critics, Hollywood has persistently maintained that it is giving the public what it wants and demands—nothing more, albeit sometimes less in deference to the pharisaic censors,—and the public has now pronounced its undebatable amen.

Every city and town in the country was included in the poll designed to determine the cinema preferences of the public. Editors, clergymen, educators, scientists, merchants, housewives, clerks, factory hands, in short, representatives of every class of society, joined in the balloting, in addition to the incurable, dyed-in-the-wool picture fan. Each was asked to vote his preferential choice of the different general types of films—comedy, romance, mystery, adventure, travels, documentary, inspirational, etc.—and also to answer various incidental questions as to specific personal tastes and opinions.

Returns from this nation-wide poll, as already indicated, are both enlightening and sobering. They reveal that first choice among the heterogeneous millions is low comedy or slapstick, including *Mickey Mouse* and *Silly Symphonies*, with



"Animals Look at You," by Paul Eipper. Production, Nerthus-Film.

"Les Animaux vous Regardent," par Paul Eipper. Production : Nerthus-Film.

"Tiere sehen dich an," Ein Film von Paul Eipper. Produktion : Nerthus-Film.

"thrillers" as second choice—Westerns, dare-devil and hair-raising escapades—followed closely by heroic, swashbuckling adventure narratives. Travel films and those depicting wild life in forest and jungle, together with mystery plays and romantic drama, follow in order.

Serious pictures, those dealing with politics, government activities, social and domestic problems, and all others of like kind provocative of thought and reflection, fall significantly far behind, while uplift and inspirational films are well nigh out of the running. Among the few notables voting for this latter class are Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Aimee Semple McPherson and Texas Guinan, queen of the gay night life of New York. For some reason, which must be left to the psychologists for explanation, a number of street-car conductors in several Middle-West cities join with these solitary, estimable ladies in preferring the spiritual and soul-elevating picture.

However, the general run of conductors, together with bankers, professors, economists, statesmen and other like dignitaries, are numbered among the great majority who attend the cinema to be diverted by the Tom Mixes or the Laurel and Hardys or to feast their eyes and mayhap their hearts on the Garbos and Dietrichs.



*"No-Man's-Land," by Victor Trivas. Production Resco-Film.
Photo : Central Film, Fett & Co. G.m.b.H.*

*"No-Man's-Land," par Victor Trivas. Production : Resco-Film.
Photo : Central Film, Fett & Co. G.m.b.H.*

*"Niemandsländ." Von Victor Trivas. Produktion : Resco-Film.
Photo : Central-Film, Fett und Co. G.m.b.H.*

Thus do we find that the American cinema resolves all classes to a level of fellowship. Mechanics and bishops, flappers and intellectuals, in the dark of the picture theatre melt into the homogeneity of human nature and together pay tribute to Hollywood in their common enjoyment of its shrewd and felicitous interpretation of their own and humanity's foibles.

CLIFFORD HOWARD.



*"No-Man's-Land," founded on an idea by Leonhard Frank.
Photo : Central Film, Fett & Co. G.m.b.H.*

*"No-Man's-Land," réalisé d'après une idée de Leonhard Frank.
Photo : Central Film, Fett & Co. G.m.b.H.*

*"Niemandsländ." Nach einer Idee von Leonhard Frank.
Photo : Central-Film, Fett u. Co. G.m.b.H.*

WE PRESENT—



A MANIFESTO!

And a Family Album (Pre-War Strength)

OSWELL BLAKESTON

KENNETH MACPHERSON

Back to Primitives!

Could that—chanted to cinéphiles—be more than an affectation campaign?

If what we have written about screen-images being of little consequence in comparison with phantasies suggested by actual images—if super-cinema can be compared to a Witch's room with its red plush and crystal-concentration of light—then why not *Back to Primitives?*

Most fresh commercial films are so uniformly good that intelligent people are paying as little conscious attention to them as to classical painting.

Job—the screech-cry of the mentally impotent—is teaching cinéphiles to forget early incantation rites of *poetry*.

Critics—take sponges—slightly dipped in disinfectant—place them in your wombs and give birth to some clean slates.

Otherwise *away with critics*, welcome ciné-psychics, ciné-sensitives, ciné-mediums, clairaudients, clairvoyants.

Miracles of levitation in cinemas—for *seeing films must be an emotional trick!* Telekinesis as the new form of cutting.

Back to Primitives! Not because they kept the unities—because they were phylactery of simple statements.

Simple statements—lost in modern visual sophistication.

“Look! he’s shot!”—in the dark we hum with fear.

Scenarists should be reared on guide books which are the classics of simple statements,—“this rock has been called the Eagle Rock on account of its resemblance to an eagle.”

Primitives gave themes for the dark-hypnotised mind to work on.

Modern standard-product has taken *adventure* away—in the primitives, doors were left open for DOOM to enter—objects were emotional symbols.





There is a true rhythm of sight-cum-sound-cum-drama,—its own energy impulse, not preconceived notation.

“Are films too theatre?” shout those whom Len Lye called the impresme-nots—we want films too music hall.

Back to primitives because cinema is in danger of losing—virility in cinematic idiom.

Grammar for the safety zone that all may own and romp with. Æschylus or Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Dammit, a thing must have a formula! Must a thing, do you think? Files or pigeon holes that never a pigeon flew out of?

What’s wrong with enjoyment?

Let’s not enter blindly into beliefs!

The fun is gone out of cinema. Keep scorn. Keep credulity. Keep a deaf ear. Back to “escape mechanism”, the purity of *enjoying*.

Beliefs don’t go with banners and brass bands, or with men stipulating. No good comes out of them. “We have agreed upon a policy”—means the worst, a policy is raked together with the slain dreams of its propounders. The radiant ones are those who’ll wave a banner for anything or tootle a cornet in support of nothing.

In the dark we hum with—what we'll say to our friends to prove we were not taken in. *Be* taken in, be green, be gullible. As the man behind us in *The Congress Dances* who spluttered suddenly, "I say, that man's a bally fool, I've seen this film *five* times and every *time* he bumps his head!" So why not back to PRIMITIVES?



"Can this be love?"

HAUGHTY ENCOUNTERS—I

HAUGHTY ENCOUNTERS—II





“ Now love, the ineluctable, with bitter sweetness
Fills me, overwhelms me and shakes my being.”

Sappho.



“To what shall I liken thee, dear bridegroom?
Best to a tender shoot may I liken thee.”

Sappho.



Les amateurs d'émotions poignantes se donneront rendez-vous cette semaine au Capitole, pour y admirer l'étude psychologique très fouillée et saisissante d'un caractère de femme.





— *So why not* —



— *back* —



— to —

— PRIMITIVES —



?

*Description of photographs used in
illustration of the following article*

- A. A stage scene of a Kabuki drama. The love-scene under the cherry blossoms. The actors are Uzaemon Ichimura XV and Kikugoro Onoe VI, the latter taking the rôle of the heroine, in spite of his opposite sex. Pay attention to the three men on the rostrum behind the two principal actors, each with *shamisen* (a Japanese guitar) in their hands. They are the musicians, and perform in accordance with the actors' performances on the same stage. A man sitting obliquely behind the actors is an attendant who takes care of the actors in matters of dress and makeup, but is never concerned histrionically in the drama itself.
- B. An illustration of hyperbolic performance in Kabuki—one of Kabuki's distinctive features. The actor is Uzaemon Ichimura XV, one of the most famous Kabuki actors, perhaps sixty years old. In his mouth is a Japanese fan.
- C. A striking instance of hyperbolic makeup, another characteristic of Kabuki, in the famous drama *Shibaraku*. The actor is Koshiro Matsumoto VII.
- D. A typical Kabuki scene, showing "Mie," as it is called in Japanese, meaning something like "an imposing posture." The actors are Uzaemon Ichimura XV, in woman's clothes, Kikugoro Onoe VI and Kichiemon Nakamura I.
- E. An illustration of "Puppet Kabuki," called "Ningyô-Jyôruri" or simply "Bunraku." It is said that only in these puppet shows can be found today the true orthodox traditional Kabuki methods.
- F. *Jirokichi* (a Japanese outlaw, somewhat equivalent to our Robin Hood)—the latest film production of Daisuke Itô, one of the most brilliant figures in Japanese cinema.
- G. *In Those Younger Days*, a Japanese talkie directed by Heinowke Goshô.
- H. The Japanese film magazines, *Eiga-Hyôron*, *Eiga-Orai* and *Kinema-Jumpo* (from left).





A.

FILM CRITICISM IN JAPAN

Up to this date brief information concerning the productive side of the Japanese cinema has been given by several occidental *cinéastes*, including Leon Moussinac (in his *Panoramique du Cinema*), N. Kaufmann (*The Japanese Cinema*, notable for its epilogue by Eisenstein) Paul Rotha (*The Film till Now*) *Close up* in various articles. But concerning the literary side, and the question of film criticism in Japan, nothing is known in other countries.

Japanese film criticism is as active as her film production. By "film criticism" I mean honest discussion of cinema as an art, not merely sycophantic articles appearing in newspapers and fan magazines.

Concrete, extensive and organised film criticism is to be found in several magazines. In Japan we have—I am writing proudly enough—two film magazines devoted to the art of films, namely *Eiga-Orai* (meaning cinema essays) and *Eiga-Hyōron* (or *the Filmcrit*).

Eiga-Orai was launched in January, 1925, just two years and a half before



B.

Close Up was published, as ⁷a companion magazine to *Kinema-jumpo* (which will be mentioned later), with the object of discussing cinema free of any restraint imposed by film-producing companies, film importers, film exhibitors, and all others who do not consider cinema primarily as an art. *Eiga-Orai* is the first public magazine devoted to the study of film art in Japan, or, I may venture to say, in the world.

At that time our Japanese cinema was very unsatisfactory from all aesthetic standpoints. So it was extremely urgent for us, for all Japanese *cinéastes*, to discover and establish film technics and film forms, peculiar to cinema, and especially to our cinema, and never inherent in other art.

Nevertheless most *Eiga-Orai* contributors, in the earlier issues, were obliged



C.

to effect this end by studying foreign films, opinions and theories. With this purpose in view *Eiga Orai* published many scenarios (such as *Sylvester* by Karl Meyer, *Fièvre* and *La Fête Espagnole*, both by Delluc) and many articles expounding the film theories of mainly, as it happened—the French *cinéastes*, such as L'Herbier, Delluc, Epstein, etc., together with the scrutiny of foreign masterpieces, including *A Woman of Paris*, by Chaplin, *Salvation Hunters*, by von



D.

Sternberg, *Siegfried* by Fritz Lang, *Three Women*, by Lubitsch, *Le Feu Mattheu Pascal*, by l'Herbier, *La Roue*, by Abel Gance, *The Last Laugh*, by Murnau, and so on.

This fact—that we should thus explore in foreign fields in order to develop the internal spirit of a Japanese film aesthetic—was reproached by Eisenstein in his epilogue to Kaufmann's pamphlet. He alleges that Japanese cinema does not exist in reality and that Japanese cinema should have relied on the very Japanese "Kabuki", to which credit for the montage of his *Old and New* was wholly due.

But we have an excuse. One decade or less ago, we Japanese *cinéastes*, harboured ill-feeling toward theatrical manifestations in any form, because the development of our cinema, we believed, was impeded by its enslavement to the influence and traditions of the Japanese theatre. "Kabuki" is the old Japanese theatre, and is so called not only in Japan but all over the world. Is it not natural that we should regard as unreasonable the demand that we, believing Kabuki an enemy to progress in our field, should take it as an object for study, and find in it the principles of our cinematic art, instead of rejecting and discarding it? Even now there are many who believe firmly that the progress of Japanese cinema lies in complete divorce from the methods of Kabuki. Here is one thing, however, which I must add: since the advent of talking pictures in Japan, some of our *cinéastes* have begun to turn back toward Kabuki as a complete unity of theatre-drama, music and sound expression.

And now, back to *Eiga Orai*, which, in its seven years' career, was most significant during 1927 and 1928, when its radical opinions on cinema (the inter-fusion between cinema art and sociology) and deductive analyses of Japanese and foreign films, formed its principal output.

From the latter half of 1929, it lost the vitality it had had, and existed in an atmosphere of helpless mannerism. Since, however, its recent combination with the New Mens' Film Society (established last July through the co-operation of the *Kinema Jumbo* editors) *Orai* has become imbued with new life. The most important and urgent problem it has dealt with is : What is film criticism ? What is its aim ? How must it be applied ? Owing to the many difficulties and complexities in the way of a true solution to this problem, a conclusion has not yet been reached, in spite of endless discussion.

The other serious film magazine in Japan is, as we have stated, the *Eiga-Hyōron*, founded in April, 1926, one year later than *Eiga Orai*. This magazine, together with the latter, has continued without any suspension. Both are monthly. The characteristic difference between the two is that *Eiga-Hyōron* embraces a special subject in each issue, as, for instance, the Marcel l'Herbier Number (June, 1926) or the Film Censorship Number (July, 1928).

Here is a list of directors to each of whom *Eiga-Hyōron* has devoted one number :

A. European.

Abel Gance, Mauritz Stiller, E. A. Dupont, Jacques Feyder, Ernst Lubitsch, F. W. Murnau, Fritz Lang, Marcel l'Herbier, Victor Seaström, G. W. Pabst (twice), S. M. Eisenstein, René Clair (as a talkie director) and Joe May.



E.



F.

B. American.

Charles Chaplin (twice), Francis Marion, George Fitzmaurice, Joseph von Sternberg (twice), Frank Borzage, Herbert Brenon, D. W. Griffiths, William Wellman, James Cruze, Erich von Stroheim, King Vidor and Edmund Goulding (as a talkie director).

C. Japanese.

Minoru Murata, Kiyohiko Ushihara, Daisuke Itô, Yasuziro Ozu, Heinosuke Gosho, Teinosuke Kinugasa, Tom Uchida and Kenji Mizoguchi.

Kinema Jumpo (or *The Movie Times*) is the most popular cinema magazine in Japan. Its first issue was published in August, 1919. Strictly speaking, it is not a magazine for studying the principles of cinema, but for advertising cinema for the benefit of film-producing-companies, film-importers and film-exhibitors. Strange to say, however, it is in this very magazine that we find the most excellent and noteworthy articles on film art. *Kinema Jumpo*, published every ten days, has two or three, or sometimes four, particular pages devoted to sincere articles by cinema students, many of them college boys and graduates. My essay on *Characterisation of sound in Talkies* first appeared in *Kinema-Jumpo*, needless to say, written in Japanese.



G.

Some of the outstanding articles contained in *Kinema-Jumpo* during 1931 are as follows :

Daisuke Itô (one of the most brilliant figures in Japanese cinema) and the study of his film construction, by T. Aikawa.

Method of Film Criticism : the assertion of analysing-and-then-synthetizing-method. By G. Joshino.

Rouben Mamoulian as a film technician in *City Streets*. By J. Fatuba.

Japanese Kabuki and the art of the sound film. By T. Shigeno.



H.

The Right to Love, and some considerations on the pictures of Richard Wallace. by T. Iida.

Analysis of *Earth*, by Dovshenko. By T. Iida.

H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast in relation to his masterpiece, *Laughter*. By T. Iida. Sound effects and the marching drums of deep significance in *Morocco*, by Sternberg. By Y. Murakami.

Eisenstein's *Old and New*. A review by T. Shigeno.

Some notes on *Therèse Raquin*, by Feyder and *Young Man of Manhattan*, by Monta Bell. By T. Shigeno.

Study of dialogue in sound films from the viewpoint of cinema art. By Tomio Ishikawa.

In addition to *Eiga-Orai* and *Eiga-Hyōron*, we have two or three magazines in which the study of films as an art is included, but they are not so old as the above, and perhaps not so important.

Close up readers will be interested perhaps in learning of the existence in our country of an enthusiasm which is not satiated by three such magazines as I have described, but which has not overlooked *Close Up* itself, which is strikingly popular among the film students in our land.

Y. OGINO.

THE SWORD OF DEATH

Magic, in a somewhat magical spring. . . . Imagine the cinemas. Reviewing them in the tabloid manner of *Photoplay*, there are *Good-night, Vienna*—if only it were : *To-Morrow And To-Morrow—manana-oil* ; *Two Kinds of Women*—just two ounces of lecherous all-sorts ; *Nine Till Six*—another case of over-worked audiences ; *Gentleman For A Day*—Doug junior, thanks to father ; and, Ufa (hushed breath), *Monte Carlo Madness*—it would be, anywhere. Just the same old super-hybrids, except that they are not so super and there is shortage. Due to which, magic comes seeping in, a German film or two as a reminder, *Kameradschaft* and *No Man's Land* on for regular runs in London ; *Mädchen in Uniform* at the Film Society, where also *Alone* by the grand Kozintsev and Trauberg, masters of cerebral celluloid ; *The Road to Life* at the Soviet Embassy ; even a revival of *Gösta Berling*, and two Garbo talkies on simultaneously in Leicester Square ; with two René Clairs round the corner . . . films with something, funny hints of magic among the two alternatives of Hollywood, making good and making a girl. Into this, almost accepted, vibration of films one can give to and take from, this revived old experience in the new talkie form, curved *Kriss*, a film like these others, a magical film. *Kriss*, the sword of death, dealing with magic.

It is not important ; it is not good enough. The camerawork is flat, and in obsolete sepia throughout. There is a commentary to deplore. There is no attempt at building up in cinematic fashion. Direction of the native actors is crude. The film was made with none of the resources of Shoedsack or Cooper. So that what it has comes over all the more surprisingly

First, Bali. It is a film of native islanders, acting a story which actually happened. They are very beautiful. So are their clothes and their gestures and movements. It is set in the island of Bali, among forests and temples and rice-fields. There is one sequence of actual recorded dialect. There is the story.

The Rajah has sent his son to Europe for European education. On his return he is handed the kriss, the sword of death and emblem of his high rank with exhortation not to disgrace it, and betrothed to a princess. He has, however, seen a peasant-girl, who had grown to womanhood in his absence. She is engaged to a coolie, but the prince, Nonga, falls in love with her ; his European education has made him forget the taboos of caste. Wyan, the coolie, senses what is happening and goes to the Rajah, to beg for money so that he may be married immediately. According to Bali ideas, the prince will then realise he cannot have Dasnee. But the prince has been in Europe ; Wyan soon finds himself sent away on a mission, and Nonga, using native aids for European ends, persuades his sister to obtain from a priest a drug which is also an aphrodisiac, and thus takes possession of Dasnee. Wyan, on his return, finds the kriss, symbol of high position, by the bed. He finds Nonga bathing, confronts him, and they fight furiously in the river-bed, till Nonga is killed. Wyan kills also Dasnee, and after running amok is finally himself killed by the Rajah, who plunges the kriss through his heart. The three bodies are cremated so that their souls may rise cleanly to the gods.

It is a love-story—but love really enters in. Dasnee is young and flowery, her smile like magnolias, and Wyan has that unconscious pride in his own godlike bronze that is to be seen in the happy, and was so strikingly to be felt in *Tabu*. These two, you feel, if love came would let it be love. Have no flippancies, no taste of lesser affairs to stand in the way. Nonga also is real in his infatuation. So that it is a real love-story, in which Nonga's problem, though not stressed, is implicit throughout. *Kriss* would be a better film if it were stressed more, but I have said that it is not a good film. Only a picture which has so much in it that I would rather see it than the most tricky of new analytic talkies, with love on an express stopping so frequently, or fancy freedom in factories.

Nonga has lived in Europe; he comes back expecting his education will give him more freedom and power, will help him. He meets the forgotten taboos. He finds his education has untrammelled desires which make him more a slave to them, finally a victim. In my experience, it is the first film I have seen in which it is even hinted that Westernisation may bring things other than benefits to an older civilisation than ours. I am not saying, leave the poor natives in peace. I am merely remarking that in proferring the advantages of Western civilisation, it is good to remember that Westerns are not working on virgin soil. They come with their ideas, their machines, morals and outlook to races whose minds have been



"*Kriss.*" *The priest weaves a magic spell.*

"*Kriss.*" *Le prêtre tisse un lissoir magique.*

"*Kriss.*" *Der Priester wirkt magischen Zauber.*

trained, for centuries longer than their's, in quite a different civilisation. The intense civilisation of Bali the film does indeed bring out. It could not help it, setting out as it does merely to record. But it is there. The palace and temple architecture, the village market, the councils, dances and cremation rites. There are such scenes as the offering of food to the gods, who are allowed a certain time to consume it, after which the people themselves make their meal—servants sitting near their masters, feeding with them. There are scenes, primarily photographed for the lovers to meet, which show ploughing and picking and the irrigation of the rice-fields. There is above all, a priest weaving magical spells. *Kriss* is a magical film. When the drug is procured, the priest weaves his spell . . . is that not to be seen on the screen, with runic ringed fingers? Is that flashing of fingers, making something by their shape in the air, something that affects lives, something to be caught only by so similar a magic, the movie?

Then, if you wish, all this assimilated, and the eye entertained by strange carvings in forests, monkeys playing with women in glades and leaping down palace steps, with fantastic foliage, then there is the sword itself to consider. It is the symbol, the knife, handed on from father to son. And the son rejects this voluntary castration of the father, casts eyes on another woman he may not have, a woman he knew as a girl, when he was a boy and the father was not ready to hand on his sword. So he creeps to her house, and then, washing after in a river, is killed by that sword. The girl's death is by that sword and finally the father avenges himself by killing the other. The erring knife returns home. . . . It is a true story, it happened not long ago, the people know it. Those are the facts, with which the film is concerned. But it is also a myth, worthy of record, classification and interpretation. It is a calm unfolding of magic before our eyes. French, it is to come on for a run just about when this issue comes out, and the bad photography and the dull lecture, made with an eye on America, will probably spoil it for many.

ROBERT HERRING.

PROSPECTIVE PERSPECTIVE

Film critics huddle over typewriters to retattoo the article number alternative-three—the one about films being national.

Film critics have borrowed good sentiments from somebody's chance remarks—yet the craziest suggestion, genuinely new, which would stimulate a fresh train of film thought, is infinitely more of value than the down-to-essentials critic's earnest obviousness.

Who ever gives us the new suggestion that starts a tensing of directors' and cameramens' brain matter?

For example :—

The "films-must-be-national-expression" stuff (which still makes a column

of typographical unornament in a certain Sunday paper every so rhythm controlled is a far too easy to be freshening remark.

Deeper :—

What makes national outlook ?—or, leave the glands and climate alone, how can it be expressed filmically ?

Thus :—

Our Western system of perspective is purely arbitrary.

We see things on a sphere—the vanishing point, the horizon line, we fixed these in consultation with masters of art schools.

How we think the mass of western folk see things—worked out on paper given an imaginary spectator with a looking-on point.

But Chinese perspective is entirely different—there is no horizon line and several vanishing points.

A road, in a Chinese picture, may broaden out as it reaches into the distance because the vanishing point is in the foreground.

(Those who recall Mabel Laphorn's posters at the Shaftesbury Avenue Pavilion will remember that she composed mosaics of impressions as if the artist had travelled through space, in different directions, to get view-points inside the picture to replace fixed perspective of artist-observer outside the picture.)

The Egyptians had another perspective system—they saw between parallel lines and expressed distance by simply placing one set of lines above another.

Well :—

It won't excite a Chinaman just to ask him to make national pictures.

Construct a camera for him, a national camera which will photographically record with Chinese perspective, and explain to him how pattern-segments can be photo-grouped together by means of mobile masks placed in front of the lens.

After all :—

Had the Chinese been the first to discover the camera, they would have produced an optical instrument, conforming to their national view-point, and then it would have been our task to make a Western approximation.

And so with the others !

OSWELL BLAKESTON.



THE BLUE LIGHT

There is an old legend about a mountain in the Dolomites : a wonderful treasure of rock-crystal has grown between the rocks high up in a cave. But during the nights of the full moon it shines brightly and a mysterious light glows on the mountain, luring the young men of the village to climb up and seek the treasure. But so dangerous is the way up that he who undertakes the climb will never come back. They find his dead body the next morning at the foot of rocks. There is one person only that has ever been in the cave, a girl, Junta. Hers is the secret of how to reach the treasure, and when she comes down to the village with her hands full of rock-crystal, the peasants turn away from her in awe, believing her to be a witch. One day a young foreign painter comes to the village, and when he sees the girl, he falls in love and decides to follow her secretly on



her nightly climb to the treasure cave. Then he shows the path to the peasants who all go up to fetch the crystals and bring them down to the valley. But when the girl finds out that her great secret and the desire of her life has been taken from her—she has no more will to go on living and makes an end to her life by falling down from the steep heights of the rocks.

This is the saga that had been told to Leni Riefenstahl—known to us as actress from the mountain-films of Dr. Fanck—by peasants, while she was on a



foot-tour in the mountains. And the idea came to her to make a film of it in which she was to play the part of the girl Junta. Now this was a very fascinating plot for a film, but at the same time so tremendously delicate and difficult to do, that only the most experienced director would have been capable of handling it. Leni Riefenstahl made herself not only the leading actress, but also the scenario-writer and directress of the film ; which means a lot of courage.

And what is the result ? There are films, which unfold before your eyes as a broad unit, each scene rising necessarily from the previous ones, directly mediating ideas and emotion. And there are others, where you feel the effort, the *thought* : I want to give the impression of romance, of mystery, etc. *The Blue Light* belongs to the second group, you have no direct contact, nor the impression of genuineness. Certainly there are mountains, and water-falls, and moonlight, and clouds and very characteristic old peasants (I have never seen so many wrinkled faces in my life), but it is all so disconnected, and you cannot help thinking that someone feels obliged to show you everything which in his opinion belongs to a perfect legendary mountain film. And as the plot is very tragic, and as you know there is but one pace between the tragical and the ridiculous, you will perhaps be able to imagine what sometimes happens.

There is one great advantage about the film : they hardly speak at all ; but why the leading actress prefers to speak Italian, if she does not know it, is hard to understand.



The scenario-writer, actress and directress of this film is reported to have made the following statement: "Kitsch," she said, "is a dangerous word!" Having seen her film, I understand why she is afraid of it.

T.W.



A BOOK TEACHES THE WAY TO SEE FILMS

Love is blind, it does not criticize. The masses have seen themselves blind at films. It is convenient to be blind. But to open the eyes of the blind always remains a tormenting and ineffectual experiment.

To write about films means vain and desperate fight ; fight with shadows whose substance plays hide and seek. Producers and artists vanish behind the broad back of the public and when this public—being bored—once turns its back and begins to stay away from the cinemas—then technique fills the gap.

When the silent film finally seemed to be finished, it was sound which made business profitable again. Before sound-films have expired colour will have taken its chance. Or a new screen form. Or perhaps the still missing third dimension. Then the perspective cinema, and so on. It is the tragic fate of film theory that at the very moment it is thought to have been proved right it is destroyed by the new inventions.

Film theory could be firmer were not most of its thoughts on functions, laws and effects of film as isolated from each other as they are from a sufficiently large reading public. There are at least a dozen clever books on the film. But they are not known ; not even by people who would like to know them. Nor by those who ought to know them—first of all the authors of new film-books. Nearly every film critic behaves as if he himself were the first one in this province. He establishes a point of view of his own and woe betide the things he cannot see from this point of view.

Rudolf Arnheim is the first one to perceive, to weigh and to use what others before him have said. With his book *Film als Kunst* (Film as Art), published by Ernst Rowohlt, he is superior to all his predecessors, first of all because he succeeds in estimating and sorting them—by calmly and objectively proving his case—equally trained in physics, psycho-technics and aesthetics, and with the untrammelled mind of a young man who will not follow the stereotyped statements of our time. In that he again becomes superior to the others who understand everything by means of a formula or a catchword and who want to make it understood in exactly the same way.

It was Béla Balázs who wrote before Arnheim the most important theoretical book on the same subject : *Der sichtbare Mensch* (The visible man). The possibilities and difficulties of the film were still exciting and inspiring for him. To Arnheim who is younger and who comes later the matter seems less surprising. He does not surround the film with poetry, he dissects it. He watches calmly the things which thereby appear, reflects upon their meaning and explains their expediency. He does that in a simple language full of humour using the most intelligible phrases of every-day life. It is the language of a good teacher, of a young teacher who himself wants to profit by the thoughts he pronounces.



A Japanese avant-garde film, "3 Crews and 1 Girl." By J. Shige Sudzuky, featuring Miss Eiko Minato.

Un Film d'avant-garde japonaise : "3 Équipages et une Fille," par J. Shige Sudzuky, avec Mdlle. Eiko Minato.

Ein japanischer Avantgardefilm : "3 Schiffsmannschaften und 1 Mädchen." Von J. Shige Sudzky. In der Hauptrolle: Frl. Eiko Minato.

Rudolf Arnheim has written a textbook of those visual factors requisite to film. It is a textbook for people who like to go to the cinema and who don't want to be indifferent towards its problems ; but still more is it for those who make films.

First he proves why one must not consider the film picture a copy of nature but must take it as the result of moulding human labour. The creative minus in cinematography and its limitation to certain means of expression, serve as the foundation of Arnheim's deductions. He confronts the corporeal with its effect in two-dimensional planes, the diminution of depth in relation to space appears to



*A Japanese avantgarde film, "3 Crews and 1 Girl." By J. Shige Sudzuky, featuring Miss Eiko Minato.
Un Film d'avant-garde japonaise : "3 Equipages et une Fille," par J. Shige Sudzuky, avec Mdle.
Eiko Minato.*

*Ein japanischer Avantgardefilm: "3 Schiffsmannschaften und 1 Mädchen." Von J. Shige Sudzky.
In der Hauptrolle : Frl. Eiko Minato.*

be just as great a factor of composition as is the absence of colour and the use of intentional lighting ; the limitation of the size of the frame and the variability of object distance are balanced in respect of their significance, as also is the lack of continuity in time and space and the lack of a non-optical sensory world.

The next section of the book contains an explanation of aesthetic principles, followed by comments and examples for the artistic adaptation of the above-mentioned limitations by which the motion picture is characterized. Here also are treated those special possibilities of film technique which are not contained directly in the fundamental framework.

After having thus explained how one should film, Arnheim tells us what is filmed. In the beginning of this section the old problem of the relations between content and form is discussed. He says : " It is dangerous to operate with this conception as one seldom is aware of the fact that form and content are not qualitative but only quantitative distinctions, that they are relative and arbitrarily fixed points within the same scale."

The following chapters are devoted to filmic exposition, to the possibility of expressing mental events, leading on to descriptions of the subjects generally chosen and to the psychology of the prevailing type of commercial film. The last chapters



“*Love and Jazz.*” *J. Shige Sudzuky Production.*

“*Amour et Jazz.*” *Production J. Shige Sudzuky.*

“*Liebe und Jazz.*” *Produktion J. Shige Sudzky.*

of this section deal with: “content and simplicity” and “manuscript and direction.”

The critical and objective thoroughness with which Arnheim examines these principal questions leads him to statements the accuracy of which is surprisingly integral. Every film theorist may envy Arnheim for having expressed his *own* opinions—if not sooner—then at any rate more distinctly.

Not quite so unanimous will be acceptance of the last section of the book—on soundfilms. Arnheim, beginning with a correct estimation of light and sound (“Light gives us the ‘to be’ of the thing, while sound mostly gives us only an occasional ‘to do’”) reaches the only possible perception—that the addition of sound enriches and alters the filmic means but cannot cause a total revolution of the laws of the film. He also is right in his assignment of the elementary tasks to the optic and acoustic elements. He says: “It does not correspond to the principle of the sound film that picture and sound fulfil the same task at the same time, but share their function.” However the deductions he derives from such precepts sometimes seem rather arbitrary when applied to certain instances. Here in the sphere of the young and still developing soundfilm (which has not yet shown many results and hardly any decisions) Arnheim suddenly seems to be rather a witness

than a judge. No scientific insight but partiality in taste. But very good taste.

Towards the end Rudolf Arnheim's book on *Film als Kunst* becomes more and more subjective in proportion as he searches the horizon of the present time and the way into the future for forms related to the film. Arnheim knows very well—although he does not pronounce it quite distinctly—that the film is but a means of expression en route to future shaping—with a pace quite unfamiliar to art. With perceptible caution therefore he looks for shadows already cast by the filmed stage play, the radio play, the coloured, the plastic and the screen-less motion picture and the radio-film of to-morrow. Almost unconsciously he assumes an attitude of defence towards all that—which also might endanger his film theory—the most comprehensive, the most clarified and the best one I know.

A. KRASZNA-KRAUSZ.

Translation by Alice Modern.



"Dancing Vision." J. Shige Sudzuky Production.

"Vision de Dancing." Production J. Shige Sudzuky.

"Tanzvision." Produktion J. Shige Sudzky.



"For Love," a film by Ƴ. Shige Sudzuky, concerning an emotional struggle between a modern and a conservative girl, which created a great sensation in a Japanese woman's social reform society.

"Par Amour," un film de Ƴ. Shige Sudzuky, relatant un conflit énouyant entre une fille moderne et une fille acquise aux idées anciennes, conflit qui eut un certain retentissement au sein d'une société féminine progressiste japonaise.

"Aus Liebe," ein Film von Ƴ. Shige Sudzky, der einen seelischen Konflikt zwischen einem modern und einem konservativ denkenden Mädchen behandelt. Der Film erregte grosses Aufsehen bei einer Sozial-reformgesellschaft für Frauen in Japan.

THE VIENNA OF THE FILMS.

An open letter to Film-producers, film-directors and scenario-writers.

It is for you to deliver us from a new and very peculiar plague which more and more violently is befalling us since soundfilms were invented. In the studios of Berlin and London, of Hollywood and Prague—only not of Vienna because there mostly nothing at all is being turned—"real" Viennese films are made. *Das tanzende Wien, Das lachende Wien, Ein Walzer aus Wien, G'schichten aus Wien*¹ these are more or less the favourite titles of the films which devastate the programmes of our soundfilm-theatres in ever increasing numbers, and, moreover, by which film—a modern art-form—is transformed into a mélange of Kitsch, trash and nonsense in very bad taste. Already in the days of the silent film, Vienna was a popular subject for the scenario-writer, stripped of his ideas, but since the screen has given us music as well, there is no peace at all anymore for those of us who live

¹ *Dancing Vienna, Laughing Vienna, A Waltz from Vienna, Tales from Vienna.*

there. Again and again the Viennese is surprised when he sees on the screen what the city he thinks he knows quite well is like—according to the opinion of those who have made the film. Apart from the fact that in these films nearly all the Viennese speak either Berlin dialect or even English, they do things no inhabitant of Vienna would ever dream of doing. In the imagination of the gentlemen who pride themselves on having made these films, life in Vienna goes on as follows: The population of Vienna consists of kind archdukes, poor but smart lieutenants, *Fiaker*¹, charming countesses and *Wäschermädeln*.² The others are lookers-on, idle fellows and promenaders. The activities of the grown up Viennese are: drinking, singing, laughing and chiefly waltzing. One meets with wife and children under an exceedingly blue sky at the *Heurigen*³. There one drinks the health of one's neighbour in innumerable glasses of wine, listens to the singer and agrees with him that there is only "one Kaiserstadt only one Vienna" or oneself sings one of the other "real" Viennese songs in Berlin dialect, or in American English, of course. The chief problem occupying the heads of all Viennese is LOVE. Will the poor but smart lieutenant (with manly chest, and wee moustache and radiant smile) get his lovely countess (with curls, white dress and shoe-number 34⁴)? That's what everybody is worrying about and, look here, in the last picture of the film there unfailingly appears the happy end we have been longing for—brought about by the Grace of God and the kind archduke, who, himself, has loved the young girl once upon a time. *Fiaker* and *Waschermadel* follow the example of their noble ideals and also marry one another.

This idyll is decorated with music by Strauss and Lanner (in the best instance) or—more frequent—by Lehar or Kalman (both of them real Viennese from Budapest). But never the Blue Danube Waltz or the *Deutschmeistermarsch* are forgotten. We hear them again and again, and, in particularly important or dangerous situations, the hero or the heroine will hum one of the tunes. The end of the film always is a view of Vienna seen from the Kahlenberg and while the steeple of St. Stephen's church is shining in the light of the setting sun we see the young countess and the lieutenant—arm in arm in the darkening wood. The film is over. The spectator in Berlin and Paris, in London and New York leaves the cinema under the impression that Vienna, Vienna alone must be a paradise.

This nuisance must come to an end. Vienna is not a fun-fair. You, who make these films surely know the real Vienna, and you certainly are conscious of the lies you tell. But why do you again and again repeat these lies before the spectators of foreign countries who are very likely to presume that all they see is not quite true, but are always inclined to believe in a kind of hidden truth behind it? You know exactly what Vienna is like! We have 120,000 unemployed,⁵ many of our factories do not work, and the days when a few Viennese (there have never been many) could enjoy the luxury of voluntary idleness have passed long since. Life in our city is neither more beautiful nor more exciting nor easier than in any other big German town. Cease, therefore, from spreading these untrue fables about a town

¹ *Fiaker*: driver of a fiacre.

² *Wäschermädeln*: young laundresses.

³ *Heurigen*: wine-garden and also new wine.

⁴ In Vienna "34" is a very small shoe!—*Ed.*

⁵ The population of Vienna is 1,866,000.—*Ed.*

which differs in no way, except in its beautiful environs and its wonderful baroque buildings, from the capitals of other countries. Our city should no longer be an object of exhibition for other nations ; in the economic crisis and in unemployment your report that we are the city of dance and gaiety won't help. Turn your attention elsewhere and note the following correction as an answer to your description of Vienna :

It is not true that Vienna is a city of laughter, dance and song, but the following :

Vienna ! Capital of Austria, capital of Lower Austria and independent department, is situated on the Danube, N.E. of the Alps and at the foot of the Wienerwald. 1,866,000 inhabitants. Prince-Archbishop's see. Numerous sacred and profane buildings. St. Stephen's Church (13th century), imperial palace, townhall, University (founded in 1365), veterinary and technical high-school, academies of art, museums, institution for research in heredity, many technical and industrial institutions. . . .
(from Knaurs *Weltlexikon*).

All this, which indicates a city of certain soberness, yet fails to mention the difficulties, privations and suffering which Vienna has perhaps uniquely experienced in its post war struggle toward readjustment. Most of us know too well just what those well-hidden truths are. But shall we ever see them expressed, or would they ever be believed, by a world which takes for granted that this city must continue to share its bacchic irresponsibility with the film fans of the world ?

KLARA MODERN.

WEST AND EAST OF THE ATLANTIC

The past year has been marked by a recrudescence of nationalism due to the economic crisis and the tariff barriers that have been imposed, either by necessity or for political reasons. This has intensified in turn the friction that exists between some sections of English and American opinion.

It is well known that the inhabitants of the border regions between countries seldom agree. And it is probable that the real division between America and England occurs because both nations use the same words but these words have, in the two-countries, different meanings. It is difficult to know whether to be most astonished at the Englishman who is so ignorant of his own language and literature, that he condemns American slang when it is largely composed of Elizabethan expressions, or the tourist from the States who affects not to understand the average English accent. If there were as great a difference between the tongues as there is between Bantu and Eskimo, it might remove the bulk of the difficulties that prevent an alliance between the West and East of the Atlantic.

For the time of isolation has gone and it is possible that when the events of the post war decade come to be written in a hundred years by some dispassionate historian, it will be found that much misery was occasioned by the lack of understanding of each other's problems displayed by both Europe and the States.

Unhappily it would appear that the errors of 1920 are about to be repeated

and it would be idle to deny that a great deal of the patient work accomplished during the last years in building up Anglo-American friendship, has been undone in recent months.

Hollywood cannot escape its share of the blame.

True, there are other causes at work, largely resentment that the States bled European countries to furnish war debts and at the same time erected so high a tariff wall that importation was severely restricted. But masses are seldom interested in politics, economics or root problems so they look for a convenient scapegoat and discover Hollywood.

In itself it would not greatly matter. Those who have been trained to the standard of the good European films, cannot sit through many American dramas. They are too full of absurdities or old fashioned morality-formulas and bear no relationship to life in modern Europe. But the opponents of cinema as a whole have seized the excuse that gangster films corrupt the young and I have beside me as I write, the reports of a dozen meetings held during the month, in England, with the object of preventing the attendance of children at cinemas. Schoolmasters denounce films and forbid them to their classes. People of different opinions are united in a mass movement of opposition. Cinemas fan do not care. They are adult, they go to their movies, they are used to Hollywood. But was it not exactly through such indifference that prohibition was passed in the States? Or nations drawn into war? Then it must be remembered that future audiences are in the classrooms and that though some children will rebel, there will be a majority who will remember through life that their teachers have impressed upon them that the cinema is stupid or vulgar. Possibly this factor enters more largely into the present film crisis than motion picture companies care to recognise.

But in the meantime the film is used as propaganda against America itself. People say that the English language is being ruined because children learn slang at the talkies. (There is little truth in the statement, but it is a soul-easing phrase to teachers). Some point to the stories and ask how anything good can come from a country that apparently enjoys such rubbish. To others, the States are merely a street with flying motor cars, machine guns, and racing police. And these symbols that a few thoughtful people know to be untrue to America at large, become a picture of the nation in the minds of masses of English, that effectively prevent any true alliance being built up between the countries. The virtues and strength and problems of America have seldom been presented to an English public. They do not understand that the terrible monotony of stretches of unbroken country, with a climate that varies from the cold of Norway in winter to the heat of Spain in Summer, together with the standardization of life imposed as the price of original wide colonisation, drives the people to desire violence in their cinema as a form of psychological escape. They do not realise that there are sections where only Swedish is spoken, others where an English of the Stuart period has survived intact. They do not know that there is far less liberty in many ways in the States than in England.

Several American companies are said to be working or about to work in England. If they would make films that dealt with present problems in America, the unemployment, the conflict between different races there, they would be doing a

great political service as well as making something that properly handled would have more than the ordinary commercial success. If however the present type of story continues to be used, it is more than probable that severely restrictive measures will be taken against the cinema within the next years because it is extremely difficult to organise an effective opposition.

The outstanding successes of the past season in England have been French or German films. Hollywood has still the resources to make an American *Kamaradschaft*: unless it looks a little towards the future it may find barriers across its former European markets and it is not only doing its own business an injury, but that of all American interests this side of the Atlantic.

BRYHER.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

PUBLICITY ?

Has anyone ever thought of starting a Central Bureau for Window Gazers ? At the head office, out-of-work actors could be dressed up in top-hats and tail-coats and initiated into the meaning of crowd psychology. Everyone must have noticed how a single man, fixedly staring into a display case of stills, is capable of attracting a small crowd. Sufficient of the curious having been assembled, the "pro." could utter the right whistle and sweep to the box-office carrying with him his bunch of dupes.

Well, as Marlene Dietrich puts it, "Al-mooost!" Better and more logical method, anyway, of spending advertising money than publicity sheets distributed by current interest bureaus. Here are two word-for-word quotations from publicity sheets actually sent me during the last three months :—

"The set was a stately drawing room—the time mid-summer. Through the French Windows which opened out on to a wide balcony could be glimpsed 'studio' trees and a profusion of flowers in full bloom. . . . Everything seemed to be progressing well, when the sound recordist reported some interference. Immediately the whole staff began a thorough search to discover the cause of this. A ladder was brought, and there tucked away in a corner was discovered a nest containing a family of sparrows, the sound of whose merry twitterings had carried down an air-shaft and caused an interference."

"What means do mothers of twins employ to distinguish their offspring ? . . . The twins in question are a couple of 10 year old auburn-haired boys who are appearing as page boys in the cabaret scene in this film. They are so alike that to distinguish them is a task which defeats even their mother. . . . Only one thing is certain—that their devious and separate ways will culminate in a visit to the canteen. There Mr. X. posts a scout who lies in wait with a piece of red ribbon. The first arrival is cross-examined as to his identity—the scout of necessity taking his word for it—labelled and conducted to the set. Guessing 'Which is Which' is the popular pastime at Y. these days—with Mr. X. scoring the fewest marks. That is why letters from mothers of twins offering helpful suggestions are more than welcome."

'This is the stuff the Publicity Depts. believe will interest the film critics ! I believe it does !

All pales, though, before the rapturous excesses of showmanship. Even if a film star does find his wife's jewels in the street or sell the stamp collection from his fan letters at Christies, it's mediocre copy compared with :—

" A woman singer is placed in the sound box of the Wurlitzer organ at the X. Palace to secure a remarkable effect in the stage show. Fifty officers and men of the 5th Royal West Kent Regiment and about twenty supers appear in *A Khaki Kaleidoscope*—fifteen short scenes of Army life. The woman in the sound box produces the ' far-away ' effect for *Land of Hope and Glory*. Not a penny is paid to the Army men ; the management makes a donation to the regimental camp fund and *voilà tout !* A record box-office for any Monday night resulted."

O.B.

" OUR " ACADEMY

The tying on of a label is generally a dangerous business in the show world. Symptomatic success of publicity lasts but till the next label-novelty appears in the gossip column.

Actually, we are becoming so accustomed to assisting at the best Cosmopolitan talkies at the Academy that we are apt to forget the initial marvel of having a specialised theatre in sleepy London. As it happens, the Academy can get along splendidly without our self-conscious support : packed houses tugged in every day to see such ciné-visions as *Kameradschaft* and *Mädchen In Uniform*. At the same time a lover of film art, a reader of *Close Up*, should keep several pages of his conversational notebook filled with information and just praise concerning the Academy's latest activities. There is no reason why all our friends should not be made regular supporters of Miss Elsie Cohen's film repertoire house. Then, the film lover, the reader of *Close Up*, will never have to blame himself for the loss of his greatest treasure. Remember the history of the Avenue Pavilion !

From the fan's conversation book. " I want a motor bus, a cab, a bicycle, a taxi, a fire engine : I wish to go to a cinema. Can you direct me to a theatre where I may see a good talkie, an instructing short picture and be entertained at the same time ? The Academy Cinema is on the left, on the right, three paces from here. It is neither too warm, too cold, too tepid in here : I am very pleased, happy, amused ! "

The Nederlandsche Filmliga appeals for funds to help in its endeavour to establish a central office to deal with experimental and avant garde films of all countries. They hope to issue a monthly bulletin giving particulars of work in progress internationally, films being shown, lists of censored pictures and a summary of any items of interest connected with the artistic development of the cinema. The international Bureau of the Dutch Filmliga will assist in the distribution of artistic films.

It is suggested that all those doing creative work should send a report of it, together with a print of the film if possible, to the Nederlandsche Filmliga, G. J. Teunissen, Berkheide, Park Rijksdorp, Wassenaer, Holland. The conditions of distribution and expenses should be ascertained from the Filmliga direct. Those who are interested in artistic films are invited to subscribe to the monthly bulletin and to send any comments to the secretary that might be of value, in estimating the conditions prevailing in the various countries of Europe.

THE GREENLAND MOVIE

The modest firm of Universal are sending Arnold Fanck to what they quietly call "the most unusual locale" for "the most daring picture so far conceived." In other words, because Fanck made a name with Alpine films, and Alps have snow on them, Universal are sending him to what we may be sure they will call the Regions of Eternal Snow. Cameramen, airmen and a special cast of players, together with production experts from Universal City (if you knew they had any) are leaving Copenhagen on "a specially constructed vessel" on May 20th, due to arrive on the southwest coast of Greenland and headquarters will be made at Godthaab. "From which point the expedition will proceed inland to take full advantage of the Northern Lights and other Polar phenomena." It is reported that Danish and American diplomatic departments have backed the picture and that well-known Danish scientists and geologists will accompany Fanck. But even so one may wonder what will come of it all. One may not even hope for much chance of seeing the scenery, for snow has a habit of being snow the world over and stretching quite enough to fill a screen, without any indication of whether it is Greenland or South Georgia. At least, it is a good way of making the Greenlanders potential film-fans. It is not stated whether Luis Trenker, the skier imported to Hollywood will be in *Iceberg*, but he is with Universal.

R.H.

Thirty-nine countries, including Great Britain, have informed the International Educational Cinematographic Institute in Rome, it is reported, of their willingness to vote at a diplomatic conference for the abolition of customs duties on the circulation of educational films. It is to be hoped that this will be done as soon as is possible, for it would be of great assistance to English schools if some of the excellent material available abroad, could be circulated in educational circles. It is generally agreed that school films are required and could be made, but at present the teaching profession, unless able to travel abroad, is ignorant of what has already been accomplished in other countries who have had several years of experience in this particular field. It would be interesting for example to organize for school-teachers, special performances where the educational films of particular countries could be shown, that might be of value to them either or linguistic,

geographical or scientific reasons. This is at present impossible owing to the high rate of duty. We suggest that all those who are interested in the development of the cinema in schools should write, expressing their views upon the urgent necessity of getting duty on educational films abolished, either to the British Cultural and Educational Films Committee, or to the International Educational Cinematographic Institute, Villa Medioevale Torlonia, Via Lazzaro, Spallanzani, Rome, Italy.

W.B.

Several readers of *Close Up* wrote to congratulate Mr. Plicka on the first English showing of a portion of his film dealing with childrens' games by the Film Society, a short time ago.

Mr. Plicka has now written to us in astonishment for details, being unaware that there was any project for showing his film in England.

He supposes that the portion shown was a section omitted from his complete eight reel film, *On the Mountains and In the Valleys*, dealing with boys' games in Carpathian Russia. This part was very old, it was entirely re-photographed on pan-chromatic stock and the former inferior version was withdrawn from the picture.

Mr. Plicka was very gratified at the interest shown in his work, but being himself a musician, he had wished to withhold the film until the sound-version upon which he is now working, was completed. He had wished himself to call the film *Earth is Singing*, but the provisional title of *On the Mountains and In the Valleys* is so firmly established it was impossible to change it. He has always desired to give to the pictorial and plastic values of a film the musical line, and is very anxious to know how his film was accompanied, musically, in London.

At present he has sent three reels, to be shown silent, to the International Film exhibition in Florence.

The portion shown in England had been given by Mr. Plicka to the Ministry for Foreign affairs in his native country. There would seem to have been a misunderstanding somewhere, but one fortunately without grave consequences. As however, it is one of the disadvantages of film work that the director of a film seldom knows what happens to his picture, once it has left the studio, we are printing Mr. Plicka's explanation. We are sure that the fragment already shown will have no influence adversely upon the presentation of Mr. Plicka's full length film later in England.

ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

The new Uniform Aperture for Camera and Projector sponsored by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was adopted to insure that the entire picture placed upon the film by the cinematographer reaches the theatre screen. The advent of sound to motion picture brought serious problems in

photography since various studios were recording with different type sound equipments and it was economically undesirable to increase the width of the film to allow for sound track placement.

With 35 millimeter projectors installed in every theatre and thousands of dollars worth of 35 millimeter camera equipment in use in the studios the only alternative was to cut the picture width and thus fix both picture and sound track within the 35 millimeters available on the film, leaving an approximately square picture. Studios recording sound on disc were able to use the full width of the film, which meant that theatres were shortly receiving productions of both picture sizes.

To meet this problem theatres adopted moveable masks, flippers or adjustable aperture plates and alternate sets of lenses.

In order to get the picture on the screen nearer to its former 3 by 4 proportion, many theatres reduced the height of the sound-on-film aperture, oftentimes resulting in heads and feet of characters being cut off. Inasmuch as there was no standardization in this reduction, considerable confusion resulted in the studios as to just how much height should be allowed for this cut off in the theatre.

In addition each studio during the first days of the sound era released its product both in sound and silent. The cinematographer was faced with the necessity of composing his picture for the smaller aperture, yet putting enough picture on the film to fill out the larger. This extra picture took the form of views of non-essential sets of scenery, and could not include any vital action or views of characters. The cinematographer was greatly handicapped in obtaining a pleasing photographic composition for all releases.

The problem was recognized by the Academy in 1929, but after a survey it was decided as too early to attempt any wide-spread uniformity of practice. A temporary recommendation as to camera aperture size was made at that time which was adopted by all studios pending a final recommendation.

The present project, which is being completed with the distribution of the aperture information leaflet to theatre managers and projectionists, was instituted in April of 1931, after the Producers Technicians Committee of the Academy had decided that the time had come to supersede the recommendation of 1929.

A Subcommittee consisting of Virgil Miller, Chairman, Joseph Dubray, G. A. Mitchell and Sidney Burton was appointed. The present uniform aperture plan is the result of extensive research and investigation over a period of months to determine an aperture size which would best meet the requirements of both studio and theatre.

The Subcommittee recommendation has been adopted by Columbia, Darrmour, Educational, Fox, Hal Roach, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount Publix, RKO-Radio, Mack Sennett, Tiffany, United Artists, Universal and Warner Brothers-First National, all of which companies are now releasing their product photographed through the new aperture.

This means that all pictures coming from these studios will be the same frame size, whether produced sound-on-film, sound-on-wax or silent.

The adoption of the Uniform Projector aperture by the theatres will result in projection of all pictures through the one aperture, and also mean that all of the

picture placed upon the film by the cinematographer will reach the screen in the same form in nearly all theatres. Inasmuch as all of the picture now placed on the film consists of vital action, it is important that theatres maintain a full aperture height of .600.

During the next few weeks every motion picture theatre manager and projectionist in the United States and Canada will receive copies of the attached information leaflet telling of the new Uniform Recommended Aperture Practice. This leaflet is being distributed to the theatres by the exchange and news reel organizations in accordance with a national plan worked out by the Academy with the cooperation of the local Film Boards of Trade in the various cities.

After twenty years *Poetry* of Chicago announces that the economic crisis may force it to suspend publication. *Poetry* has published work by most of the best known English and American writers and has given to many young poets their first audience. Its pages have always been open to English authors as freely as those of the States. The subscription is not high, three dollars and twenty-five cents, and the address is 232 East Erie Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. It will be a great loss if one of the pioneer experimental magazines is not able to continue and we hope that before autumn, some solution of its difficulties may be presented.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Ausführliches Handbuch der Photographie. Edited by Hofrat Prof. Dr. Josef Maria Eder.

Volume I, part 1, *Geschichte der Photographie.* By Hofrat Prof. Dr. Josef Maria Eder. 4. gänzlich umgearbeitete und vermehrte. Auflage. 1932.

1. Hälfte 39Rm., geb. 41Rm.

2. Hälfte 36Rm., geb. 38Rm.

Wilhelm Knapp, Halle (Saale).

This work of more than a thousand pages, which for practical reasons has been divided into two halves, comprises the development of photography from its very first beginnings up to the present day. We have to go back as far even as Aristotle; for the first 18 chapters deal with the time between the 4th century B.C. and the time of Daguerre. We are acquainted with Aristotle's (and other Greek philosophers') doctrines about light and sight, with the work of the alchemists, the history of the exceedingly important camera-obscura and with the inventions and endeavours of the scientists, who, during this period, occupied themselves with the problem of the chemical effects of light.

In the following 18 chapters the history of the "Daguerreotype" is given, with a detailed account of the development, success and utilization of the glorious invention of Niépce and Daguerre.

But only by so-called photographic-negatives could photography become what it is to-day. And herein lies the subject of the next chapter.

The following chapters deal with the development of different photochemical proceedings ; with the introduction of film as an addition to the photographic plates until then solely used. This was of the highest importance for amateur photography and especially for cinematography ; to the development of which chapter 71 is devoted ; containing descriptions of the methods of copying and printing ; of three-colour-photography and many other problems, methods and accomplishments of contemporary photography.

The 96th chapter gives us information concerning photographic literature, photographic societies, etc. At the end of the book there is an interesting biography of the author, written by Lüppo-Kramer.

The *History* by Eder is certainly a work of the highest importance in the province of photography—first of all because of its stupendous thoroughness and also because of the impartial and objective point of view from which its history is considered. Interesting also is the fact that biographies of all the more important inventors are to be found in the book and that for the first time Austria is mentioned in due accordance with her merits in the development of photography. The numerous very interesting illustrations certainly add to the value of the work.

A. MODERN.

AN INDIAN FILM MAGAZINE.

It is sometimes a pleasant change to turn to some quite foreign film paper where one has the chance to find a point of view exotically unlike our own. Turning the pages of *Filmland*, described as the "Leading Illustrated Film Weekly of India," this point of view is subtly conveyed in many ways—by the illustrations, naturally, by the films described, by the critical and descriptive vocabulary,—but, as one reads, by a more intangible trend, by an outlook formed with geographic certitude in its own boundaries.

Filmland makes good and interesting reading. Containing technical articles, gossip articles (not excluding such familiar topics as the Story of Kay Francis) discussions and criticism, one is not without something to please. To us, undoubtedly, the critical articles are the most important. One thing about them—their delicious candour ! Not shock tactics, exactly,—except perhaps to the producers, directors and stars,—but surprising certainly. I quote at random :

The idea of introducing 'den scene,' dancing and the bathing-ghat where ladies are cleaning their clothes with their busts exposed, seems to have been the fashion of the day. In these instances the present director can surely claim his superiority of having excelled his predecessors by introducing types of scenes so horribly vulgar which surpass all limits of decency. The girl in the female lead is not altogether bad, and we think she has some possibilities of cinema acting.

While quoting from this criticism, I am unable to keep my eye from straying to an advertisement opposite which, headed *Marriage* "The greatest of all human undertakings" advertises a book entitled "The Secret of Sexual Bliss.' And that is described as a sexual science in a nutshell.

Naturally, criticism is not always so devastating or so adverse. But here is a truly vitriolic letter to the editor. The writer is complaining about the work and standard of the artistes (mostly female). Can one, he demands, expect any soul

stirring or thrilling or elevating works of art from them? Certainly not. Why? Simply because they are devoid of all education worth the name. Hence their incapability to understand and grasp what they are required to do. Secondly most of them come from a very low strata of society, thirdly, their utter lack of any qualification for screen work. Their stock-in-trade being their good looks and agreeable faces to allure their employers or their illegal, immoral connection with those who have got a say in the affairs of the company. Of course (he adds) this is in respect of highly placed stars who generally fly high and prey at big and fat people.

What, he asks, can you expect of such soulless, empty, shallow and dry people? Nothing but their dull, unemotional, unappealing and vacant looks, their horrified and blank faces on the screen.

I am sorry to give such a scatterbrained report, but you will see I am enjoying myself. I've just been pondering on *this* cryptic advertisement :

Lonely ?

European, Asiatic, Colonial, American, Cosmopolitan girls, artists (not artistes, one hopes), rich widows, gents, aristocrats, students, tourists, seek correspondence, friends for Social exchange : on 122 subjects : photos, stamps, curios, travel, romance. 12 *funny love letters* :— read 2 ways.

India, it seems, has troubles not unlike our own. Studio intrigue and interfering dignitaries, among them. In an editorial is quoted the following instance :

Many of our readers have seen a Bengali picture where several actors have made marvellous hits, but the ill-fated film was not allowed to run its ordinary span of life, for the activities of a solicitous dignitary who, by the way, is not a Ruling Chief. He is not a regular film-fan and cannot be said to have sympathy for the progress of Indian films. He came out of his sleepy bower one day without any mischievous intention and saw the picture ; but some supernatural powers were having a full play and out came a strongly worded letter to the Police asking them to ban the picture, on moral grounds. Suffice it to say that we found nothing very objectionable in the picture.

Well, we too know something about that kind of thing ! *Filmland*, produced and made up in the Western manner, is not, as *Close-Up* readers may have already gleaned, American or European in spirit. That is why it is definitely appealing. It costs—to us—Rs. 8/- per annum, and is published by The Filmland Publishing Syndicate, 31, Ashutosh Mukherji Road, Calcutta, by S. Gupta.

K.M.

Die Bücher des Lichtspielvorführers.

In the last number of *Close up* we gave a report of these little books on the projection of films in cinemas, every number treating a special chapter of this subject. They are edited by A. Kraszna-Krausz, and published by W. Knapp, Halle (Saale), Germany. The series has been continued and we have recently been sent the latest two numbers.

No. 10. *Der Nadeltonfilm* von Dr. Borchardt.

As we know there are two ways of reproducing sound on disc and on film. The first method is the older one and though it involves many complications as to the synchronization of picture and sound it is still in use for various reasons.

The booklet on needle-sound tries to meet all the difficulties which arise in

synchronizing the records. It describes the different types of apparatus in use, the records, needles and pick-ups and the mistakes which are usually made. It seems to be very instructive.

No. 11. *Lautsprecher für Tonfilmwiedergabe* von E. Schwandt.

This number deals with the use of loud-speakers in the projection of sound films. In a theoretical introduction the difference between electromagnetic,—static, and—dynamic loudspeakers is explained. It is followed by a discussion on the different construction of the loudspeakers and a list of the loudspeakers made in Germany for cinemas, including informations on their size, efficiency and the quality of current they need.

T.W.

Some of our friends ought to be supported by public subscription—they know so many lovely Garbo stories. (Full marks for the Agence Herring!) But Rilla Page Palmborg in *The Private Life of Greta Garbo* (John Long. 7/6) got dope from Garbo's private servants. For the first time one learns that Garbo buys all the fan magazines and asks for her money back if there is nothing in them about herself. For the first time one learns that Garbo's favourite breakfast is grape fruit, creamed dried chipped beef, fried potatoes, an egg, home-made coffee cake, and coffee. While fans are being reverent, the others will surely BREEZE UP to buy copies.

It is worth quoting, at this point from Mary Butts' *Traps for Unbelievers* (Desmond Harmsworth. 2/-). "The star-dust at Hollywood is full of dead stars. For the potency of the human god wanes, and his end is horror; rebirth, but for their human nature, terror. That is a story told in the Gospels as well as in *The Golden Bough*."

The Devil's Camera (The Epworth Press. 1/-) introduces R. G. Burnett and E. D. Martell's message, "The cinema as at present debased is the Hun of the modern world." If only these simple knockers had the sense to listen to educational psychologists they would learn that the cinema is capable only of making crime more artistic, that is of teaching new methods to those who are already criminals. Educationalists welcome the cinema because it reveals (it does not create) the criminal at an early age. Steps can immediately be taken to put the youngster on the right track.

Films. *The way of the Cinema* (Pitman. 5/-) is by Andrew Buchanan, the man who makes the jokes in *Ideal's Cine-magazine*. (See *Snap* in *Close Up*, Vol. 4, No. 5). The same publishers have issued *The Cinema Organ* by Reginald Foort at 2/6.

O.B.

Once In A Lifetime. By Moss Hart and George S. Kaufmann. Gollancz. 6/- net.

We can only wonder why this play has not been published or acted earlier in England. It was produced in New York in 1930 just as the talkies began their triumphant progress and my own original American copy was borrowed so many

times that its covers barely hold the pages together. But although it had then the added merit of topicality, it has not dated. It is the fashion to speak of it as full of witty exaggeration but unhappily behind the amusing dialogue is a good deal of actual truth.

It would not be fair to outline the story and an acquaintance with popular American fan magazines will help English readers to understand some of the phrases and allusions. But it is perhaps the most amusing study of certain aspects of the movies written to date and it helps to explain the poor quality of many pictures now being screened. *Close Up* readers who want better films should read the book and realise the type of mentality still too common in the studio world. Knowledge received with laughter will stick longer in the memory than a mass of painfully acquired facts and it is well to remember that it is not only in Hollywood that such characters are to be found.

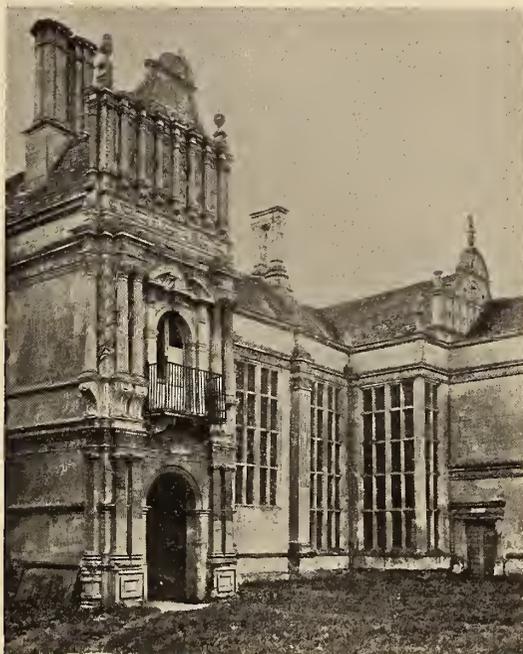
W.B.

Abstraction, Création, Art non figuratif (Editions les tendances nouvelles, 3 bis, rue Emile-allez, Paris 17e. 15 francs) : some new and some old examples of the severest abstractions. If you like Arp, Gabo, Calder (and we do) you will find this publication will hold you down. If you can't take art in quite such final statements—at any rate, you will find a lot of clean fun! Cinéphiles will have a special interest in the names of Prampolini (lobby artist of the 28 Studio, Paris!) and Moholy-Nagy. Distinguished among the names which are fresh to us : M. Moss.

O.B.

A HISTORY of the ENGLISH HOUSE

By
NATHANIEL LLOYD, O.B.E., F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A.



This is the fullest and most authoritative history of the English house which has ever been published—a magnificent record in text and photographs, drawings and plans of dwelling-house development in England from the earliest times to the middle of the 19th century. The volume contains nearly nine hundred illustrations which, for convenience of reference and comparison, have been arranged in groups according to subjects under such headings as Plans and Elevations, Entrances, Windows, Chimneys, Ceilings, Wall Treatment, Fireplaces, Stairs, Metalwork, &c. In each of these groups the illustrations are shown in chronological order, so that the reader may turn over page after page of photographs representing eight hundred years of, for example, Elevations or Fireplaces, to compare one with another and note the changes and development of each particular feature throughout its history. Such a succession of consecutive examples has never before been assembled, and its value to persons interested in English domestic architecture can scarcely be over-emphasized.

Price £3 3s. Net.

Postage 1s. inland, abroad 2s. 2d.

An eight page illustrated prospectus will be sent free on request to the publishers.

THE ARCHITECTORAL PRESS
9, Queen Annes Gate, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

THE ACADEMY CINEMA

OXFORD STREET (Opposite Waring and Gillow)

Organiser: Miss Elsie Cohen

Gerrard 2981

presents

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM
CLASSICS OF THE WORLD

Now Showing (5th week)

LEONTINE SAGAN'S

Psychological Study of Adolescence

"MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM"

Coming—Otzepe's "MURDER OF KARAMAZOV," Piel Jutzi's
"MUTTER KRAUSEN," Ekk's "ROAD TO LIFE,"
Joris Iven's "RADIO," etc.

A Weekly Notice will be sent on Receipt of Name and Address

Special Offer To "Close Up" Readers

HUNTLY CARTER'S

THE NEW SPIRIT IN THE CINEMA

394 pages

HUNTLY CARTER'S

THE NEW SPIRIT IN THE RUSSIAN THEATRE

335 pages

Both fully illustrated with unique photographs

Published at 30/- each

Now offered at 7/6d. each

Postage 9d. extra

MILLER & GILL (1924) LTD.

94, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

All other books on the Cinema in stock

The Adelphi

JUNE

Pacifism & Socialism

by J. M. MURRY

Implications of Adlerism

by J. C. YOUNG

The Newest Machiavelli

by JUDITH TODD

The Way Home

by ORGILL MACKENZIE

Dialectical Materialism

by F. ENGELS

Tradition in Revolution

by GEOFFREY SAINSBURY

ONE SHILLING

58 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1

Filmtechnik

Journal for all artistic, technical and economic
questions of film-essentials

Editor: A. Kraszna Krausz, Berlin

7th Year—Every 14 days 1 issue
Price per quarter 5.25 R.M.

Published by Wilhelm Knapp, Halle/S.
Germany. Mühlweg 19

Specimen number free

Film Für Alle

the first monthly publication in Europe devoted
to the problems of purely amateur cinematography

5th Year

Editor : Andor Kraszna-Krausz, Berlin

Publisher : Wilhelm Knapp, Halle/Saale, Mühlweg 19

Subscription 2.25 R.M quarterly
Specimen number free on request

BOUND VOLUMES of CLOSE UP

A Complete Record at a glance of world progress and development in Film Art from July 1927 to the present day.

Close Up, the only constructive, critical protagonist of the Cinema's potentialities in art, technique and labour is recommended to librarians and students as invaluable, and, indeed, essential to accuracy and scope of knowledge in all branches of cinematography including the history of sound development from the outset.

Most back issues are out of print. We have had to refuse requests (mostly from libraries) for complete sets. The following bound volumes are still available.

VOL. I.	<i>Out of Print.</i>	A few odd numbers of August, September, October, November, 1927, are available.	
VOL. II.	Only a few copies remain.	Price	25/-
VOL. III.		15/-
VOLS. IV, V, VI	Available at	10/6
VOL. VII.	A few copies available	Price	25/-
VOL. VIII.	A few copies available	Price	25/-
	Odd numbers of June and September issues available. March and December out of print.		

POOL 26 LITCHFIELD STREET,
Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2

Mr Robert Lynd—

Said of *The London Mercury* that :

‘Mr. Squire was aiming at producing a magazine which should possess the permanent interest of literature as well as the ephemeral interest of a commentary of the arts of the hour. As a result . . . the *Mercury* has contained within its covers some of the most admirable literature of our time.

‘I know no man living who has a greater genius than Mr. Squire for hailing a new writer and assisting him on his way to success and reputation.’

MONTHLY 3/-

YEARLY 36/-

*Obtainable from all newsagents, bookstalls,
etc. or by subscription.*

★ *Send 3s. for two specimen copies.*

THE LONDON MERCURY

229 Strand

W.C.2

Are YOU a *Lighthearted Student* ?

The Lighthearted Student

Part I. German.

By Bryher
& Trude Weiss

PRICE
2/6

Imagine a language text-book insinuating to you a sense of delight and amusement!

Methods without tears and without masters have helped many people, but who has before walked ecstatically, even, you might say, swaggered through grammar, run through declensions and vocabularies like a legacy, taken verbs in his stride like cocktails?

Well, believe it or not, but that is what has been done with *The Lighthearted Student*. This, the first volume, deals with German. What you won't be able to do with German when you have absorbed it won't be worth doing. Not that the L. H. S. is a frivolous book, if that is likely to trouble you. Schools have taken to it kindly, travellers have taken it to their bosoms, unsolicited testimonials fill our files. Learn German this humanitarian way, it's exciting and most pleasurable.

From Leading Booksellers or

POOL, 26 LITCHFIELD ST., W.C.
CHARING CROSS RD., London, 2.

The CAMBRIDGE THEATRE

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS.

General Manager: MISS ELSIE COHEN.

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 6056.

PRESENTS

GREAT INTERNATIONAL FILMS.

COMMENCING SUNDAY JUNE 5th FOR A SEASON.

Premier Presentation in England of
THE GREAT NERO SENSATION

“ M ”

PRODUCED BY FRITZ LANG.

(Director of “Metropolis” and “Nibelungen”)

PRICES from 1/6d.—8/6d.

(500 seats at 1/6d.)

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE 1-11.

(Under the same management as the Academy Cinema).

THE NEW REVIEW

Contributions by
Writers of - -

Yesterday—

To-day—

To-morrow

BUT not of the

Day before Yesterday

Nor

The Day after To-morrow

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

The Leading
Literary-Political Monthly Magazine

Published on the First of the Month . . . Price 3s. 6d.

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO THE JUNE NUMBER

Adm. Sir HERBERT RICHMOND

GEORGE GLASGOW

V. S. PRITCHETT

GERALD BULLETT

PEARL BUCK

Special Offer to New Readers

*Send two penny stamps to cover cost of postage
and a free specimen copy will be sent you.*

The Circulation Manager,
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW
13 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

Recent Successes

now **3s. 6d.**

His Monkey Wife

by John Collier. *5th Impression*

Scenes and Portraits

by Frederic Manning

A Middle-Class Man

by Leonhard Frank

The Love of Jeanne Ney

by Ilya Ehrenburg

The Covent Garden

Library 5/- *each*

NEW ADDITIONS

**The Scandal and Credulities of
John Aubrey**

edited by John Collier

Diary of Peter Bussell

edited by G. A. Turner

The Great War with France

by Sir Henry Bunbury

WRITE FOR COMPLETE LIST

'Phone Temple Bar 9052

PETER DAVIES

CLOSE-UP

QUARTERLY DEVOTED TO THE ART OF FILMS

A QUARTERLY DEVOTED TO THE ART OF FILMS



SEP 13 1937

3/6 net.

BUMPUS

New Books and Good Books on all subjects
Cheap Editions and Reprints
Scarce and Second-hand Books
Books in Fine Leather Bindings, and Bibles and Prayer
Books
New and Standard Books in French, German, Italian and
Spanish
"The Children's Book Room" for all the Best Books
for Children
Books at Reduced Prices, withdrawn from Stock
First Editions, Limited Editions, Fine Editions and
"Private Press Books"

Write for Catalogues of these departments

JOHN AND EDWARD
BUMPUS LTD.
BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
350 Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1
Telephone : Mayfair 3601

A. ZWEMMER

Fine Art Bookseller

BOOKS

On the Fine Arts in all Languages

Just issued :—

Catalogue No. 10. Bargain list of Books
on Art.

Catalogue No. 11. Books on French Art.

Post-free on application

76 - 78 Charing Cross Road
London, W.C.2

Telephone . . . Temple Bar 4710

CLOSE UP

Editor K. MACPHERSON

Assistant Editors : BRYHER ; OSWELL BLAKESTON

Published by POOL

LONDON OFFICE : 26 LITCHFIELD STREET, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.2.

SWISS OFFICE : c/o F. CHEVALLEY, CASE POSTALE, CAROUGE S/ GENEVE.

Contents

	PAGE
On the Sets of the Film <i>Atlantis</i> . Ernö Metzner	153
The Experiment of Chesterfield. Robert Herring	161
The Music for Harlequin. Eric Walter White	164
Vertov ad Absurdam. J. Pennethorne Hughes	174
Pabst-Dovjenko, a comparison. John C. Moore	176
German Film Season, 1932-3. A. Kraszna-Krausz	184
The International Exhibition of Photography in Brussels. Trude Weiss ..	188
Notes on some Films. Bryher	196
Kitsch. Dr. Hanns Sachs	200
Comment and Review	205

Notice to Film Societies ; The Southampton Film Society ; The Manchester Film Society ; Henry Alan Potamkin ; Film Review—Das Keimende Leben ; Book Reviews—New Books, The Film in National Life, Notice to foreign subscribers.

<i>London Correspondent</i> :	ROBERT HERRING
<i>Paris Correspondent</i> :	JEAN LENAUER
<i>Berlin Correspondent</i> :	A. KRASZNA-KRAUSZ
<i>Geneva Correspondent</i> :	F. CHEVALLEY
<i>Hollywood Correspondent</i> :	CLIFFORD HOWARD
<i>New York Correspondent</i> :	H. A. POTAMKIN
<i>Moscow Correspondent</i> :	P. ATTASHEVA
<i>Vienna Correspondent</i> :	TRUDE WEISS

Subscription Rate.

ENGLAND	15 shillings per year
SWITZERLAND	15 francs per year
ALL OTHER COUNTRIES	15 shillings (English) per year

Copyright 1932 by Pool.



*From a new documentary film, "Hiddensee," by Hans Casparius.
"Hiddensee," un nouveau documentaire de Hans Casparius.
Aus einem neuen Dokumentärfilm, "Hiddensee" von Hans Casparius.*

CLOSE UP

Vol. IX No. 3

September, 1932

ON THE SETS OF THE FILM "ATLANTIS"

Everybody agrees that it is the most alluring profession to be among those who create films. Those who work on films are generally looked upon with envy, not least because of the travels their profession demands of them. Film people themselves, however, are less enthusiastic about this advantage of their profession. The actors—it is true—like travelling—for them everywhere the sky is blue—but for the members of the camera staff it certainly does not signify pure pleasure, and the architect is the one who enjoys a journey least of all, for it is fatiguing and full of difficulties for him. He either travels to make studies—that he must remember so impalpable a thing as an atmosphere—or has to build on the spot—with unskilled workmen, people who mostly do not at all understand what is asked. Hesitatingly only they carry out half-comprehended orders, and the architect longs for the well-organized work of the studios.

And yet there are travels which make up for everything . . . they lead into far, foreign countries and in spite of the difficulties one returns with renewed power of work and full of new impressions.

The film *Atlantis* was taken in Africa. The manuscript is based on the assumption that the legendary country Atlantis did not sink into the sea, but was buried under the sands of the Sahara. In this imaginary, subterranean country there is the subterranean castle of the lady of Atlantis, where the events of the film—after the novel by Pierre Benôit—are set. An expedition was to go to the "Hoggar" to obtain the exteriors.

Delightedly I made preparations for the journey and informed myself about everything one could learn in advance.

Books and illustrations in magazines gave me a foretaste of what was to be expected. There are not too many illustrations of the heart of the Sahara, nor could I obtain full particulars about our destination, the oasis situated in the proximity of the "Hoggar." In preparatory discussion with Mr. Pabst, the director of the film, we selected some pictures which showed the style of architecture of the people living in this region. The territory of the Hoggar situated at the boundary of two cultures—is thinly populated. Here reminiscences of the Moresque style are still to be found, while on the other hand some of the almost unknown, but charming Sudanese architecture can be traced. The pictures of the mud palaces of the negro princes filled us with sheer enthusiasm. Mr. Pabst pointed out to me these pictures as being representative of the style he wanted to see again in the sets of the film *Atlantis*, and I was glad to have the possibility of building something which would be entirely new—not only for the general public, but



Fig. 1

also for those who knew more about the matter. In these preparatory talks, however, Mr. Pabst did not want to settle anything decisively, but was reserving for himself the final decision until he would be in the place itself and under

the influence of what was there to be seen. About one thing, however, there was not the slightest doubt: The sets should emphatically not be built in the Moresque style, for this style, though wonderful in itself, has been compromised during the last decade of cinematography by saccharine American and other films, to such a degree that it had become the very idea of bad sets and cheap fantasy in films.

Mr. Pabst went to Africa with part of the camera staff, and I was to follow him soon.

Mr. Pabst's fundamental idea for his production was that the film should strike the mass of naïve spectators as a description of real occurrences; the more clever ones in the audience, however, should recognize that the events only happened in the imagination of the hero suffering from tropic delirium. The sets had to support this object, on the one hand they must give the impression of complete reality, on the other hand this reality must be rendered improbable. The task is an interesting one, it stimulates the imagination, and while the expedition had been working already for quite a long time in Africa, I myself in my studio in Berlin tried to find the way which would combine African reality with the imaginary realm of Atlantis.

In the meantime Mr. Pabst's first snapshots from Africa arrived. In a private letter he was enthusiastic about the grandiosity of the Sahara, and incidentally I learned that for climatic reasons the expedition had not been able to reach exactly the place they had chosen as their destination. I supposed that they had found a better one. The map informed me about the place. The style of architecture we had chosen in our preparatory talks was—according to all I knew—not to be found in the place where the photographs were now being taken. I found comfort in the hope that, in the new place they had chosen for photographing, I would find other motifs, more beautiful ones and stronger in expression.

I never got to Africa, however. I was told that for technical reasons my trip could not take place. It was a grave disappointment for me, and it worried me how I would solve my task without having had the personal impressions of the place. With such big films the responsibility of every single collaborator is very great, their work is subject to the very severe criticism of the director, the experts, the newspapers and the public, and nobody can content himself with a light solution. I think, Mr. Pabst in Africa was worried as well what the sets would look like, and how the connection between exterior and interior photography could be brought about. But, for me to travel was out of question, and one had to start building. For reasons easily to be understood Mr. Pabst—accompanied by a staff and many actors—had to find the sets ready when he came back. And one day—it was not the happiest one of my life—I had to go to the studio.

The manuscript and Mr. Pabst's intentions were well known to me, but I did not know anything of what he had seen, or what had been photographed. A snapshot was at my disposal. You see it in Fig. 1. I thought that Mr. Pabst must have liked this motif—otherwise he would not have taken it—and therefore I determined to use this motif which in itself does not show much originality, as the informing motif for the building of the film set. Fig. 2 shows one part of the set very similar to the motif. It is part of the very pompously designed room in the subterranean castle of Antinea. To obtain the demanded effect of reality I tried to imitate as closely to nature as possible—not only the form of the elements but also their material. Modern architecture as well as film architecture has discovered the decorative significance of the material, and from it obtains its strongest effects. Instead of using innumerable painted or plastic ornaments, one lets the quality of the material speak for itself. In former epochs innumerable workers earned



Fig. 2



Details of sets from "l'Atlantide."
Quelques aspects de la mise en scène de "l'Atlantide."
Dekorationsdetails aus "Atlantis."





Fig. 3

their living by the decoration of buildings and of useful commodities of their time. It is surprising what an amount of joy presents itself in the ornaments of certain epochs—the joy of those who have created the ornaments and of those who found delight in the industrious work of their contemporaries. There are epochs whose products bear witness of an almost insatiable thirst for making others work. Our time where work has taken possession of everybody does not find much joy in ornaments. One is of the opinion that the wages for decorative work cannot be afforded anymore (but I think that one does not find pleasure in the work of others, since oneself has been forced to work) and prefers to spend money on precious material. The film architect tries to imitate the effect of these materials with the cheap means at his disposal. The big granite blocks in the sets of *Atlantis* looked in the studio and as I hope also in the picture—exactly like very old granite blocks, the surface of which in the course of the centuries has obtained a greasy polish. This granite of course is made of plaster—that marvellously applicable material of the studio. For this purpose a mass of plaster of light grey colour was prepared, and into it some bigger and smaller lumps of already hardened, differently coloured plaster were mixed. Thus one obtained a pail full of light grey liquid plaster, in which, mixed into it at random, light-pink, light-green, white and black lumps swam. Out of this material the stone blocks and columns were shaped. After the mass had become hardened, the surface was scraped off, and then polished. On the new surface produced by the scraping-knife, the various lumps of plaster appeared and imitated exactly the well-known characteristics of the real stone. The irregular distribution, the irregularity of the pattern could never have been

brought about by consciously applied painting or any other deliberately applied means. The surface was then treated with wax and had an extraordinary effect of reality. Their smooth surface stands in agreeable contrast to the rough casting of the arches which rest upon the stones, and stands out satisfactorily against the soft stuffs and carpets with which the rooms were equipped.

The rooms were satisfactory as to their impression of reality, but without doing any damage to this quality of theirs they had to be informed with a more costly and more fantastic suggestiveness. What was standing at that time was a heavy building with pillars, and square-built, low arches. This heavy architecture was to be raised to the realm of imagination and dream, if possible by further means of reality. I found an expedient in the use of oil-lamps. The oil-lamp is to-day still the most customary light in Africa. I covered the walls of my sets with thousands of oil-lamps, the arrangement of which is to be seen in Fig. 3. They are fastened to thin, iron bars, and linked together by hemp fibres. The thousand flickering flames are in sharp contrast to the bulky, stiff, immovable pillars. Their lively dancing light dissolves the shapes and transfers everything real into a definitely mystic atmosphere.

Some time ago the camera would not have registered much of the many lights and mystic illuminations. For only recently has been brought out a new negative sensitive to yellow and red rays, and therefore able to photograph the small dancing



Brigitte Helm in "L'Atlantide," a Nero production by G. W. Pabst.

Brigitte Helm dans "L'Atlantide," une production Nero de G. W. Pabst.

Brigitte Helm in "Atlantis," einer Neroproduktion von G. W. Pabst.



From "L'Atlantide." An exclusive photograph.
 "L'Atlantide." Une photographie exclusive.
 Aus "Atlantis." Exklusivphoto.

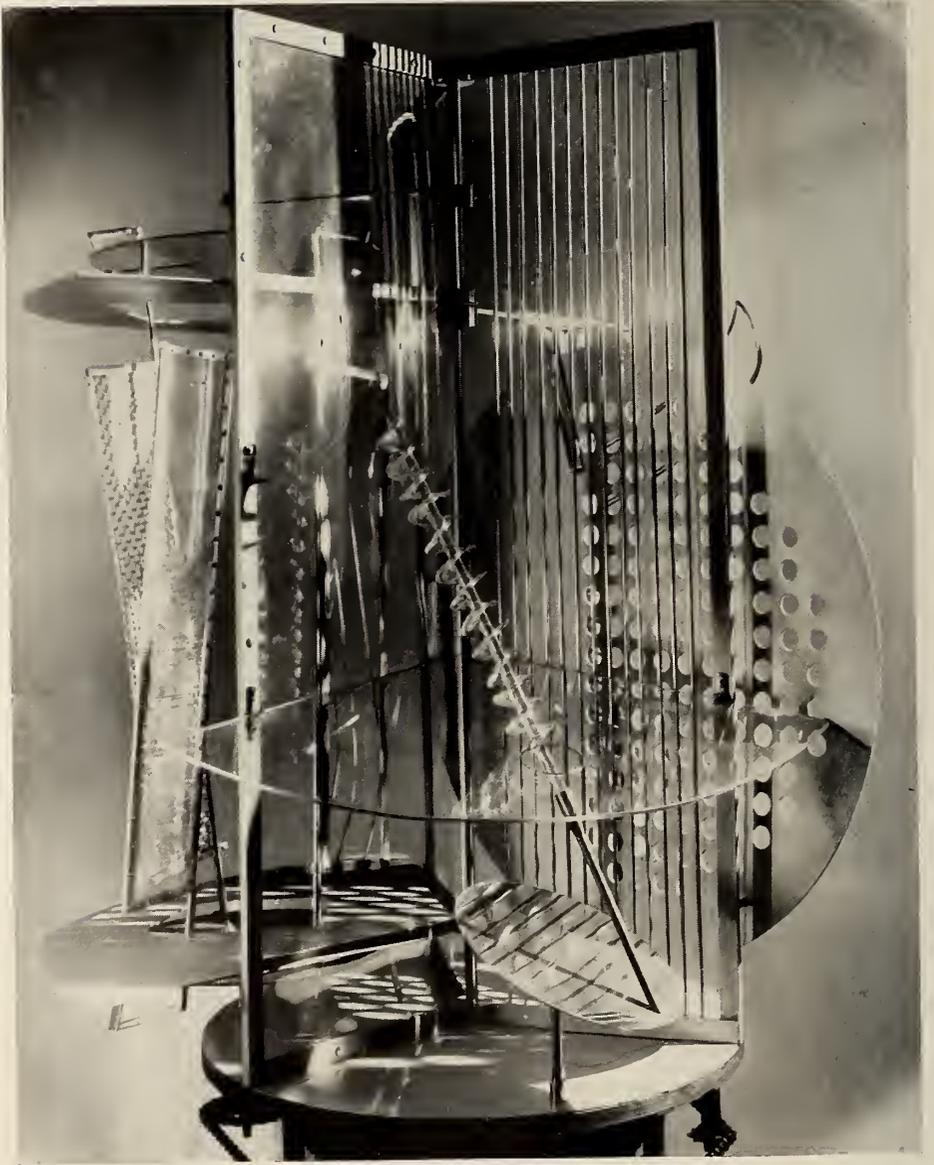
flames. This negative is very sensitive and enables the operator to light the actors sufficiently with little light only, thus allowing the tender lights of the oil-lamps to be visible as light sources.

Materials new for film buildings helped me to obtain some new effects. Slender columns were clad with a stuff which had been spun of hair-thin glass threads. The manufacturing of this material is very difficult, for the glass-threads penetrate easily into the skin and cause abscesses. The artisans had to wear gloves. But with no other material has this effect yet been achieved; they are like the most beautiful alabaster columns and reflect the innumerable lights of the studio. Silver powder cast in gelatine achieves the effect of a mirror flexible in every direction; varnished paper can be taken for real pig-skin, if used accordingly.

The sets of *Atlantis* were entirely built for the effects of the material, without using any ornament. Every film which suggests new problems demands new materials to obtain new effects, and by that promotes the technique of film production.

When the film was finished I learned that the technical reason which had prevented me from going to Africa had been a financial-technical one!

ERNÖ METZNER



Das Licht Requisit," Moholy Nagy.



The "Sportfest" from "Kühle Wampe," production Filmstudio 1931 directed by Dudov, scenario by Brecht.

"La Fête Sportive de Kühle Wampe." Film de Dudov, scénario de Brecht. Production, Filmstudio 1931.

"Sportfest, Kühle Wampe." Regie : Dudov. Scénario : Brecht. Produktion : Filmstudio 1931.

THE EXPERIMENT OF CHESTERFIELD

The town of Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, England, has made a film "designed to show clearly how its schools prepare the children specifically for the posts they are to fill after school life." It is pleasant to find a town using film; it is even better to find it has anything to use it on. Education in England is something that has no connection with anything else. One goes to school and learns things, and then after, when one is trying to do a great many other things at the same time, one tries also to learn the things that will be of use. But then one goes to school to learn these other things which otherwise one would never learn at all (And so say all of us). So Education is a snug little island, round which the waters of everyday life whirl. One learns to plait grass on one's island, to use swings and seesaws; and then, one leaves the island to discover that there are boats which one never learnt about, and that boats are rather essential on a sea. So one begins learning to row while one is also trying to swim. . . . Education, in England, is an end, and how literally an end, in itself.

But Chesterfield, apparently, re-organised its schools and remodelled its system, about four years ago, and then, having done that, made a film to show what it had done, and gave it its first showing at the Chesterfield Education Week in July. It is called *The New Generation*. It was suggested by a master at the William Rhodes Modern School, Chesterfield, and it was made by Stuart Legg, under the guidance, as you might imagine, of John Grierson.

It runs for twenty minutes. The first section shows shots of town life, factories and homes. The second, nursery schools, infant and junior schools. The last section shows scenes from factories and workshops, in which children who appeared in the earlier sequences are seen at the jobs that have been found for them. The framework displays the outstanding features of the Chesterfield scheme ; the modernisation of every school ; the fact that the education received by children up to fifteen is such as will fit them for earning a living and helping the life of the town to go on ; the bias of the training in the modern schools is towards engineering, science, etc. ; the children, at the end of their term at school, are interviewed by representatives of the Ministry of Labour and the local education committee, in the presence of their parents and teachers, so that they may be given the posts for which they are best fitted. And so, in twenty minutes, one follows children in arms through their infant schools, right up to the time when they first begin earning their living. It is depressing, of course, to see how relentlessly organised they all are. There does not appear to be a moment of their lives in which they can live their own lives—but one considers that, were they not organised, so many of them would have no living to live with, and so one gets over the spectacle of crowds of children unconsciously being used as counters in a game of communal planning. What emerges far more strongly than this is that all these children, instead of working selfishly for their own happiness, expressed in terms of acquiring a radio with more valves than their neighbours, are, through their work, helping the town to be progressive and productive. Finally, the film is most convincing in showing that education, on the Chesterfield system, is not something that ends with school.

Stuart Legg has made it with a capable sense of cinema. It moves in the right way, he knows what to do and he does not use anything he cannot do it with. The theme is kept in sight the whole time, and everything else is subordinate. It is a pity, but perhaps natural, that it is based on the Russian technique. There is an attempt to make subtitles dynamic, which to me only results in making them hysterical. There is too much hammer and tongs in the method, and one feels that the directors aim has been to make a little bit of new Russia in England rather than develop a new technique, ahead of the Russian, subtler and suited to a more resilient mentality and civilisation. But that is due to inferiority. It is too early for us to make the new kind of film yet. The point is that one would have thought it too late, had not *This New Generation* come along and shown not only that one town in England can remodel its educational methods, and look to the future, but use film as well. It is to Stuart Legg's credit that he lets his film, as a film, keep in the background, and be content to deliver the message it was commissioned to put over so interestingly and straightforwardly.

ROBERT HERRING.



*The evicted family moves to "Kühle Wampe."
La famille évincée se rend à "Kühle Wampe."
Die gepfändete Familie übersiedelt zu "Kühle Wampe."*



“Kühle Wampe.”

THE MUSIC TO “HARLEQUIN”

When Lotte Reiniger showed me her new silhouette film, *Harlequin*, in Berlin in the autumn of 1931 and asked me to arrange the music to it, I was doubtful if I could do sufficient justice to this exquisitely stylised pantomime, imbued with the spirit of the Italian *commedia dell'arte*.

The preliminary sketches for *Harlequin* had been made in the summer of 1930 when Lotte Reiniger was staying with Jean Renoir in Marlotte, Fontainebleau, and at the same time Renoir had introduced her to the music of the old French masters, Lully, Couperin and Rameau. From the beginning she decided to use Lully's Minuet from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* for the funeral march and a rigaudon of Rameau for the scene where the gardener and his wife dance to Harlequin's flute, and these two scenes had accordingly been worked out with mathematical precision to ensure the picture synchronising with the music. The rest of the film had been made without any definite music in mind and, although I was able to persuade her to construct the opening scene of the angel



Photo by Hans Casparius, from "Hiddensee."
Photo de Hans Casparius, du film "Hiddensee."
Photo von Hans Casparius. "Hiddensee."

orchestra and the introductory dance of the *dramatis personae* so as to fit Rameau's rondeau *La Joyeuse* and to make the scene where the cat slinks across the moonlit park exactly half as long as the preceding marriage scene in order to secure a special echo effect, I found that the greater part of my task was to work out a musical score to fit an already existing film.



From "L'Atlantide," by G. W. Pabst.

"L'Atlantide," par G. W. Pabst.

Aus "Atlantis," von G. W. Pabst.

My first steps were to measure the film scene by scene and to make a collection of early eighteenth century music, which by its style and form appeared suitable as an accompaniment to this Rococo pantomime. Working in close collaboration with Lotte Reiniger herself, I soon found that the Italian composers Scarlatti and Pergolesi could be added to their French contemporaries, whereas the music of Bach (father and sons), Gluck and even Vivaldi proved completely useless for our purpose. I grouped the scenes in the film loosely into episodes, and soon learned that, although it was comparatively easy to find a piece of music whose spirit made it especially appropriate for a certain episode, the real difficulty lay in adjusting the time values. For instance, the film might give me an episode 42.5 m. long, roughly equivalent to a minute and a half when shown on the screen. If the piece of music I chose was in common time with $\text{♩} = 90$, I could use about 67 bars of it to accompany the episode, disregarding intentional or unintentional ritardandi on the part of the musicians. The next step was to make a kind of music montage, e.g., to take eight bars here, skip twelve, take the next twenty-four, return to the first eight and then jump to the coda. The main numbers of my patchwork score had then to be grouped and, if necessary, transposed so that a strict feeling for key linked them together (nearly 75% of the score is in the keys of D and G major, and their relative minors) and the gaps between the separate numbers had either to be filled in by a loose kind of voiceless recitative or (if they were not too long) left silent.

Although anything in the nature of the *leit motif* was avoided, the Capitano is accompanied on three of his appearances by the ninth couplet of Couperin's *Folies Françaises*, "Les Vieux Galans et les Trésorières Suranées," which appeared especially to suit his somewhat angular appearance and shambling gait, and the little Gavotte played during Harlequin's two marriages is echoed in the scenes where the cat crosses the moonlit park and (differently orchestrated) when the Devil appears to Harlequin in the ditch and tempts him with the promise of the wealthy spinster's money. I was also especially anxious to avoid anything in the nature of direct "photographic" sound illustration in my score. It seemed natural that where bells were seen in the film they should be heard in the orchestra, that Harlequin's arrest should be accompanied by drum taps and a short sharp drum roll used for the shots from the firing party; but I refused to allow the sneeze of one of the footmen carrying the wealthy spinster's sedan chair to be illustrated musically and insisted that the cockcrow that heralds morning after Harlequin's wedding night should be accompanied by a simple hunting call on a horn.

One of the most difficult scenes to accompany was the opening of the trial scene, where the court is momentarily in an uproar owing to the confrontation of Harlequin with Columbine, the wealthy spinster and the gardener's wife, and order is only restored by the judge ringing his bell. None of the music I had collected seemed suitable for this hubbub, and I was completely non-plussed until I had the idea of combining three of Couperin's *Folies Françaises* together (the seventh, eighth and ninth couplets). Although these three couplets had completely different time signatures ($\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{6}{8}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$), they were all in the same key (B minor) and variations on the same harmonic ground. I entrusted one couplet to wind (flute and bassoon), another to string quartet (the Capitano's couplet) and the third to harpsichord. The ordered and logical confusion when all three were played together proved an ideal musical counterpart to the pandemonium on the screen, and when the judge rang his bell, the wind and strings stopped playing, leaving the harpsichord alone to conduct the trial scene to a solemn and proper conclusion.

The Capitano's Serenade presented peculiar difficulties, since his exaggerated gestures and the movements of his mouth could not be altered, but only cut if necessary. I ultimately found that with a little adjustment it was possible to fit in two verses of an old French song, which proved all the more appropriate since the words of its chorus were meaningless ("La tzimm, la tzimm, la tzimm, la la!") and it was important that the audience should not recognise the text of the song as being French, German or Italian. The difficulties of synchronising the song to the film, however, were still so great that in the end I was the only person who knew the Capitano's gestures well enough to dare to sing it.

Once the music was collected and the score mapped out, a further problem arose: how to orchestrate this mass of material, excerpts from operas, songs, movements from chamber suites and ordinary harpsichord pieces? For some time I toyed with the idea of scholarly exactitude, of playing all this music exactly as its composers had intended it to be played; but, apart from the difficulty of securing scores of Rameau's operas such as *Dardanus*, *Castor et Pollux*, *Zaïs*, etc., I soon



Photo by Hans Casparius from "Hiddensee."

Photo de Hans Casparius de "Hiddensee."

Foto Hans Casparius von "Hiddensee."

found that this idea was impractical. It was much better to bind the score into an organic whole by rescoring the music (where necessary) in its entirety.

Starting from the point of view that conditions in a modern film studio make it possible to control the volume of sound by technical means, I decided to write for a chamber orchestra in which no instrument would be doubled. A harpsichord was obviously essential, both for solo-work and as continuo; to it I added a string quartet and a body of wind instruments, flute, clarinet (perhaps this should have been an oboe), horn and bassoon. The percussion included three bells and a side drum. This orchestra of nine enabled me to secure an extraordinary variety of tone-colour. The opening Rondeau of Rameau (*La Joyeuse*), for instance,



From "L'Atlantide." A Nero film by G. W. Pabst.

"L'Atlantide," un Nero Film de G. W. Pabst.

Aus "Atlantis." Ein Nerofilm von G. W. Pabst.

though originally intended as a harpsichord solo, was scored for string quartet with flute and clarinet soli. Two songs of Pergolesi (*Se tu m'ami* and *Ogni pena più spietata*) had naturally a continuous harpsichord accompaniment, while their vocal line was broken up and tossed about from instrument to instrument, its imitative form proving especially appropriate for contrasted tonal effects. The scoring of the couplets of Couperin's *Folies Françaises* has already been indicated above. Harpsichord, first violin, flute and bassoon were given opportunities for extended solo work ; and no chance was lost of contrasting the peculiar tone values of the three groups of this chamber orchestra : harpsichord, strings and wind.

Owing to my preoccupation in keeping the musical line clear and bare and never allowing one part to double another unless absolutely necessary, the music gives an impression of transparency, terseness and acrobatics. A feeling of tension pervades the score—one false note and the whole structure would collapse ! But the musicians and conductor served me so well that it does not collapse. In fact, the music succeeds in providing the film with a refreshing and invigorating accompaniment, underlining the pantomime of the *commedia dell'arte* figures and even bringing out new and unsuspected beauties in the interplay of their moods and gestures. And that is all I hoped to achieve.

The following is a rough sketch of the works used in the score in the order in which they appear :—

1. Rondeau : " La Joyeuse " (Pièces de Clavecin), D major, Rameau—Angelic concert and opening ballet in the clouds.
2. Rigaudon, G. major (" Dardanus " edition 1744), Rameau—Harlequin meets the gardener and his wife.
3. 2nd Rigaudon (Pièces de Clavecin), Rameau—The gardener and his wife dance to Harlequin's flute.
4. Middle movement of 2, G minor—Harlequin in the park ; Colombine bathing at the spring.
5. Intermède II in G major (French version) of " La Serva Padrona," Pergolesi—Harlequin follows Colombine.
6. " La Chanson du Tambourineur " (18th century)—The Capitano serenades the wealthy spinster.
7. Les Folies Françaises, ou Les Dominos (extraits du 13^e ordre) 9^e couplet, " Les Vieux Galans et les Trésorières Suranées " (Sous les Dominos pourpres et feuilles mortes), Couperin—The Capitano gives money and a love-letter to Harlequin.
8. " Se tu m'ami," Pergolesi.—The wealthy spinster reads the love-letter in her boudoir.
9. Middle movement of Gavotte in G major from the ballet-opera " Zaïs," Rameau—Harlequin's first marriage (Colombine).
10. Same as 5—Harlequin and Colombine in the park.
11. Gavotte in E major from the opera " Castor et Pollux," Rameau—The wealthy spinster is carried in a sedan-chair through the wood.
12. Tambourin in E minor from the opera " Les Fetes d'Hébé," Rameau—The robbers hold up the wealthy spinster in the wood.
13. Opening and middle movements of 9 (re-orchestrated)—Harlequin rescues the wealthy spinster from the ditch. Appearance of the devil.
14. Same as 7, but with a different time-signature—The wounded captain drags himself through the moonlit wood.
15. Same as 9—Harlequin's second marriage (the wealthy spinster). A cat crosses the park.
16. Same as 5, but in G minor—The wealthy spinster leads Harlequin to her house.
17. " Ogni Pena più spietata," Pergolesi—Harlequin in the wealthy spinster's bedroom.
18. Les Folies Françaises, 7^e couplet, " La Langueur " (sous le Domino violet), Couperin—Colombine and Harlequin alone in their bedrooms.
19. Les Folies Françaises, 8^e couplet, " La Coquèterie " (sous différents Dominos), Couperin—Harlequin meets Colombine in the morning.
20. Pièces en Concert, III " La Tromba," Couperin—Harlequin and Colombine are discovered by the wealthy spinster.
21. Same as 7—The Capitano comes to the wealthy spinster.
22. Nos. 7, 18 and 19 together—Harlequin's trial.
23. Minuet from " Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Lully—Funeral March.

24. "O Cessate di piangarmi," Scarlatti—Colombine kneels by Harlequin's dead body.
25. Intermède I, Allegro, from "La Serva Padrona," Pergolesi—Appearance of the Devil.
26. Intermède II, Finale in D major from "La Serva Padrona," Pergolesi—Happy end.

ERIC WALTER WHITE.



*From "Studie 8." A new film by Oskar Fischinger.
"Studie 8," nouveau film musical d'Oscar Fischinger.
Aus "Studie 8." Ein neuer Film von Oscar Fischinger.*



*From "Studie 8." A new film by Oskar Fischinger.
"Studie 8," nouveau film musical d'Oscar Fischinger.
Aus "Studie 8." Ein neuer Film von Oscar Fischinger.*



*From "Studie 8." A new film by Oskar Fischinger.
"Studie 8," nouveau film musical d'Oscar Fischinger.
Aus "Studie 8." Ein neuer Film von Oscar Fischinger.*



"Decameron Nights." A "Back to Primitives" early Ufa film. See "Close Up," June, 1932.

"Les Nuits du Decameron." Un ancien film Ufa de la série des types primitifs. Voir "Close Up,"
juin 1932.

"Decamerone." Ein früher "Zurück zum Primitiven"—Ufafilm. Siehe "Close Up," Juni, 1932.

VERTOV AD ABSURDAM

In the old silent days, before dumbness became vocal, when platinum was gold and proud of it, the idea of the first personal film was fairly often suggested. Since the revolution it seems to have disappeared, which, amongst so depressing a paucity of ideas and material in the commercial cinema, is a pity. It seems curious that it has not been revived, as a sort of pseudo-intelligent gesture of the kind that (chorus of voices saying *Sunrise*) catches the rabble and may deceive many even of the elect. After all, the idea of a film in which the camera is the narrating participant should not be difficult for a public which is accustomed to read about detective heroes who tell their own energetic good fortune, which was

reared on *Kidnapped* (and that is the untapped audience) or Sexton Blake with Tinker (is it ?) telling the story. Splash this rather simple concept at the infinitely simple audience, and the thrill will cause infinite paper fodder for weeks, and someone's fortune will be considerably increased. For the first personal joke, for a little, is not a bad one. The character of the camera might, as a concession and with Vertov's permission, be given a mirror physiognomy, but it would be better for the individuals of the audience to credit the tripod with their own beauty. It could not be more immoral than identification with the usual muscular child-man or henna'd helpless. I would suggest a simple hearty story, like *Treasure Island*. Or, more topically, occasional verisimilitude could be given by the introduction of a hand containing a cigarette to just below the camera, which would of course be swivelling and tracking in the most tasteless manner all over the place: very outmoded and nauseating, but perhaps useful.* The camera audience

* A camera smoking, yawning, drinking, getting hiccups, looking down and admiring its own knees, has been so often suggested that finally we are constrained to believe it has a wider application to the jaded than we thought—hence, in fact, the publication of this here. Ed.



"Spanish Passions." Another "Back to Primitives" with Pola Negri.

"Passions espagnoles," encore un film primitif, avec Pola Negri.

"Spanische Leidenschaft." Noch ein "Zurück zum Primitiven"—Film mit Pola Negri.

would have a voice, which might very well come from the back of the cinema, if enterprise could not project it from every seat. Think of the headlines: "Starring You!" For there ought to be a starlight saving time.

All rather worthless? Of course. But it is the sort of experiment which, though scarcely worth artist's laughter, might stimulate a lot the painted elephant of tottering box-officialdom. Why stimulate it? Because it is still fairly popular and vigorous in its extravagant, decadent way, and for the time being it *exists*. Out of strength comes forth sweetness and light, and its public is the strength of the cinema. Sociologically—to educate the public—or aesthetically—to promote the medium—you must hold your nose and fondle the Box Office. It smashes a lot of toys. But now it is growing up, and this one may be as good as many.

The first personal talkie still has a hope.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES.

PABST—DOVJENKO—A COMPARISON

During the last few months London has been privileged to view the work of the Austrian Director Georgi Pabst at the Academy Cinema, Oxford Street, where his *Westfront 1918* and *Kameradschaft* have recently been shown, thus enabling English audiences to become acquainted with the creations of this genius of the flashing art.

By now critics all over the world have acclaimed Pabst as one of the greatest directors the world of the Kinema has brought forth and place his work on the same plane as that of the great Soviet masters Sergej Michaelovitch Eisenstein and V. I. Pudovkin. There is no doubt that, like them, he too has left his mark on the development of the film.

Pabst can, by no means, be regarded as a director of the new school, brought into prominence by the talking film, but he belongs on the contrary, to that small company of directors who have achieved distinction in both, the silent and the sound film. He attracted our attention as early as 1925, when for Sofar he produced the well-known *Joyless Street*, featuring Greta Garbo, together with such famous names as Asta Nielsen, Werner Krauss and Agnes Esterhazy. Others will remember him from the Brigitte Helm film *Love of Jeanne Ney*, based on on Ilja Ehrenburg's novel, a film which was outstanding for the vigorous photography of Fritz Arno Wagner.

And now London audiences have been given the opportunity to judge for themselves the works of this master craftsman. As generally, in the case of unusual films, the majority of British critics were unable to deal with the subject



Unpublished photographs from "l'Atlantide," by G. W. Pabst.

*Quelques clichés encore inconnus de "l'Atlantide," réalisation de G. W. Pabst. Production: Nero-Film.
Bisher unveröffentlichte Photos aus "Atlantis." Regie: G. W. Pabst. Produktion: Nero-Film.*



adequately, with the result that both, his *Westfront* and *Kameradschaft*, were criticised with the same fervour and received almost equally flattering notices. On closer examination, however, we find that we can safely eliminate the former from the list of film classics and that, of the two films, only *Kameradschaft* deserves serious attention. I will go even further and say that the war-film did not show us Georgi Pabst in his happiest mood and it certainly compares unfavourably with his next work *Die Dreigroschenoper*. *Kameradschaft*, on the other hand, is as near to filmic perfection as one can expect to-day.

I do not wish to convey the impression that *Westfront* 1918 is a worthless effort, deserving of no consideration whatsoever. On the contrary, for the film still stands head and shoulders above its American contemporaries. But in its treatment and more especially in its subject matter the film closely resembles another picture dealing with a similar subject, namely Dovjenko's *Arsenal*, the tragic story of a workers' rising in a munition factory at Kiev.

At the making of this film for the Ukrainian State Cinema Vufku, O. Dovjenko was by no means the world-famous director his later production *Earth* made him, though at that time many advanced critics already considered his work of the same high standard set by the creators of *Mother* and *Potemkin*.

Let us, for a moment, compare the two pictures, and it will be observed that both directors, with profound understanding, dealt with one of the most sordid aspects of war, namely the woman who remained behind. Much has been written about these tragic affairs of soldiers whose place at home has been taken by somebody else and there is no subject which can more easily become a trivial drama of love. This delicate subject, however, was treated by both directors with equal skill and sincerity, though on a quite different basis, and the Dovjenko portrayal was more powerful in its simplicity. I still have a vivid recollection, after so many years, of the solitary figure of a woman standing in a darkened room. The camera work of this scene was almost technically perfect, with the light playing only on the window, revealing part of the woman's face. In her arms she held a baby. Then a soldier—or the ghost of a soldier—passed across the window and the wall and from similar corners rose similar mothers, facing similar ghosts who questioned them. . . .

This incident was composed with a touch of real artistry, powerful in its appeal, yet constructed with the utmost simplicity, revealing in its stark realism and delicate photography the hand of a master. Thus Dovjenko summed up the drama of the situation, once and for all, in his nimble play of light and shade.

In further comparing the two films we also observe that the opening sequences of *Arsenal* are superior to those of the Pabst picture. Here Dovjenko makes amazing use of the expressive short cut; a cutting of close-ups from different angles. They are unsurpassed in their representation and a master-work of brutal brilliance. The successive scenes at the opening of the Soviet film are gripping in their sordidness and show clearly the work of a genius in their power and scope, while the sequences, as a whole, are overwhelming. What emotional play that Russian cameraman—Demutski I think it was—made of these opening scenes!



*From "L'Atlantide." An exclusive photograph.
 "L'Atlantide." Une photographie exclusive.
 Aus "Atlantis." Exklusivphoto.*

Outstanding amongst them is the incident of the woman leaning against the wall of her house—motionless. It is in such scenes of immobility that Dovjenko reaches the greatest height of his expression. She still looks young, the woman, but her pose betrays a great weariness. A drunken soldier appears, his sabre trailing behind him. In one impressive shot Dovjenko again sums up the whole situation. Down the street the soldier marches till he finally halts in front of the woman. He raises his hand and fondles her. But she does not move and so he passes on. That is all. A scene of utter simplicity. But what a scene! Terrible in its reality; profoundly moving in its sobriety.

Destruction and war go hand in hand, but whereas Pabst endeavoured to show us the destruction of the war on the battlefield, Dovjenko went one further and showed us the destruction of war in the home; scenes conveying the misery, the hunger and the destitution which war inevitably brings on a country. He showed us in stark reality, the effects of it all on the population: the cruelty, the jealousy and the hatred. The camera-eye traces for us a family degenerating. We are shown a mother in her home, surrounded by her small children. A scene of hunger and desolation. With his inborn film sense, Dovjenko brings out the suffering of the mother, not only for herself, but for her children as well. In the



From "L'Atlantide." An exclusive photograph.
 "L'Atlantide." Une photographie exclusive.
 Aus "Atlantis." Exklusivphoto.

corner we notice the father, smaller than the children, a cripple maimed by the war and sent home. The woman is silent while the children whimper and tug at her skirt. Outside, on the field, a one-armed man, stumbling with weakness and famine is leading an old horse—no, not a horse, but the caricature of a horse—starved and deformed. A sudden rage overcomes them all, the woman in the house and the man in the field; a madness of cruelty. The mother spitefully lashes out at her children and the man in the field kicks and beats the old and half starved horse so furiously that he falls exhausted to the ground beside the animal, which waits patiently for his master to stand up again. . . .

That was the war Dovjenko showed us. There is no symbolism about it, but fragments of reality set end to end.

Georgi Pabst in his *Westfront* retaliates with his study of the war profiteer and the old mother, who does not quite grasp the meaning of it all. He also gives us the humour, which the Soviet master so sadly lacks.

There is one further incident which confirms the theory of incidental treatment of both war films. In his final scenes Pabst makes one last desperate effort to convey to us, not only the horror of war, but its futility and its gross stupidity as well, by giving us a glimpse of a Westfront hospital, a scene almost cynical in its ruthless strength. For a moment his camera runs amok in this human

slaughterhouse, jumping from the butchered young men, maimed and mutilated beyond recognition just to satisfy the vanity of a handful of statesmen in different countries, to the attending doctors who collapse under the strain of their never ending task. Till finally his camera comes to rest at the stretcher of a dying young German with a French soldier lying beside him in a delirium, begging frantically his forgiveness. And while the French soldier babbles forth his torrent of words, the German comrade passes quietly away.

Dovjenko, on the other hand, showed us the nurse writing a letter for a wounded soldier, lying in an ambulance. The letter is meant for his wife. When the soldier has finished dictating, there is a silence. "What address?", asks the nurse. There is no reply. There never will be.

The Dovjenko film ends with the shedding of the blood of the liberators on a note of extreme anguish. . . .

This, in short, is the analysis of the two films and in the rivalry between the directors the honour goes, on this occasion, to the Soviet master. But Georgi Pabst had his revenge in his Epic of the Mines. Long after other films will be forgotten, this one will live vividly in our memory, for here he has produced a truly great film, a document of human suffering and endurance, beside which the productions of our great money makers seem more than ever ridiculous.

When I left the Academy Cinema after the showing of the Pabst war-film, which had so poignantly recalled the emotions I had experienced many years ago



From "L'Atlantide." An exclusive photograph.

"L'Atlantide." Une photographie exclusive.

Aus "Atlantis." Exklusivphoto.



*From "l'Atlantide." An exclusive photograph.
 "L'Atlantide." Une photographie exclusive."
 Aus "Atlantis." Exklusivphoto.*

when first seeing *Arsenal*, I suddenly realised that maybe round the corner in one of the luxury palaces another war film was being shown where, at the end, the hero returns home to the accompaniment of the theme song—yes, my dear readers, wounded, for he wears his arm in a sling—and the final fadeout shows us the heroine tenderly embracing her beloved hero, whilst glycerine tears fall down her face. It was then that I sadly recalled the fact that after all it was America that won the war!

JOHN C. MOORE.



From "Men Without Name," a new Ufa production, with Werner Krauss and Gerhard Wienert.
Production G. Stapenhorst, Director Gustav Ucicky.

"Les hommes sans nom," nouvelle production Ufa, avec Werner Krauss et Herhard Wienert. Meilleur
en scène : Gustav Ucicky. Production : G. Stapenhorst.

Aus "Mensch ohne Namen," einem neuen Ufafilm mit Werner Krauss und Gerhard Wienert
Produktion : G. Stapenhorst. Regie : Gustav Ucicky.



- “*Sportfest, Kühle Wampe.*” Directed by Dudov, scenario by Brecht. Production, Filmstudio, 1931.
 “*La Fête Sportive de Kühle Wampe.*” Film de Dudov, scénario de Brecht. Production, Filmstudio 1931.
 “*Sportfest, Kühle Wampe.*” Regie : Dudov. Scenario : Brecht. Produktion : Filmstudio 1931.

THE GERMAN FILM SEASON 1932/1933

Berlin. End of July.

At exactly the same time every year the film trade papers flourish. The “filmlessness,” emptiness of the cinemas, struggles about taxation, all the tiring subjects of the summer are adjourned by the editorial offices. The new distribution programmes have arrived, and so have the first advertisement bookings. And these reflect the season to be, how it may shape itself eventually, what may be its ultimate form.

Both the time, which will be the frame of the season, and the spirit which will paint the picture for the frame, are reflected in the notices.



“Kühle Wampe.”

The film producer is no Maecenas and still less does he want to become the martyr of any conviction. He is a merchant with a strong sense of the present and a slight irritation about the future, rather more anxious than usual this year; which subject is to be chosen, which actor and which tone?

Eighty per cent of the German films for the coming season have been announced. They number 112. A trade paper has listed them according to their subjects: 20 historical or patriotic pictures, 7 military comedies, 23 other cheerful subjects, 30 adventure, criminal or sport films, 9 with insistence on landscape, 11 chiefly musical pictures, 7 literary and problem films. The announced titles give more detailed characterisations of the different ranges they cover. For example, where landscape is predominant, *Green is the Heath*, *The Puszta is Shining*, *Adventure in the Engadine*. Or musical films: *The Flower of Hawaii*, *When the Violins Sound*, *Johann Strauss*, *Imperial Royal Court Conductor*. In literary and problem films we have *Morals and Love*, *Daughters of Good Families*, *Weird Affairs*.

Almost twenty per cent of the German films are produced by the Ufa. This time it announces 23 principal films. Not all films announced, however, are actually turned. In many studios the chief actor—the money—fails to appear. The Ufa, however, has a cash capital of 8½ millions. The returns on foreign sales were 45% higher than last year, visitors to the Ufa cinemas numbered 1½ millions

more. Herrn Hugenberg's organisers have made the Ufa a sober enterprise conveying its articles directly and immediately to the consumer, one which in estimating the political atmosphere also calculates more reservedly than the small, frightened producers. Only one of Ufa's 23 films is listed as a "national super picture." Among the others 9 are adventure, criminal and sport films, 8 musical comedies, and 3 are characterized as "films of current problems," for example *Alarm on Track B*.

Titles nowadays have little to do as a rule with the subject matter that they are supposed to cover. Nothing else, however, to be anticipated of the coming productions conveys any impression of encouragement.

Let us look at the casts. Ufa chooses its collaborators consistently from above the average. Distinguished people who had dreams years ago, but who have collected too much professional knowledge since to be ambitious. Balanced and smoothed scenarios are at their disposal, a first rate production apparatus and actors with routine and a ready coined profile. If a new man gets among them by any chance who might have plans of his own, he is so cautiously embedded in their oiled mechanism that nothing can happen. The Ufa wishes neither to surprise nor be surprised. It is true—it's chief of production said recently: "We have the opportunity to create films, whether amusing or serious does not matter, which do not deal simply with entertainment, but in which questions are asked which we have to answer. In future we want to see in films men who pursue a distinct aim, who, because of their character, fight against their surroundings, who strive mentally towards a worthy objective, and attain it neither by chance or the use of unfair means." Do problems of this kind really worry Mr. E. H. Correll very much?

The interests of film people have shifted enormously; from the subject to what really matters, money. Some years ago their talks still resembled the discussions of other young artists. There were struggles about ideas, methods, and solutions. Authors were absorbed in atmospheres. Directors would hunt for motifs for weeks. Architects clung to styles, camera men dreamt of new objectives. To-day the director's conferences resemble the discussion of a savings association. Authors have to find scenes to fit sets another firm has left in the studio. Directors alter complexes desperately in order to have to pay the star a four days' salary only. Architects are appreciated according to how little material and time they use up, and the cameraman as to how many camera angles he can manage per day. Nobody has time for experiments, or only if they help economy.

The preponderance of economic considerations also changes the character of the young artists' collective societies. Their hunger to create is overshadowed by the lack of capital. In former and quieter times they could point out new ways to film art. Meantime the *Kollektiv* has become a cheap expedient for penniless enterprisers. But in spite of that, these endeavours remain important, for in them a future form of film organisation is developing while the present one is almost suffocated under the pressure of finance and bureaucracy. The collectives save what enthusiasm remains for film as an art.

The remaining possibility, which would be to stimulate the production of short subjects, is still unexploited. Ufa it is true has announced 12 two reel films, but proceeds historically and moves the level of these first German short pictures

back to 1910. It is too funny to watch by what means the young generation, in the first specimen of this series, *The False Tenor*—hope to produce a comic effect.

If the general director of the Ufa, Mr. Ludwig Klitzsch, had seen this little film before his thorough lecture over the radio, he would have been less enthusiastic perhaps, in his estimate of the progress of the German sound film since 1929. A mistake such as the confusion of the elements of sound, film technique and film craft, with the artistic growth of the sound film, could not have happened to him in his other province, as the head of the Scherl publishing firm. Mr. Klitzsch measures the progress of the film by the approach of the levels of cinema and theatre and forgets that this approach is possible only through the incomparably bigger step made backward by the stage play than forward by the film. For years we tread the same spot and call it motion. Perhaps in this manner we advance a little, for time runs back past us.

A. KRASZNA-KRAUSZ.



The occupants of a Berlin tenement point up to the window from which an unemployed boy jumped to death, in "Kühle Wampe."

Les locataires d'un immeuble ouvrier désignent la fenêtre d'où un jeune chômeur s'est précipité afin d'en finir avec la vie. "Kühle Wampe."

Die Bewohner eines Berliner Miethauses deuten auf das Fenster, aus welchem sich ein arbeitsloser Junge gestürzt hat. "Kühle Wampe."

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY IN BRUSSELS

July, 1932.

The International Exhibition of Photography in Brussels, July, 1932, made an interesting attempt to show the achievements of photography both in its application to different purposes and as an art. The collection shown in the well-equipped rooms of the Palais de Beaux Arts was so big and comprehensive that it was impossible to see everything at a single visit for it contained more than a thousand photographs. It was divided into ten sections: beside the largest one devoted to photography as an art, specimens of rayography and photomontage, there were rich collections of photographs used for advertisements, for reporting, as book illustrations and in cinematography. There was the beautiful section of aerophotography and of the use of the camera in scientific research, a special set of pictures from Soviet Russia and finally some autochromes.

Among the artists who have contributed art photographs were well known names of international importance such as Man Ray, Renger-Patzsch, Germaine Krull, Sasha Stone, Aenne Biermann and others. It was remarkable how many of the pictures were portraits, most of them enlarged to more than life size. I liked the ones of Sasha Stone (the portraits of Einstein, Liebermann, and different types from the plays in the Oberammergau, and the studies of Prince Tito). Man Ray's interesting shots were not put under glass or in a frame but fastened on an unpolished Triplex plate which gave an original and tasteful effect. Besides the portraits there were beautiful close ups of flowers and animals (by Renger-Patzsch especially), landscapes, studies of modern and old architecture, still life studies, etc. Very big enlargements of tissues, the human skin, flowers, never failed to have an amazing effect. Whereas the effect of rayography and photomontage seemed less impressive once the appeal of novelty had been lost and gave way to sound photography, which does not require too much thought, like photomontage—or too little, like rayophotography.*

The use of the photograph as advertisement is daily on the increase, due to its efficiency, which again is rooted in its realism of expression. If I see the glittering bottles, or the toothbrushes, standing up like trees (taken by Bresson), I want to touch them, and receive therefore that favourable impression which is advertisement's aim.

The cinema section included stills from the best films produced in recent years. The Russian film was represented by Pudovkin, Eisenstein, Turin, Trauberg, Ekk and others: the English film by Kenneth Macpherson, with an interesting set of stills from *Borderline*, the French film by René Clair, Cavalcanti, Dryer, etc., the German film by G. W. Pabst (*Dreigroschen Oper*, *Kamaradschaft*) Ruttmann and one or two more, there were stills from American pictures by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Warner Bros. and a set from the lovely films of the Dutch Joris Ivens.

* Which statement refers to photomontage and rayography in so far as they claim to be considered as mere art, for they are an efficient help to applied photography.

Most of those collected in the exhibition have already been published by *Close Up*, of which magazine, specimen copies were on view.

How landscapes look from the airship and the way from a bird's eye view to the readily designed map, as well as the different apparatus in use, were exhibited in the section for aerial photography, which gave to all, including the layman, an interesting survey of that branch.

Only the University of Brussels and a physician from the Belgian Congo contributed to the section of scientific photography, and although the work shown was good, the division was far from being comprehensive. There were some excellent microphotographs of medical objects, as well as records of operations on the eye and typical symptoms of sleeping sickness.

There was a complete collection of the books of photographs that are so popular nowadays and enlargements also from some of these volumes.*

To conclude, we may say that the Brussels exhibition is one of the richest and greatest seen during the last years.

TRUDE WEISS.

* During the time the exhibition was held four special performances were arranged by the *Club de l'Ecran*, Brussels, at which, among others, films by Man Ray and Cavalcanti were shown; the object of one evening was the French film of 1932.



"Flight of Fancy," by Oswell Blakeston.
 "Envolée fantaisiste," par Oswell Blakeston.
 "Phantasieflucht," von Oswell Blakeston.



"Afterthought," by Oswell Blakeston.
"Arrière-pensée," par Oswell Blakeston.
"Nachgedanken," von Oswell Blakeston.



"Das Licht Requisit," Moholy Nagy.



*Advance stills from "The Blonde Venus."
The new Von Sternberg Paramount Film.
Marlene Dietrich.*







NOTES ON SOME FILMS

Berlin, June, 1932.

Berlin is too unsettled, too fearful of the coming winter to care much for cinema. The atmosphere in the streets is only to be compared with that of any large city in 1914-1918. After two or three days, the visitor wonders why revolution does not happen, not that there is any specific thing to provoke it apparent to the eyes, but outbreak against this odd insecure heaviness is to be preferred than waiting for a storm that has sometime got to burst. There is trouble as well in the studios. Everyone is going or has left. Even Pabst has gone, he was born in Austria. Only the hundred per cent German will be allowed to work in German films in future. With this about, and election talk, and groups of Nazis on foot or on motor cycles, patrolling the streets in full uniform, is it to be wondered at that for the first time in many visits, the cinema lists are left unopened.

After a few days there is some (not much) re-adjustment, business is remembered. The film that interests Berlin most at this moment is *Kühle Wampe*.

Wherever there is a space of waste land near Berlin there is often a settlement of tents or makeshift huts put up by the unemployed unable to pay rent. *Kühle Wampe* is simply the name of one of these settlements, and the study of a family hit by unemployment.

There is the father, the average German workman, the mother busy with her kitchen and few pieces of furniture, the son and the daughter. Of them all only the daughter has retained her job. The film opens with a crowd of unemployed men, many on bicycles, waiting for the paper to come out, giving most addresses of possible employment. The son in company with hundreds of others dashes off, only to find a sign up, no more workers needed. He returns to a home tense with the irritation and uncertainty caused by lack of work. There is one of those meaningless quarrels that happen only in times of thunder, nerves, crisis. The boy takes off his watch, scrambles on to a ledge, there are people below pointing to the window, an ambulance and one less in Berlin to seek work.

There is no money to pay the rent. The girl goes from office to state office in search of help. *Im Namen des Volkes*, in the name of the people, the eviction notices are read out. (In the uncensored version this is read slowly the first time, then as more and more papers are picked up, it is repeated more and more quickly, until it rattles on the ears like a despairing and approaching doom. Owing to the political conditions in Germany it was allowed to be read once only in the version for public exhibition.) Chairs are piled in the courtyard in front of the tenement.

The girl's fiancé suggests they join him at *Kühle Wampe*. As in the picture (see page 163) they scramble down the rough path to a settlement of tents and huts made of odd planks. The mother has kept her texts, her heavy unsuitable furniture. The old people are not happy out of their environment. The girl loses her job.

She wanders through the woods to the tram with her lover. She is going to have a child and there is no money.

Her family insist upon marriage and in spite of their lack of work, give a betrothal feast.

Outside the fiancé collects crates of beer and passes them into the tent. He is desperate and angry. Inside, the people without interest or hope, turn the occasion into an orgy of drunkenness and despair. It is the feast in *Greed* carried to a more realistic, inevitable conclusion. The girl goes outside. She realises that her lover will marry her only on account of parental pressure. While the bottles are being knocked over and emptied, she packs some clothes and leaves them all, lover, family and the settlement, and goes to a girl she knows.

The months pass. She gets work once more, joins an association of workers and unemployed. One day there is a big *sportfest* organised. There is swimming, racing, and by accident the lover, also an onlooker, meets the girl again. They crowd back at night to Berlin as they can, in trains and on cycles.

Someone says "coffee." The word at once evokes different associations. It is being burnt in Brazil to keep up prices, it must be heated so many times, an old lady declares, it costs just so much in this shop, all points of view are argued. You cannot change the world, the old say, shaking their heads and the young answer, "We can if you couldn't." The film ends with the workers tramping through the underground tunnel towards the street.

Kühle Wampe is of importance above all for its tendencies. As a film it lacks unity, for it falls into three divisions. First there is the excellent but grim story of Berlin unemployed, told with no object other than the statement of the story. This ends where the girl, rather than be forced into a marriage that will only duplicate her mother's life, marches off without a job into the darkness of the woods around the settlement. It is perhaps the first time that a picture of present conditions that yet ends constructively, has been put on the screen.

The *sportfest* follows. This would be of great interest to an English audience for it was actually taken in one of the outdoor camps for the unemployed and the unemployed were largely used as actors in it. It has also psychological interest for the girl is not shown either hating her former lover or immediately becoming friends again (as in Hollywood), but the event is allowed to happen, they may continue together or they may separate once more.

Then there is the third and final section in the train, where the casual repetition of the word "coffee" is allowed to evoke different backgrounds of different types shown, many of them, in close ups. It is one of the best examples of the experimental use of sound that has been seen. And this division, with its changing heads and shouts, and the authentic atmosphere of a crowded train after a holiday, is full of the belief that if the education and viewpoint of the masses could be changed, there would be a different world.

The whole film would be extremely interesting to an English observer, for it is so true to the outer aspects, at any rate, of Berlin life to-day. The weakness of the picture is perhaps its lack of unity, and its bare statement (it would have needed six more reels to work it out in detail) that once the girl joined the political division of the extreme left, all went well. It is quite possible that joining such a group would have helped her in the way described. But we needed to be shown how this happened, instead of being given the formula in a couple of brief shots. No doubt

in view of present political conditions in Germany it was impossible to present this point of view in detail.

Kühle Wampe was made by a group of young film workers. The scenario was by Brecht (who will be remembered in connection with his work in *Dreigroschen* and the opera, *Mahagonny*), the music was by Eisner and it was directed by Dudov. It was made under conditions of great difficulty. About half way through the film the company whose sound installation was being used objected on political grounds. They could not begin the picture over again from the beginning and therefore much of the money that should have gone into the photography went instead into lawsuits. During the struggle it was stated by some of the chief film producers in Germany that it was not in their interest that films of a higher artistic level should be made. Probably this point of view accounts for the falling off (sometimes estimated at 65%) of the cinema audiences of the world.

The film was rejected by the censor and was only released after many cuts had been made. Brecht and Dudov organised a series of lectures after the showing of the film, in which they endeavoured to collect the opinions of the workers about it. When *Kühle Wampe* was finally released however, it was shown in numbers of cinemas in all parts of Berlin and was certainly the most discussed film of the season.

Lotte Reiniger's *Harlekin* has been described elsewhere in this issue of *Close Up*. I will mention only that it is by far the most successful film that she has ever made, and that the addition of sound has transformed the silhouette film so entirely, that many who thought the silent ones delightful toys only, now recognise that she has made a real contribution to cinematographic art. It is a film that should appeal to all audiences and it is to be hoped that it will soon be shown in England.

The most lovely perhaps of the films I saw was *Nippon*. Japan produces many historical reconstructions of its early and mediaeval history, but these are seldom suitable for showing to western audiences, on account of their length and repetitions of scenes and gestures. Dr. Koch took two of these films and turned each into an episode in which, while none of the beauty of the original was lost, the re-iteration of motives was omitted. It would be a dangerous experiment except in the hands of one who knew not only the possibilities of cinema, but also a great deal of Japanese culture. It has been, however, completely successful in the first two parts of *Nippon*. The Japanese insisted upon an example of their modern films being shown, which was much weaker and it would seem better if in future, the impressiveness of the first two parts were not blurred by the rather ordinary scenes of a film centred about a Japanese railway station. Sound is used throughout the film most skilfully, with a little Japanese dialogue (spoken by Japanese students in Berlin) that added to the interest.

I had always thought of the Japanese landscape as static, or rather formal. But in *Nippon* there is more feeling for wind and motion than in any films I have seen, except perhaps some of Pudovkin's pictures. Two Japanese meet on a hill and it is the way the grasses bend as they walk that is important, and not the figures. A boy rides down a slope, but it is the wind that one sees and not the horse. The shadows of deer in a park become those of mediaeval beasts. There is a magnificent scene of fighting in a courtyard in which all the thought behind movement of

Japanese judo appears, about which so much is to be read but which is so seldom to be seen. There is the same impact of the faces that was part of the first effect of early Russian films. I myself wanted to see *Nippon* again a dozen times. It is not to be compared with the rather dull films of modern Japanese life that have occasionally been seen in London.

The French version of *L'Atlantide* was shown privately during my visit. As it is certain to be shown in London during the autumn, I prefer to notice it only briefly here. Technically it is as great as anything Mr. Pabst has done, particularly the use of Arab sounds is excellent, and no one, anywhere, has so captured visually the spirit of the desert. There are single shots of camels and wild hills that are as authentic and lovely as any page of *Arabia Deserta*. But I myself feel very strongly that a director of Mr. Pabst's genius, should not have to waste his time upon that type of story. It involves perhaps a greater moral issue than would be apparent at first glance. Thousands of people will no doubt lose themselves in an escape of dream, in this really Saharan world of sand, white pillars, camels, and dark cliffs. It is just as right that they should have this escape at the present time as that I should rebel against it. It is never done in a Hollywood manner, and the atmosphere of the desert is absolutely authentic. But I could not read a Victorian novel at this time of crisis and so I do not feel able to write dispassionately about a film whose only failure is in its scenario, with the record of Mr. Pabst's work in *Jeanne Ney*, *Westfront* and *Kameradschaft* fresh in my mind. On the other hand, I am equally certain that many people will regard *L'Atlantide* as probably his finest work to date.

Readers of *Close Up* should do all in their power to see these four pictures, *Kühle Wampe*, *Harlekin*, *Nippon* and *L'Atlantide*, for they will certainly rank among the great films of 1932.

BRYHER.



KITSCH

Against the attempts of psycho-analysis to solve aesthetic problems the objection is urged with a persistence bordering on monotony that it is all very interesting, stimulating and even fruitful, but really quite hopeless, for aesthetics fixes values, whereas psycho-analysis, being a pure natural science, must, as a matter of course, desist from any attempt at valuation. This assertion is true, but the objection deduced from it is false. Rather, from the successful achievements of psycho-analysis—for instance, from Freud's "Wit and its Relation to the Unconscious"—one ought to draw the conclusion that aesthetics too comprises a domain in which, though it does not fix values, it tries to investigate the laws controlling the genesis and decline of the psychical reactions subject to aesthetic valuations. Also, with all due deference to aesthetics as a fixer of values, one ought not to forget how sadly its judgments have proved wanting up to now. The wisest systems are reduced to helpless silence so soon as an unaccustomed

phenomenon confronts them—an original work, a new line or even a new species of art, such as the film. We have not yet progressed very far beyond the Nestrovan : “ Yes, if this is beautiful, it is of course beautiful.”

So long as there were closed cultural circles and so far as such still exist, it was or is quite idle to deduce valuations from a theory. Every one knew what was beautiful : namely, what gave pleasure to himself and his compatriots or compeers ; the unfamiliar was rejected without much effort of thought. With the Renaissance began the process of linking up the various nations ; owing to the new means of production the closed cultural circles were more or less thoroughly broken up, deprived of their insular character and dissolved into a general human mass. And here begins the necessity and at the same time the problem of aesthetic valuations. (This is, of course, only a fraction of the total development, which operated similarly in the domains of religion, ethics and social questions). The capacity for aesthetic experience is incomparably wider in the modern man than at any earlier epoch. He is sensible of the beauty of the sea and of wild, lofty mountains, which was imperceptible to the ancients ; he feels the charm of the machine with its power and purposefulness, which was denied by the romantics ; he is able to appreciate deeply and sympathetically both Greek statues and negro masks, both the Gothic and the East Asiatic. This abundance necessarily produces some confusion, and the multitudinous diversity engenders a superficiality which prevents anything from penetrating very deeply ; thence a lack of judgment and, as a protection against the perpetual readiness to succumb to an impression, a craving for a fixed theoretical criterion of value. As, at the same time, artistic, like every other, output has, as a result of the new technical resources, assumed a hitherto undreamed of scope and character, our age is confronted with a new problem, which had scarcely any importance for the men of the closed cultural circles—with the question : “ Do I really like what I like ? Or is my dislike the proof of a new and stronger quality which I am not yet able to appreciate ? Is it really the herald of a more profound liking ? ” In other words : “ What is Kitsch ? ”

Having forced our way to our subject through the crowded and terrible straits of argumentation, we may now repeat the question as to the sphere of validity of psycho-analysis. Kitsch is not one of the eternal problems ; it is sprung mainly from the peculiarity or, if you like, the lack of peculiarity of the aesthetic culture of our age. The determination what is Kitsch and what is not cannot, therefore, be deduced from the fundamental laws of psychic processes which psycho-analysis is investigating. From one point of view, however, psycho-analysis can contribute something towards the solution. Associated with Kitsch is a quite special form of mass reaction, and what psycho-analysis teaches about these things and about the emotional basis of mass formation is the more applicable since a number of connections with the problem of art have already been established here.

We shall have to disregard the need for a definition of what constitutes “ Kitsch.” Its main characteristics are usually thought to be sugary sentimentality and omission of the painful and disgusting sides of reality, but this does not by any means exhaust the whole conception, for in addition to rose-coloured Kitsch, there is a savage, brutal as well as an “ originality Kitsch ” and also a “ refined Kitsch,” which seems to satisfy all the higher claims. Nor is it helpful to refer

to lack of true originality as the distinctive feature, for that is only substituting one ignorance for another. Judged by present-day notions of intellectual property Shakespeare would rank as the most shameless plagiarist.

Moreover analysis of the contents which lie at the base of a work—day-dreams or unconscious fantasies—cannot offer the slightest clue ; they are far too typical in character to afford any criterion. The talentless product of a puberty conflict is just as much built up on the Oedipus complex as is *Hamlet*, and the story of the foundling who is ultimately restored to his parents has given rise to just as many magnificent myths as it has to Kitsch films. The difference lies not in the subject but in the manner in which it is treated : the work of art creates new, hitherto unknown possibilities of inner experience, new approaches to the unconscious base ; Kitsch relies on safe and long familiar effects : A tree in blossom under a spring sky is beautiful, the death of a child is touching—that we have long known and no new feature is added to this knowledge. But perhaps a little bit of known fact may be inserted here. The artist, so much we believe ourselves to know, is impelled to creative activity by the sense of guilt attached to his day-dreams. Any one who produces Kitsch obviously has no such sense of guilt to contend with, he is freer in relation to the fantasy contents of his production : that is to say, he is bound to it by far less inward sympathy. One might—with some exaggeration but with essential justice—hazard the formula : Kitsch is the exploitation of daydreams by those who never had any.

Consequently, a work which in itself can only be accounted Kitsch may produce on one person or another a very deep impression such as is generally only produced by a genuine work of art—if, that is to say, the daydreams and with them the “ complexes ” of the person receiving the impression are so disposed that they happen to coincide exactly with what is offered by the work in question. I once observed an effect of this nature during an analysis where I was quite able to understand it. The person I was analysing had been deeply and lastingly stirred by the film, *The Fiddler of Florence*, which, despite the acting and some interesting details, must certainly be ranked as Kitsch. The film described, in fact, almost the whole evolution of her suppressed childhood ; it dealt with and solved her unconscious conflicts : the craving for sole possession of the widowed father, the fear of losing him by his second marriage, the attempted flight into masculinity in order to escape disappointment, and the final reunion with a new, rejuvenated father and discarding of the masculine disguise.

The remoteness of Kitsch from the unconscious and the daydreams of its author may therefore be non-existent for the person succumbing to its influence ; such a case is, however, an exception, and the question is : what is the rule ? Can we make any pronouncement as to the way in which Kitsch produces an impression on the average public, the “ many-headed multitude ? ”

Instead of stopping short at the platitude that Kitsch and multitude belong together, we will proceed from a little peculiarity which to an attentive observer must seem rather remarkable. Among the German films of last year, for example, were those military farces which for a considerable time enjoyed such boundless popularity with the public that it was by no means easy for the film-lover to avoid them. These films, like the army itself, comprise two different worlds : officers

and men. In the officers' world there would be a surly-tempered colonel and, above all, an intolerably smart lieutenant—anything from a count upwards—who loves a girl belonging to the world of the privates and is loved by her in return, until they give each other up and the lieutenant marries his exquisitely lovely and virtuous bride—anything from a princess downwards. In the world of the private soldiers there is less that is noble and enviable ; here too, there is indeed a sergeant-major with a rough exterior, but above all there is an orderly who is lazy, awkward, greedy or vicious, and who gets well paid-out for it. Apparently, it is easier to ridicule these stock figures than to replace them by new ones, for, with slight modifications, they have touched and amused the public again and again. But what is this public which identifies itself so promptly and readily with the protagonists in a world of officers and princesses and is so delighted by ridicule of the common man ? One might imagine it to consist only of men of the “ upper circles,” men who might have been lieutenants and girls who might at least have carried the bridal train of the princess. As we know, however, this is by no means the case ; the success of these films with the big public is sufficient proof that the overwhelming majority of their admirers are men who might have become orderlies and girls who might at best have been deserted by a lieutenant, and these are the people who take an enthusiastic interest in this sort of thing. It might be suggested that the explanation is to be sought in the political temper, which is responsible for these and many other aberrations. But we find the same thing elsewhere, though not with equal crassness. Let us take a typical example of American Kitsch—*Shanghai Express*. Does the female portion of the American film public (incidentally this film has also had a great success in Germany) consist to a noteworthy extent of girls who may hope to be one day transformed into courtesans of stainless virtue, who are at first loaded with presents and elegant toilettes and are finally led to the altar by some heroic soul ?

To such questions we may find a reply first of all from the sociological point of view, namely, that the lower, suppressed classes, in so far as they are not educated to independent class-consciousness, accept and firmly adhere to the ideals of the higher class which governs them. This sociological fact has a very obvious psychological background which appertains to our theme. Undoubtedly, where alien ideals are borrowed and imitated the possibility of Kitsch is particularly imminent. It would be interesting, however, to find out something more about the mechanisms by which, whatever the situation—and it is certainly not exclusively a matter of the borrowed class idea—the fantasy emotional response or, in other words, the satisfaction of aesthetic needs is, as a mass phenomenon, most readily accomplished by way of Kitsch.

If a man wants to fall in love or become a hero or be otherwise impressive and interesting in accordance with the ideals of a way of life that is alien to him, he will undoubtedly find this more difficult than if he were moving in his own familiar, everyday sphere. A crowd composed of such individuals needs, therefore, a larger measure of help, and will be grateful if the course of its emotional response is plainly indicated. The tendency to win this special kind of gratitude from the public is the infallible road to Kitsch, although, of course, it may be realized by very various means—more subtle or more gross as the case may be. It is always a

matter of introducing unmistakably clear indications, plainly legible signposts, as it were, which are scattered through the whole work from beginning to end and steer the possibilities of emotional response along definite channels. For instance, the public can only successfully identify itself with definite figures and from a definite point of view—but with these it can identify with the greatest ease. Who or what is good and beautiful or ugly and reprehensible, who is suffering in an enviable and who in only a comical way must be made so emphatically obvious as to be comprehensible to the dullest intelligence. Obviously well-tried methods and familiar standards lend themselves best to this purpose. For the ends of Kitsch, therefore, anything new or bound up with the spiritual experience of the author is not only superfluous, as has already been shown, but absolutely prejudicial; he must not merely be content not to seek it, but must take pains to avoid it at any cost. There must be no hint of the diverse possibilities of psychic decisions, through which in a work of art first the creator and then—in a less degree—the person responding to the work must force his way; there must be no mention of doubt or of the awful question: “Soul, whither hast thou led me—what has become of me?” Or, should it, none the less, be voiced, the reassuring answer must follow promptly and plainly: “Among good people.”

For all this, we must not over-estimate the importance of obvious “signpost” technique as an objective aid towards classification as Kitsch. The boundaries separating the artistic urge towards clarity and form from the signpost methods proper to Kitsch are very often debatable in the individual case. Perhaps it may help us to arrive at the determining characteristics if we consider the effect produced in one or another case on an eagerly receptive crowd.

From the point of view of the public, Kitsch has the advantage that it renders their enjoyment as effortless as possible and guards them against uncertainty and allusions to unpleasant recollections. It is no wonder if most prefer it unreservedly—yet certain limitations and weaknesses are inseparably bound up with this advantage.

Owing to the skill with which the distribution of emotions is anticipated, the public are indeed saved a good deal of worry, including that of choice, but at the same time the free development of their emotions is restricted; the possibility of lifting them by degrees out of the unconscious and letting them have free play is done away with. The process must involve the minimum of psychic activity and must never be arrested. Hence it is that Kitsch, which mainly relies on the old and well-tried, cannot dispense with the attraction of the new or ultra-new: one popular song succeeds another, each season brings its operettas and revues; in one’s recollection they all seem indistinguishably alike. But the film-producers, if they are ambitious, search for an “original milieu.”

The action of Kitsch on an eagerly receptive public is, therefore, easily characterized: it begins promptly and it is soon over. The emotions released are so universal and superficial as to be independent of the individual work. It is applauded and forgotten, like its predecessors, and its successor has a like fate: indeed all of them taken together have only the emotional value of a single work. The influence of a work of art need not necessarily operate slowly, but it may do so, and where it has once been achieved it is indestructible. Nothing less than a total

transformation of the personality—apart from variations of intensity—is required in order to extinguish the impression left by a work of art; the changes it has wrought are too considerable for it ever again to become a matter of indifference. That it may even be added that this fact, as is common knowledge, is reflected in the larger dimensions of historical happenings. The appreciation accorded to a work of art and the capacity to respond to it emotionally are not diminished by the passing of the centuries. Kitsch nò more finds a permanent resting-place in its age than it does in the soul of the individual.

HANNS SACHS.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

NOTICE TO FILM SOCIETIES

Several film societies have written recently to ask why we do not devote more space to a chronicle of their work. We should be glad to include notes from them in *Close Up*, if they will send reports in to our office.

We are sure that the societies will understand that it is not possible for us to write to them all each quarter, to remind them to send in their articles.

Reports should not exceed five hundred words in length and it must be understood that the persons sending them to us, are responsible for whatever statement they contain. The papers must reach us six weeks before our publication date, on January, April, July and October 15th. As our space is limited preference will be given to reports dealing with films of standard size, and should too many reach us for inclusion in any one issue, those societies omitted will be selected first for the subsequent number of the magazine.

We hope therefore to include reports of the activities of Provincial Film Societies and the Amateur Film Movement in England in the December issue.

THE SOUTHAMPTON FILM SOCIETY.

During its first season the Southampton Film Society obtained a membership of some 350: of these 205 were Full Members, and 110 were Associate Members (Students under 21).

In the course of six performances twenty-four films were shown. These included: *Berlin, Earth, Drifters, The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari, The Town of To-Morrow, The Battle of the Plants, Cinderella, Bluebottles.*

The General Line was not included in the voting list.

As a result of further voting it was shown that about 65% of members definitely preferred silent to sound films.

The Society has now acquired facilities for the exhibition of sound films at a local cinema, and it is intended to give three performances of sound and three of silent films during the coming season.

It is also intended to hold an international exhibition of film stills and literature at the beginning of October, and it is hoped that this will result in making the society more widely known to the general public.

THE MANCHESTER FILM SOCIETY

The Manchester Film Society report that they are now concentrating upon 16 m.m. stock. They have just finished a 200 ft. picture, *Heat Wave*, directed by A. L. Roussin, photographed by Ruth le Neve Foster, and acted by Lilian Goodfellow and P. A. le Neve Foster.

They have made also a little burlesque on American gangster films called *Strangeways Mary—the girl who had just come out*. (Strangeways Prison is the name of Manchester's jail.) The film was made in two days, complete with deep dyed villain, the repentant crook, simpering heroine and a happy ending on a farm with a flock of hens in the background!!

At the moment Mr. P. A. le Neve Foster reports, they are engaged in taking a little picture of a garage mechanic who, after a great pawing of the family possessions etc., manages to acquire a second hand racing car to enter for the Southport motor race, "which he does not win, nor does he marry the girl from the garage. The film is a little study of the ordinary small town garage. There is the girl book keeper, the general odd job man who washes cars and works the petrol pump, and the one or two bright young motor mechanics who spend their off moments reading the racing news in the motoring papers and whose one ambition in life is to drive a car in some sort of a motor race. They are typical of thousands of young men, especially young men in the motor trade in any north country industrial town." Mr. Roussin is directing the film, and Mrs. R. Le Neve Foster is at the camera. "The garage scenes are being made at a real garage, the managing director of which is one of the members of the Manchester Film Society. The motor racing stuff will be made at the Southport races with co-operation from the authorities. The lighting system consists of ordinary half watt lamps running at 90° overload which multiplies their photographic efficiency seven and a half times. This enables us to use them anywhere with ordinary domestic wiring."

Mr. P. A. le Neve Foster has also made a short industrial film dealing with the manufacture of soap.

"LANDS, FILMS & CRITICS."

Harry Alan Potamkin, New York correspondent of *Close Up*, member of the Exceptional Photoplays Committee of the National Board of Review, contributor

on the film to journals here and abroad, will conduct what is probably the first course of its kind in America, a series of 12 lectures, accompanied by film excerpts and accessories, as well as invited guest-speakers. The series will begin with a consideration of the aspirations among men and the earlier arts which ultimately led to the cinema; the movie's pre-natal days; its early history; the concentration of control in finance capital, Hollywood, Hays; the international arena; the film as merchandise, seller of other merchandise, vendor of the national idea, instrument of colonial control. The lectures will compare first statements with first principles; the evolution of the film as an art will be followed; the social energies as they effect the film in each nation will be scrutinized; the pivotal films will be studied; the character and progress of the compound cinema (sound-sight, verbal, future forms) will be presented. Special lectures will be devoted to the animated film (not the cartoon alone), its derivations, its national uses, its possibilities. The relation, historical and aesthetic, of music and film will be treated. Comedy will come under the head of a special lecture on film humor. In every instance it will be the intention to extract the irreducible principle that will serve to clarify the true critical foundations of the cinema. The various fallacies and inflations of first statements into principles will be analyzed. An effort will be made to define the terminology of motion picture literature. Certain particular relations will be advanced: Kreuger and cinema, the Italian film and "the march on Rome," labor and cinema, the Russian film—czarist, Soviet, emigré. Much data will be entirely of original research, and certainly the complete inter-relationship will be for the first time offered to a serious student-body. The course begins in October and is on the roster of the New School for Social Research, New York.

FILM REVIEW

Das keimende Leben, (Ewald Film, Berlin). A documentary film on the pre-natal development of man.

Special problems from the early development of man and childbirth have been the object of a good many of popular as well as scientific films, but the German silent film "Das keimende Leben" (Germinating Life) represents the first German attempt to produce a film which gives a complete survey on development from the very growth of the seed—and egg-cells up to child-birth. The film though being popular and made for the purpose of teaching the masses, is absolutely true and correct from the standpoint of theoretical biology as well as of practised medicine.

It starts—as has been stated before—from the development of the generative cells, showing alternately microphotographs, microfilm and trick designs. The division of the cells and of the fertilised egg is beautifully explained, as well as the growth of the multiplying cells. This part dealing with the very early stages of development is exclusively done by trick-designs due to the fact that one has not yet been able to watch these stages in the course of human development. Here again there was an occasion to be convinced of the highly instructive value of well done trick designs, and I can tell from my own experience that what a

medical student does not understand from hours of book-reading, he grasps within five minutes, seeing the film.

This is not the place to go into the details of the film but I should like to mention the very fine shots on blood-circulation, the explanation of the growth of the skeleton (skeletons of embryos of different ages standing side by side on a plain level, so that their heads form the growth-curve, a rare and interesting operation) and the shots on child-birth, first theoretically explained by trick-designs, then fading into the record taken in a hospital.

There is furthermore the report of a doctor's consultation hour, revealing the necessity of medical observation during the gravidity to young mothers.

And towards the end there are those lovely shots of about fifty young babies lying in their baskets in a clinic in Berlin, the camera wandering from one basket to the other taking close ups of the little beings who seem to look all alike—and yet so different.

The film is absolutely serious and, unlike so many popular scientific films, free from romance and mysticism. The photography is exceedingly good and clear.

T. WEISS.

BOOK REVIEWS—NEW BOOKS

It's no use trying to cut off the arms of an octopus, you must put the knife in its mouth!

Here, knife!

The Observer runs a column with the heading, *Sayings of the Week*. One week: "There are always beautiful clouds over Westminster," the Dean of Westminster!

That admirable publication, *Arts et Métiers Graphiques*, have issued a special number, *A Travers les Nuages*. A volume of tinted pages of clouds, of great skies with fleets of airplanes looking like cosmic scaffolding, of air-photos of sea looking like immense bubbles of activity, of parachutes, skyscrapers and so on, A.S.O. (It's not a bad plan to write clichés in initials, it gives them some kind of freshness).

Second Series of Art Forms in Nature (A. Zwemmer, Charing Cross Road, £2. 2s. od.) is a superb affair. Better than the first, for the photos are more spread in their jewelry, A.S.O.

From these two banging down to British films.

Well, we knew a lady who declared that it was the tragedy of her life to have missed seeing the Prince of Wales in butter at Wembley! In other words, there's no accounting for tastes; or should that be T.'s N.A.F.T.?

The Financial News for the issue of June 30th, 1932, brought out a number dedicated to the British Cinema Industry. It's one thing to consider the wishes of the advertisement manager and quite another to put patriotism before the readers: we mean that we consider the issue has been confused. Just as the issue of marriage would become so much clearer in the mind of the modern miss if

she were married in a bank instead of a church or registry office, so would the business of special numbers of periodicals be given the right importance in the mind of the reader were the special advertising receipts printed on the first page.

It's no use for Connie to speak of British talent, or for Alfred Hitchcock to say that we don't need stars: we always have the inner insecurity of knowing that articles have to be shaped and selected so as not to offend the advertisers.

British films? . . . We remember what a "char." once told us; "The doctor said to my husband, 'Now you mustn't take any thing stimulating like bread or potatoes!'"

A man, in *I Lost my Memory* (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), slipped from his house and lost in a flash twenty or thirty years of his life. He relates how he went to a cinema expecting to see the early flicker gems. Instead, he saw a British film—but he liked it! . . . One gets tired of all the Spanish which is spoken in Spain!

British Ballet, now, can begin to hold its own. William Chappell is a good dancer and brilliant designer of décor; Frederick Ashton is a most promising choreographer; and there are Walter Gore, Stanley Judson, A.S.O. *Our Dancers*, edited by Arnold L. Haskell (British Continental Press, Ltd., 5s.), can only be regarded as a book for those who immoderately love the back altar-chat of ballet. Some of the photos come from a film specially taken by Walter Duff; they are even less impressive than the posed stills.

When the editor of a certain socialist periodical goes on a railway journey, he tells us that he takes with him "little things to read, little things to eat and little things to play with!"

The Amateur Ciné Movement, by Marjorie A. Lovell Burgess. (Sampson Low. 5s.)

G. A. Atkinson writes a preface to this volume in which he states that he believes Miss Burgess to be writing better literature than anyone else under his notice in current journalism.

Alack! we can only judge what we can see, we cannot judge this book by articles Miss Burgess may write in *The Era*.

If we are shown a picture of three men, it is not fair as a critic (however right as a poet!) to say, "This is such an interesting picture because it shows three men walking in a field while their soup cools!"

As it stands, Miss Burgess' book is dull on the whole with useful information reserved for two or three of the twenty four chapters.

The book is enlivened by the illustration over the caption, "The colourful romantic East!"

With regard to the amateur film movement, Miss Burgess finds in it an echo of the mediaeval guild days.

"Ah!" says the critic, his voice playing over all the scales.

O.B.

Phantom Fame. By Harry Reichenbach. (Noel Douglas. 7/6).

A female novelist of our acquaintance once made a list of literature to be taken on a holiday. On a little bit of grimy paper she wrote: some Kipling and (what looked like) *Bothering Heights!*

For our part our holiday list would be certain to include Reichenbach's anatomy of ballyhoo. We like this book : we like it very much. We are almost as pleased as if someone had drawn a map with a scale of a mile to a mile—one of our lifelong dreams.

Harry received early in life excellent advice from a travelling carnival man. "Never give a sucker an even break. It's dog eat dog all along the line. For every kid born with fifty dollars there's twins born on the other side of the street scheming to take the fifty from him." Reichenbach was the toast under the marrow. He lived to : make famous a hand-cuff king who couldn't get out of his own shirt, change the government of Uruguay in two weeks with a newspaper coupon, have a lion stop at a first-class hotel to advertise a movie, and even get Rudolph Valentino's beard to lie in state in a California museum !

Clara Kimball Young, Charles Ray, Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valentino, Wallace Reid, Barbara La Marr and Francis X. Bushman—these are some of the stars for whom Reichenbach did super publicity. He has stories about them all. How he got a crowd to follow Francis Bushman to Metro's office by dropping pennies along the street : and how the Metro staff were so impressed at the popularity of Mr. Bushman (or, rather, Mr. Reichenbach's pennies) that they *made* him sign a fat contract for triple his usual salary. How Barbara La Marr drank herself out of pictures and had to be held staggering in front of the camera for her last feature. How Stroheim said to Harry, "Now listen to me, if you do one thing in your publicity that I don't like I shall come to your office and bite your throat open !" . . . Are you alright, Film Fan, are you keeping your nerve ?

It's a grand volume ! We are prepared to fiddle with our Reichenbach while the book shop burns !

O.B.

My Hollywood Diary. By Edgar Wallace (Hutchinson. 7/6).

The private diary, written by Edgar for his wife, which is thrilling because it shows exactly how quickly Mr. Wallace could write a sound mystery movie.

It is also, on account of the later tragedy, a sad and simple document. There are even pictures of Greta Garbo because Mr. Wallace spoke to someone about Garbo.

A dignified memory if not a very informing book.

O.B.

Bombay Riots. By C. Dennis Pegge. (Scholartis Press. 10/6).

Every cinéophile, who grows a library of film books, will want to add this beautifully produced volume to his collection.

Like all Scholartis books, it is a joy to see and hold. But apart from, although never neglecting, the value of fine printing, this book is noteworthy on account of the exciting material it contains. The moving situation, of a violent riot of Gandi-ites, is offered as a written scenario : the author describes it as a "film poem."

It is our opinion that the author would have been better advised to use the form of a poem, employing the inferential technique of Chinese verse. Then we

might not have found the introductory scenes so far from the unit scheme or the closing scenes so steady.

However, as Mr. Pegge has presented his matter as a talkie, it is for us to criticise it as a talkie. And there are one or two small, but essentially fundamental, faults we have to find. Mr. Pegge uses sound to fill out or supplement action : he never touches the possibilities of sound for making the short narrative-way round. Mr. Pegge is too fond of visual symbolism that is too stereotyped to be effective—as the superimposition of the child's hands turning the wire puzzle. Mr. Pegge is much too content with what the Russians did.

Yet the sheer novelty and courage of the format will induce serious students of cinema to support Mr. Pegge. In his introduction, Anthony Asquith says, "No novel could have presented this material with the same swift directness . . ." Well, we take this as evidence that Mr. Asquith has economised on his library subscription rather than as a complete justification of Mr. Pegge !

O.B.

Desire—Spanish Version, by Evelyn Eaton. Chapman and Hall. 7/6.

A novel of film life ; not film stars but studio staff. The publishers stress the accuracy of the details. . . . Perhaps, one day, a painter will give an exhibition of still life studies with real vitamins mixed into the paint ! That ought to get him some publicity !

But Mr. Eaton's book has more : good human qualities and a satiric ending nicely exhibited.

O.B.

THE FILM IN NATIONAL LIFE

(George Allen and Unwin Ltd., 1/-.)

People have formed the habit of thinking that official reports are dull. Actually they are often more exciting than most books, and this report, besides its interest, contains summaries of most of the questions likely to present themselves to the student, secretary of a film society, worker in the cinema, or the school teacher. There is a list of projectors examined by the committee together with prices, the voltage required etc., an account of how much use is made in different countries of the educational film, lists of books, of addresses where school films may be obtained, a description of how a film is made and commercially distributed, and a record of the use of the cinema in education and science.

We hope that schools and parents will study particularly Chapter V. "Cinematography in Great Britain has endured the neglect and scorn of those who control the education of the young. For many years most teachers and administrators ignored films. Those who thought about them (with a few notable exceptions) were concerned almost exclusively with attempts to restrict the attendance of children at public cinemas. Educational associations passed (and indeed continue to pass) resolutions deploring the influence of the cinema. Some at least of these resolutions seem to us to have been based less on informed criticism than on an instinctive reaction against a force which educators have

recognised as powerful but have assumed to be the offspring of alien powers of darkness." These sentences sum up the main reason for the low standard of many films to-day. The few who saw the possibilities of cinema were hampered in their attempts to produce artistic films, by the inertia or active opposition of those who should have been helping the children under their care to form a future critical and receptive audience.

There is a useful warning on page 37, against too great an insistence on the "U" certificate, and a reminder that many of the best films from all points of view, must be graded as "A". The sentence "A multitude of 'U' films which no censor could reject saturate their audience in a false conception of the standards and values of ordinary life" summarizes the objection of the thinker to the average film, whether Hollywood made or a British copy.

There is the reprint of the statement made by the Home Secretary, Sir Herbert Samuel, in the House of Commons on 15th April, 1932. "My very expert and experienced advisers at the Home Office are of the opinion that on the whole the cinema conduces more to the prevention of crime than to its commission. It keeps the boys out of mischief; it gives them something to think about." This should be sufficient answer to the many who still object to children, usually without playgrounds, spending a few hours watching films.

Some lists of the many good cultural films available abroad might have been added, together with more definite proposals for reduction of duty on foreign films used in schools, until more English material is available. The excellence of many Russian and German pictures is, however, noted.

It is to be hoped that before further attacks are made on the use of the cinema in education, a copy of this report will be added to all school libraries. It is certainly a volume also, that will be needed for constant consultation by the student.

W.B.

Kind und Kegel vor der Kamera (the diary of a film amateur). By Alex Strasser, Wilhelm Knapp, Halle (Saale), paper R.M. 4. 20., bound R.M. 4. 80. (roughly from 5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.).

This is the second volume of an excellent series entitled film books for all. It describes, in the form of a diary, how a family buy a movie camera and what they photograph. Of course they make mistakes, and these are well illustrated by photographs, diagrams, and simple explanations. There are many illustrations, showing the effect of too much and too little light, and the many problems that trouble the beginner. Usually the technical film book, in the endeavour to explain in detail, is of little value for the amateur who realises as he is about to turn a scene or view, that some problem of lighting or space is before him about which he knows nothing. He cannot sit down then and read a chapter. But in this booklet, an index, diagrams and illustrations will give him a quick answer that will suffice for the immediate moment, and the opportunity therefore of filming the scene before him will not be lost.

There are chapters on cutting film, on trick films and on projection. It is a book that might well be translated into English or added to the library of those

film societies where newly joined members have a knowledge of German. It is not intended however, for those who already possess a technical knowledge of the subject.

Die Neue Stadt (published by Philipp I Fink, Gross Gerau bei Frankfurt A.M., yearly subscription 9.R.M. 60) formerly *Das Neue Frankfurt*, has many interesting photographs with English as well as German captions, dealing with modern architectural development. Number 4 is devoted to views of the new sky line of New York, together with a short account of the present tendencies in skyscraper construction. A list of exhibitions and competitions for modern buildings is included and the review may be recommended to English students. It is difficult to know with the fluctuating exchange what nine marks sixty pfennige are in English money, but at present the rate runs at about fifteen marks to the pound.

Het Veerwerk, a new publication devoted to the amateur film groups of Holland has reached us for review. It is illustrated with photographs, and contains articles dealing with technical aspects of amateur cinematography. It is interesting to note how much interest there is in Holland for the artistic and experimental film, how many cinemas and papers devoted to it they are able to support, and how many of their independent films have passed into the ordinary commercial cinemas. We wish *Het Veerwerk* all success and regret we have not sufficient knowledge of Dutch to give it a more comprehensive review.

The Times Weekly Edition for June 29th, 1932, contained a special section devoted to the progress of the British Film industry and the production of films in England. While many of the articles were admirable, particularly upon the question of an educational cinema, the illustrations as far as type and material were concerned, might have come out of any Hollywood picture. No attention was drawn to the rich material only available in England and to date, hardly used. Perhaps, however, as this section and as the *Film in National Life* seem to suggest, the future of English cinematography will lie with the scientific, the advertising and the teaching film. Possibly as present box office demands and these require a different angle of approach, directors of them will acquire experience to utilize the essentially English material waiting to be made into films.

The Film Department of the Workers International Relief, with headquarters in New York, write that they have made many workers news reels during the past year and one full length film entitled *Cannons or Tractors* with regular continuity and plot. Without funds being available for high priced publicity the film attracted seven thousand persons on the first day of its showing in New York. Two subsequent showings raised the total to fourteen thousand. They have groups in seven cities and expect to increase their membership and production during the coming year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND LIBRARIES ABROAD

Several complaints have reached *Close Up* office during the last year that books or copies of the magazine ordered to be sent abroad have never reached their destination.

All orders received at *Close Up* office are checked and cross checked three times and despatched within twenty four hours of receipt of letter.

We cannot accept any responsibility for copies failing to reach their destination. We suggest therefore that subscribers and libraries add the registration fee to cheque or money order, in order to be certain of receiving the copies they desire. In any event the office should be notified immediately should a parcel not arrive within a couple of days of the usual time for delivery.

The Adelphi

SEPTEMBER

Comment

by J. MIDDLETON MURRY

Socialism, Labour and the I.L.P.

by G. D. H. COLE

Security: a short story

by B. BERGSON SPIRO

Japan

by RICHARD REES

Rainer Maria Rilke

by F. AIKIN SNEATH

Introspective Capitalism

by JACK COMMON

6d. Annual Subscription 7/6

Commencing with October issue

58 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1

THE ACADEMY CINEMA

OXFORD STREET (Opposite Waring and Gillow)

Organiser: Miss Elsie Cohen

Gerrard 2981

presents

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM CLASSICS OF THE WORLD

Autumn programmes will include

Molander's Swedish talking film "EN NATT"

Lotte Reiniger's new sound silhouette "HARLEKIN"

Nicolai Ekk's Russian talking film "THE ROAD TO LIFE"

Fritz Lang's sensation "M" (German version)

The German drama "ZWEI MENSCHEN"

A Weekly Notice will be sent on Receipt of Name and Address.

THE CAMBRIDGE

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS

General Manager: MISS ELSIE COHEN.

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 6056.

PRESENTS

GREAT INTERNATIONAL FILMS

Autumn programmes will include

"Paris-Mediterranee"

The great French drama

"David Golder"

and

CONRAD VEIDT in

"Rasputin"

Prices 1/6—3/6

Seats bookable 6/- and 8/6

500 seats at 1/6

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE 2-11

Sundays 6-11

For Your Book List

D. H. LAWRENCE & THE BODY MYSTICAL

FREDERICK CARTER (Sept. 1) DENIS ARCHER 5s. net

"The great urgency, the peculiar penetration in David Herbert Lawrence's writing came from its mysticism." This side of his genius has hitherto received little comment. While staying with the author in Shropshire, Lawrence had planned with him a certain line of research in symbolism. Mr. Carter tells the story of these plans and explains the origin of many of the ideas which colour Lawrence's writings. (With a new portrait of Lawrence by the author.)

ALAS LUCINDA! A Novel

SETH BALDWIN (Sept. 1) DENIS ARCHER 7s. 6d. net

Mr. Baldwin is a young American writer with keen powers of observation and description. His plot is laid at Cliffwood Lodge, a typical American holiday resort, where is unfolded a human interest story full of dramatic situations. Lucinda, the moving spirit of the party, tries to preserve the harmonies while fighting her own battle, a constant association with the only man she has ever loved and his young bride.

FUGITIVE MORNING A Novel

LESLIE A. PAUL (Sept. 15) DENIS ARCHER 7s. 6d. net

Out of his wide experience as a youth leader Mr. Paul has given us the story of Jim Penton, his transition from childhood to adolescence, his struggles, his friendships and his loves. It is a stark, virile history told with magnificent candour and literary skill. The background of the great southern spreading suburbs of London is described with great fidelity. This convincing portrait will earn for Mr. Paul the highest praise.

LEARN TO WRITE FOR BROADCASTING

CLAUDE HULBERT (Sept. 15) DENIS ARCHER 2s. 6d. net

Few actors can boast a longer association with the B.B.C. than Mr. Claude Hulbert. He is the author of hundreds of sketches and songs written either for broadcasting or for some London revue. In this book he fully explains the technique of writing for the radio, especially for those who wish to turn their talents in this remunerative direction. The general public will also be interested in this peep behind the scenes at programme production.

DENIS ARCHER

6 OLD GLOUCESTER STREET

W.C.1

Filmtechnik

Journal for all artistic, technical and economic questions of film-essentials

Editor : A. Kraszna Krausz, Berlin.

7th Year—Every 14 days 1 issue.

Price per quarter 5.25 R.M.

Published by Wilhelm Knapp, Halle/S. Germany.

Mühlweg 19

Specimen number free

Film Für Alle

the first monthly publication in Europe devoted to the problems of purely amateur cinematography. 5th Year

Editor : Andor Kraszna-Krausz, Berlin

Publisher : Wilhelm Knapp, Halle/Saale, Mühlweg 19

Subscription 2.25 R.M. quarterly

Specimen number free on request

Madame Lotte Reiniger

Has a few puppets made by herself,
to her own design, to illustrate the
German "Kasperle" theatre or old
fairy tales

Drawings may be seen at "Close-Up" Office

C The number available is strictly limited and the prices range from thirty shillings to fifteen guineas, according to number and size

BOUND VOLUMES of CLOSE UP

A Complete Record at a glance of world progress and development in Film Art from July 1927 to the present day.

Close Up, the only constructive, critical protagonist of the Cinema's potentialities in art, technique and labour is recommended to librarians and students as invaluable, and, indeed, essential to accuracy and scope of knowledge in all branches of cinematography including the history of sound development from the outset.

Most back issues are out of print. We have had to refuse requests (mostly from libraries) for complete sets. The following bound volumes are still available.

VOL. I.	<i>Out of print.</i> (Only a few odd numbers of August, September, October, November, 1927, are available.)	
VOL. II.	Only a few copies remain. (A few odd numbers April, May and June still in stock.)	Price 25/-
VOL. III.	Almost out of print.	25/-
VOLS. IV, V, VI Available at	10/6
VOL. VII.	Very few copies left	Price 25/-
VOL. VIII.	A few copies available. Odd numbers of June and September issues available. March and December out of print.	Price 25/-

POOL 26 LITCHFIELD STREET,
Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2

Special Offer To "Close Up" Readers

HUNTLY CARTER'S
THE NEW SPIRIT IN THE CINEMA

394 pages

HUNTLY CARTER'S
THE NEW SPIRIT IN THE RUSSIAN THEATRE

335 pages

Both fully illustrated with unique photographs

Published at 30/- each

Now offered at 7/6d. each

Postage 9d. extra

MILLER & GILL (1924) LTD.
94, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

All other books on the Cinema in stock

What Happened in 1929?

The sound - film revolutionised cinematography.

The beginnings of the talkies are described in many articles in *Close Up*. Owing to restriction of space we are unable to keep additional unbound numbers, and we cannot bind more complete sets as several months are *out of print*.

We offer therefore to students a selection of any three numbers still in print for 1929, at a cost of 2/6 post free in England and 3/- abroad.

Orders must reach us by October 15th.

THE ATTENTION OF FILM LIBRARIANS IS DIRECTED
TO THE ABOVE SUGGESTION:

THE NEW REVIEW

Contributions by
Writers of - -

Yesterday—

To-day—

To-morrow

BUT not of the

Day before Yesterday

Nor

The Day after To-morrow

COLOUR IN INTERIOR DECORATION

By John M. Holmes

*Lecturer in Decoration at the Architectural
Association School of Architecture, London*

“Colour decoration in one form or another has been almost essential to human content from time immemorial. Yet the bibliography of the subject is extremely limited. Although in the past acute difficulties were encountered in the printing and production of such books, recent years have seen a glut of beautiful colour-reproductions of all sorts; but questions of colour have received scant attention, apart from the scientific textbooks, until revived interest was achieved by the small edition of the late Barrett Carpenter. The issue of Mr. Holmes’s ‘Colour in Interior Decoration’ is all the more welcome, therefore, and his able expositions of the principles which underlie decorative considerations should prove of constant assistance to the public as well as the student

The book itself is well produced, attractively bound and of excellent format. The illustrations are clearly indicated, and many interesting examples of decorative work are included, each being chosen for a particular purpose which is pointedly expressed by the author. It is an ambitious volume which has achieved its object and which deserves a wide public and, let us hope, many followers.” *From a review by W. M. Keeseey in the Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects.*

The illustrations include eight full-page plates of colour diagrams; twelve exemplary colour schemes from the National Collections; nine modern colour schemes for interiors

Price 25/= net. Postage 9d. inland

THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS, 9 QUEEN ANNE’S GATE
WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1

THE

LONDON MERCURY

Edited by J. C. SQUIRE

from OCT 1,
1932, will
cost you

ONLY

ONE

SHILLING

(PREVIOUSLY 3/-)

(MONTHLY)

IN
APPEARANCE
SIZE, AND
NATURE OF
CONTENTS IT
WILL REMAIN
UNCHANGED

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

THE LONDON MERCURY,
229 STRAND, W.C.2

☛ Please send me until countermanded
The London Mercury. I enclose 15/-
for one year's subscription.

Name.....

Address

(And of all Booksellers and Newsagents)

The Leading Review of English Literature

Recent Successes

now **3s. 6d.**

His Monkey Wife

by John Collier. *5th Impression*

Scenes and Portraits

by Frederic Manning

A Middle-Class Man

by Leonhard Frank

The Love of Jeanne Ney

by Ilya Ehrenburg

The Covent Garden

Library 5/- *each*

NEW ADDITIONS

The Scandal and Credulities of John Aubrey

edited by John Collier

Diary of Peter Bussell

edited by G. A. Turner

The Great War with France

by Sir Henry Bunbury

WRITE FOR COMPLETE LIST

'Phone Temple Bar 9052

PETER DAVIES

CLOSE-UP

A QUARTERLY DEVOTED TO THE ART OF FILMS

CLOSE-UP
A QUARTERLY DEVOTED TO THE ART OF FILMS



DEC 28 1932

3/6 net.

The
Bookshop
Habit

There are few things more pleasant than looking round the shelves of a good bookshop. At Bumpus's you can indulge this habit to the full, and there is no fear of your exhausting the possibilities of our stock, for however often you come you will always find something new and interesting. We have separate departments for Bound Books, Second-hand and Scarce Books, Foreign Books, Children's Books, and Books at Reduced Prices.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES.

J. & E. Bumpus
LIMITED

Booksellers to His Majesty The King

350 OXFORD STREET
LONDON, W.1

Telephone:
MAYFAIR 3601

A. ZWEMMER

Fine Art Bookseller

B O O K S

On the Fine Arts in all Languages

Just issued:—

Catalogue No. 10. Bargain list of Books on Art.

Catalogue No. 11. Books on French Art.

Post-free on application

76 - 78 Charing Cross Road
London, W.C.2

Telephone . . . Temple Bar 4710

CLOSE UP

Editor · K. MACPHERSON

Assistant Editors : BRYHER ; OSWELL BLAKESTON

Published by POOL

LONDON OFFICE : 26 LITCHFIELD STREET, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.2.

SWISS OFFICE : c/o F. CHEVALLEY, CASE POSTALE, CAROUGE s/ GENEVE.

Contents

	PAGE
A Night Prowl in La Mancha. Kenneth Macpherson	225
Boys Without Uniform. Karel Santar	231
Events of Czech Film. Svatopluk Jezek	237
The First Opera-film. Trude Weiss	242
Two Films and One Star. Robert Herring	246
Elizabeth Bergner Again. Trude Weiss	254
Plots in Our Time. Oswald Blakeston & Roger Burford	257
Paris News. Jean Lenauer	262
Dog Days in the Movie. H. A. Potamkin	268
Disappearing World. Karel Santar	273
The Film Costumier's Problems. Max Pretzfelder	275
The Experimental Film and its Limitations. John C. Moore	281
American Tendencies. Clifford Howard	285
Detective Work in the <i>Gik</i> . S. M. Eisenstein	287
Comment and Review	294
Sagan's New Film ; The Secrets of Simbabwe and Tere ; News from Portugal ; Notes on Film Societies ; Photo Flops ; Book Reviews.	

<i>London Correspondent</i> :	ROBERT HERRING
<i>Paris Correspondent</i> :	JEAN LENAUER
<i>Berlin Correspondent</i> :	A. KRASZNA-KRAUSZ
<i>Geneva Correspondent</i> :	F. CHEVALLEY
<i>Hollywood Correspondent</i> :	CLIFFORD HOWARD
<i>New York Correspondent</i> :	H. A. POTAMKIN
<i>Moscow Correspondent</i> :	P. ATTASHEVA
<i>Vienna Correspondent</i> :	TRUDE WEISS

Subscription Rate.

ENGLAND	15 shillings per year
SWITZERLAND	15 francs per year
ALL OTHER COUNTRIES	15 shillings (English) per year



CLOSE UP

Vol. IX No. 4

December, 1932

A NIGHT PROWL IN LA MANCHA

The stills from "Don Quixote," used throughout this article are by Roger Forster.

Wandering among outdoor sets where night-scenes are to be made, I wonder if any film will be able to give a fraction of the fascination of this particular "backstage."

Across my shoulders balances the hyaline glow left over by the evening, and like a lemon on a stick on a nose, the quite full moon is perched above the eyes. I am standing for a moment, taking it in. No, I am not taking it in exactly. I am caught in a sort of pause—such as we most of us know—a sort of split-second where everything flows freely in and through. I feel, for instance, that I am no more here than anywhere else in the hills, which have grown black behind, and tumble headlong down the moonlight to the sea. My mind is filled with visions of olive-slopes with their chromium glint in the moon and the blackness of the stone-pines of the Moyenne-Corniche. Eze, a kind of Sphinx, was no less pasteboard than all this. Cap Ferrat, far below, was far less real. And now, on my left is the silhouette of a sound-stage and above me lifts a sudden clatter, like hail, of wind in palm branches. In front the darkness is riven by sun-arcs, blinding the night-sky.

The flimsy lath and plaster of the wrong side of a village street is a high wall cutting this off, but the light streams up and bats zip past and crickets squeal a kind of morse code all the way to Monte Carlo and to Cannes.

Picking my way among cables, I am thrown back into the past. Enormous oil-jars lie in a barn among straw. For a moment I am alone in the crazy street of an ancient village and the moon carves pale-blue zigzags on the white walls.

But this is just as momentary, just as unsettling, as my previous sense of hills, just as abiding and unreal. For, suddenly, voices are raised, a hurricane of human tongues—I sort out German, English, Russian, French, the *patois* of the Coast. Lights fizz and sputter, sun-arcs punch and pummel the dark.

Dazzled, I probe into a world of fantasy.



Here is the house of Don Kee Ho Tay, as they are calling him somewhere behind me, or Donkey Shot, as the Frenchman says on my right. And what a superbly gladdening sight it is, with its mighty beam between two floors, its stern Castilian outline! The sets are by Andreyev, and here his *penchant* for strong, sweeping inter-linear flow and collision, is definitely marked. On the right are old worn steps leading to Don Quixote's porch and overhead a wrought-iron grille guards his window.

"Guarded" should I say, for now his home is given over to the mob. Outside in the open square a bonfire is made ready for his books, and the villagers, looting his library, are gathered on the doorstep. At the word "Interlock," when the clapper marks the opening of the scene, they will rush down helter-skelter, fling their volumes on the ground and

scurry back for more. Two looming monks as petty officials stand to watch. A crowd looks on. It is a very municipal function.

I have spoken of the costumes elsewhere, of their wonderful authenticity—but I have not mentioned what I now see. For I have recognised a number of studio hands in strangest garb. The night grows chill and the dress of summertime which lingers on—those rust-red canvas slacks and sleeveless *maillots* "*qui permettent une exposition solaire plus complète,*" but which permit an exposition in October moonlight too complete to be wise—have been covered more or less with fanciful oddments from the studio wardrobes. Elizabethan doublets, natty cloaks, spry little bodices. . . . The cameraman emerges warmed by a scarf of vermillion gauze!

And while the mob makes merry with those wonderful volumes, time after time, until, as an event, it seems like a faulty gramophone record



going round and round in one groove, I look aloft and find strange life abounding on the roof-tops. Out of all proportion to the violent scene below, bedraggled men appear to have died there. It looks like a kind of mortuary for electrocuted electricians. Their heavy, disenchanted eyes stare vacantly. Inert and stupified, they have, so high above our world amid that glare, a raffish, dissipated air. I think of them as Olympians, as minor deities perched wearily on point-duty, marking Man's fall and rise. Indeed, to a fanciful and by now slightly unstrung imagination, the whole begins to assume a symbolism more sententious than secure. The bulkiest among them, propped in an Elgin-marble attitude, snores audibly through a "take." And, sleeping, seems to be fretted by a certain trouser-button which wont do up. An archway spans the street, high up. An object comes and goes, flashing in and out the light of a lamp. I recognise it as a yo-yo. One thinks of the hand that wields it, of the raffish disenchanted eyes that watch it. But hand and eyes are invisible. There is more up there than meets the eye—which is but to be expected *chez* the immortals.





" Soyez le bienvenu! Maintenant la nouvelle vie commence!"

Then—

" Welcome home! Now begins a new life for you!"

We have had dinner. Chaliapin, Pabst, Paul Morand, Rappaport (Pabst's assistant) myself and several others, noisily devouring rabbit and rough red wine.

Now the scene is changed.

A "travelling."

Don Kee Ho Tay, in a wooden cage drawn by two peruked white oxen, has been borne to La Mancha. The crowd presses forward to gape and mutter. He comes, stupified, from his windmills. Through an arch, round a buttress, into the full glow of the welcoming words of the priest, *Soyez le bienvenu*—into the full glow of his burning books.

Imposing, towering, full of vitality—what a masterwork of makeup has here been accomplished! Before us wavers the half-witted, frail old knight we know, and for a moment the past leaps up again like those very flames that flicker over him, and—like those very flames—at once asserts itself again for what it is. Tattered canvas whirled on wooden drums against the glare of arc lamps—leaping light of the bonfire! How simple it is! And yet, as Mr. Robey said, "It's false, all false!"

At the first "take" an arc spits, moans, then steadies to a rising cacophony. Hush, says a companion, Chaliapin sings!

Back goes the camera for a retake. One of the watching monks faints. He is borne off. He recovers. Lights are dimmed. There is a pause while cognac is brought. Again. *Soyez le bienvenu!* Again. One of the revolving drums begins to squeak. So it goes on. Take and retake. And the night grows colder and colder.

Pabst, the indefatigable, works with all his force. His task is incredible. We who watch and have watched before, are silent, recognising his magic, and the power that serves him. We are aware of the strain, the almost impossible difficulties in his way, the numbing opposition of sheer accident. But he is there with his counter-spell of strength, and one cannot help but feel that here is something of the dauntless quality of chivalry itself—no tilting at windmills, but deep-rooted in original source of inspirational courage.

It is late, or early. A nameless hour. And the work goes on. The gods above have sagged a little more, look more abandoned, desolate and forgotten. Oddly, none of them falls or has been known to do so.

I do not see the yo-yo any more. The dionysic figure of the fat man worried by a button is reduced to the state of the sacking he lies on. His button worries him no more. Gleaming, it proclaims the folly of human endeavour—or maybe, since it comes from Olympus, something more important and intransitive—Becoming is but the present participle of Having Been. Nothing changes. Change is a Becoming which is just the same as Having Been.

Far away in a deserted place sits Sydney Fox, knitting. One wonders why. Sydney Fox, they tell me, wants to get back to Hollywood. Maybe she is dreaming of Hollywood as she sits alone in state and knits whatever it is she is knitting. And, I remember, not without a pang, I had in my innocence and forgetfulness of mind asked "Does she play the English Rosinante?" You will see that I meant *Dulcinea*.* And as I glimpse her now she too seems of another world. And I too, with my frozen feet, I take a look at the moon and begin to wonder what world I am of. I feel it is time to go home. I leave them all—the burning books, the patient oxen, the dead men on the roof, the studio hands in their bodices and tippets, Miss Fox with her knitting, the yawning extras, one and all, and feel my attention closing quietly but firmly round the vision of a snack bar and a *choucroute garnie*.

KENNETH MACPHERSON.

* She plays, of course, Maria, Don Q.'s fair niece.

BOYS WITHOUT UNIFORM



"Before Pass Examination," the new Czech student drama, produced by A-B-Film, Ltd., directed by Svatopluk Inneman in collaboration with Vladislav Vancura.

"Avant les examens," nouveau drame tchèque de A.B. Film Ltd. Mise en scène : Svatopluk Inneman, avec collaboration de Vladislav Vancura.

"Vor dem Rigorosum," das neue tschechische Studentendrama, hergestellt von A-B-Film, Ltd. Regie : Svatopluk Inneman in Zusammenarbeit mit Vladislav Vancura.

This is not the title of a new film. I chose it purposely in order to enable the reader to know at first glance that the new Czech student drama *Before Pass-Examination* has a certain similarity to Leontine Sagan's wonderful film *Girls in Uniform* and endeavours to attain the same sensitive and artistic quality. But by no means do I wish to imply that *Before Pass-Examination* is a copy of *Girls in Uniform*. On the contrary, both films differ profoundly in their dramatic conceptions and backgrounds. The similarity consists in their putting before the spectator the same problems: first, the problem of youth desiring to live its own, free and individual life, the tendency of which is to get rid of mental uniformity; second, to show the spiritless educational drill of the old soldier-like pedagogues. These two problems find in both pictures the same solution: youth is right and triumphs. And while in the German picture the old headmistress hobbles, defeated, into darkness never to appear again, the fade-out of the Czech film shows a conclusion more optimistic though less probable: the

lonesome and confirmed pedant becomes finally a living person with a friendly relationship towards his young pupils. Although there is a certain dependency on *Girls in Uniform*, the new Czech film is more valuable in one respect: it approaches closely to actual present-day student life and is not enclosed in any "period" setting.

There is nothing more probable than that your knowledge in school was rather fragmentary, that you did not always give the correct answer and that many things fascinated you more than Homer. No wonder you were in conflict with your professors—one of whom was undoubtedly extremely severe. In 1932 he bears accidentally a Czech name Klec and is professor of mathematics. Karel Kafka is one of his students and though the name may seem to you rather odd, I am certain you will know him. He is a boy of nineteen, a constant loser, unlucky in everything, for instance when he finally stands at the blackboard, the figures before him seem an insoluble puzzle, though, certainly he is by no means a stupid boy. His friend, Jan Simon, with whom he shares rooms, is one of those lucky men who have inherited many advantages. He learns easily and the girls with whom he comes in contact respond to him more willingly



M. Svoboda, as Karel Kafka, the student, and Jindrich Plachta as Professor Klec, in "Before Pass-Examination."

M. Svoboda, qui interprète l'étudiant Karel Kafka, et, dans le rôle du professeur Klec, Jindrich Plachta. "Avant les examens."

M. Svoboda als Karel Kafka, der Student und Jindrich Plachta als Professor Klec in "Vor dem Rigorosum."



A. Novotny and M. Svoboda in the principal student roles.

A. Novotny et M. Svoboda dans les rôles principaux d'étudiants.

A. Novotny und M. Svoboda als Studenten in tragenden Rollen.

than to the other boys. These two friends soon come into conflict with professor Klec, each in a different way. Kafka again cannot solve an algebraic equation, which seems to him as disastrous, perhaps, as an earthquake. The ground under him is falling—he is to be floored!

On a school trip one day, Simon (on the other hand an excellent student), does not hesitate a moment to tell professor Klec that the class does not like him because he never can understand the spirit of the young and always spoils their joy. Such a forthright, face-to-face controversy had happened in Klec's life never before. Simon *must be dismissed from school!*

But the two boys do not wish to await the authoritative decision. Simon prefers to go abroad while Kafka's only solution is—suicide. It is professor Klec who in the last moment saves Kafka's life, but in the struggle for the revolver he hurts himself seriously. Simon is brought home from the railway-station by professor Donát whose educational methods are diametrically different from those of professor Klec. Donát's relation to the boys is that of a true and kind father, and the class really loves him.



Professor Klec (Jindrich Plachta) and Jan Simon (A. Novotny) the student.
Le professeur Klec (Jindrich Plachta) et Jan Simon, étudiant (A. Novotny).
Professor Klec (Jindrich Plachta) und Jan Simon (A. Novotny) der Student.

Klec now lies in hospital and undergoes a successful operation. During his convalescence the spirit of comradeship in the hospital completes a change in him. Klec feels happy and receives the students with a new joy. Even Simon and Kafka come to the hospital to visit him. They all have a kind word at the tip of their tongues but it seems difficult to utter. So there is nothing to do but praise the weather, which is really glorious.

This is in brief the simple story of the new Czech film *Before Pass-Examination*. It was made by the A-B-Film, Ltd., Prague; the author of the story was Vladislav Vancura, a prominent Czech writer who was also active as an artistic collaborator when the film was in the making. The scenario was the result of a collective work of several collaborators under the guidance of Josef Neuberg and the film was directed by Svatopluk Inneman.

Before Pass-Examination has, on the whole, signs of optimism, joy of life and positive results. Only in passages tending to the suicidal intention of Kafka and in places depicting professor Klec's emotional breakdown, does it become serious, even tragic.

Vancura's aim was to use his story for the purpose of psychologically depicting present-day student life and manners. He looks at the school seriously and in many places with humour, which, however, does not exclude the true significant inter-relation of motives though it never becomes a caricature. The mass scenes in corridors and in the masters' room above all have a definitely humorous intonation and are represented without false pathos, naturally and true-to-life.

Before Pass-Examination has another important ingredient—the poetical one. This poetical factor of the film is taken into consideration chiefly in all the scenes tending to love matters. Love, as a subordinate element of this film, is shown only by the way as the enchantment of youth.

To point out all the many subtleties of this film would demand a longer article and more profound critical analysis than this is. I am only glad to say that *Before Pass-Examination* is the first Czech talking picture which, as if suddenly, discovers that man is not only a figure that



Jindrich Plachta as Professor Klec.

Jindrich Plachta personnifie le professeur Klec.

Jindrich Plachta als Professor Klec.

sings, makes poses and is here to provoke laughter, but a being with a soul and a component part of collective destinies.

Thanks to the influence of Vladislav Vancura, all tastelessness disappeared and even the smallest banality was removed. The skilful control of the director Inneman has been in close contact with Vancura's brain and the result is an almost perfect and vivid work of art, in which the atmosphere of youth is happily and abundantly emphasized by innumerable pictures inspired with pure lyricism, which only in a few passages suffers from too much stylization.

The photography of V. Vích and O. Heller is well woven into the fabric of the theme, it not only shows the action but also helps to create it by its special plastic values. There are many new and original camera angles which are not spasmodically forced but well founded and systematically used.

It is only natural that the sound element of the picture is less perfect than its visual qualities. But the musical score of E. F. Burian deserves attention, and, as for dialogues, they are concise and natural. With a carefully thought-out scenario, the authors did not fear to omit words and music in many scenes in order to stress their thrill and tension.

Only two professional actors are in the cast: Jindrich Plachta in his portrayal of professor Klec stands high above the average, and Frantisek Smolík gives to his role of professor Donát an unusual depth of human emotion and sympathy. All the other prominent parts are interpreted by real students: M. Svoboda and A. Novotny are rather living their roles than acting them, and thanks to intelligent direction their achievement equals that of professional players.

The whole film is a picture of life as we have already lived it, and as hundreds of thousands of young people are living it to-day. It is necessary to emphasize this fact as contemporaneous social problems are not a matter-of-course in present-day cinema. *Before Pass-Examination* differs as much from the German "Burschenschaft" idylls as from the American idealized optimism of golden sporting youth—both types of picture more frequently seen than this Czech one.

Before Pass-Examination is a representative film of the Czechoslovak motion picture production and means a true cultural achievement in the Czech film life.

KAREL SANTAR.



A scene from the Czech film "The Organist From St. Guy's," directed by Mac Fric. The style of the décor suggests the German expressionistic school. Karel Hasler played the leading rôle.

Une scène du film tchèque : "L'organiste de St. Guy," dirigé par Mac Fric. Le style décoratif suggère l'école expressionniste allemande. Interprète principal : Karel Hasler.

Eine Szene aus dem tschechischen Film "Der Organist von St. Veit." Regie : Mac Fric. Der Stil der Dekoration erinnert an den deutschen Expressionismus. Karel Hasler spielte die Hauptrolle.

THE EVENTS OF CZECH FILM

The Czech film abroad is not enough known. It failed to penetrate beyond the borders of the state even in the times of silent pictures and with the coming of talkies its position was still more difficult because of the Czech language barrier. We must confess that Czechoslovakia is not a promised land of film and—by the way—we remember Louis Delluc who used to say the same thing of France. Most of all, there is missing one preconception necessary to the prosperity of film art and that preconception we do not need in quantity of production or in technical inventions but in quality. For even small countries—Sweden for example—were able to establish for a time a very high level of film production. In spite of the



"Tonischka," (1930), was made by Karel Anton from the novel by E. E. Kisch. Here we see Joseph Rovensky the hero, and Ita Rina, in a scene which takes place the night before his execution.

"Tonischka" (1930) fut réalisé d'après la nouvelle de E. E. Kisch, par Karel Anton. L'on voit, ici, le héros du film, Joseph Rovensky, et Ita Rina, dans un passage de l'une des dernières scènes se passant la veille de l'exécution.

"Tonischka," (1930), wurde von Karel Anton nach E. E. Kischs Roman gedreht. Hier sehen Wir Joseph Rovensky, den Helden und Ita Rina, in der Nacht vor seiner Hinrichtung.

fact that the importance of the Czech is not very great in the history of this art, we are able to trace some interesting occurrences in its development.

The history of the Czech film begins very early. Already two years after the first exhibition of the new invention of Brothers Lumieres in the Boulevard des Capucines in Paris in 1898, the first attempts in our country were being made. Short documentary pictures and little stories such as *The Broken Appointment* and *The Bill-Poster* sprang into being almost simultaneously with the super picture of 15 metres *La nuit terrible*, by Melièse and Reulose, considered to be the first farce in general. These movies are kept as "curious historical documents" in the cinematographic department of The Czechoslovakian Technical Museum in Prague.

During the next fifteen years the Czech film is fast asleep. It begins to awaken in 1913, when, in addition to several other films, there is produced a film called *St. John's Streams* which, after many years, is rewarded at the International Photographic Exhibition in Vienna for its excellent photography. But with systematic work we have nothing to do till the end of the Great War, and the Czech Revolution (October, 1918).



"*Erotikon*," (1929), by Gustav Machaty, was the first silent Czech film to create an international success. Ita Rina and Olaf Fjord.

"*Erotique*," (1929) réalisé par Gustav Machaty, fut le premier film tchèque muet qui ait obtenu un succès international. Ita Rina et Olaf Fjord.

"*Erotikon*," (1929), von Gustav Machaty, war der erste stumme tschechische Film, der internationalen Erfolg errang. Ita Rina und Olaf Fjord.

At this time, after the founding of the Czech film studios in Prague, the Czech film production starts growing slowly but surely. While in 1924 eighty thousand metres of positive is produced, the next year shows a remarkable improvement, and now the average is upwards of two hundred and thirty thousand metres of positive a year.

Ensues the second period of the Czech film, imitating the examples of literature. But it is not very lucky in respect of the abilities of the leading protagonists. Though with many of the Czech directors we meet with great technical refinement or remarkable routine-work, not one among them is a real artist, attaining the level of a Pabst in Germany, a Delluc in France, a Seastrom in Sweden, a Griffith in America, and Eisenstein in Russia. Nevertheless there are one or two names which deserve mention, for they represent a good average of European integrity.

First of all is Karel Anton, known abroad for his adaptation of Kisch's *Tonischka*, made in 1930. Svatopluk Innemann is a good director of comedies and farces, (*Good Soldier Schweik*) and is himself the author of many comedies.

The Czech film soon began to co-operate with foreign companies. The first time was in 1920, when Dr. Kolár, for want of a good Czech studio,

was obliged to take his company to Berlin to make his new production *The Song of Gold*. From that time the Czech film executives worked in Berlin or Vienna. Now, however, the Czech film is independent, for Prague has several modern studios, but not yet, as it happens, a sufficient number of good players, for which reason leading parts are often played by foreign artists. Thus in *Tonischka* the leading part is played by Ita Rina and Vera Baranovskaya, while in other films French players have appeared, as, for instance, Claude Lombard, the French actress who in Paris performed Marenka Mary in the famous opera *The Bartered Bride* by B. Smetana.

The first among the Czech directors who founded their success upon this international co-operation was Karel Lamac. He is a director of modern light comedies, author of *Camel Through a Needle's Eye* (which was the film adaption of a very popular comedy by F. Langer) and of many other successful comedies, known even abroad. He it was who discovered the Czech comic-actress Anny Ondráková, better known abroad under the name Anny Ondra.

The most advanced among the Czech directors is Gustav Machaty, who attracted general attention with his *Erotikon*. He went through an American schooling and revealed some excellent qualities as early as 1927 in his bold adaptation of *Kreutzer's Sonata* by Count Tolstoy—which had been made



Anny Ondra, Czechoslovakia's most popular star, in "Anny Makes Fun," (1930), directed by Karel Lamac.

Annie Ondra, actrice la plus populaire de Tchecoslovaquie, dans "Annie s'amuse," (1930). Régie : Karel Lamac.

Anny Ondra, der populärste Star der Tschechoslowakei in "Anny macht Spass" (1930). Regie : Karel Lamac.



Vlasta Burian, the most popular Czech comic-player.
Vlasta Burian, le plus populaire des comiques tchécoslovaques.
Vlasta Burian, der populärste tschechische Komiker.

in Russia already before the Great War by Protazanov. The success of Machaty's *Erotikon* in Paris created quite a sensation.

Besides Anny Ondra there are other good film-players. Josef Rovensky with his sense of acute characterisation created many good character-rôles, akin to those of Jannings and Bancroft. J. W. Speerger is very impressive in juvenile parts and Theodor Pistek is a good type of comic player. Today one of the most successful and popular comical actors is Vlasta Burian, whose films are screened in most of the cinemas of Europe, and who is often thought to be a German but is in fact a Czech.

The coming of talkies was advantageous for the development of Czech films, as well as for other small nations. Their output was increased considerably, thanks to this new invention. Foreign films lost their popularity, for the people preferred Czech talkies to sound-films they could not understand.

Thus in the Czech film—in spite of its lack of favourable conditions—we meet with a serious endeavour, which, though all too frequently obliged to adapt to commercial necessities, tries to bring forth a real art.

In a country with such old culture as Czechoslovakia, there is no path for such a young art other than to strive toward original and impressive presentation of its oldest and newest problems.

SVATOPLUK JEZEK.



"From Saturday to Sunday," (1931), the first talkie, by Gustav Machaty.

"Samedi à Dimanche" (1931) premier "talkie" de Gustav Machaty.

"Von Samstag auf Sonntag" (1931), der erste Sprechfilm von Gustav Machaty

THE FIRST OPERA-FILM

The idea is to show operas in the cinema, and Smetana's comic opera *Die verkaufte Braut** (*The Bartered Bride*) served as plot for the first attempt. Not a bad choice for a beginning, for the fresh Slavian rhythms and dances, the rural atmosphere of Smetana's opera, are perhaps more apt for a film than most other operas, if we have to have them. But, to anticipate, he who knows and loves *Die verkaufte Braut* for the subtle beauty of the music, and goes to the cinema expecting the same artistic experience, will be deeply disappointed, or—according to his temperament—become enraged at the profanation of "his" beloved music. Can one imagine anything worse, than to hear one's favourite song in the following way: some bars of the melody, and at the same time someone speaking the words,

* *Die verkaufte Braut* a Reichsliga-Film directed by Max Ophuels.

Jarmila Novotna in "The Bartered Bride." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Jarmila Novotna dans "L'Épouse échangée." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Jarmila Novotna in "Die verkaufte Braut." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.



Travelling circus from "The Bartered Bride." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Le cirque ambulant de "L'Épouse" échangée. Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Wanderzirkus aus "Die verkaufte Braut." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.



A scene from "The Bartered Bride." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.
Une scène de "l'Épouse échangée." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.
Eine Szene aus "Die verkaufte Braut." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

which—shoddily composed in the tradition of opera-texts—are simply futile without their tune. There is really not much left of the opera, except the story and parts of the music.

A second possibility is to look at the production from the filmic point of view. First impression : for a film it is altogether too theatre. The film as we all know, is a very realistic medium of representation, too realistic for the improbabilities of opera. If you are in the theatre, and there is a man standing on the stage, singing words which are usually spoken, you can see it as absurd or you can let your fancy lead you into romantic imaginings. Now, if you are not even sitting in front of a stage, but in front of a screen covered with light and dark patterns, you have already to do mental work in imagining these patterns to be a person, and doing that work, you are unable to accept added improbabilities as you do in the theatre. Which, I think, is the principal problem of transforming operas to films.

Against such fundamental difficulties the cleverest director and the best staff cannot successfully strive. For that the man who made the film is

extremely talented and that he was lucky in his choice of actors is beyond discussion. The two principals, Jarmila Novotna and Willy Domgraf-Fassbänder are fascinating both in appearance and in voice. The film was apparently made in the hilly Bohemian landscape, and introduces a lot of charming out-door scenes. The most brilliant scene perhaps is the duet between Kezal and Hans, which they sing riding on horseback on a lovely long road between thick woods—the rhythm of the melody fitting so well to their galloping, that you nearly jump with them in your chair. On the whole, the aim of the film seems to be to drag the Slavian rhythms from their frame and dissolve the opera into a whirl of rapture and movement. One must not overlook the extremely well played comic scenes at a fair and in a circus.

TRUDE WEISS.



*Karl Valentin in "The Bartered Bride." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.
 Karl Valentin, dans "L'Epouse échangée." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.
 Karl Valentin in "Die verkaufte Braut." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.*



Willi Domgraf-Fussbaender and Jarmila Novotna in "The Bartered Bride," Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Willi Domgraf-Fussbaender et Jarmila Novotna dans "l'épouse échangée." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros.

Willi Domgraf-Fassbaender und Jarmila Novotna in "Die verkaufte Braut." Photo : Reichsliga-Heros

TWO FILMS AND ONE STAR

There was realisation that life was more than consciousness of self. There was appreciation of the life one shared which trees, skies, light through a storm-swept pane, also shared. There was a sense of dwelling in moss, flint or firelight. Actions were linked to these things. There were bonds with twigs and horizons.

There were bonds—certainly, in the Swedish films. Not only with earth, but with country; the country one lived in, as well as on, and was part of. Bonds with family, friend, feeling, and the fate that was made up of these. To the land and so to the law of the land. Bound to one thing, one was bound to all that went with it. The pleasures and preoccupations recklessly accepted by un-Nordic cultures in Swedish films became or brought with them, bonds. There was, in a sense, no freedom. In another sense, there was the only freedom. In both, the films had a certain responsibility.

There was no blind grasping for good times, undeserved and undurable, as in Californian cinema. No indulgence or individualism as in that of Germany or France; and Russia had not yet occurred. The people of Swedish films were representative; representative of whatever spark of original virtue was in them. They were impelled to give it a good show, to live up to the life they were in and to live up to themselves as that life directed. To do one at the expense of the other meant defiance, therefore waste and frustration, hence tragedy. It was all quite simple. As simple as life—if one, if others rather, had courage to live it. In Swedish films, people had. They embraced their destiny, and embraces are bonds, the worst there are. Those implacable mothers, faithful brothers and almost invariably outcast sons and daughters did what they did because they were bound to. Reasoned consideration of circumstance, intuitively reasoned acceptance of feeling led them to. It became their duty, accepted because analysed. When they failed, they failed through a flaw in their reasoning. Thus and thus only they became cowards or villains. When they loved, they loved with fierce fanatical fervour, and they took pain, not self-sadistically, but as a bond with something further. They wanted to be bound to as much of life as they could. There was no running away, no sex-shilly or spiritual shally. Ironically, these grim, heavy, cloud-shot tragedies were instinct with passion for life. The death-impulse lay in pictures by Chaplin, Pickford, Daniels, Colleen Moore, the get-rich-quickies, which killed them.

Then a new Swedish film comes and one remembers all this. Molander, who made *En Natt* is not, never was, cannot be, a first-rate director, but his film had enough to make us remember all these things which only the Swedish cinema gave. The things which made one accept it, despite its strict retribution, its old-fashioned moral scales, its denial and sacrifice. *En Natt* begins with water-wheels turning, with pale Northern light on stable doors, a stream over rocks, and a voice singing. At once we remember . . . we are back in a world where a voice singing is insolubly linked with the grain in wood, with the way a fern grows, and the flap of a curtain in a rough mill window. We remember that some films, sometimes, give us our own world on the screen. Then the story begins. The implacable mother—Gerda Lundequist, of *Gösta*, herself—bourgeois, and hideously, but so rightly, dressed. She finds one of her two sons to be in love with a mill-girl! Disinheritance, at once! Though Uno Henning,



"The Sanctuary of Ling-Yin, a new Ufaton Documentary-film. Photo : Ufa.

"Sanctuaire de Ling-Yin," documentaire Ufaton. Photo : Ufa.

"Das Heiligtum von Ling-Yin," einem neuen Ufaton-Dokumentärfilm. Photo : Ufa.

the other, pleads for him—and the more he pleads, the more we see that he himself, a Swede, would not love a mill-girl who was Russian. But Armas does and joins the Bolsheviks to show to which side he belongs. The train in which he is travelling is ambushed, and he falls into the hands of loyalist troops, among whom his brother. Armas is sentenced to death and finds Wilhelm in charge of him. Wilhelm lets him out, on his last night, on parole, to visit their mother. He gives him a letter and lends him his coat, so that he can get through the Reds, as their village is in the hands of the Bolsheviks. Armas gallops to his home, hears his mother railing against him, in a firelit living-room, as she knits with hatred. He goes to the mill. There is love and, despite the bad casting of the mill-girl, lyricism. Armas insists that he must leave at five. The girl, finding the vaguely-worded letter, which he did not deliver, locks him in. Armas, finally threatening her with her life, escapes—he had to, he had to keep his word, rather than stay with her. To his mind it is a question of happiness; we must remember that, for to ours it seems plain foolishness. Let us remember too, that to other cultures it would seem a good idea for Wilhelm, who after all, they would say, is not in love at all, to take his place; that would be awful! Armas gallops back, but he is in too much of a hurry to explain this time to the Red guards that he is one of them on reconnoitre, and they shoot at him. Wilhelm waits; it is worse to wait for a crisis of someone one is bound to than to be that person. Henning in consequence dominates this picture. His strength, the calm lines of his face cut by the sorrow of his eyes, know what is meant here, and his hands come into their own. He is jeered at for letting the prisoner go. He will come, he says,

my brother will come. He has the same family pride as his mother, taking a different form. Armas does come, wounded. He falls at the feet of his brother. He has kept his word and he dies, though the firing squad need not shoot him. And he returns to his family, in a hearse, in a funeral that takes place with *Earth* in understanding what funerals are and what reach-me-down religions have made some forget they can be. The only one out of it is the Russian girl.

It is the same, you see, the same gift, the same knowledge, the same values. One grows livid with the people for being so hidebound, but they are right in their way, and we grant them the doubt's benefit that perhaps they owe their vigour, their single-purposeness, their courage to these very bonds they cling to so long after they need not. Whatever it is, it goes with this life and this integrity—an integrity which Garbo managed to keep through Hollywood, whatever they made her do, whatever she agreed to do, such as *Mata Hari*, for money.

For with Garbo, too, there is the same sense of being linked to something more than one's personal life. Of carrying on and of being carried. Garbo in love, uses her lover as a means to reaching that land, that mood, that peace she requires. That is what makes it so difficult for her leading men, and so hard to find scenarios in which her leading man can continue to be the wooed. But he is wooed, not for what he is, but for what he stands



"The Sanctuary of Ling-Yin," a Ufaton Documentary-film. Photo: Ufa.

"Sanctuaire de Ling-Yin," documentaire Ufaton. Photo: Ufa.

"Das Heiligtum von Ling-Yin," einem neuen Ufaton-Dokumentärfilm. Photo: Ufa.

for, or in the way of. Garbo has never lost this, this restless quest; it is what makes her sometimes tired, which the movies try to turn into languorousness; it is what makes her dynamic, determined, when she goes out to get what she knows she needs, throwing back her head, or a hand, palm outwards—and the movies try to prove thereby that she is a vamp. But they never succeeded. No one vamped with less enthusiasm than Garbo in her early American films; it has only been later, sure of herself, able to have her own way and having learnt what American ways are, that she has gone in for the game of overdoing whatever she least wanted to do. If a woman like Mata Hari is going to be reduced to the level of a brainless Bara, Garbo will fling herself into the fun. If, after *Anna Christie*, Garbo is made to be “Yvonne, the toast of Paris,” impertinent, preposterous Garbo will be, letting only occasionally something of her own cold flame burn up between the naphtha flares of an unreal rôle. Garbo astonishes people by being alternately strangely careless and suddenly precise, right, and assured in her handling of rôles, but it is only because she takes a rôle for one little thing in it it offers her, one chance to express her unconscious Nordic inheritance. The rest she discards—treats conventionally, casually. Only in her last film, when she was called upon to be a cabaret singer, did she bother to be one. Then, as Zara, she seemed to enjoy the chance to show all the others that they were not even cabaret singers, but themselves; while she was not only Zara, but all cabaret singers. She reached through to a lot of worlds when she said of champagne, “nobody really likes it, but it looks gay.” That was the Swedish gift, of seeing through things to what they represent, of knowing the particular kind of bond that champagne implies.

When I began as a critic six years ago, one of the first films I reviewed was Garbo's first American picture. Now, after *Grand Hotel* and *As You Desire Me*, I take a temporary farewell of her. I find it agreeable to remember how I said, six years ago, when she was unknown to me, that “One felt that her brain had not been blocked out with her eyebrows. Consequently a mere turning away and angle of an arm were eloquent, in a manner quite sharply cut, but cut on a large scale.” I consider the films she has made since then, *Wild Orchids*, *The Divine Woman*, *The Single Standard*. I remember that with her talkies she was allowed to have one serious film to two bad ones—*Anna Christie*, followed by *Romance* and *Inspiration*, and *Susan Lennox*, followed by *Mata Hari* and doubtless another, had not she so definitely “tank she go 'ome” and been allowed *As You Desire Me*. And though one may regret the form her career has taken—remembering what it might have been, after *Joyless Street*—one remembers that all through she has kept her Swedish integrity, and made it the cornerstone of her career.

Sad as it is to be philosophical, it is true that even in Germany *Joyless Streets* are not made every day, and perhaps it is true that Garbo, diffusing

"China Rejuvenated." A new Ufaton Documentary-film. Photo: Ufa.

"Le rajeunissement de la Chine," documentaire Ufaton. Photo: Ufa.

"Verjüngtes China." Ein neuer Ufaton-Dokumentärfilm. Photo: Ufa.



herself in many bad films, has yet had more effect on cinema at large than had she been content to be a Brigitte Helm, who rises occasionally from a stagnation of which she is never quite free. Garbo was never stagnant, rarely stunted. She survived Hollywood, even when it meant learning English. There is irony somewhere in the story of her rise out of the ashes of Swedish cinema.

And seeing *En Natt*, seeing Henning again, who might have been a Garbo himself, I remember that her quality is not simply personal, is not, least of all, built up by directors (since she worked equally with various) but that it comes from where she came from . . . the old Swedish cinema, the strange thing it had. And after *En Natt*, I go to see a short semi-documentary called *The Island of Peril*, and find the same thing again. It is a picture made of the Faröe Islands. Halfway through, it stops being scenic. We are watching the "king-peasant" on an island, shearing his sheep. They are kept from being blown off the island by walls six feet deep, and the walls are kept from being blown off themselves by steel cables. We are watching, learning, liking, and suddenly the film cuts to a sunlit view, with a boy looking to sea, and the commentary informs us that he is looking towards the island of his beloved. Then he sends a cow over, to

the girl's father, and the father replies that youth of twenty has done nothing to deserve a Viking's daughter. He tells him he must first climb Devil's Ledge, and do another climb, before he can marry. The boy agrees—and here, I was back in the code of *En Natt* again. Johann sets off, having first had a funeral service read over him. This is a Faröese custom, as, if men fall from the thousand-foot ledges, there is little left to read a service over. They read it before. A cameraman scarcely less intrepid follows Johann on the windy, knife-thin ledges, and we see him lowered hundreds of feet down the face of a cliff. It is all right if he can keep his feet to the cliff, for then he can push himself off when the wind sends him against it, but if he is blown backwards, his spine is broken. . . . This and much like this we see. He captures his eggs and his puffins—the tests were to show that he could provide Johanna with food. He and his companions set out to her island, in a boat still made in Viking-fashion, as I have myself seen them. There follows the wedding, in strange saga-like Norse clothes, the men in buckled shoes, breeches, short coats with buttons, and kind of forage-caps. There is Faröese singing and dancing, and then they row back. Johann leads his wife up the path from the sea—and again, I realise the acceptance of the things that call out this strange vigour and power to survive. There is only one path from the sea, it winds up eight hundred feet, and no one bothers to do anything but go up it. It is not made safer or surer. It is left—to be used. The people in this film were Faroese, taken and used, but they had in their faces all the tradition that lights Swedish work. As a modern saga in miniature, *The Island of Peril*, (rented by Wardour) is remarkable. It is spoiled by a facetious commentary, and by slight attempts to dramatise the Faröes. We are not shown Thorhavn; and no one would guess that the islanders play football—they are made out too at odds with nature and wreaking a pitiful sustenance, etc., etc., from the barren, etc., rocks. One would not think they ever went over to Iceland on missions so flippant as football . . . but that is by the way, and it is something to see the Faröes and their life, human and bird, on the screen. Taken with *En Natt* and *Grand Hotel*, both on in London together, it opens an old pocket in one's mind, a pocket first filled by Seastrom and Brunius, where there was realisation that life was more than consciousness of self, where through all the tragedy there was so much will to live that even Garbo survived Hollywood, *und so weiter*.

ROBERT HERRING.



Elizabeth Bergner in "The Dreaming Mouth," a new Paul Czinner film for Matador-Bayerische Filmgesellschaft. Photo : Bayerische Filmgesellschaft, m.b.H.

Deux photos d'Elisabeth Bergner dans "La bouche rêveuse," nouveau film réalisé par Paul Czinner, pour la Matador-Bayerische Filmgesellschaft. Photo : Bayerische Filmgesellschaft m.b.H.

Elizabeth Bergner in "Der träumende Mund," einem neuen Film von Paul Czinner für Matador-Bayrische Filmgesellschaft. Photo : Bayrische Filmgesellschaft mm.b.H.



ELIZABETH BERGNER AGAIN

There are actors whose aim is to represent the greatest possible number of contrasting types, and there are others who play the same type of rôle throughout their lives, "they always play themselves" one says of them, and they are the more convincing ones. Elizabeth Bergner belongs to the latter group, and it is proof of the greatness of her art that she has no scheme but works out slight shades very distinctly.

In her recent film, *Der träumende Mund* (*The Dreaming Mouth*)* she is given the opportunity of unfolding all her talent and personality, from girlish charm to brave and passionate womanhood. The plot of the film can be told in a few words: a happily married woman suddenly attracted by a great artist, has to decide between lover and husband, and too weak to decide but too strong to renounce, tortured by the conflict between passion for her lover and genuine devotion to her husband, makes an end to her life.

* *Der träumende Mund*, a Matador-Film after Henri Bernstein's play *Melo*, directed by Paul Czinner.

The first part of the film is very large and detailed, nearly losing itself in depicting mood and atmosphere; a concert, where great parts of Beethoven's concerto for violin and orchestra are played, seems an interruption to the action, at first sight, but is really a very fine introduction to the atmosphere. The psychological situation in the following scenes is worked out subtly and played masterfully—by Bergner as well as by her fellow-players, Förster and Edthofer—and is not possible to describe, as it often depends on a slight movement, or vocal inflection. The part of the husband is played by Anton Edthofer nearly enervatingly well. And there is Rudolf Förster, very similar to the person he played in *Ariane*, but perhaps more reserved and quiet—more congenial on the whole, I think.

The action of the film, so slow in the first part, is suddenly speeded up, not very skilfully. So the film does not form a unit. And only when I saw it for the second time, already prepared for the unusual rhythm, I enjoyed much more its inherent quality. But certainly it is the most



"The Dreaming Mouth," with Elisabeth Bergner. Directed by Paul Czinner. Photo: Bayerische Filmgesellschaft m.b.H.

"La bouche rêveuse," avec Elisabeth Bergner, dirigée par Paul Czinner. Photo: Bayerische-Filmgesellschaft m.b.H.

"Der träumende Mund," mit Elisabeth Bergner. Regie: Paul Czinner. Photo: Bayerische Filmgesellschaft m.b.H.

impressive Bergner film recently made, perhaps her best film, reminiscent of her old *Nju*.

Nobody knows for what reason the film was called *The Dreaming Mouth*—but perhaps that's the fashion now.

TRUDE WEISS.

P.S.—I feel obliged to tell you that my opinion of this film is not shared by the *Bildstelle des Zentralinstituts für Erziehung und Unterricht* in München. For they refused to grant it a certificate of Artistic Merit with the argument that it showed adultery!



A scene from the British International film, "The Indiscretions of Eve," directed by Cecil Lewis.

Une scène du film : "Les indiscretions d'Eve," réalisé par Cecil Lewis, British International Film.

Eine Szene aus dem British International Film "Die Indiskretionen Evas." Regie : Cecil Seurs.

PLOTS IN OUR TIME

By OSWELL BLAKESTON and ROGER BURFORD.

NOTE.—Non-professional cineastes sometimes join clubs or groups: then their scenarios have to have many parts, male and female. It is because of this chiefly that their work, in the result, looks amateur, because the effort has been towards a re-creation of Hollywood. The best excuse, however, for the individual or amateur movie, is the effort to do something that the professional cinema does not do. So this scenario, and others that will follow, suggests themes than can be done by independent workers, and are only likely to be done by independent workers. Some will utilise simple sets which can be built in a room, others will be entirely exterior. The chief concern is material that is essentially cinema, though no particular plank will be maintained.

Most contemporary films, both professional and amateur, are of the story-telling order. In the list of strict classification, drawn up by the cinema student, there are, of course, many other headings: abstract films with music (Oskar Fischinger), camera-eye films with controlled sounds (Walther Ruttmann and Dziga Vertof), cartoon symphonies (Walter Disney), etcetera, etcetera. But, for every practical reason and for some considerable time, suggestions concerning the improvement of cinema, of the bringing of something new to cinema, are of most need and of greatest value when made in relation to story telling material.

With any story-telling medium the emotional and artistic effect is nearly always slightly marred by MECHANISM, although it is the mechanism which makes the story. Thousands of "souls" are not saved on desert islands after shipwreck on the high seas: about them there can be no tale for they perish. All the same, it remains a fact that mechanism is one of the limitations of the story telling art: equally, it remains the fault of the spectator if he cannot accept initial conditions and then imaginatively judge the super-structure.

Now, no medium of story-telling has such imposing mechanism as the cinema, for it is the essence of cinema to isolate and magnify. In the dark of the movie theatre, words and actions are framed on the screen almost as illustrated mottoes on the wall ("God Bless Our Home!"). Yet, again, magnification of mechanism remains a limitation of cinema.

So we come to the old rule, which is ever being quoted by those who desire to rid themselves of subconscious necessity of putting virtue into practice: "the artist does not work within his limitations, he exploits



"Creosote," a film by Joris Ivens, realised by Jean Dréville. Wood-cutting in the Polish forests.

"Créosote," un film de Joris Ivens réalisé par Jean Dréville. Coupes de bois dans les forêts de Pologne.

"Creosote," ein Film von Joris Ivens, ausgeführt von Jean Dréville. Holzfällen in den polnischen Wäldern.

them!" Well, we have been speaking of mechanism (limitation of story-telling) and of magnification of mechanism (limitation of cinema); why should they not be exploited, why should we not be artists? Not as a definite and final law of cinema (banish fatal curse of Finality Complex) but as an interesting step forward to the next development; let us exploit this limitation and this special aspect of the limitation in order to get immediate material for several different and pioneering films. How? *When mechanism imposes itself unduly make MECHANISM a character in the play, personify MECHANISM as DESTINY.*

This means something more subtle, if less released, than an allegorical figure leaning down, from the top left-hand corner of the picture, and saying fiercely to Dickie Moore, "It's no use fighting any more, you'll just have to eat those candies!" Perhaps the idea can be best explained through the agency of swift example—a short film of a horoscope.

For one thing, there is such splendid cinema material in the symbols and ritual of horoscope-casting: a story grows from almost any arbitrary selection of zodiac signs. The Archer, the Virgin, the Waterman, the Twins, the Fishes: they make a cast list for a spontaneously evoked

sequence. From the highbrow's viewpoint, there are fascinating possibilities: superimposition of Destiny beyond present reality with gradual conforming of present to greater pattern, astral lights, section studies of symbols superimposed over the parts of the human body which they dominate, never-before heard sounds having their origin in interstellar space. The lowbrow is, on his side, certain to be a disciple of one of the astrologers appointed to a Sunday paper. Indeed, it is odd that no American company has yet ventured on a series of horoscope shorts. *But the point to be stressed HERE is that MECHANISM (Destiny and Compulsion) are being deliberately exploited.*

HOURS OF DESTINY

Wheel of the planets revolves anti-clockwise round the ball of the world. Wheel of the constellations revolves clockwise round the planets. Lights glow strangely. The spinning universe, emitting its high pitched cosmic note recedes into space. On the darkness, a clock face glows, striking the half hour against the pitch of the cosmic note, which, rising, reaches equilibrium with the birth cry of a child.

For a child has been born. A bedside, a woman's face; glimpsed for a moment before return to waste places of the universe, in which planets and stars now shoot and glow. The voice of Destiny declares the fate of the native of that hour and that minute.

While the voice is speaking, lights and shapes of heavenly bodies seek abstraction. Sometimes lights swirl into a birth-vortex in which some living scene faintly enacts itself—a cut from the main section of the picture, at first mobile for a few feet then static. Such representational scenes, threaded through the net-work of abstraction, are the Hours of Destiny!

Whirling circles envelope the last scene illustrating the spoken horoscope.

Suddenly, a bright lit wall. Man and his friend stand by the wall. Both are Indians. Man, obsessed, is tortured to violent action; his friend has a greater and quieter strength. Smoke from an open window. Rifle hurled against paving stones. Man moves to snatch bayonet. His friend restrains him. Man seems to ask, "Must not THIS be avenged?" A memory breaks from a corpse, the moment before death, then another and another figure in the series of agony (multiple horizontal exposure of same body to fill screen). Magically the bayonet replaces itself in the rifle (one picture one turn). The friend seems to be saying, "Not violence with violence, that only destroys YOU."

(The action of these scenes is clear from the pantomime: sounds are whipped up but belong to the street fight which has been fought here earlier in the day.)



"La Varenne," a new film directed and photographed by Jean Dréville.

"La Varenne," nouveau film réalisé et photographié par Jean Dréville.

"La Varenne," ein neuer Film mit Jean Dréville als dem Regisseur und Photograph.

His friend leads Man to an underground café. Oriental music with incantation power. His friend passes Man a cup. He smiles and Man answers with a smile of comradeship. The cup glows with a hidden light and life. His friend leaves Man. Slowly the light fades from the cup. Music changes to memory of street fighting. Boy playing a drum becomes officer with a machine gun. Scenes of horror in the world outside haunt. Is it true that nothing can be done to help the cause?

Man begins to smoke. Cigarette end, stubbed into the cup. Magic flames spring up to devour the couch on which the friend lies in his house.

Stumbling, Man leaves the café for his own room. The room of the friend is a replica of the room of Man stripped of ornament and picture. Backwards and forwards, Man paces. In his sleep, his friend tosses about. From under the bed, Man pulls out a box. In the box is a pistol. Man holds the pistol, aims at statue, imagines statue with shattered head. On his bed the friend lies with shattered head like that of the statue. Sounds are the constant breathing of the friend in his hypnotic sleep and the small sounds made by man himself.

Frightened, Man turns to a mirror to mark Fear and Horror which he expects to find. In the mirror, though, he meets a vision. Again, those who wound and torture his brothers while he, Man, remains inactive.

Man splits into many men of doubt. Forces rush inwards. Driven, Man takes the pistol and makes for the door.

The friend, who would check Man from foolish action, begins to project his astral body. Transparent body, bound to its reality by a silver cord, sways towards the door. There starts to burn Zodiacal Sign, forcing back, back the astral one.

Man walks through the darkening streets, concealing, awkwardly, furiously, the revolver beneath his coat. Police pass. Man hides in the shadow of a statute. Man glances up. Statue turns to friend holding the cup. Man sways, shaken. He sweeps a hand in front of his face. The voice of Destiny speaks. Light of the cup dies again. Statue turns back to itself. . . .

Man is outside the door of a theatre. A small crowd is waiting for the exit of some important personage. He comes, fat and well dressed. Man cries. It is an enemy, murderer of his brothers. Once, twice, three times, Man fires. . . .

Wounds appear on the body of the friend stretched on the bed. Blood flows.

Circles close in, planets and stars.

NOTE ON PRODUCTION

Purposely this scenario has been left flexible: sound, for instance, is valuable but not essential. There are tricks in it that are difficult, but one may go as far as one can. The 'tricks' however are something more than tricks: they are the mechanism of the cinema that continually surprises and delights, like words flashing out in poetry and meaning more than themselves. 'Obey mechanics' is a good motto for the amateur: if you have, for instance, a camera that is incapable of dissolves and fades, make a point then, rather than try and fake them, of a film that is all cuts and sudden startling juxtapositions.



“*L’Affaire est dans le Sac.*” Photo : Pathé-Natan.”

“*L’affaire est dans le sac.*” Photo : Pathé-Natan.

“*L’Affaire est dans le Sac.*” Photo : Pathé-Natan.

PARIS NEWS

An article under my signature may cause astonishment after a long silence—or maybe none, since articles by me have probably been missed by nobody!

But, think! For two years there has been nothing to notify to *Close Up* readers. Oh, maybe: French production has increased in an extraordinary way. . . . Quantitatively. The quality? *C’est un autre histoire!*

This, briefly, is the story of my absent articles. I’m not French. But I’ve chosen France in which to make my home, if I may dare say so, because it is the one country in the twentieth century where you can live as you choose. Thus I contracted a debt of *reconnaissance* towards this land, and it

became difficult to speak of its film production without speaking ill! In the end, this became distasteful.

It's a little as if one accepted the charming hospitality of a friend and said afterwards how badly his wife dressed. That it might be true would not save it from odiousness. Added to which, it would become tiring to repeat oneself *ad infinitum*. There remained but one solution: silence.

To-day I take courage to remake contact with *Close Up*.

Do not believe, however, that French production has become marvellous overnight!

We know that since talking films, the French cinema has been organising its commercial resources. That is a great deal. From the marsh of incompetent persons who directed the cinema, emerged two or three enterprises to create a commercial basis for production.

The artistic and spiritual results were lamentable. But, imperceptibly, one felt something new shaping itself. The cinemas went very well. The traders were doing business. The talking film was a new attraction and, open-mouthed, though by no means stupid, the public was so enthralled by this new bawble that it dared not confess its deception.

But all things must end. Curiosity satisfied, the public started to whistle its discontent at what the great producers dished out to it. These latter, tearing their hair, reproached the journalists with ingratitude if they ventured to speak ill of their super-productions, and went on engaging the same incapable directors and writers who had already dragged the French cinema to the dust.

The young ones, fired with enthusiasm and predictions of stupendous possibilities, soon lost their ardour. Why try? Those who persisted were incarcerated as assistants to directors without talent or drive, and slumbered in their *usines aux images*.

The field was swept clean. No longer need be feared those stern and just critics who had seen in the cinema something other than a means of enrichment or brutalising of the film public. Forced to earn one's living, one accepted an antidotal employment and held one's peace.

The *Revue du Cinema*, commendably sincere and wrathful toward cinema as mart and exchange, was overwhelmed by the combines and ceased to protest. Result: The *Revue du Cinema* is no more. It was the one French journal of any interest.

But that is not all. In the days of silent films, it was possible to make oneself known by some small, original work of one's own. Some sympathetic person might be found who would give film-stock gratis, someone else would find a camera, and thus one was equipped to turn out a little film which had its chance. If it had merit, the Ursalines would put it on, and there, for a number of beginners, was a chance to prove something of their mettle.

That's all knocked on the head. Now that the screen *utters* (no oracle, alas, is this phenomenon!) the least little film runs considerably into money,

and private initiative is unable to take the risk involved. The young cinéophile has thus no means to show his unexploited talent. But the handicap does not stop there. Nobody can hope to sell a scenario. In Germany and even America, this is sometimes possible. In France, no! The boulevard theatres and their plays are almost solely the inspiration of the screen. One is not mistaken in finding the results deplorable.

René Clair, the one astonishing exception to this spiritual inertia, maintains his place apart for several reasons. But it does not seem necessary to discuss them here. His work has gained the world-wide reputation we foresaw when he made films which pleased only an infinitesimal minority. We applaud wholeheartedly. There may be certain reservations but all the same, he gives the impression of an oasis, which in the desert of mediocrity of French films, is sorely needed.

Not long ago René Clair published an article in *le Temps* in which he proved that the existing methods of capitalistic cinema were at fault in that none of the spiritual force or new blood which is so much needed, were to be found.

He concluded that, being so, maybe the capitalistic system was not the ideal system. *Le Temps*, a right-minded journal, dared not print the dangerous idea. The shareholders would be alarmed. And what of the advertisements and general business policy?

Thus, for two years I sought an oasis, and finally found one, strange as it may seem! Two unknown (unknown because they did not stoop to the "combines" which are the order of the day) stumbled on the possibility of making a film. And it was one of the big firms that gave them their chance. It seems incredible, but there it was!

Their names: Pierre Prévert, director, and Jacques Prévert, his brother, the author of the scenario. And the firm which authorised them to make their film was Pathé Natan, the greatest in France. True, they were helped enormously by the studio director, M. David, a young man (the term is used here in its full sympathetic connotation) through whose permission they were enabled to make the film in their own way. They could take the actors they wanted, and that is almost a fairy tale these days!

And the result is an excellent film, genuinely gay, and deriving certain inspiration, if one believes in that, from the best Mack Sennett and Marx Brothers comedies.

It is all in the gayest manner.

You must know the scenario. A provincial French town. The little square. A young man, with a none too intelligent air, reads on a bench. A girl comes from a house, passes near the young man, smiles. The young man, none too courageous, dares not raise his eyes. The girl is insistent, smiles, repasses, smiles, repasses. . . .

Suspicion seizes us. This girl, maybe she's not all she should be, *commerce de charmes*, one feels. But fie! She's none but the daughter



Decroux, the hatter-gangster in "L'Affaire est dans le Sac," Photo : Pathé-Natan.

Decroux, le chapelier-gangster, dans "l'Affaire est dans le sac." Photo : Pathé-Natan.

Decroux, der Hutmacher-Bandit in "L'Affaire est dans le Sac." Photo : Pathé-Natan.



"L'Affaire est dans le Sac." Lora Hays and J. B. Dreyfus. Photo : Pathé-Natan.

"L'affaire est dans le sac." Lora Hays et J. P. Dreyfus. Photo : Pathé-Natan.

"L'Affaire est dans le Sac." Lora Hays und J. P. Dreyfus. Photo: Pathé-Natan.

of the very multi-millionaire, Helister, American, blotting paper king, and the young man has caught her fancy.

At home, suitors await her. There is a young effeminate one, concerned only with his shoes, never glossy enough to satisfy; an old man who relates to all and sundry, that he *loves, loves* this girl, while the others love only his money. There is an officer, an aristocrat, a priest. An entire human fauna!

The girl has asked her father to aid in selection of a husband, but he, wise man, keeps out of it. He is bored. And all he asks is that the young man shall be amusing and create laughter. So the girl sends everyone packing but the young man with his eyes so blue whom recently she had vamped on the bench. They speak of their happiness. The father enters, demands that something to amuse him shall be done. Alas, the young man imitates the crowing of a cock, and for ten years the old man's valet has been trying to make him laugh in just this way. The young man is chucked out.

But all this has been witnessed by the owner of the hat-shop opposite, and he is seized with profit-making schemes. An odd hat-shop. There is but a single hat. When a customer asks for a hat, his own, transformed, is resold to him. Or paper hats are sold to madmen who deplore they cannot find a hat they like. Now the hatter, at the end of his resources, recruits the young man, named Jean Paul. They steal the hats of passers by, who fail to notice anything. But that is not all. The hat maker has a scheme whereby Jean Paul can marry Miss Gloria.

The hatter is by no means a simple hatter but a gangster, and this to the great regret of his sleepy assistant who prefers his honest thieving to the fantastic plans of his employer. However, there is the little brother of Miss Gloria and he must be stolen. They will demand ransom, and after it is paid, the young man will turn up as rescuer with the little man, and the father will be unable to refuse him his daughter's hand. *L'affaire est dans le sac*, says the hatter.

Complications! For the kidnappers make a big mistake. They carry off the father! And now he, who had been a gangster himself, begins to enjoy life again. The whole business pleases him vastly, and he has no wish to go home, even when the ransom has been paid. Finally he has to be chloroformed and carried back. And the young man thus becomes the father's rescuer, though the latter had no will to be rescued. He marries Miss Gloria.

Some years later, the married couple go out with their two children. They walk where they first met. The husband becomes sentimental, the young wife maudlin. They stop in front of the hat-shop, which has long since been shut and from which strange noises are sometimes heard. A brave citizen, determined to lay the ghost, opens up the iron shutters. A bearded man streaks out, crying in desperation, "I asked for a *béret*, a simple little *béret*—that's not so out of the way!" End.

Only a vague idea can be gleaned by the imaginative from the above. The charm is in the method.

This was a film made with minimum outlay, for, being unknown persons, large sums were not available. These brothers, without wish to dazzle, desired to show that good work can be done with simple means. No complicated camera-work, nothing very extraordinary, simply a straight realization of a theme which had amused them.

Pierre Prévert, directing for the first time, shows that he belongs to that exceptional class of beings that one might call born directors. He has those precious gifts so sadly lacking in the majority of those who tinker with films. He knew exactly how to use his actors, of whom many were non-professionals, and under his direction they achieved that economy of gesture which enchants. They were able to adapt themselves to the inconsequent logic of Jacques Prévert's scenario.

One can easily be mistaken. But I think I make no mistake in predicting a happy career for this film, even outside the French-speaking countries, as well as for the brothers Prévert. They deserve it.

JEAN LENAUER.



A scene from the Portuguese film "Campinos."

Une scène du film portugais : "Campinos."

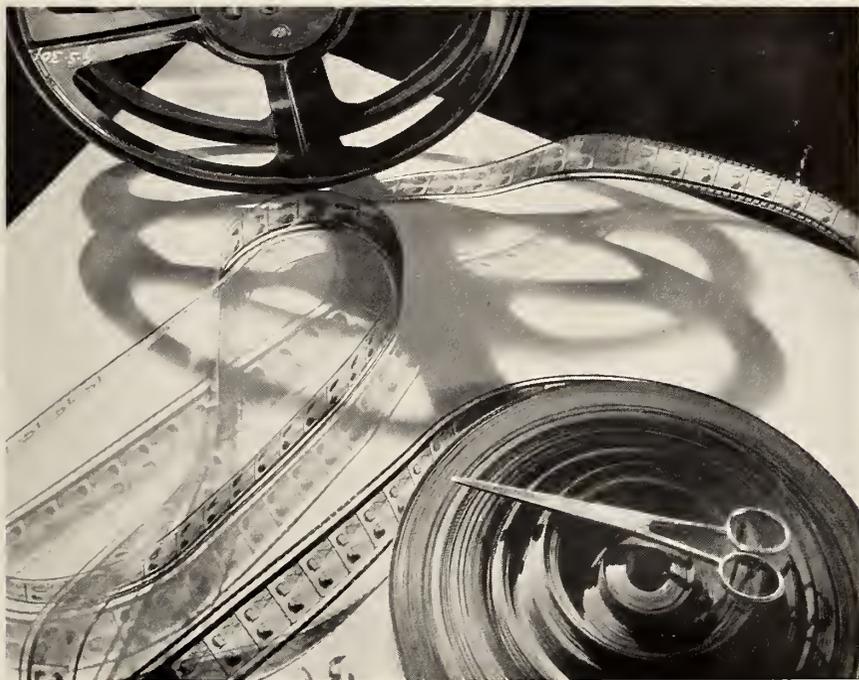
Eine Szene aus dem portugiesischen Film "Campinos."

DOG DAYS IN THE MOVIE

The Rin Tin Tinnabulation of the melancholy bells: "Hollywood's canine prince" is dead at the age of 14, after 13 good-luck years of mute but glistening heroism before the camera. "Rin Tin Tin," an obituary reads, "was essentially a gentleman. That is why audiences were so fond of him." He earned \$300,000 for his owners and kept Warner Brothers from going to the dogs. His name must be joined with that of another gentleman and hero, the cowboy Tom Mix, who for many years kept the Fox corporation in the saddle. Like the puncher, the hound too was to have made a comeback in the era when the bark must be as good as the bite—invariably to as little success. They never come back! or if they do, it is not to glamour as of old. For in this cynical period even the dog-stars are suspected. And though statesmen and men of perched brow may assert their devotion to "the art of the western" or "the art of Rin Tin Tin," and thereby vindicate Hollywood and Hays, as well as the aestheticians of the primitive, there is no vindication of Tom Mix or Rin Tin Tin—they need no vindication. In these elementary cinemas of literal and undisturbed action—and audience reaction—with their unvarying formula of suspense and climax and relief, there is no criterion but this formula. The audience delighting in the simplicities of this melodrama does not debate photography, direction or even performance, and recognizes little or no difference between a Tom Mix and a Buck Jones or even a Buddy Roosevelt, between a Rin Tin Tin, Sen., and Rin Tin Tin, Jun., or a Ranger, between a Mickey Mouse and an Oswald the Rabbit. Once there was Strongheart the dog, and he became one with Rin Tin Tin—distinctions are affectations in this category, dog is not plural. The applause of the audience is not for the singular entree but for the staple condiment, and any brand will do—the average housewife can not distinguish between different brands of salt. Claims of superiority are made by the populist and it is he who betrays the primitive, the elementary, the staple by branding it "art."

Rin Tin Tin is dead and therefore, being a dog, he must be happy. It is invidious to enshrine him as artist or even as gentleman, though we may permit the latter as a conceit. Yet can I not hear the enterprising critic, in an effort to make his snobbery popular and profitable, submit the marketable but questionable suggestion: "What the movie needs is another good dog!" Marketable because it is cute and for the moment inveigles the simple audience into a worthless self-esteem. Yesterday such elegances were reserved for effete magazines like *The Soil*, *Broom*, *The Dial*. Today they are doled out with blessings on slapstick and "autographed bathtubs" to the vast millions, so easily tantalized and betrayed.

No longer will staples sustain. The need is for diets. The movie "art-industry," as Jesse Lasky called it, is in a hell of a fix. It is between the



A reel of "Perfect Understanding," Gloria Swanson's new film, ready for the editor's shears. This photo marks a pleasing advance in publicity methods, making in itself an excellent composition of uncommon interest.

Une bobine "d'Harmonie parfaite," le dernier film de Gloria Swanson qui va passer par les ciseaux de l'éditeur. Cette photo révèle une nouvelle formule plaisante de publicité, par le choix excellent de son motif inédit.

Aus "Völliges Verstehen," Gloria Swansons neuem Film, der auf des Herausgebers Schere wartet. Dieses Photo bedeutet einen erfreulichen Fortschritt in der Methode der Reklame; es ist schon an sich eine ausgezeichnete Komposition von ungewöhnlichem Interesse.

devil (Hays the evangel) and the deep dead sea (Holy Hollywood), and what lies between is morass. My metaphors are mixed, but then so is the movie, despite the more direct control of that spasmodic jack-in-the-box by the mechanism called Wall Street. The mechanism itself is askew. Rin Tin Tin evolved during the ascent of cinema and at his peak, after having borne Warners through difficulties, he could support them no more. It was then garrulity succeeded the mute hero. He was still vital but Hollywood was not, and so he was discarded by Warners who needed more than the b.o. appeal of Rin Tin Tin to safeguard their stock-juggling. The noble beast typified the contradiction of the movie: it, intrinsically, was still vital but Hollywood was not. Not that the talkie was not inevitable, but only that it was unanticipated in the understanding of the practitioners, therefore premature. Even today there are few who can comprehend the talkie as a sound-sight compound. And today the talkie cannot salvage the movie,

and no other technical development can salvage it, for sound-and-talk brought a new sense into play and with that set the limits of compounding, wide as they are. All other innovations are heightenings within these limits.

The trouble with the movie is a chronic one. Had its own body been more properly kept it might have resisted the epidemic crisis better. The cure, that is the improvement of the body politic of the movie, is simpler than supposed, perfectly obvious, therefore avoided by all those who sell slogans about the art of the horse-opera or the recrudescence of the serial or the unimpeachable Walt Disney—withall due respect. The answer is "subject-matter." Subject-matter, the content of daily life. I shall not gainsay "fantasy" altogether, for in this imperfect age the vicarious is insistent. Audiences have long been conditioned by the ideals of *nouveauriche* producers who "give the public what it wants," more easily when what the public wants coincides with what they want the public to want. But in a time such as this, when uncertainty and dread are each man's portion, an audience will respond to more than Rin Tin Tin, will desire an explanation of its own state. Films like *Bad Girl*, *Seed*, *Emma*, *Young America*, *Bad Sister*, *Are These Our Children?* containing approximately normal types, indicate, incipiently and despite their fraudulences, the tendency essential to the movie. But does the producer recognise the the tendency as one toward drastic reality? A Hollywood director wished to make a picture of a typical American family caught in the "depression," but the young producer said: "We'll give the public horror instead." Now, it is true, in a period of economic anguish, there are two mental, social tendencies: toward realism, toward the fantastic. Germany's cinematic "golden age," coming upon the War and the Inflation, was a duality: the German middleman looking upon his plight pathetically, the German simplistic mind indulging in abberations. The control, however, insisted on the second tendency and the German *kino* disintegrated into innocuous *lichtspiel*. Had the control favoured the tendency toward reality, the German film would have remained integrated much longer. The unreal cannot sustain over long periods.

But our producers are thinking of expediences only; long periods, despite all this talk of "plans," does not adhere, it seems, to capitalist production any more. Get what you can while you can get it, even though you enhance the evil in so doing. Universal produces *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*—"scarers" that forsake the very core of their horrors, the plague-analogy of the vampire-theme, man's creation turning on man. The movie of *delirium tremens*—or near been! First novelty and then publicity build-up pack in the crowds, who have been led to expect horror and therefore find horror—up to a point. An "independent" produces *White Zombie* at perhaps a tenth or a twentieth the cost of *Frankenstein* and it is just as good, even better. United Artists takes it up, builds it up, the crowd is inveigled, but do I not hear as much laughter as cries of



Eric Waschneck's film, "Eight Girls in a Boat," the first Fanal-Terra Film.

"Huit filles dans un bateau," par Erick Waschneck, est le premier film Fanal-Terra.

Erich Waschnecks Film "Acht Mädchen in einem Boot," Der erste Fanal-Terra Film.

horror? Is there really a fool born every minute, and how long can the movie wait till he grows up, or shall it get him while he is still wrong? The big companies are choking to death. They are afraid. Five-star Grand Hotels are not heroisms but steam-whistling in the dark. The so-called independents, "indies," working on little, not obsessed with stars and salaries (actors can be got cheap) have the opportunity to make good films and market them. And what do they do? The same old stuff; they take none of the risks of independence. Every one is scared!

At last the movie, being a topical medium too, must recognise the "depression" as subject-matter. The audience is lured to see a film pretending to tell the truth and they are shown another picture on the glib studio formula, *American Madness*. With a grand flourish this film opened at the Mayfair. There were spotlights on the theatre but not a flashlight on the truth. Bank runs are caused by a \$50,000 robbery augmented, in public rumours, to 50 times the amount. Loans to banks and factors—they will dissipate the crisis; is this film the work of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation? Faith in character, and the love of woman—these would

have saved the Bank in the United States, if only people wouldn't gossip. The theme song of this film of redemption, cancellation of evils, might be the popular "You call it madness, but I call it love." The movie has the coupon-mind. It is shivering on a perforated fringe! Total collapse will be stayed with these runs of deluding films, and then the downward pace will be intensified. The graph may fluctuate upward now and then but the path is generally downward—until there is the courage of facing reality and elucidating it in the movies. But can that be expected from the Hollywood camp as it is constituted today?

H. A. POTAMKIN.



"Disappearing World," an ethnographical picture from Moravia and Slovakia, made collectively under the guidance of Professor Ulehla. Distributed by A.-B.-Film Co. Ltd., Prague.

"Un monde qui disparaît," document ethnographique sur la Moravie et la Slovaquie réalisé collectivement sous la direction du professeur Ulehla. Distribué par A.B. Film Co. Ltd., Prague.

"Eine verschwindende Welt," ein ethnographischer Film aus Mähren und der Slowakei, der von einem Kollektiv unter der Führung von Professor Ulehla hergestellt wurde. Verleih durch A.-B.-Film Co. Ltd., Prag.



"Disappearing World," an ethnographical picture from Moravia and Slovakia, made collectively under the guidance of Professor Ulehla. Distributed by A.-B.-Film Co. Ltd., Prague.

"Un monde qui disparaît," document ethnographique sur la Moravie et la Slovaquie, réalisé collectivement sous la direction du professeur Ulehla. Distribué par A.B. Film Co. Ltd., Prague.

"Eine verschwindende Welt," ein ethnographischer Film aus Mähren und der Slovakei, der von einem Kollektiv unter der Führung von Professor Ulehla hergestellt wurde. Verleih durch A.-B.-Film Co. Ltd., Prag.

"DISAPPEARING WORLD"

Disappearing World is the first Czech talking picture which assumes the title of a collective film work. It was made under the direction and supervision of professor Dr. Ulehla who is known even abroad as the creator of the scientific picture *Growth of Plants*. His new picture shows the disappearing culture on the boundaries of Moravia and Slovakia in

all its typical aspects and expressions, thus becoming a sociological document of the people's fundamental standard in Czechoslovakia. Professor Ulehla has chosen this border because the life of the people, preserved there almost undecayed, is very rich in the most deeply rooted expressions of inherent culture. This piece of land represents, in the character of its people and in its economical, social and moral level, the ideal average of the Czechoslovak countryside.

Professor Ulehla has inset in this sociological study a plot which derives from its environment the arrival of a cultivated woman—a doctor of philosophy—from Prague, her task to study folk songs, her relationship to a peasant boy and the impossibility of continuance of this relationship, since the merging of town culture with the retreating culture of the peasant people is not feasible. This personal episode is set in the frame of the collective life of the village and its typical expressions: the great ecclesiastical ceremonies during Easter holidays, peasant fairs, a wedding, dance music, a funeral, and chiefly, the everyday life of rustic work.

Although *Disappearing World* was made under the guidance and direction of professor Ulehla, the whole film was the result of the work of many collaborators: there were special experts in peasant customs, dialect, costumes, types, music, dances, etc. The film has twenty prominent parts and the cast includes almost exclusively students and peasant people appearing for the first time before the camera. Music for the dances is played by two typical village bands.

Disappearing World was produced as an expensive full-length picture and will be released in three versions: two of them (one sound and the other silent), will be 2,700 metres in length, while the third version, cut as a documentary film of 1,200 metres, will be given to the President of the Republic, to the Czechoslovak Academy of Arts and Sciences and to the Ministry of Schools and National Progress.

In *Disappearing World* are preserved unique camera explorations of a disappearing peoples' environment and life, to remain as a cultural and sociological document for future generations.

KAREL SANTAR.



THE FILM COSTUMIER'S PROBLEMS

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

Mr. Max Pretzfelder has designed costumes for all the films of Pabst, and was kind enough to write the following brief explanation of his methods after I had spoken with him about his work for *Don Quixote*. I had already known Pretzfelder for some years and had recognised in him mastery of his craft, but this was rather a special occasion, as almost my first impression visiting the *Don Quixote* sets was admiration and surprise, even delight, that the costumes were so perfect and so harmoniously blended in the spirit of what I had feared might prove to be a dubious and rather futile period extravaganza, but which, in fact, to my astonished eyes, presented itself as something wholly other, apparently imbued with the spirit and texture of Cervantes' grand romance, in which the eternal truths so easily could be bungled, or, by subtle use of inference, made pointed and adroit.



Therefore I spoke with Mr. Pretzfelder about it all, and succeeded in obtaining the accompanying sketches. These are "first sketches"—broad designs, blocked in with an eye to mass and form. Afterwards each part of each costume is taken detail by detail and sketched apart—a sleeve, a bodice, a coiffure, the very design of trimming or embroidery. I need not explain his method, for that is done already in his own words. I need only state that here, where there was full scope for a designer—a scope, in fact, which many designers would have abused by allowing a decorative sense to obscure validity—Pretzfelder was able to prove himself a discerning, one might say an historical-minded observer with a social and sociological sense concerned with reality. The result—and what an important one it is—was that nowhere could be traced any sign of "actors dressed-up"; none of the plagiarised *haute-couture* of the usual "period-piece," (*Romance*,

The Sign of the Cross, The Congress Dances, etc.). These clothes looked worn and, what is more important, *wearable*. Against the tendency to indulge in *spectacle* and romantic exaggerations, Pretzfelder had examined the character and function of his subject and had recreated in his mind the atmosphere of a seventeenth century Spanish village where people dressed on the whole simply, if copiously and somewhat unhealthily, but not as for a charade or the Christmas prank of a dramatic society. Hence there pervaded a sense of the *living* quality, of people about their daily life—this was no “glance backward,” there was no suggestion of carnival or pageant. Refuse in the streets and dirty petticoats. Grubby people in grubby rags or grubby finery. Taking into account conditions of life, these people were *rationaly clad*. Surviving trends traced back, linking present and past, until discrepancy or improbability seemed to disappear. The characters were there and their clothes were there afterwards.

Undoubtedly Pretzfelder was helped in his ideas by having lived in various parts of Spain for a number of years. But his real genius lies in his scope—his knowledge of the requirements of film content and film mechanics.





When an audience, fatigued by the day's work, settles down in the cinema for the evening, it pays attention almost exclusively to the action, the sense and the attractiveness of the leading players. The main factors—the director's art, the architecture, the lighting, the style and variety of the costumes, do not enter into its consciousness, as, indeed, they should not, for if they are too apparent they are wrong.

The director's art is partly to collect a staff of reliable co-workers able to bring requisite atmosphere to the film.

It is extremely important to combine architecture, lighting and costumes harmoniously. For instance, if the architect builds up a dark wall, the costume has to be correspondingly light. Then it has to be remembered, the person will not remain in front of that wall, but mix among other people, move through rooms of changing light and colour. Consequently the necessity arises for an extremely *strong outline*, which, viewed from all sides,





must enhance the person's character and enable the cameraman to make interesting compositions.

To fill in that outline with strong masses and shades in such a way that the figure remains a close unit in every movement, and yet full of life, is—besides characterisation—the most important task of the film-costumier.

MAX PRETZFELDER.

THE EXPERIMENTAL FILM AND ITS LIMITATIONS.

Among the few experimental films that have been shown in London since the introduction of sound, Dziga Vertov's *Enthusiasm*, although presented by the Film Society a comparatively long time ago, is, together with Joris Ivens' *Radio*, also one of the most recent, on account of the scarceness of this type of film in this country.

Experimental films have always met with much comment from the press, and are generally either highly overrated or else very much slighted, and Dziga Vertov's *Enthusiasm* proved no exception to the rule.

Vertov, as a director, is, of course, no new star in the experimental film firmament, and ever since propounding his theories in the Soviet paper *Lef*, about ten years ago, he has haunted the intelligensia all over Europe. As a matter of fact, he has become a disease.

Vertov is little known as a director of straight pictures, though he made one for the Ukrainian State Cinema to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the October revolution. He is better known to us as the leader of the much discussed "ciné-eye" movement and the director of that extremely doubtful "Man with the Camera" which, as an experiment, was highly overrated, though interesting for the handling of the camera by Vertov's brother, Kauffmann.

Now it is extremely difficult to fathom the true value of an experimental film of the Vertov type, or as for that, of any experimental film, the result of which is that the press either hallows it as the work of a genius, or, on the other hand, discards it as a worthless effort. Practically from the days of MM. Auguste and Louis Lumière, the motion picture has had its experimentalists, and what is more, has needed them, for had not some artistically advanced-thinking men taken the film in hand, we should to-day still be hampered by the stage technique of the earlier period, and for this reason alone the experimentalists have already fully justified their existence. We can only be thankful to that comparatively small band of film adventurers who pursue their often thankless calling with such determination, and a word of praise for them would not be out of place here. Such distinguished names as Hans Richter, the German, ace of experimentalists; Joris Ivens, the Dutchman who made *De Brug* (*The Bridge*), *Regen* (*Rain*) and later of course, *Radio* for Philips Lamps, Eindhoven and the French experimentalists, Man Ray, Henri Chomette and Dmitri Kirsanov leap at once to our mind.

It stands to reason that we can only improve upon present cinematography by constant experimenting, and doubtless these men have left their mark on film technique. Remember how thankful we have to be to Lef Kuleshov, father of the Soviet cinema. Before he commenced his experiments we had little or no adequate knowledge of either rhythmic cutting

or cross-cutting, as later so masterfully employed by his pupils Eisenstein and Pudovkin.

To my mind, however, some of the experimentalists at times unintentionally go too far in their quest for experience, thereby treading on ground outside the cinema. In this connection I am specially referring to the works of Louis Bunuel, *The Golden Age* and *Le Chien Andalou*, two surrealist extravaganzas, specialising in cows on beds and donkeys in the grand piano.

Although I do not object to the expression of dreams and thoughts in this particular manner (contrary to the Paris audience, which bombarded the screen on the first night with ink pots) I can see but limited scope for such experiments and am inclined to consider them contrary to the development of the true cinema. For me the jump from the cubism of Wiene's *Caligari* to the surrealism of Bunuel's *Golden Age* is too great, and, though I can admire the smooth continuity of the Bunuel films, I think that in pursuing these ideas, he is digressing from the medium proper to the cinema.

However, I would refer those interested in Bunuel's experiments to the interesting surrealist number of *This Quarter*, edited and published by Edward W. Titus, 14, Rue Delambre, Paris, in which he, Man Ray and Marcel Duchamps, the director of *Abstract* enunciate their theories.

The value of experimentalists has always been a debatable subject in the history of moving pictures, and though I greatly admire their work and am perfectly well aware that from their ranks have sprung some outstanding directors, I feel we should not place them on a pedestal on which they do not belong.

It was the Soviet who sent us the abstract film *Enthusiasm*, a fact that made true criticism all the more difficult, seeing that the Soviet film is not understood by the masses, but only by a handful of the élite—or would-be élite. It was shown at the Film Society some considerable time ago and Dziga Vertov personally attended the English première.

To me and others, who have spent the greater part of our lives on the Continent and are consequently used to seeing our films at the proper time and in the proper surroundings, these private exhibitions are never lacking in humour. One may find there Lady Oxford and Asquith with her director son, Anthony, or Mr. Aldous Huxley sitting next to Mr. Hannen Swaffer, and on many occasions the thought has occurred to me how much better the author of *Brave New World*, if he so desired, would be fitted to criticise the intellectual film than "The Man who never speaks without Authority." Further, one may encounter there a gathering of young men in pale green shirts, and hatless young ladies wearing sandals, all of them authorities on any Soviet film—at least so one would imagine from hearing them talk about the three-dimensional movie, to say nothing of their expert knowledge of Leon Moussinac's *Le Cinéma Soviétique*. The rest of the

audience is made up of a sprinkling of society with the inevitable writers of the gossip columns.

Such is a typical Film Society audience, and from such a rare gathering Dziga Vertov and his *Enthusiasm* awaited their verdict.

Let us be truthful and make it quite clear from the outset that, although at times highly complicated and technically interesting, this picture set no new standard in film production. It was a disappointment to those who had hoped that the addition of sound effects would prove to be the missing link in Vertov's visual patterns.

Lack of space prevents me from discussing this picture at length, but it is interesting, for a moment, to consider the criticisms of some well-known people in the Cinema World.

Mr. Asquith made the brief comment that *Enthusiasm* had neither shape nor rhythm, but admitted that it contained some lovely shots which, however, were not used properly. This, as a criticism, is, of course, rather vague, for it is a well-known fact that there is hardly a film, however common-place, that does not contain some lovely shots, which are also not used properly.

Dziga Vertov's own views were almost as involved as his film, and he voiced his opinion on the following lines:—

“ENTHUSIASM IS, FIRST AND FOREMOST, THE FIRST FORWARD STEP OF THE CAMERA-EYE FROM THE OPTIC-CAPTURE OF THE VISIBLE WORLD, TO THE OPTIC-TONAL-CAPTURE OF THE VISIBLE AND AUDIBLE WORLD. IT IS THE ICE-BREAKER-IN-CHIEF FOR THE SOUND-NEWS-FILM.”

I do not wish to comment on his explanation, but at the time it struck me that, though quite impressive in sound and print, his words contained nothing tangible in reality, and therefore, to my mind, unpleasantly resembled some of the commercial clap-trap voiced by a mediocre press-agent.

Far more to the point was the film critic of *The Times*, who spoke of “brilliantly successful propaganda” I understand the word propaganda has been highly misused in England with regard to the Soviet film, but it strikes me, that in the case of *Enthusiasm* the word was correctly applied. Like several Soviet films of late the propaganda motive of *Enthusiasm* was stressed too much and consequently the film suffered artistically. Surely Alexander Room's *Bed and Sofa* should have proved sufficiently the futility of propagating an idea which runs contrary to the natural narrative of the film, and I, for one, am disappointed to see that “Sojus kino” has not taken the necessary steps to prevent a similar occurrence.

I do not doubt that *Enthusiasm* is a sincere film, but a picture needs more than sincerity to be claimed a good film. Besides, from no standpoint did the film offer us anything new, either in the way of construction

of shots or in camera positions, while the scenario, as a whole, was unbalanced. It was a film that depicted the love for work, a highly dubious element in Soviet film production, and it suffered from the "machine complex."

Much has been written about this complex, but it seems that almost all modern creative artists, whether painters, poets or writers, are afflicted with it, and naturally the cinema has not been able to escape therefrom. Every director, from Fritz Lang to Joe Sternberg, has, at some time in his career, had an attack of the machine complex and given us shots of incessantly turning wheels; but all that could be shown about machines had already been done in Eugène Deslav's *Marche des Machines*.

And if modern directors do not impress us with well-greased, well-oiled pistons, they lure us with shots of fretted frameworks of half-formed ships against the skyline, carrying the swarming figures of men like ants; or pictures of giant cranes, swaying out prodigious arms from which hang huge linked chains, making, of course, full use of sound co-ordination—the air ringing with the chink of a thousand hammers, the endless sound of the rivetter's beat and the ring of the platelayer's sledge.

Enthusiasm was in no way different. Crude and vital it was, raw as the turned up soil on which they were building a new Ukraine. It reminded one, for a moment, of the Soviet literature of to-day, the books of Fjodor Gladkow, *Cement* and *New Earth*, books of strife and hard work. But are they true, these books, these films? Many, like me, will have experienced the feeling, from time to time, that the true purpose of these books and films is not merely to show us the Soviet labourer's love for his work, but actually to stimulate the enthusiasm of the somewhat lazy population in a certain part of the vast Soviet Union. Doubtless a bold idea, springing up in a decadent Western mind; but is it so altogether incredible? Not in the case of *Enthusiasm*. It was indeed "brilliantly successful propaganda!"

However, some day we may get a closer insight into Soviet conditions, for two leading experimentalists of Western Europe, the one German, the other Dutch, are at present at work in the U.S.S.R. They are Hans Richter, director of *Rhythmus* and *Vormittagspuk*, and my fellow countryman Joris Ivens. I understand the latter has just completed a talking picture for the "Union of Young Peoples' Societies," in celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the Soviet Union, dealing with the socialist enterprise in the coal and grain area and in the machinery and metal industry. The film is shot, for the greater part, in the steel centre of Magnitogorsk and the Kussbass Mines in Siberia, and the musical score has been, or will be, written by the German proletariat composer Eisner, who was responsible for the illustration of *Kühle Wampe*.

Maybe either Richter or Ivens will give us a less biased impression of the activities on the Soviet front.

After all, we can afford to wait.

JOHN C. MOORE.

AMERICAN TENDENCIES

Through three years of economic storm the American cinema has carried on in characteristic fashion. That it has been hard hit goes without saying. Theatres dark and deserted, and Hollywood mansions on the auction block, offer but partial evidence of the wrack. But through it all Hollywood has held true to its hero complex. Not once has it proclaimed its woes nor uttered so much as a whine. On the contrary, with immedicable *sang-froid*, it has kept at work, "singin' in the rain," snapping its remnant-jewelled fingers at the lightning, and altogether coming out strong under adversity.

It is yet too early to foresee the ultimate effect upon the cinema of the changed and still changing world. Nevertheless, certain tendencies are already discernible. And in these, despite the confusing eddies and cross currents of present conditions, is revealed a general drift indicative of a new and better cinematic era.

Foremost among these tendencies, is better pictures, coupled with decreasing cost. This latter element is particularly significant. Pressed by the implacable exactions of the prevailing situation, to say nothing of the ultimatums from their Eastern financial creditors, the Hollywood rajahs have awakened to an all-too-tardy realisation of their witless and riotous extravagance.

Years ago the small, independent producers, huddled together in ramshackle studios on Gower Street and collectively derided as "Poverty Row," could have given lessons to their superiors in economic sagacity. Now, perforce, the simplified observances of these cinema pariahs are being adopted in principle by high-caste Hollywood. System is replacing jumble and anarchy. Co-operation is reducing reckless and improvident rivalry. Costs in all directions—salaries, stories, sets, *matériel*, administration—are being hauled down to within at least hailing distance of the earth.

Naturally, no such drastic innovation has been accomplishable without a rough and painful treading upon the sacred toes of the cinema Brahmins. To be obliged to keep the production budget of his *Sign of the Cross* within a meagre three-quarters of a million, was to Cecil de Mille but little short of blasphemy. But the day of unrestrained lavishness is over. The making of such a film at all this time was only by special dispensation.

In this scrimped and exceptionally-permitted *Sign of the Cross*, we have an illuminated and illuminating sign of the times. It marks the passing of the money-devouring spectacle film. Hereafter, declare the soul-hardened, devoutless bankers, the top-notch cost of any picture shall not exceed three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Dovetailing opportunely with this enforced economy is the altered mood of the public. A sobered world, recovering from its orgy of indulgence and stimulated appetites, is turning to plain and simple fare. And thus the

immediate-present tendency of films is toward the frugal genre picture. *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *State Fair*, and *Little Woman* are among those already exemplifying this salutary trend.

Good old hokum, tried and true, is slipping back upon the screen without apology or equivocation. Splash, swagger, smartness, pretension, bizarrerie are on the wane—fading out—and, moreover, fading out of Hollywood itself. Hollywood to-day is more nearly in tune with the normal honesties of life than it has been since the days when Jesse Lasky and Sam Goldwyn (*né* Goldfish) made pictures in a barn and ate their lunches from paper bags.

Film-making is once more a sober, earnest, actual bread-winning business. What this portends is for the moment wrapped in the clouds that still obscure the world's horizon. However, it cannot for the nonce be regarded as other than a further encouraging tendency in the direction of reform and improvement. For it must be borne in mind that Hollywood, starting again from the breadline, has now behind it a vast experience, to serve both as a guide and corrective.

That its pictures are already showing signs of betterment is attested, not alone by the drift toward simpler, more appealing and more wholesome stories, but, also, from the technical and artistic viewpoints, by a clearer and more intelligent perception of the appropriate relationship between dialogue and action. With the passing of the novelty of speech, and taking example from their European cousins, American films are returning to the original and distinctive character of motion pictures. The technique and restrictions of the stage, which threatened for a time to mongrelize the screen, are being gradually discarded in recognition of their alienage, and in corresponding if belated appreciation of the phonic cinema's definitely unique position and individuality.

All in all, as revealed by its tendencies, the present hour holds pleasing promise. If it be fulfilled, it will not be the first time in human experience that stress and disaster have served as an ultimate good.

CLIFFORD HOWARD.

DETECTIVE WORK IN THE GIK

BY S. M. EISENSTEIN

Just as we were going to press, a bulky envelope arrived from Eisenstein, containing manuscript and a letter promising more to follow.

We decided immediately that by way of a sort of Christmas salute to our readers, we would, at all costs, print at least part of the meaty manuscript in our hands. Simple enough to decide, but the fact was we were rather beset, rather beside ourselves, wondering what would be the best thing to do. It seemed irregular to include in the last number of a volume part of an article which, in the volume following would read "Continued." On the other hand, there are times for niceties and times when it is foolish not to enjoy things simply as they come. For this would make the *grande bonne-bouche* to what we consider an excellent number. But the article, in toto, was much too long. However, translation revealed a suitable stopping place. And although next year with its new volume will, in strict truth, contain "Part Two" of this article, at the same time each is complete enough in itself to be considered separately. But we feel bound to make this announcement in deference to Mr. Eisenstein as well as to readers who will want to know the work as a complete whole. We felt, in addition, that it would make people happy to have this foretaste of what lies ahead. Thus *brindling* with good-nature, we offer it with bows!

K. M.

Detective work is as old as humanity. It is infinitely varied, both in its aims and in its methods.

Herodotus and Virgil and the authors of the ancient Hebrew apocryphal books have preserved for us some early examples of methods both of concealing stolen goods and of discovering their hiding place.

In many respects they show a striking similarity to present-day methods—not, perhaps, to the prosaic methods of Scotland Yard and other delightful institutions, but at any rate to the more romantic methods described in the pages of contemporary detective classics.

The detective is as old as the world.

The Egyptian Rhampsinitus sung by Herodotus and, somewhat later, by Heinrich Heine, had been robbed.

The royal treasure had been stolen and there was nothing whatever to show how the crime had been committed.

All the cunning of the Egyptian sages was of no avail. The artful king hit upon a plan worthy of Vidocq or of Joseph Fouché. Rhampsinitus put his ravishing daughter in a brothel and had the fact trumpeted throughout the city. Obviously he calculated that the bandit who had stolen the royal treasure was sure to be also a voluptuary.

And here was a chance of enjoying the King's daughter herself.

The bandit did indeed rise to the bait, and the princess had been instructed to extort from all her clients on the night in question, in the moment of their passion, a confession of their most ingenious exploit.

And the bandit did actually betray his secret.

The plan adopted by Rhampsinitus proved effectual.

Not entirely, however: when, after the confession, the princess seized the thief by the arm—like any professional policeman—the arm was left in her hands. The wary thief had made his escape, and the arm proved to be not his but one that he had cut off some gallows victim beforehand and brought into the brothel hidden beneath his cloak.

In Heine's version of the story, the thief is subsequently invited to the palace by public proclamation, pardoned, married to the princess and made heir to the throne. And finally:—

“ This thief ruled as other thieves rule.

“ He protected talents and commerce.

“ History has it that during his reign

“ Thefts were of rarest occurrence.”

“ Fantomas ” escaped in just the same way, leaving in the hands of the stupified police a cloak with a pair of rubber arms and shoulders.

The cunning Cacus, as Vergilius Maro writes in the 8th book of the *Aeneid*, stole, under Hercules' nose, an ox out of the herd entrusted to him, in a manner reminiscent of Maurice Leblanc and Conan Doyle.

He dragged the ox by the tail backwards into his cave, and, when Hercules came to look for it, proudly pointed to the traces of the hoofs proceeding . . . from the cave to the flock.

In more recent days, Sherlock Holmes and Arsène Lupin devise criminal methods reminiscent of those employed by Cacus in ancient times: in one case we find the criminal wearing his boots back to front (Leblanc); in another—a cavalcade of horses shod with cows' hoofs (Conan Doyle).

Finally, a deafening volley of cross-examination resounds for the first time from the pages of the Jewish apocrypha—in the well-known story of *Susanna and the Elders*. The Elders, who have been repulsed by the virtuous Susanna, slanderously accuse her of amorous intercourse with a certain young man beneath a certain tree. The slandered wife of the virtuous Joakim is sentenced to death. But the Lord sends to the aid of Susanna a certain wise Daniel. This forerunner of Le Coq makes the Elders indicate separately under which particular tree the adultery was committed. One points to a mastick tree, the other to a holm tree. With the result that the Elders are sentenced to death and virtue triumphs.

The necessity for detective work is as old as the universe.

Various and inscrutable are its ways, forms and methods.

Apart from very general premises, each particular detective problem confronts us with the necessity of finding the methodological key to the specific case.

Not long ago the writer was faced with the necessity for detective work—within the walls of “ GIK ” (State Institute of Cinematography).

It was a matter of detecting youthful talents in the domain of future creative film production. In plain words, it was in connexion with the entrance examinations for the Faculty of Film Production of the State Institute of Cinematography.

At that time there were no precedents for the systematic discovery of natural talents in the domain of creative film production; nor was there any methodology applicable to this task. Neither within the precincts of GIK, nor yet in the West or in America, where State Institutes of Cinematography do not even exist.

We had to open up entirely new ground.

Here are a few fragments from the complex of methods by which we tried to discover whether the candidates—who, apart from this, had to be conscious and active builders of socialism—possessed those qualities which seemed to us absolutely indispensable for the profession of regisseur. These natural gifts and qualities were tested in a special way. It was not a case of the purely technical, specific talent of some person, of high social merit, for the work of a film regisseur in preference to some other profession no less useful to society.

The manager of a factory kitchen builds up socialism just as much as the film regisseur.

But the specific nature of the talent is very different, though the work of a regisseur may occasionally be in the nature not of creation but . . . of cookery.

We decided that the first thing that had to be tested was the power of the future regisseur to feel the emotional and dramatic significance of events.

And to be able to convey this significance no less movingly and dramatically, so that the Examining Committee and, later on, the company of actors, should be kindled to enthusiasm and picture vividly what the regisseur is suggesting to them by word of mouth.

In this connexion I can think of no scene in the whole course of recent history more arresting, more moving and more consummately dramatic than the opening of the German Reichstag by Klara Zetkin.

One would have to be devoid of all talent for film production in order not to be thrilled by this scene, in which the grey-haired fighter for communism delivers a passionate denunciation of the tribune from which she herself is speaking.

One would have to be blind and deaf to be anything but entranced with the impotent fury and rancour of the representatives of reaction, who constitute an overwhelming majority in the hall of the Reichstag and who are ready to tear the revolutionary orator limb from limb and are unable even to relieve their feelings by hissing, since, in view of the political crisis, they are under the tactical necessity of preserving peace and order.

Meanwhile, thirteen individuals were floored by this task.

* * *

The power to create and visualize the living countenance of a living person, in a palpably living screen form, is a no less important faculty in a regisseur.

To be able, on the strength of a casual indication, to picture a person to one's self and give a detailed account of his personality, tastes and environment—that is what we expect of a regisseur.

And here Nikolai Vasilevich Gogol comes to our aid.

If one is working at comedy, it is impossible to avoid Gogol.

When I was working at comedy, I could not get away from Gogol, and, when I was rummaging among the material, I chanced upon the following extract from the reminiscences of Obolensky:—

“ . . . Towards morning we stopped at a station to have some tea. . . . At the station I found a Complaints Book, and in it I read a rather ridiculous complaint by some gentleman. When Gogol had heard it, he asked me :

“ ‘ And what sort of a individual do you imagine he was? What were his qualities and character?’

“ ‘ I'm sure I don't know,' I answered.

“ ‘ Well then, I'll tell you.' And thereupon he embarked upon a most amusing and original description of the outward appearance of this gentleman, followed by an account of his official career and of certain episodes in his life. I remember that I laughed as if I were crazy, but he kept an absolutely serious face the whole time. After that he told me how, when he was living with N. M. Yazykov, the poet, they used to amuse themselves in the evenings, when they went to bed, by describing various characters and then inventing for each character a suitable surname. ‘ The results were very comic,' Gogol observed, and then he described to me one character on whom he quite unexpectedly bestowed a surname which it would be indecent to mention in print—‘ and he was a Greek by birth ’ —Gogol concluded his story.” (*Old-Time Russia*, 1873.)

In the arsenal of weapons for our examination was included the Complaints Book. We availed ourselves of Anton Chekhov's short story entitled *The Complaints Book*.

Deacon Dukhov; the clerk, Samoluchshev, whose wife has been insulted; Ivanov the seventh, who, though he is the seventh, is a fool; the telegraph operator, dismissed for drunkenness; the anonymous writer, who has watched the gendarme's wife flirting with some man and writes sarcastically—“ Don't grieve, gendarme ”. . . In all their variety, these individuals begin to stride through the hall of GIK, where the examinations are conducted.

We get to know a number of incredible things about their appearance, baggage, family circumstances, purposes of the journey, boots and head-gear.

But we get to know much more about the peculiarities in the workings of the minds of those to whom we propound indecorous questions about these figures of long ago.

We also apply the converse method.

On the wall hangs a poster on which are depicted a numbers of workers,

young and old, cheerful and morose. The candidate is asked to guess the professions, personalities and family and social circumstances of the unknown individuals depicted.

And to give them a christian name, patronymic and surname.

None the less, however disconcerted the examinee might be by this demand, only rarely did we get such hopelessly commonplace answers as "Oh, Ivan," "Oh, Stepanov," "Oh, Petrov." After the first moment of embarrassment, the young miner or collective farm worker produced . . . such a pithy name, with such a brilliantly authentic ring that long afterwards, when one looked at the poster, it really seemed as if one were looking at acquaintances.

The most terrible problem for a future regisseur is to contrive a variation of hackneyed details.

This is not all. Our tests probe still more deeply.

In the course of them we manage to gauge the capacity of the examinee in another respect, infinitely important for our purpose—above all since the advent of the sound film: namely, in the determination of sight-sound correspondences, of the graphic or movie equivalent to a fragment of music or the phonetic structure of a word.

For this purpose we use the piano.

Some interesting examples are also supplied by pictures.

For instance: "The Major's Wooing," by the artist, Fedotov.

The bride, with her long train, has turned away, her attitude expressing something like "Oh, no . . . no . . . no . . ."

"What is the bride's name?"

A girl candidate answers: "Adelaida."

You look at the picture. Mentally you reproduce the rhythm of the figure turning away in a sound "ra—ra—ra—ra—"

Brilliant—Adelaida has caught the rhythm of the movement perfectly.

Now for a more detailed analysis—as far as the material permits.

You proceed craftily.

You consider the question whether the name Adelaida is appropriate to the mercantile class milieu which appears to be represented in this picture. You propose that the bride should be given a name more suggestive of the mercantile class.

The girl proposes "Lipochka."

The name has lost its splendid furbelows, the characteristic turn and gesture.

"Adelaida" had appealed to the girl by reason of its melody, by reason of the sound "l."

The "l" has been preserved in the name Lipochka, in spite of the difference of rhythm.

That is to say, the melodic quality of the name was consciously calculated, while the accurate rhythmic symbol was arrived at by intuition.

“ Perpetuya ” is not only more in harmony with the figure in respect of its timbres, but also in its overtones it approximates more closely to the movement than “ Adelaida,” though, in their general rhythmic scheme, they are identical.

The girl did not think of “ Perpetuya.”

The assertion that rhythm is the prerogative of the man and melody more characteristic of the woman is unfounded and premature. But plenty of indications to support it are apparent in the experience with this particular girl.

Let us pass on to the next.

* * *

Keeness of direct vision, the power to discover, by “ visual formulation,” the particular detail which defines the fact—this is another indispensable qualification for the profession of regisseur.

For the purpose of testing this quality, recourse is had to the writing of two or three comparative montage sheets for some scene—as a general plan.

These montage sheets are made from the point of view of the various actors taking part in the given scene.

A montage sheet is not simply a collection of stage directions. A montage sheet is, above all, a treatise, and its logic determines the choice of details and the modification of plans.

Take “ The Strelitz Execution,” by the artist, Surikov.

Here are two contrasting montage sheets: One—from the point of view of “ Intourist ” (the Russian travel agency for foreign tourists)—of a foreigner standing to the right and gazing at the exotic barbarism before him. The other—from the point of view of one of the soldiers of the Strelitz troop, paralysed with horror, convulsively clutching in his hands a candle, his gaze riveted to the points of the pikes, to the gallows or to the eyes of Peter the Great.

Much might be said for and against the aesthetically independent value of the examples put forward.

It should not be forgotten that, in the given case, they figure as “ human documents ” and least of all as examples of the painter’s art.

* * *

Sometimes, in the course of these examinations, quite unexpected ways and modes of thought were also revealed.

Curious, for instance, is the mode of thought which is in contradiction with what has been said about immediate perception of the essentially striking features of the visible fact.

Some “ theoretical ” conclusion from a logical consideration of the fact, instead of intuitive vision of the fact.

Take "A Moscow Street in the 17th Century," by the artist, Ryabushkin.

The people wading along through puddles and mire, all trace of pavements washed away, ikons on posts, and so on, and so on.

"Make us a montage sheet in 15 numbers designed to show the state of Moscow streets in the 17th century. In contrast to this make a similar montage sheet showing the state of a contemporary Soviet worker's village."

The girl brings a list:

"There are no side-walks."

"There are no windows looking on to the street."

"There is no regulation of the traffic."

"There are no green plantations."

"There is no . . . no . . . no——"

Smiling to herself, the girl concludes: "—— no militia man on duty."

The point is not, girl, that you jest about the absence of a militia man, but that you envisage the scene in a form inappropriate to the film.

You proceed from negative logic and not from the perception of actual details.

* * *

There are many other traps and snares in the path of the applicant for admission to GIK. . .

Three or four separate individuals placed side by side ought always, for a genuine regisseur, to constitute a mixture of sulphur and nitre ready to explode in a dramatic situation on application of the match of his creative imagination.

And he must always see that the dramatic explosion of the subject is distributed into the flesh and blood of these various individuals, with their several independent ways of life.

* * *

Just by the exit door are—four chairs.

Before them are four pairs of goloshes.

Those in front of the first chair are placed wide apart with the toes turned out.

In front of the second, the left and right foot have changed places.

In front of the third chair languishes one solitary golosh deprived of its fellow.

And in front of the last chair the goloshes are placed with the toes turning inwards.

"Create for us four types of living people waiting in the reception-room of the Institute, based on these four different positions of the feet."

Sometimes the examinee passes from one chair to the next and conjures up a brilliant gallery of types.

Sometimes he or she is floored . . . by the missing golosh before the third chair.

Better that this should happen at the examination for GIK than at the examination, before the Pan-Federal Soviet auditorium, of a badly constructed film representing useless expenditure of Soviet money.

These are a few examples representing only a very small proportion of the questions asked and the information elicited at our entrance examinations.

They do not cover anything like all the methods of examination which we employed.

Still less does what has been set forth lay claim to embody a complete methodology of the system of examination.

But it seems to us that the experience we have gained may serve as a starting-point from which to evolve a systematic methodology for the expert selection of a regisseur, which we shall, I hope, succeed in amplifying and rounding off in the methodological sector of the GIK chair of film production before the entrance examinations of next autumn.

No one will help us in this. It is no use counting on any one's co-operation.

We must do it ourselves.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

The International Review of Educational Cinematography for September contains the following articles: Emile Reynaud (A forgotten pioneer of the cinema), by P. R. Wescher; Rationalization in connection with education teaching, domestic economy and administration, by P. de Vuyst; The difficulties encountered in reading a film, by F. Juer Marbach; The international problem of cinematography, by E. Horn; History of Visual Education (End); The Czechoslovakian, Dutch and Chinese Committees; Film censorship in Guatemala and in the Panamas, and other interesting material.

FILM LITERATURE IN BELGIUM

The Federation of Belgian Ciné-Clubs, grouping the "Club de l'Ecran," in Brussels, the "Filmclub" in Gand, the "Antwerpsche Kinemaclub" and the "Ciné-Club" in Liège, recently published the first number of *Camera*. Editorship of this independent revue is in the hands of M. M. Emiel Langui and Gaston Derycke, under the administration of M. Roger du Bosch, of 10, Guinardstraat, Gand. P. G. van Hecke, Leon

Moussinac, Jean Painleve, J. Lods, G. Altman, Illya Ehrenbourg, Jean Vigo, Kaufmann, Claude Aveline, Henri Storck, Germaine Dulac, Denis Marion, W. Rombauts, Auriol, Aron, and many others, will serve *Camera* with commentariés, critiques, studies, articles, etc. Formidable names, which assure a suggestive documentation to readers of the new organ, which makes its debut with excellent articles on *Oscar Fischinger et le son synthétique*, (L. Lichtveld); *Les rêves à l'écran*, (Emiel Langui); *Tendances du Cinéma*, (G. Derycke); *L'Acteur de Cinéma* (E. van den Wijngaert); *Le chemin de la vie*, (Pierre Hugue). An *exposé* of the activities of the clubs of the F.I.C.C.B. and the resolutions of the first Congress of this association, together with several "echos," complete the material.

The editors of *Camera* want their revue to be alive and combative, and are avowed "not to practise the cult of stars and sex-appeal" and "mean to demolish without pity all mushiness." This is specific, aggressive, inexorable! But, setting aside the part played by all high-sounding words, there remains the act that such a programme, so expressed, is well worthy of the attention of those who want definitely impartial information, or, rather, the ardent opinions of the intelligent defenders of cinema.

Long life, then, to *Camera*, whose aims could not but merit all our sympathy, and, particularly, may it keep intact its fine bellicose fervour in the service of resolute plain-speaking!

The same wishes go to the new weekly *Sésame* (8, Rue d'Acolay, Brussels)—no less determined to defend the right of taste and culture in all cinematic material. In a first editorial, M. M. A. Mirowitsch and Marc Carghese, state that *Sésame* will in no sense be "a replica of ill-disguised publicity revues, nor a vulgarly commercial publication seeking the ear of the great public with systematic flattery of its basest and shabbiest curiosity." Independent criticism, careful commentary of world production, discussions on the aesthetic and technical evolution of the screen, publication of scenarios and photographic documents, controversies, correspondence, essays—this is what *Sésame* offers its readers. And a start is made with *Attention à la Musique*, in which J. G. Auriol deplors the unctuous songs and stop-gap accompaniments which too often make a mess of films, and insists, on the other hand, on the necessity of composing musical themes to intensify the atmosphere. Pierre Bourgeoise, going rather further, seems in *Le Salut par le Réel* convinced of one thing, which is that the future of sound films is in the hands of men of good faith and industrious patience, who, disdaining the meagre formulas already acquired, will go in quest of new sound expressions. One can only subscribe to this opinion. *Les films qui passent*, analyses some current productions, and does not seem inclined to make excessive concessions.

Sésame is modest in aspect, and its creators seem to deplore this a little. May they retain, however, humility in this respect, for honesty, nine times out of ten, reveals itself in this way!

It is with undisguised pleasure announcement is made of this thrust

of literary zeal on behalf of authentic cinema, and may all those who are able, in great or small measure, give proof of their perseverance in action, and resist all attempts at corruption—disguised and alluring as they may be—and the true friends of the good film in Belgium will be privileged people.

FREDDY CHEVALLEY.

SAGAN'S NEW FILM

It was not to be expected that Sagan, working in England, would repeat the achievement of *Mädchen In Uniform*. For one thing, her material forbade it. One suspects also that she was not given a free hand—one knows that the filming was attended by what are politely called “difficulties,” and it would seem that the “toning down” of the hero and the featuring of young married bliss almost exactly reverses the director’s own feelings in the matter.

This romance is the hardest part of the film to accept. I do not know Oxford, but I found it hard to believe that young men just going down seriously proposed to young women; that young women in evening dress strolled about from one set of rooms to another, and that young men in cloisters asked them to kiss them. It did not seem what one associated with college rooms, college walls, courts and staircases. Surely, I said, the university was not so like a film as this? As far as I can remember the attitude of most people to their university was that here, for a brief three years, they were; it was the first time they had been free from restrictions in their lives, and they knew it would be the last. One was able to read, play, eat, dress, think what one liked when one liked it; it was very absorbing and one was romantic enough about it—but I don’t think that a sufficient proportion of undergraduates to be representative thought of tying themselves up with a wife. But the young man in *Men Of To-Morrow* is not representative; he is high-strung and sensitive. He prefers music from the success of his college at rowing. At Oxford, I know, this is an attitude liable to cause reprisals. They happen in this case; the hero’s rooms are wrecked and he is “debagged.” His pride wounded, in a fit of what is no more than pique, he writes a diatribe against Oxford, for which he is sent down. In the film, this seems rather trivial. A personal attack is not sufficient grounds for vituperating a whole university; by attempting to make it such, the film seems to be dealing more with public-schoolboys than young men of twenty. It is here that Sagan’s hand seems to have been forced. Her “hearties” are not hearty enough and her hero is toned down, as anyone will know who has a knowledge of Oxford’s aesthetes of the period of *Young Apollo*. Had she been allowed to make him more what he was, the public at large would have better understood his hatred of the hearties

and theirs of him. The incident would also have been worked up more; it is not sufficiently dynamic in the film to make all that follows plausible.

But despite disadvantages, the film has distinction. There are moments when the quality of the young man is allowed to come out, and it is the first time anyone has dared to get away from the usual English idea of an English hero. The sequence showing him seeking work as a journalist is excellent. There is also feeling for the bricks, the trees, the quiet and the cloistered space of a university, and the dialogue aids in expressing what it is, in the minds of those associated with it, that a university stands for. All this was waiting to be done and has been done. The film's failure is simply that the story it surrounds is stereotyped. The actors on reflection were not particularly happily chosen, and for some strange reason Sagan went in for kiss-clutches of the most Hollywood kind. The cutting, especially of dialogue, was refreshing. It is worth remarking that as *Men Of To-Morrow* followed *Horse Feathers* at the Plaza, the ushers were able to wear their gowns and squares for a further week.

R. H.

THE SECRETS OF SIMBABWE AND TERE

By DR. NICHOLAS KAUFMANN

The immense stone buildings of Simbabwe and Tere which are thousands of years old, are something absolutely unique in these parts of Africa that are inhabited by negroes who only dwell in huts of straw and clay. These ruins were explored for the first time by Leo Frobenius who believes that the courtyards of the buildings were used for religious worship while their labyrinth-like passages and rooms had served as tombs for princes and other prominent men. The exterior walls are over 30 feet high and so strongly joined together by carefully hewn stones without any binding substance, that they were able to last for thousands of years. Obviously, the instruments and objects of art that were found there are in a cultural connection with the famous prehistoric drawings scratched into rocks, which Frobenius has discovered everywhere in Africa on his various expeditions. By means of these pictures of animals, human beings and scenic actions which, by the way, are greatly expressive and of positive artistic value, he has constructed this connection between those ancient tribes of primeval periods and the African culture of today.

The Ufa Biological Department has composed a film out of the highly interesting motion picture shots taken by Frobenius on his big expedition in 1928-30. This educational entitled *Fortresses in the African Bush* has been synchronised with an accompanying lecture and a fascinating musical score, the latter having been written by Hans Trinius, who was in the position to use the original records of negro-music registered by the Frobenius expedition.

By showing the pictures scratched in rocks and the ruins detected by Frobenius as well as the never before filmed doings and dealings, the every day life, the festivities and dances of the negro tribe of the Barotses in Rhodesia, the film visualises the connection between the prehistoric Africans and the present natives of the Black Continent. According to the opinion of Frobenius, the tribe of Barotse is living in a state of culture that is about equal to same of the primeval builders of Simbabwe and Tere.

NEWS FROM PORTUGAL

Companhia Portuguesa de Filmes Sonoror Tobis Klang Film is the name of a new Portuguese society for the production of sound films. This society, which is connected with the great German society, Tobis, intends to build a studio in Lisbon and to begin working in a short time.

The artistic director of this Company, called for short "Tobis Portuguesa" is Leitão de Barros, the well known Portuguese "metteur-en-scène."

An engineer from the Tobis Company has arrived at Lisbon to study the future studio plans.

Campinor, a new silent Portuguese picture directed and performed by A. Luis Lopes, was shown in Lisbon at the beginning of September.

It is a film without any artistic value but with some nice out-door scenes. Nearly all the performers went wrong except the little boy Rafael Lopes, who acted wonderfully and achieved a big success.

A group of Germans from "Ufa," directed by Curt Gerron, was in Lisbon filming important scenes for the picture *Stupefians*. The actors, Jean Murat, Peter Worre, Hans Albers, Monique Rolland, and the great cameraman, Carl Hoffmann, were in Lisbon for a week working incessantly under the capable direction of Gerron.

Other scenes of the picture were taken in Hamburg, Paris and Vigo. Those filmed in Lisbon are—they said—the most important of the story.

Atlantide by Pabst, was shown at Oporto the 18th June for the inauguration of the new cinema: "S. João-Cine" which was formerly the Lyric Theatre of this town.

ALVES COSTA.

NOTES ON FILM SOCIETIES

Those Film Societies devoted to the exhibition of unusual films in the provinces are giving their members next season a chance to see foreign talkies. For instance, the programme of the Glasgow Film Society for the coming season includes such pictures as *Il Est Charmant*, *Mädchen in Uniform*, and *Der Hauptmann Von Keopenick*.

The Leicester Film Society intends to arrange a series of lectures to be held during the coming season : among those who will speak will be Anthony Asquith, John Grierson and Ivor Montague. In addition, a University Extension Course of Lectures on *The Theory and Technique of the Film* will be given by Mr. H. J. R. Lane, M.A., during the course of the season.

PHOTO FLOPS

“ Oh ! ” wished a certain one, “ If only I could cut off his head ! ”

“ What ? ” politely inquired another, “ do you mean to keep or to throw away ? ”

Oh ! if only we could separate photographers from some of the camera-users who contribute yearly to the London Salon of Photography and the Royal Photographic Society. Photography would be the handsomer !

Whether the work of the camera-users was kept or thrown away could depend on kind individuals, but separated it desperately ought to be. For warning, those who go into the London Salon must believe that photography is at a dead end. How can they guess at the work of the real creative photographers like Francis Bruguière, Man Ray, Lersky, etc. ? It is true that this year's London Salon has a portrait of Tilly Losch, by Cecil Beaton, with a background too definitely inspired by an early Bruguière. And *Torso*, a double exposure by D. Ronay, which is the best work in the show, might have been influenced by work in this line.

It is all like the solemn child, who, thinking of infinity and the great problems of life, drew a man in a bottle, a man in a bottle, a man in a bottle. . . .

O. B.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE YEAR IN BOOKS

There is a bookseller in Bloomsbury who has a happy wit and does the nicest things to book-covers displayed in his window. Merriest game is to slip the wrong printed strips around pertinent books. Thus : *The Helping Hand* has *Of Use to Everyone About to Marry*, *Disorders of the Male Sex* has *A Copy Should be in Every Car*, *Christ's Teachings* has *Will Come as a Revelation to those who only know the Author in His Humorous Writings*.

Time for us to shift the year's labels.

There have been novels about film life. First, the desperately bright books which might have been written by anyone without knowledge of a film studio. *Sarah and the Silver Screen*, by Edgar Jepson (Herbert Jenkins. 7/6.) was typical sample. (We know of photographers who hoist

living models about on wires in order to get their Natural Poses.) Second, the efficient books with obvious inside knowledge: *Hollywood Nymph*, by John Weaver (Cassell. 7/6.) an excellent sample. It might not be wise to take one's psychic temperature too often during a perusal of such a book. But Mr. Weaver's story has movement—the history of a little “push-over” who became a star of Hollywood. Plenty of happy cracks at the big men of the Industry. Flora (our left hand) doesn't always like Fauna (our right hand) to know what it types. Flora, however, says such books are to be read. Third to catalogue, the books about films with some haunting quality beyond the background; these have mostly been translations. Heinrich Edward Jacob's *Blood and Celluloid* (Martin Secker. 7/6.) has an odd flavour despite its faults, serves as sample.

There have been novels written by people in the film world who are old friends. Connery Chappell (Hugh Castle of *Close Up*) starts off fine with *Swinging Apple* (Jarrolds. 7/6.): L'Estrange Fawcett (author of *Films: Facts and Forecasts*) produced the oddly old-fashioned *Interrupted Melody*.

There were the novels not actually about films but with film technique. Perfect specimen: *Storm*, by Peter Neagoe (New Review Publications. 90 cents.). And what is the cinematographic style in fiction? Is it merely the short alternation of quick scenes? Or is it something deeper than imitation of one phase of technique? Roots of cinema: magnification and isolation. Words and actions hung and framed on the screen almost as illustrated mottoes on the wall (“God Bless Our Home”). *Montage* was a full stop like any other product of genius: with repetition what was novel and stimulating turns to standardised trick. Magnification and isolation remain true magic. And the stories in *Storm* have this direct and luminous method of presentation: i.e., are cinematographic fiction. The title story shows best. “The willow-scented air rushed into John's lungs. He clenched his fists and struck them together. He could have moved a wall with his shoulder. Could fell a bull with his fist. He swung out and struck a mighty blow full in the night's face. He whirled about striking the fierce blow. Then he walked on, crushing the road under foot. Then he ran and jumped.”

There have been the scenario-books. Salvador Dali, part author of the two famous films made with Bunuel, gave *Babaouo* (Editions des Cahiers Libres). This film begins with a groom rushing down the corridor of an hotel. He stops outside a door and asks for M. Babaouo in a loud voice. The door swells with laughter. Opens. Out falls a headless woman. The groom pays no attention but continues to demand M. Babaouo. So the film rushes on with blindfolded cyclists making geometry at cross roads, etcetera. This is a typical sentence: “Sur le soulier qui ne touche pas au sol, sont posés deux oeufs sur le plat (sans le plat) qui, à un arrêt brusque, glissent à terre.”

From France, too, came a book which has to be mentioned in any survey

of the year: *Eassai de Critique Indirecte*, by Jean Cocteau (Grasset. 15 francs.). It is always a pleasure to wander in Cocteau's world where the moon is the sun of statues. Cocteau has the magic thread on which to hang his paragraphs. He quotes a story from *The Times*, how a flash of lightning stripped a man naked and printed a photo of his sweetheart on his chest. Cocteau adds Cocteau: a man was struck by lightning, afterwards he could see through walls. The supernatural to-day, the natural to-morrow! It is a book important for everyone, while the cinéaste finds technical interest in several paragraphs relating to Cocteau's film.

There have been the books of photos. Germaine Krull has been added to the N.R.F. series of modern artists (obtainable through Zwemmer at 1/6). We found most exciting of all *Haute Montagne*, by Pierre Dalloz and Paul Hartmann (obtainable through Zwemmer at 7/6): just pictures of mountains but we felt it that way!

OSWELL BLAKESTON.

Scrutiny of Cinema, by William Hunter (Wishart and Co. 5/-).

Mr. Hunter fears for the further approximation to reality that colour, stereoscopy and the magnascope will bring about: he fears social danger when the public replaces more of ordinary life with second-hand experience of such gross kind (movie scenes must be "Put Across"). And the quarrel that Mr. Hunter has with the established film critics is that they praise good and bad with an astonishing lack of discrimination.

"To read the average 'advanced' criticism one would conclude, never having seen a film, that it had the centuries of tradition and experience, and had produced figures of the same magnitude and world significance, that painting, poetry, and music have."

In the first half of his short book, Mr. Hunter, feeling that the silent cinema is now dead, analyses it to show that most of the fuss was about nothing. His *Scrutiny of the Cinema*, he says, is not the departmental criticism which distorts out of all proportion the place which the cinema holds in contemporary art and life, but a truer and more general relation of the cinema's place among the other arts.

We entirely agree with Mr. Hunter about the absurdities of departmental criticism. Elsewhere, it has been pointed out that it is true that a film can be compared with a film only in so far as a novel can be compared with a novel. Logical conclusion brings that a novel can only be compared with other novels by the same writer: hence, *The Good Companions* becomes neither better nor worse than *Several Occasions*—merely different!

THROW EVERYTHING OUT OF THE WINDOW, IT MAY INJURE MEN WORKING ON THE LINE!

Mr. Hunter picks out a number of "classic" films and sets himself to prove that it was for their technical qualities (scientific) rather than for other (creative) qualities that they ever caused a stir in the world. And

that isn't so difficult seeing that the *General Line* is selected where the *Romance Sentimentale* might have been chosen as well as a whole section to prove that film documents aren't art but—documents!

City Lights, in the opinion of Mr. Hunter, is a better film than any of the Eisenstein-production specimens because the spectator is unconscious of the technique. It depends, in reality, on how visually minded the spectator is and how much the critic understands the game of thinking in pictures. Mr. Hunter is always looking for the embrace of poetic thought flow: hence he is painfully conscious of *TECHNIQUE* when he goes to see a film patterned on the mental flow occasioned by the reading of an educational history text-book in a class room. Certain Russian propaganda films (the *General Line* especially) were lessons with the technique of lessons: approached from the class room view-point their image flow is natural and undisturbing. It is helpless arguing that the *General Line* has not the qualities which Mr. Hunter could have found in *Romance Sentimentale*.

Of the *General Line* Mr. Hunter writes, "There is nowhere any authentic record of Eisenstein's personal experience or suffering or of his attitude to life. The maturity of the film is a technical maturity: there is no evidence of full personal maturity." One layer of thought: this is true because the *General Line* is a class room film. (By the way, Mr. Hunter even seems to get lost on this layer of thought, for Mr. Hunter analyses the suspense of the separator scene merely as "Will the cream thicken?" he forgets to comprehend the phallic basis of the sequence.) Second layer of thought: with Eisenstein there is the picture on the screen, to teach or to charm, and there is a second picture for the sole entertainment of those who need it. The second picture is evoked in the brain of the sensitive spectator who rimes visuals with visuals, prolongs experience to magic, turns sounds to spells: overtones of the second film bring a wealth of personal experience, suffering and beyond-any-attitude stage to life.

It is Mr. Hunter who is always accusing the modern critic of confusing the means with the end: it is to be doubted whether he has glimpsed what the end of cinema means!

Yet, *Scrutiny of Cinema* has a delightful format being bound in the most attractive of covers. Illustrations are excellently chosen and include the censored scene from *Kameradschaft*. Mr. Hunter is sound on many aspects and says a number of wise things. Ultimately, a book to acquire because it will promote a lot of thought.

O. B.

A History of the Movies, by Benjamin B. Hampton (Noel Douglas. 21/-).

Not all books on the cinema have their day, their hour, their minute; in fact the larger proportion, whizz-bangs! As the Bloomsbury fishmonger improvised, while he placed out the kippers, "Ho! ho! the little brown army!" But Mr. Hampton's book has an important 456 pages and 191 illustrations and should endure on the cinéaste's shelf. Four years the

author spent writing his history and finished with a manuscript of approximately 300,000 words. The present volume was reduced from the amazing original with the help of an editor friend.

Seldom does the reviewer quote publisher's puff; it is too like the author on his own work—"I enjoyed my book immensely, I could not put it down until I had read it from cover to cover." "My book gave me a fresh outlook on life," etcetera. Nevertheless, the publisher of Mr. Hampton's history has so justly caught the book's merits that here are two borrowed sentences:—"His work teems with facts, figures and personalities from the earliest days of the flickering monstrosities to the super-spectacles of modern Hollywood. He plots the growth of the movie, explains the changes that have come over the industry itself, the internal wars and dissensions, down to the "sound" revolution and the indications of future development in the field of television."

Calmly, analytically, the author presents that thrilling story—growth of American movies. Who can wonder that no other invention created such interest as the cinema—process of mechanically bottling water from the Sea of Dreams; for, what other entertainment is for all people alike, all who dream? A famous director told us that the only possible rival, in general interest, to the movies in Hollywood is the cemetery! Possibly Mr. Hampton's cool, impersonal style, which avoids underlining drama, serves, in the end, to make the whole epic of the film industry more dramatic. For, how can anyone call history dull when it covers such facts, unelaborated as they are in the telling: that the first exhibitor to overcome public prejudice of suspect darkness of the first cinemas did so by cutting a peephole in the wall of his theatre, that Broncho Bill was the first horse-opera artiste to employ a double for his stunts, that one gentleman hired roughs to smash the projection machines of those managers who would not book his features, that Selznick got by the gateman at Universal by pretending he wanted to sell some real gems for an absurdly low figure?

There is no theory in Mr. Hampton's book, no talk of the relative value of montage and fluid light, no whisper of those "Social Urgencies." It is exactly for this reason that it is such an admirable book for all film clubs and societies which collect library nucleus. Important history is not spoilt by theories of yesterday which would put the student's experiments back in the past.

However, we feel that the title of Mr. Hampton's book should have been *A History of American Movies*—and it does that job thoroughly. But the chapter on foreign films is rather haughty. We are reminded of the prints which hang in most of the cheap hotels of Spain. Under a flashing scene will be written a poetic caption in Spanish, then a brief but accurate caption in French, and, finally and sternly, the quaint English "Galilee at his Telescope!"

For the illustrations a special plan has been adopted, they are all grouped together at the end of an imposing bundle. Well grandmother

said, "Eat what's too much first!"—evidently the same grandmother who had enough tricks without being instructed how to suck eggs! From the 199 photos we might mention: Blanche Sweet in *Judith of Bethulia* (1913), Alla Nazimova in *War Brides* (1916) and the marvellous publicity photo of Theda Bara with a skeleton stretched in adoration at her feet!

O.B.

Filmland in Ferment, by E. G. Cousins. (Denis Archer. 10/6.)

Mr. Cousins asked a young member of the administrative staff of a film studio how the current production stood in relation to its schedule. "Oh, miles behind!" the young man answered. "But you expect that. The conditions governing film-production make it impossible to work to a schedule, and always will." And Mr. Cousins refuses to accept this statement. He realises that a signalman can doze, that engine-drivers can get drunk, that time-tables can be confused, that electric signals can short circuit, that landslides can occur—and that the Flying Scotsman would never reach Edinburgh if these things were allowed to happen. Mr. Cousins writes, "If lamp-bulbs burst, lamp-bulbs should be perfected; no one would be more indignant than the producer if his drawing-room lamps at home started popping off. There is no excuse whatsoever at this stage, after thirty-five years of continuous cinematography, for the cameraman to run out of film during a take or just before one; he would kick himself hard if he were to run out of petrol on his way home. . . . It is time, and more than time, that film-production shook itself free from the antiquated rogue-and-vagabond cloak which it inherited from the Theatre!"

Splendid, Mr. Cousins, that's spoken with courage! The author, too, is one of those who says, "I tank I will NOT go 'ome now!" He persists to point out how studios are run on lines that would kill a department store in three weeks. Particularly is he justified in pointing out how old fashioned are the floor lights which can only be moved with a herculean struggle. What is needed, what Mr. Cousins points out is needed, is a co-ordinated system of lamps, worked from a single position near the camera.

The efficiency parts of Mr. Cousins' work are more than a book—they are a process! Every studio expert in England should be submitted to it!

Other sections of the book are not so telling for those who have followed advance movie criticism. Most of the author's theories have been discussed in past numbers of *Close Up* (for which the author has not much sympathy!); but it is probably a useful work to bring them before the general public. However, Mr. Cousins is a little optimistic in applying some of Eisenstein's dictates, which were made with special reference to the intellectual cinema, to the story cinema with its emotional complexities. But it is always worth reminding cineastes that the inventors of the talkies were chemists and scientists not showmen; that the showmen can make

the microphone mobile, selective and modulative. Again, no film author can remind the cinema worker too often that the inventor of the Two Minutes' Silence was a genius. When it comes, though, to bringing up the old actors-and-types business one is reminded that a newspaper with a million circulation repeats the same story a million times.

The stills, mostly from British films, are weak. A page of Harry Lachman's sketches for compositions as he desires them to appear on the screen is the most illuminating of the pictorial features.

O. B.

Reforme du Cinema. Ch. Dekeukeleire, W. Rombauts, P. Werrie (Ed. de *La Nouvelle Equipe*), René Henricquez, 41, Rue du Lozum Brussels.

The authors of this brochure deplore the exploitation of the cinema as vulgar merchandise, by people without culture. They make the statement that the film executives have no end in view but to satisfy constantly the two hundred and fifty million spectators who, once weekly, flock to the fifty thousand theatres of the world. A great, transcendental business, certainly, which demands above all a mass-production for popular taste. Art—the personal idea—can find no place in this standardised product.

Those who would succeed attach themselves to the big firms and renounce in so doing their individual qualities. Those already disgusted with studio methods, including the beginners, are met by a thousand difficulties. Money is needed, especially with sound-films, and lack of financial means makes itself sensibly felt in the technical quality. Supposing this care is lacking, a new one arises, for, once the film is made, how are they to place it outside the big combines?

Whether cinema is art or not, as a means of expression it is, unlike the habitual instruments of the artist, not available to all who feel inspired to use it. Hence, to a great extent, the incapacity of renewal, the lamentable stagnation.

These authors are in favour of censorship and say so definitely. But a censorship not of officialdom and policemen; one rather of physicians of the soul, people competent to judge true values.

Generally speaking, the Press fails in its duties; neither guiding nor educating, for the Press too must earn its living. It is the cinema firms which nourish the papers and their representatives, corrupting with wine and banquets. Similarly one sees newspaper directors or administrative councils who do not withhold cinema criticism from the control of publicity agents, irresponsible critics, press secretaries of cinema firms. Thus, certain critics, either from necessity or love of money, do not hesitate to pair criticism and publicity together. The press could, however, do much for the public.

The rôle of the cinema is to translate in a perceptible manner, the drama and joy of our epoch. The deplorable star-system is but a slick speculation of business-men.

The sound film was exploited prematurely, not because its hour had really come, but to palliate the effects of a certain lassitude created by an increasingly tiresome production.

Technique for its own sake, created for itself, playing with material lacking substance, is futile. The cinema should occupy itself with the useful—work with human life, individual and social—construct!

As long as the coiffeur is tired out by his day of beards and hair, and time for meditation is not left by the sane regulation of fatigue and repose, it is vain to hope the public will be capable of appreciating good material, and queue up for other gentlemen and ladies than Chevalier and those of *Un Soir de Rafle*.

When all goes well outside the cinema all will go well inside the cinema, for cinema tends to become the geometric centre of the activities of this decade. The Moral Leagues hurl themselves against the cinema and accuse it of all ills—thus it is the cinema which accuses them!

If it is desired to set this *appareil de civilization* which is the cinema on the path of truth, the spirit of man must be reformed first!

* * * *

Which amounts to saying that reform of the cinema is impossible without a perceptible uplifting of the public level of intelligence. At first reading it sounds just enough. But it would remain to be seen if the spectators of the leisured classes, those untroubled by a day of beards and hair, would furnish proof of a sufficient eclecticism to enable it to be said that additional repose equals meditation and enrichment of the spirit. A sufficiency of examples obliges us, on the contrary, to state that it is not the public harassed by fatigue which judges least reasonably the value of a film.

To say that the cinema is the result of the activity of an epoch is equivalent to refusing it all aesthetic ambition likely to react favourably on this activity in expressing this or that new or personal idea.

To state that talented directors, such as René Clair and Chaplin in establishing a "golden mean," considered by most critics and the greater part of the public as "the summit of cinematic art," are doing harm to public spirit, seems somewhat injudicious. Apart from the fact that this "golden mean" seems to us sufficiently inaccessible to the greater number of film directors, it is rare indeed that a well-advised critic allows himself to speak of a "summit" when he is concerned with work of a certain altitude. It would be permissible, however, for him to say that the work in question dominated the whole, but his affirmation would not in any way aim at establishing an intangible ceiling.

The public, after all, is unlikely to gorge itself without making distinctions in its nourishment. Quite frequently it regrets the evening spent . . . and its money, not always, it is true, when a bad film is in question, but it has no means of direct action concerning the quality of film output. Apathy, lack of enthusiasm. But exactly, state our authors, spiritual reform

is the proven remedy. And to follow to its conclusion this reasoning—modification of the social organisation, reorganisation of the monetary problem. A big programme, indeed, of which the complexity and the time needed to carry it out, leaves us little hope for reform in the near future.

FREDDY CHEVALLEY.

Modern Photography, 1932. Edited by C. G. Holme. London, *The Studio*, Ltd., 44, Leicester Square. In cloth, 10/6. In wrappers, 7/6.

The best of *this* bunch are the press and publicity photographs; not all, but some. I like, for instance, Noel Griggs's soapy hands (for Logan, Ltd.)—skin and suds and vigorous light and fine shadows. Contrast the animation with the Cutex chichi of the hands on the opposite page decapitating mackerel! Grab it, lady, grab it! I except the Price's Candles and De Reszke ladies.

Tokyo has done some damage. *Call of the Spring* (Ssssh! Magnolia blossoms!); *The Tomato* (Just that. Choose which you like best—there are five!); *Orchid* (Negative); *Face III—Thin Paint* (A problem title and a very ordinary phiz!); *Dawn on Mount Fuji*.

Barbara Ker-Seymour's negative negro doesn't come off. Bad placing. A bit more, if not all, of the head is needed. One turns back to *Swing Boats* by Karoly Escher (Budapest) and that other Budapest trifle, *Waltz*—a nicely silly skirmish of skirts. Hoyningen-Huené, with a super-panchro film achieves a perfect Pocket Brownie "beginner's pride"—*Winter Sports*. On the whole a dispiriting packet; nothing outstands.

Personal opinions these—the effect *in toto* is gay. Honourable mention must be accorded to:

Maurice Beck. (Shell-Mex installation)

T. Mitsumura (Sea horse)

Agustin Jimenez (Plastica)

Sherril Schell (New York Reflection)

Photopress, London. (Traffic block)

Daily Sketch (Bouquillon v. Carnera)

A good, in fact a brilliant, thought to give details of how each is taken, with what sort of film or plate and camera, and what exposure. The book will probably sell like hot pies, and on the whole deserves to.

K. M.

The Film Society opened its 8th season at the Tivoli, Strand, on Sunday afternoon, October 30th, when the main picture shown was *Le Rosier de Madame Husson*, a satirical French comedy, directed by Bernard Deschamps, who was present at the performance. The future fate of the film in this country rests in the hands of the censor. Lotte Reiniger's new

sound film, *Harlekin* was included in the programme. The picture has been made with her usual delicacy and charm, and the musical setting has been arranged from old Italian composers by Eric Walter White. Among the short items in this programme were *A Symphony of the Streets*, a Swedish Sound Picture, depicting life in the city of Stockholm and *Lichtertanz*, a new musical abstract picture by Hans Fischinger, the younger brother of Oscar Fischinger. A demonstration of colour photography was also given.

A Federation of British Film Societies was formed as the outcome of conferences which took place in April and September last, and a number of film societies operating throughout the country are members of this Federation, the objects of which are "to collect information for mutual assistance and for the advice of new Film Societies, to organise collective representation to authority of the needs of the Film Societies, and to organise the collective booking of films." Every effort is being made to book films which can be distributed to the Federation and already *Ashes*, a Japanese feature film, directed by Minoru Murata is available as well as Hans Fischinger's musical abstract and a number of other short films. Further particulars of the Federation can be obtained from the Secretary, Miss J. M. Harvey, 56, Manchester Street, W.1.

The Hound and Horn. Vol. VI. No. 1. 545, Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Annual subscription, two dollars.

The autumn number of the *Hound and Horn* contains much of interest for English readers. There is a long analysis of the art of René Clair, by our New York correspondent, H. A. Potamkin. It is thorough and its discussion of the dream fantasy, that underlies much of French cinema, is an interesting approach to definite film criticism. Where it will be provocative to European readers is in its assertion that Clair influenced Jacques Feyder. Feyder, in *Les Nouveaux Messieurs*, produced one of the dozen finest films made during the silent epoch anywhere. This point of view I have never heard questioned in Europe, either by directors, technicians or the intelligent public. On the other hand, I have heard over and over again, that it was useless to project it for Americans, they found it tiresome or dull. We think Mr. Potamkin over-estimates the seriousness of Clair. It is possible to make innovations in the field of comedy that would not be permitted in serious drama, lest they give a highbrow tinge. But it is possible that because of the clash with the average Hollywood comedy, the films of Clair take on a significance in New York that they would not have, say, in Berlin or London. We hope that Mr. Potamkin will continue his articles in subsequent numbers and that English students will read when possible, serious American criticism, for the effect of a film on different races is a necessary study for any would-be director.

There is also a brilliant story, *The Captive* by Caroline Gordon, which suggests splendid material for a scenario, one of Marianne Moore's most successful poems and a further extract from the diary of a trip to Russia, by E. E. Cummings.

W. B.

To-morrow's Yesterday, by John Gloag. (George Allen and Unwin. 6/-.)

"Blessed are the poor in thought for they shall die rich!" says one of Mr. Gloag's characters.

Unusual *To-Morrow's Yesterday* is a story book about the opening of a modern cinema which the "press" describes as "Not an Aquarium or a Conservatory." The story opens with the advertising campaign, one of arresting understatement, to put over the new cinema. . . . A poetess tells that a famous French hostess writes her name simply as SONG on her list of guests. Advertising men might well call Mr. Gloag TATTY, so bitter and brilliantly destructive is he about the advertising game.

The film which opens the mystery cinema has no stars. Various scenes were included by the makers specially for the censor to delete in order that the unity of the rest may be left as planned. Then, there is a large part of the book devoted to the film itself which is a criticism of war propaganda pictures (for one thing), of society, morality, civilisation, science, progress (for a few others). The book is finished by reviews of the film, comments from the audience, etcetera.

A man says, "The trouble is, in a cinema, you can't have a gallery demonstration. What's the use of shying abuse or orange peel at a screen?" But it's very satisfying to "razz" a bad picture and it happens far more often than West End audiences realise. Only the other day we were in a cinema situated on the Old Kent Road. The American movie got a running fire of comment: "That's not her father, it isn't natural. . . . Oh! he's going to turn her out. Awkward! Gives no basis to hospitality: what's the use of raspberry tarts now?"

But this is very much of an aside as we have no intention of giving the "razz" to Mr. Gloag. Cineastes will want *To-morrow's Yesterday* on the shelf of different books about the screen.

O. B.

CINEMA ieri e oggi. Ettore M. Margadonna, with a preface by Antonello Gerbi. Published by: Editoriale Domus, S. A., Via S. Vittore, 42, Milan. (Price: 90 Lira.)

Italy's first important book on the cinema has the advantage and distinction of being the most up-to-date survey which has yet appeared. Published in November, it takes us as far as *Atlantide*, for example, and other films made as recently; thus avoiding the almost inevitable failing of a volume of this nature and size—that it is interesting and useful and sometimes admirable as a reference or theoretical contribution, but is already dated by the time it appears. It is noteworthy, therefore, that this, which

is a big and intricate book (not only in text content but in cross references, elaborate indexes, bibliography, etc.) must have been written and produced with a definite elastic co-operation between writer and printer. Which is very much "to the good."

Nor is it necessary to understand Italian in order to appreciate and desire *Cinema Yesterday and To-day*. The illustrations, of which there are three hundred and thirty odd, are alone sufficient to make it eminently desirable, and what regret would go to the fact that some excellent reading matter would be wasted, would be amply compensated by a book of "stills" which are not only beautifully printed and more numerous than many books devoted exclusively to illustration, but extremely interesting; including, as they do, some magnificent Russian, and some Italian, *d'ieri e oggi*, to say nothing of English, German, French, American contributions.

The text restricts itself mainly to historical matter, tracing the growth and development of cinema in European countries and America, from the beginning until now. The first part of the book—*Cenni di Stilistica Cinematografica*—which is an excellent essay on film and its potentialities, its position and what is said about it—allocates a specific place to cinema in modern art—*la macchina* as opposed to the plain pencil (*la semplice matita*).

Here is a book which is not only engagingly written, but as orderly as a Roneo filing cabinet! In its divisions and sub-headings, indeed, it is not unlike a filing system, and an excellent one at that!

Ninety lire used to be a pound. Alas for the crisis!

K. M.

A small exhibition of Madame Lotte Reiniger's Puppet Dolls was held privately in London on October 27th.

About fifty people were present to see the puppets, among them Margaret Kennedy, Helen Simpson, Dr. Prince Hopkins, Dr. Money Kyrle, Dr. Richman, Mrs. Alan Harris, and representatives of the Childrens' Book Club, and the Film Society. A performance of *Red Riding Hood* with the puppets evoked great applause, the story being recited while the puppets were manipulated. In addition to the five dolls representing the characters in *Red Riding Hood* a really beautiful set illustrating Graf Pozzi's Kasperle play of *Prince Ruby Red* and *Princess Lily-White* and a smaller set of *Puss in Boots* were on view. The ease with which a miniature stage can be improvised out of a clothes horse and some draperies and a small table and a few cardboard boxes makes the arranging of puppet plays a recreation possible in all circumstances. The Puppets themselves are little masterpieces, each one made by Lotte Reiniger herself, and entirely by hand, and as no two can ever be alike a puppet will be a valuable possession in years to come. A large number of individual puppets and some complete sets were sold at the exhibition. Many of those present hoped it would be possible to arrange another show at which Madame Reiniger could herself appear on her next visit to England.

SPECIAL OFFER

OF

BACK NUMBERS

Owing to restriction of space we are obliged to clear unbound numbers of *Close Up* previous to 1931. We are unable to bind more sets as several numbers of each year are out of print.

Available

Three issues of 1927.

About seven issues of 1928, covering the early Russian film and the most important developments of the silent German cinema.

A few odd numbers of 1929, with articles on the beginnings of the sound film.

A very few numbers of 1930. The end months of this year are completely out of print. 1930 covers however the most important period of sound film development.

Any three of the above will be sent to any address in England at a cost including postage of half-a-crown, or to any address abroad for three shillings. We have no copies left of March and December 1931, but a very few copies of June and September. These issues are available at six shillings in England for the two, including postage, and six and sixpence abroad.

POOL 26 Litchfield Street,
Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

THE ACADEMY CINEMA

OXFORD STREET

(Opposite Warings)

Organiser: Miss Elsie Cohen

Gerrard 2981

presents

*THE INTERNATIONAL FILM
CLASSICS OF THE WORLD*

Now Showing. The Great French Drama

DAVID GOLDBER

*Coming—Nicolai Ekk's "THE ROAD TO LIFE," Karl Dreyer's
"VAMPYR," Fritz Lang's "M" (German version), Lil Dagover
in "BARBARINA," The German drama "ZWEI MENSCHEN,"
The French comedy "PARIS=MEDITERRANEE."*

Notices of new films will be sent on receipt of name and address

Madame Lotte Reiniger

Very few of the "Kasperle" puppets made to illustrate German folk and fairy tales are left. Madame Reiniger would be prepared to consider making one or two sets to special design and order.

Enquiries may be sent to her

c/o "Close Up"

26 Litchfield Street

Charing Cross Road

London, W.C.2

"Mr. Cousins is a man of vast practical experience and I am happy to be able to endorse the majority of his views."—

JACK HULBERT

FILMLAND IN FERMENT

"Startling changes are impending,"
says the author—E. G. COUSINS

The author of this book shows us the potentialities and pitfalls, the strength and weaknesses, the humours and tragedies of this vast mysterious business. He goes further, and tells us, as Mr. Pepys would say, "what is to become of it all"—so entertainingly and informally that it is as if a native of Filmland were conducting us on a tour of his territory and helping us to draw our own conclusions therefrom. Startling organic changes, taking place beneath the calm surface of film-production, are revealed and discussed. The book gives a clear, unbiassed and authoritative account of film-production as it has been, is now, and will be. No one inside or outside the industry can fail to profit by its matter or be entertained by its manner.

10/6
net

WITH A PREFACE BY JACK HULBERT

DENIS ARCHER

6 OLD GLOUCESTER STREET
LONDON, W.C.1

BOUND VOLUMES *of* CLOSE UP

(Mainly for new readers).

Film as a significant factor in cultural development, film as art, film as documentation, film as *kitsch*, film in all its range and the untried possibilities of its range—every aspect of film is dealt with in *Close Up*.

Close Up wants better films,
and better films,
and best films.

Nothing less, all or nothing,—and this policy is clearly evident in the complete bound volumes, each a unique record of prophetic and contemporary significances.

What did *Close Up* say in 1927?

And to all who scoffed it remained sufficiently kindly not to say “ We told you so ! ”

You, Wise Reader, will want to possess *Close Up* bound volumes for reference and pleasure. For your guidance, a list of those available :—

Vol. I *Out of print.*

Vols. II, III, VII, VIII. We have been able to collect odd copies, on sale at 25/- . *A few only.*

Vols. IV, V. VI. Available at 10/6.

Vol. IX (1932) *Ready December 15th.* 15/-

Postage on volumes : Sixpence extra.

POOL 26 LITCHFIELD STREET,
Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2

JUST PUBLISHED

B. B. Hampton. **A HISTORY OF THE MOVIES**
456 pages. 191 illustrations. *Price 21/-.* Post extra.

E. G. Cousins. **FILMLAND IN FERMENT**
PREFACE BY JACK HULBERT
304 pages. Illustrated. *Price 10/6.* Post extra.

W. Hunter. **SCRUTINY OF CINEMA**
64 pages. 12 pages illustrated. *Price 5/-.* Post extra.

MILLER & GILL (1924) LIMITED
94, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2

LIST OF FILM BOOKS GLADLY SUPPLIED.

Christmas means Crowds

but a postcard to

Pool Publications

will send

15/-

6/-

2/6

3/6

Close Up, four issues **15/-**

OR

Film Problems of Soviet Russia, **6/-**

(a record of the silent film in Russia invaluable for Students and almost out of print).

OR

The Lighthearted Student, **2/6**

(for friends who want to understand the German talkies).

OR

by way of a Christmas card, the **December issue of Close Up**, **3/6**, with new material from Eisenstein and many illustrations. A record number.

THE NEW REVIEW

Contributions by
Writers of - -

Yesterday—

To-day—

To-morrow

BUT not of the

Day before Yesterday

Nor

The Day after To-morrow

Filmtechnik

Journal for all artistic, technical and economic
questions of film-essentials

Editor: A. Kraszna Krausz, Berlin

7th Year—Every 14 days 1 issue
Price per quarter 5.25 R.M.

Published by Wilhelm Knapp, Halle/S.
Germany. Mühlweg 19

Specimen number free

Film Für Alle

the first monthly publication in Europe devoted
to the problems of purely amateur cinematography

5th Year

Editor ; Andor Kraszna-Krausz, Berlin

Publisher : Wilhelm Knapp, Halle/Saale, Mühlweg 19

Subscription 2.25 R.M quarterly
Specimen number free on request

COLOUR IN INTERIOR DECORATION

By John M. Holmes

*Lecturer in Decoration at the Architectural
Association School of Architecture, London*

“Colour decoration in one form or another has been almost essential to human content from time immemorial. Yet the bibliography of the subject is extremely limited. Although in the past acute difficulties were encountered in the printing and production of such books, recent years have seen a glut of beautiful colour-reproductions of all sorts; but questions of colour have received scant attention, apart from the scientific textbooks, until revived interest was achieved by the small edition of the late Barrett Carpenter. The issue of Mr. Holmes’s ‘Colour in Interior Decoration’ is all the more welcome, therefore, and his able expositions of the principles which underlie decorative considerations should prove of constant assistance to the public as well as the student

The book itself is well produced, attractively bound and of excellent format. The illustrations are clearly indicated, and many interesting examples of decorative work are included, each being chosen for a particular purpose which is pointedly expressed by the author. It is an ambitious volume which has achieved its object and which deserves a wide public and, let us hope, many followers.” *From a review by W. M. Keesey in the Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects.*

The illustrations include eight full-page plates of colour diagrams; twelve exemplary colour schemes from the National Collections; nine modern colour schemes for interiors

Price 25/= net. Postage 9d. inland

THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS, 9 QUEEN ANNE’S GATE
WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1

1' - The London Mercury 1' -

Press exclamations :

" the Miracle of the Mercury."

—BOLTON EVENING NEWS

" a breath-taking event."

—NEWSPAPER WORLD

" best shillingsworth in the world."

—WESTERN INDEPENDENT

" reckless charity."

—PRINTING TRADES JOURNAL

" extraordinary shillingsworth."

NORTHERN WHIG

" an epoch-making event."

—MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH

" what a bobsworth ! "

—GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN

" otherwise it is unchanged."

—THE TIMES

" Maintains the high standard of the familiar (and dearer) Mercury."

—YORKSHIRE POST

1/- OF ALL BOOKSTALLS, NEWSAGENTS, **15/-**
MONTHLY BOOKSELLERS YEARLY
THE LONDON MERCURY 229 STRAND W.C.2

The ADELPHI

MONTHLY EIGHTY PAGES
PRICE REDUCED TO SIXPENCE
NO OTHER CHANGE

The December number will include :

Why I am a Socialist by G. D. H. COLE
Léon Chestov by B. DE SCHLOEZER
Keyserling's Anti-Socialism by MAX PLOWMAN
Under Which Dictatorship? by J. MIDDLETON MURRAY
Marx, Aristotle and the Black International
by F. A. RIDLEY

Poems, Stories, Reviews
The Adelphi Forum

In recent numbers :

Letters from Prison by ROSA LUXEMBURG
Shakespeare on Money by KARL MARX
Bourgeois Labour Parties by V. I. LENIN
Dialectical Materialism by FRIEDRICH ENGELS
Bernard Shaw by EDMUND WILSON
The Body of Lenin by WALDO FRANK

Annual Subscription 7s. 6d. post free

THE ADELPHI
58 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

Contents of Vol. IX

	PAGE
AMERICAN TENDENCIES. Clifford Howard	285
AS IS. Kenneth Macpherson	25
AT THE BOUNDARY OF FILM AND THEATRE. Zygmunt Tonecki	31
BLUE LIGHT, THE. Trude Weiss	119
BOOK TEACHES THE WAY TO SEE FILMS, A. A. Kraszna-Krausz	124
BOYS WITHOUT UNIFORM. Karel Santar	231
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE. Dorothy Richardson	36
DATUM POINT. Dan Birt	46
DETECTIVE WORK IN THE <i>GIK</i> . S. M. Eisenstein	287
DISAPPEARING WORLD. Karel Santar	273
DOG DAYS IN THE MOVIES. H. A. POTAMKIN	268
ELIZABETH BERGNER AGAIN. Trude Weiss	254
ENTHUSIASM? Robert Herring	20
EVENTS OF CZECH FILM. Svatopluk Jezek	237
EXPERIMENTAL FILM AND ITS LIMITATIONS, THE. John C. Moore	281
EXPERIMENT OF CHESTERFIELD, THE. Robert Herring	161
FACTS FOR FINANCE. Oswald Blakeston	29
FILM COSTUMIER'S PROBLEMS, THE. Max Pretzfelder	275
FILM CRITICISM IN JAPAN. Y. Ogino	107
FIRST OPERA-FILM, THE. Trude Weiss	242
FOUR FILMS FROM GERMANY. A. Kraszna-Krausz	39
GERMAN FILM SEASON, 1932-3. A. Kraszna-Krausz	184
HOLLYWOOD IN FACT. Clifford Howard	87
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY (BRUSSELS). Trude Weiss	188
JABBERWOCKY. Clifford Howard	55
KITSCH. Dr. Hanns Sachs	200
LIMITS	47
MANIFESTO (BACK TO PRIMITIVES). Blakeston and Macpherson	92
MINING FILM, A. Erno Metzner	3
MUSIC FOR <i>Harlequin</i> , THE. Eric Walter White	164
NIGHT-PROWL IN LA MANCHA, A. Kenneth Macpherson	225
NOTES FROM AMERICA. Herman Weinberg	50
NOTES ON SOME FILMS. Bryher	196
ON THE SETS OF THE FILM <i>Atlantis</i> . Erno Metzner	153
PABST-DOVJENKO, A COMPARISON. John C. Moore	176
PARIS NEWS. Jean Lenauer	262
PAUL GREEN IN HOLLYWOOD. Frank Daugherty	81
PLOTS IN OUR TIME. Oswald Blakeston & Roger Burford	257
PROSPECTIVE PERSPECTIVE. Oswald Blakeston	117
SWORD OF DEATH, THE. Robert Herring	115
TWO FILMS AND ONE STAR. Robert Herring	246
VERTOV AD ABSURDAM. J. Pennethorne-Hughes	174
VIENNA OF THE FILMS. Klara Modern	129
WEST AND EAST OF THE ATLANTIC. Bryher	131
YOUNG WORKERS FILM THEIR OWN LIFE. Klara Modern	53

Contributors to Vol. IX

	PAGE
BIRT, DAN :	
Datum Point	46
BLAKESTON, OSWELL :	
Facts for Finance	29
Manifesto (Back to Primitives)	92
Plots in Our Time	257
Prospective Perspective	117
BRYHER :	
Notes on Some Films	196
West and East of the Atlantic	131
BURFORD, ROGER :	
Plots in Our Time	257
DAUGHERTY, FRANK :	
Paul Green in Hollywood	81
EISENSTEIN, S. M. :	
Detective Work in the <i>GIK</i>	287
HERRING, ROBERT :	
Enthusiasm ?	20
Experiment of Chesterfield, The	161
Sword of Death, The	115
Two Films and One Star	246
HOWARD, CLIFFORD :	
American Tendencies	285
Hollywood in Fact	87
Jabberwocky	55
HUGHES, G. PENNETHORNE :	
Vertov ad Absurdum	174
JEZEK, SVATOPLUK :	
Events of Czech Film	237
KRASZNA-KRAUSZ, A. :	
Book Teaches the way to see Films, A	124
Four Films From Germany	39
LENAUER, JEAN :	
PARIS NEWS	262
MACPHERSON, KENNETH :	
As Is	25
Manifesto (Back to Primitives)	92
Night-Prowl in La Mancha, A	225
METZNER, ERNO :	
Mining Film, A	3
On the Sets of the Film <i>Atlantis</i>	153
MODERN, KLARA :	
Vienna of the Films	129
Young Workers film their own Life	53
MOORE, JOHN C. :	
Experimental Film and its Limitations, The	281
Pabst-Dovjenko, A Comparison	176
OGINO, Y. :	
Film Criticism in Japan	107
POTAMKIN, H. A. :	
Dog Days in the Movies	268
PRETZFELDER, MAX :	
Film-Costumier's Problems, The	275
RICHARDSON, DOROTHY :	
Continuous Performance	36
SACHS, Dr. HANNS :	
Kitsch	200
SANTAR, KAREL :	
Boys Without Uniform	231
Disappearing World	273
TONECKI, ZYGMUNT :	
At the Boundary of Film and Theatre	31
WEISS, TRUDE :	
Blue Light, The	119
Elizabeth Bergner Again	254
First Opera-Film, The	242
International Exhibition of Photography (Brussels)	188
WHITE, ERIC WALTER :	
Music for <i>Harlequin</i> , The	164

A POPULAR ACCOUNT
OF THE
AMATEUR CINÉ
MOVEMENT
IN GREAT BRITAIN

by

Marjorie A. Lovell Burgess

Author of "Great Possessions," Etc.

WITH A FOREWORD BY
G. A. ATKINSON

Illustrated 5/- net.

In the world of the cinema the amateur movement is rapidly assuming an importance similar to that of the amateur dramatic movement in the legitimate theatre. Groups of enthusiasts everywhere are coming together to form amateur cinematograph clubs; individual cine-camera owners are making continual experiment; competitions are being arranged and prizes offered; everywhere there is a growing activity which is often achieving splendid results.

Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Ltd.
100 SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON

The Magazine of Great Distinction

seed

edited by

Herbert Jones & Oswald Blakeston

Among those who will contribute to SEED

H.D.

Mary Butts

Bryher

Rhys Davies

Robert Herring

Sidney Hunt

A. S. J. Tessimond

Roger Burford

Francis Bruguiere

and many others.

FIRST NUMBER IN JANUARY 1933

A Magazine which Means

Literary Adventure

Intellectual Stimulation

Distinguished Entertainment

What Other Paper Can Offer Such Proud Delights?

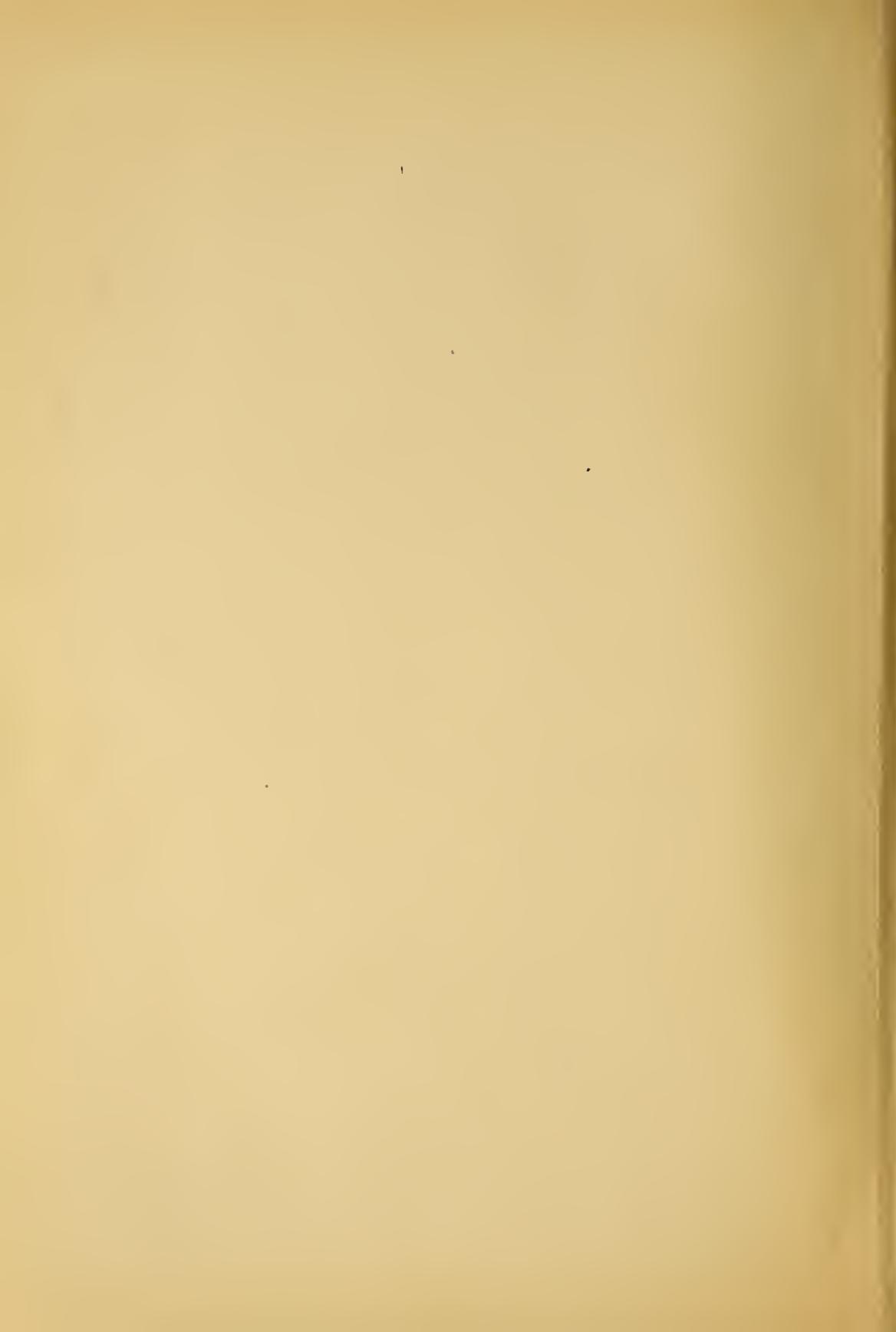
SEED is to appear in January, April, July, October and will only cost 2/- an issue.

SEED may be bought from Zwemmer's bookshop in Charing Cross Road or from Archer's bookshop in Red Lion Street.

SEED can be obtained through any bookseller in the world by mentioning Joiner and Steele of London. Place a permanent order with your bookseller.

The magazine will be a field for experiment in the New Typography.

Published by the Blue Moon Press, 68 Red Lion Street, London, W.C.1. Distributed by Joiner and Steele Ltd., 18 Took's Court, Chancery Lane, London.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 041 112 011 9