HOLLYWOOD QUARTERLY

Volume V: 1950-1951

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
BERKELEY AND LOS ANGELES

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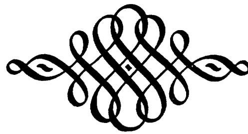

Volume V · FALL, 1950 · *Number* 1

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
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Designing "The Heiress"

HARRY HORNER

HARRY HORNER, a graduate of Max Reinhardt's Theatrical Seminary in Vienna, came to America as a designer with Reinhardt fifteen years ago. He designed a dozen plays on Broadway, including *Lady in the Dark* and the Theater Guild's *The World We Make.* He also did set designs for the Metropolitan and San Francisco opera companies. He has designed and supervised the art work on such films as *Our Town, Little Foxes,* and *A Double Life,* and he recently won an Academy Award for his work on *The Heiress.* Currently Mr. Horner is making his debut as a director in the filming of *The World Inside.*

IT RARELY happens that the designer of a motion picture production has the opportunity of making his designs an integral part of the dramatic effect of the picture, but this opportunity was given to me in the production designs for the film *The Heiress.*

Many faithful Broadway theatergoers will remember the play, the story of Dr. Sloper, residing at No. 16, Washington Square North, in New York in the 1850's, and the tragedy of his daughter Catherine. Every reader of Henry James's novels will certainly remember the story, *Washington Square,* from which this play was taken.

In one of our first discussions William Wyler, the director of *The Heiress* (and of such other great character studies as *The Best Years of Our Lives* and *Wuthering Heights*), said to me: "Almost the entire picture plays in one house. It will depend a great deal upon the designs and the arrangements of the rooms in this house, upon the style in which the story is told—in other words, upon the conception of the designer,—how convincing the characters will become, and therefore how successful the motion picture, *The Heiress,* will be."

How does the designer translate the style and conception of a story into a practical motion picture setting? It was not enough to be authentic in period and locale; deeper analyses of the lives of the characters in the play were necessary. It was essential to know as much about their backgrounds as if the designer had grown up with them, lived and visited with them, and even hired

their servants for them. To search for the smallest characteristic habits became part of the creative function of design. Would the doctor, after arriving home from his professional calls, go immediately into his parlor and sit in his favorite chair to rest and smoke and read, or would he more probably join his daughter and other members of his family? A question like that determined the position of the parlor in relation to the house, and determined also the position of the chair in which he would sit in relation to the parlor. Would Catherine, the daughter, take her breakfast with her father, or would she eat separately, perhaps in her room upstairs? Those are examples of the many and challenging questions which influenced and shaped the creation on the drawing board.

The fact that there was only one important set, namely, the house on Washington Square, made it necessary that the house should have a personality of its own which, in different ways, would affect those inhabitants with whom the story deals and also would impress the character whose visit to the house plays so vital a part in the drama.

It was a challenge—to inject the house with a personality of its own. Very often, houses that have a memory of one kind or another attached to them are able to dominate the inhabitants and mold them with a definite force of their own. To Dr. Sloper the house on Washington Square bore the memory of his wife; to Catherine it represented the enclosure which became torture; for Catherine's lover the house became almost a lure, a very nearly human temptation, the possession of which he desired more than he desired Catherine.

How to design this house, how to keep it authentic and still make it come alive with its own soul and with the soul of its inhabitants, became the main task of the designer.

As a counterweight against any overcharacterization, I remembered Mr. Wyler's warning not to give the secrets of the story away in the designs. "The story may be a serious one," he said,

"but this should not show in the designs of the house, since the structure could not know in advance what its inhabitants would do."

So I started with the first and easiest task, which was necessary as a basis for the design; namely, to familiarize myself with the style of architecture and the living habits of New York in 1850 in general, and of Washington Square North in particular.

Armed with sketchbooks and a camera, I roamed the streets of what is now downtown New York. As the spirit of another era slowly took hold of me, Washington Square became an "uptown" district. The skyscrapers disappeared and I realized that with just a little imagination it is even now possible to find in this modern city many treasures of century-old architecture.

I rang the doorbells of those lovely houses with their handsome old stoops in order to acquaint myself with the interiors which have been the landmarks of Washington Square since 1830, when the first families moved "uptown."

As I planned the design for the park, to be filled with romantic trees, I realized that I had to tone down this conception, for early prints showed that Washington Square was a parade ground in those years, with the old Victorian castle-like New York University on one side, and that it consisted of a large lawn with very few trees and very few benches. After I had searched many weeks in the picture collections of all the libraries, and had benefited by the kind help of all the historical societies in New York, a clear picture of life in a city in those past years crystallized in my mind.

Wandering through this early city, I hit upon such lovely museum pieces as the Tredwell house, an example of the typical residence of a rich merchant. I wandered through backyards of houses and saw those gardens and dwellings along the "Mews" which once represented the stables of the elegant places on Washington Square. Here I picked up a detail for an iron fence which would express the wealth of Dr. Sloper, and there a stairway which would help to dramatize Catherine's last climb up the stairs.

Those details were helpful, but ultimately the basic character of the house came from analyzing the past of our doctor. Although the main action of the story is laid in 1850, with a short episode five years later, I traced back the doctor's life from indications in the play and in the novel so that this house would have the atmosphere of having been lived in for many years.

Dr. Sloper, according to my notes, was married to a wealthy New York girl about 1835, and the house was built while they were on their honeymoon in Paris. It was probably designed by him in the currently popular style, the Greek Revival, with its high columns inside and double mahogany sliding doors connecting the rooms. It even contained the doctor's office, with direct access from the street.

When the doctor and his bride returned from France, they furnished the house with delicate pieces in exquisite taste—Duncan Phyfe pieces, and others which they brought with them from Europe. A French spinet occupied a special place, and the whole house had an atmosphere of loveliness.

Then his wife died, and as the doctor's practice improved he enlarged the house. He kept the old part untouched, giving it the feeling of a shrine. He moved the spinet into the back parlor near his favorite chair; and he added, in the now modern Victorian period, a small wing containing a winter garden and a study.

After having gleaned what I could of what Dr. Sloper must have done to the house, I proceeded to design it. It was to become not a house of one period, but of many—it must give the feeling of having gone through several styles, thus making that first phase of his life which existed only in his memory stand out and become visible to us.

The ground plan had to conform with the restrictions of those enclosed, narrow building lots which characterize Washington Square North; entrance in front with a narrow long hall, and garden and stable at the back. This gave reality and the feeling of enclosure within a city block.

But within this plan many vital elements must be incorporated. There had to be room for a dramatic staircase which was to play an important part in the story. One of the old houses of downtown New York gave me an idea for a staircase which was laid out so that from one vantage point three flights of stairs could be seen—with the father's bedroom on the second floor and the girl's bedroom and guest room on the third floor. There had to be room for an interesting arrangement of hall, dining room, front parlor, back parlor, study, and so on. All this we built in the studio, with the sliding doors placed so that certain vistas into rooms became dramatically important. The father's chair in the back parlor, for instance, dominated the house, and a direct view to the entrance hall was possible.

The garden and the stables were planned with flowers and had to work in different seasons. Trees with foliage and summer flowers were replaced by bare trees, or by the foliage of spring—all with the careful consideration of the characteristic vegetation in New York. The grass had patches of bad growth even in the summer, and anyone who appreciates the difficulty of growing nice grass in New York will know that we were authentic.

Then there was the planning of the period of 1855—five years later. Again careful search into the characters' personalities gave the clue for changes in the house.

The father had died, and now that only women inhabited the house, the elegance and strictness disappeared, and a feeling of less discriminating taste was noticeable. The curtains became softer, more Victorian; certain pieces of furniture were changed, slip covers had been put on others, and we hoped to give the impression that the women in the house were drifting slowly toward a status of unalterable spinsterhood.

The park changed too—fortunately I found that the years around 1850 were full of changes in New York. Gas was introduced on Washington Square; so our audience sees the change from the earlier kerosene lamps to the laying of pipes for the new

gaslight. And of course the old "Washington Square Parade Ground" was now really called "Washington Square Park."

One of the more costly problems was to find adequate furniture to match the description of exquisite taste and wealth, both of which were attributes of Dr. Sloper. Our expert on furniture, Emile Kurie, went to New York and bought fine antique furniture, including the spinet, fine paintings, and ornaments, knowing that under the examining camera close-up the standard prop furniture would not convince anyone of the great wealth of the heiress.

Thus the whole house was built, the life and habits of the characters were carefully considered, hundreds of sketches were made to indicate the most effective camera setups, and the director liked and approved it all.

But there was yet an obstacle before those sets could be called ready. This obstacle, so different from those of real life or of the stage, was the camera itself, with the sound boom. Proportions of rooms had to be carefully thought out so that they would photograph: not too high, or too much of the ceiling would be lost outside the range of the lens; and not too low, of course, or there would be lost the typical architectural proportions of elegance and period. And, what was more important, all those walls and ceilings had to be constructed so that they could come apart—they had to be made "wild," as the technical expression goes—to make elbow room for the cameras.

After having seen the house standing on the stage, almost habitable with its main floor, garden, and stables, and the staircase leading up to second and third floors, it was pitiful to see it torn apart again, limb by limb, a windowed wall here, a corridor ceiling there, so that a shot could be taken from behind a column, or so that the sensitive sound boom could reach into a narrow passage without picking up too much echo. It is typical of a movie set that the further the shooting of the picture is advanced, the more the walls of the set are pulled away; but no audience will

ever know how little of the house was left, how little of many months of work remained standing when that final scene was taken.

No audience will ever see that last scene the way we saw it, or will ever have to use as much imagination as the actress had to, in order to make herself believe that she was left alone in a big house. This is what they would have seen when Olivia de Havilland played her last scene, the scene in which Catherine ascends the staircase as her lover knocks in vain on the entrance door of the lonely house: Where that lonely and silent house was supposed to be, there was a big boom with the camera on it, there was the camera crew giving orders, there was the man who lifted the high boom arm up to the third floor, and in the midst of all the turmoil was Olivia de Havilland as Catherine, masterfully ascending the steps of an abstract staircase which was completely detached from all the remaining architecture and stood—Daliesque—in the middle of a swirling and active group of men who were trying to direct, to photograph, to light, and to sound-control the scene of a dark and lonely house, deserted and silent.

Stills in Motion

IRVING PICHEL

IRVING PICHEL, a member of the editorial board of the *Hollywood Quarterly*, is a motion picture director. He wrote and directed the film *Destination Moon*, and is currently directing *Santa Fe* for Columbia.

WHEN Edward Muybridge set up twenty-four cameras along a race track, he was able to settle an argument about the gait of trotting horses by letting a horse break twenty-four threads which tripped the shutters of the twenty-four cameras as the horse passed them. Each camera, by instantaneous photography, arrested the movement of the horse at the moment he ran before its lens. It was thereby possible to show that the horse did, at one instant, have all four feet off the ground. Photography did mechanically, chemically, and incontrovertibly what painters had been trying to do through the fallible observation of their naked eyes—plus varying degrees of technical proficiency—in recording on canvas or paper or cave walls, with paint or pencil or charred sticks, what they had seen. It pictured arrested movement.

It was not by accident that Muybridge's experiment was followed in a short time by the invention of a means of recomposing a series of movements, arrested photographically, into an illusion of continuous movement. A toy called a zoetrope had been doing this with drawings of arrested movements in series long before the invention of photography. Thus Walt Disney has a longer lineage than movie makers who photograph real creatures or objects in motion.

There is an obvious difference between the movement arrested by a photograph and that arrested by an artist. In the photograph, the moment arrested corresponds exactly to the moment of perception. The photograph is utterly specific. At the moment it was snapped, the baby smiled just so. Though a painting may likewise represent arrested movement, the moment it depicts cannot cor-

respond exactly with a given moment of perception. A painting takes a long time to make. The moment it depicts must be remembered. The landscape, the living model, the light on hill or sea, is incessantly changing and becoming part of the artist's life experience, mingled with other memories and perceptions. A painting, as a record, is not specific, but generalizes a moment in terms of the artist's feeling and thinking and technical resourcefulness. It is what he makes of the moment. A camera can make no more of a moment than the moment itself holds.

Of course, no moment arrested photographically is empty. It postulates a past and a future. The movement it halts had a beginning and will be followed by a more or less predictable end. When such a moment, arrested by instantaneous photography, is set in its proper place in a series of such photographs made at rapid intervals, and the series is projected on a screen, the restored motion makes the sustained picture even more specific than any single exposure. The scene becomes "real." The record is exact for the time of the entire movement, as it was for the single instant, since no instant has been—at least, perceptibly—omitted.

This does not happen with a series of drawings or paintings. Aside from the technical difficulty and incredible labor of animating, frame by frame, instants of motion lasting only a fiftieth of a second, a wise and intuitive artist like Disney knows that his painted mouse is not a real mouse, or even an archetypal mouse, so he generalizes still further and brings forth an anthropocentric mouse.

These comments are apposite because a number of motion picture films, several of which are currently being shown, undertake to show through motion things that are externally motionless since their subjects are paintings and sculpture. The most ambitious of these films is *The Titan,* made by Curt Oertel and re-edited and presented by Robert Flaherty. Ostensibly this is a biography of Michelangelo documented by his works. The story is told in an excellent narration finely spoken by Fredric March,

interspersed with snatches of dialogue between Michelangelo and his father or between the artist and Pope Julius II and others, with occasional sound effects of crowds. No living human figures are seen, except, early in the film, the shadows of the boy Michelangelo and his father trudging their way to Florence. The cast of characters—Michelangelo, Lorenzo de' Medici, Savonarola, Pope Julius—are as inanimate as the works that Michelangelo creates in the course of the film, for, like his frescoes and sculptures with which the film mainly deals, they are sculptures and paintings.

Since motion pictures are primarily adapted to depicting motion, it seems somewhat anomalous to use this medium for photographing the motionless. Undeniably, one result is to underline to some degree the arrested movement in the photographed painting or sculpture. The mere fact that the film is capable of recording movement does not endow the painted figures with movement. It may be that this emphasis on the arrestment of movement is even more marked in the work of Michelangelo than it would be in that of any other artist, for his figures are filled with power, and even in repose they have a capacity for violent movement which is their outstanding characteristic. In the Pietà of the Medici tomb, we feel that the Virgin has lifted the dead Christ and carried him to the chair on which she sits and has lowered his body to her lap. The frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and the Last Judgment on the end wall are filled with whirlwinds and vortices of motion. The motionlessness of these great figures is only an immortally extended present.

However, motion picture film is capable not merely of depicting the movement of characters or objects in a scene; it brings to the screen two other kinds of movement. There is the movement that the camera itself contributes, approaching or receding from the subject it photographs; and there is the movement created by the montage of the film—the movement from shot to shot, from angle to angle, and from character to character, within a scene or from one scene to another in a totally different place. Film

achieves flow by recomposing time and space into new entities. The agility it displays in these instantaneous transitions produces a sense of movement unique to the medium.

These three kinds of movement—the primary movement of the characters, the secondary movement produced by the movement of the camera, and the movement through montage or filmic movement—are functions, in the first instance, of the participants; in the second, of the spectator; and in the third, of the film maker or editor. Since in *The Titan* the players (paintings and statues) do not move, the film has left to it the movement of the spectator and the movement through the film's content by the film author or editor—the teller of the story.

That the film *The Titan* is an interesting spectacle is fundamentally due, of course, to what it shows. That it is, besides, an exciting one may be attributed to its cinematic presentation, to the fact that there is movement, after all, through the camera and filmic activity.

The last of these, filmic movement, is somewhat weak in *The Titan* since there is little actual relationship between the various works shown, save that they are all the work of one artist and progress in style toward mannerism, a matter not commented on or emphasized. The sequence is entirely chronological and the premise that the works of art document the life of their creator is verbal, not visual. That is, the story is told not pictorially, but verbally. The verbal story is logical and sequential; its pictorial accompaniment is actually a disconnected series of episodes, some treated vividly and with imagination, some perfunctorily. They do not adhere to any order, or show development, or have a unifying theme. Michelangelo moved from commission to commission in accordance with the whim of his patrons, and several of these were given to constant changes of mind.

Therefore, in recalling the picture, there come first and most vividly to mind those episodes (works) which are fully explored. Without exception, these are the sculptures: the Bacchus, the gi-

gantic David, the Pietà mentioned above, and the figures of the Medici tomb. Here the camera becomes fully identified with the spectator who has the sense that he is engaged in the act of seeing, that he is exploring viewpoints with even more facility than if he were present before the work he is viewing. Through the camera he can reach vantage points not available to the ordinary traveler. Since these forms are plastic, they have perspective which, through the movement of the camera, is constantly changing, bringing before the eye new symmetries, new relations of parts to the whole, new perceptions of proportion. And since the sculptures are marble, black-and-white film becomes an exact medium.

This cannot be true of the chapters of the story that treat of the frescoes. Black-and-white photography cannot render them truthfully, and the camera can see them properly from only one point of view. There can be—and is—some filmic movement through cuts from details (close-ups) to larger sections of whole frescoes; but none of the great panels—the Creation or the Deluge, for example—are treated with any fullness. If they had been, they might have defeated the over-all intention of the film, since their literary content is dominant, and the film maker is not concerned with recounting Michelangelo's story, let us say, of the Deluge, but rather with showing the varied and magnificent production in many media of one man working through a long lifetime.

An eighteen-minute film by Pierre Courtade called *1848* similarly attempts to apply motion to still subject matter. Here the plan of continuity is much simpler, the material is more homogeneous, and the two are completely integrated. The film tells the events of the early months of the fateful year in Paris that brought about the fall of Louis Philippe, the birth of the Second Republic and its quick overthrow, and the seizure of power by Louis Napoleon. The pictorial record of these days is astonishingly complete. The prints of the period did graphically and with full coverage what today a photographic news service would do. The great Daumier saw the actors of the drama with a harsh and pitiless

humor and recorded them with an insight which the camera lacks. In the midst of these prints and caricatures are a few camera portraits of major actors, Lamartine, Guizot, the Emperor—for Daguerre had discovered photography only a few years before,—and they seem like an intrusion among the graphic representations.

Courtade has built an admirable continuity out of this material, enhancing it with a first-rate narration. But the sense comes not from the words, but from the pictorial sequence. The treatment is wholly cinematic. The camera draws back from a close shot in the Chamber of Deputies to a full view of the gathering. It cuts to the speaker, then to a group of dissenting listeners. Montages of street fighting, of crowd reactions, are dramatically constructed. The only lack is that of actual movement; hence the film has somewhat the effect of an elaborate preproduction enterprise, a filmed series of continuity drawings to indicate what a finished motion picture would look like. Let us say that it is, at its best, a substitute for a motion picture which it would not be practical to make, and let us admit, at the same time, that its best is better than the motion picture would be, since the motion picture would lack a Daumier to reshape its actors.

An account has been received of another film made in France by William Novik. It draws its material from the miniatures of medieval illuminated manuscripts and is photographed in Technicolor, thus exploiting the principal charm of those pictures. Assuming that it has been made with as much skill as *1848* exhibits, it performs an added function of bringing to the public a vivid and informative impression of medieval times which would otherwise lie hidden in the darkness of museums.

While none of these films utilizes the full scope of the motion picture medium, there is no other medium which could compose these materials into so coherent and vivid a continuity. Certainly they have more movement and life than the pictorial records with running commentary gathered weekly in *Life*.

Translating "The Glass Menagerie" to Film

HUGH MACMULLAN

HUGH MACMULLAN, a John Lyman Moody scholar of Williams College at Oxford University, served as a lieutenant commander in the Navy during the war, writing, directing, and producing training films. He has been a lecturer in the Theater Arts Department, University of California, Los Angeles, and has been the dialogue director of a number of Hollywood films, including *The Glass Menagerie*. At present he is writing government films under contract to Cascade Pictures of California.

EVEN the most casual survey of the play *The Glass Menagerie* shows that, for just the reasons that it is moving on the stage, it is not, in its theatrical form, suitable for film. It is essentially descriptive and without motion. To gain its effectiveness, it depends upon "illusion," upon nonliteral sets, and upon arbitrary lighting (including a photograph that lights up as required). It relies, for its meaning, on basic, Ibsenesque symbols—the menagerie, the phonograph, the magic scarf, the day bed, the lighted candles in the dark, the faded party dress, the unicorn, and so on. It stands or falls on the characters which it creates, since it offers only one dramatic thread: will the Gentleman Caller come, and what will happen if he does? Such a play presented under the psychological conditions peculiar to the living stage can succeed admirably; as a film it would weary a contemporary audience and seem to have little meaning.

The trend in film has always been toward a particular method of interpreting reality, a literal method so far as acting and scene are concerned, with emphases achieved through camera position and editing. Our work in the making of *The Glass Menagerie* followed this trend, seeking for a complete reality of performance and place, relying on the camera and editing to supplant and transmute the devices used by Williams on the stage. As a consequence, we also felt it advisable to abandon his symbols except as they might be indicated by indirection, or treated not as symbols

but as real objects in a real world. As an example the effect gained by the father's picture lighting up on cue is now accomplished instead by film editing. Both methods are arbitrary, implying a commentator or master mind who insists that the audience think of a father at given moments. But to cut to the father's picture—and in the film this is almost always done when one character or another refers to him or thinks of him and so looks at his picture, thereby providing a basic logic for the insert—is, by the nature of the convention which accepts film editing at all, a less obtrusive means of obtaining the result, and at the same time it makes proper use of the medium. As for the menagerie itself, it exists in the film as very real pieces of glass (seen in close-up) on a real, rickety, veneered table, in a real lower-middle-class room. Consequently it cannot be treated as Williams treated it on the stage, subject to independent lighting, existing, almost as Laura exists, apart in time and space. Aware of this, Irving Rapper, the director, avoided the symbol except at very essential moments, as when Laura shows her treasures to the Gentleman Caller; it is a particular occasion, as it happens, when the presence of the candles permitted a use of lighting in the real set that did approximate—though differently, just because the room *was* real—the effects achieved on the stage. Generally, however, Mr. Rapper used the pieces of glass as pieces of glass. Laura cleans them, sits by them, behaves toward them as objective things, and, in so doing, enables the audience to perceive their meaning without emphasis on that meaning as such. This treatment is especially cinematic, made possible only by the nearness of the camera to the scene, so that no further assistance, either verbal or mechanical, is needed to make the point.

So strong is the tradition in film against Williams' type of symbology that on several occasions, at least, certain values were almost lost. For instance, Jane Wyman, a most perceptive actress, rebelled against Laura's lying on the day bed during the supper. She believed quite rightly that a girl as sick as Laura would go to

her bedroom and get out of sight, and that this logical behavior was to be preferred, regardless of the fact that the day bed would no longer figure in the scene—the day bed used by her brother, on whom she depends and from whom the Gentleman Caller will later emancipate her. But to have Laura go off to her room would not only destroy the fundamental symbol of the day bed; it would also completely remove her from the scene being lived in the dining alcove. Happily, as Mr. Rapper pointed out, by keeping the camera occupied close to the characters at the supper table and by not cutting to Miss Wyman, once her position had been established, all values would be retained and the theatric quality of the original eliminated. And that is the way the scene was played.

In the main, however, the translation of background and symbol were not too difficult. Continuity and performance were another matter.

Dependent as the play is on mood and character, it achieves a total impression by the slow accumulation of almost nondramatic detail. It opens with a gentle, poetic narration by Tom Wingfield, dressed as a merchant seaman, in which he tells us that the play is a play of memory, his memory of his mother Amanda and his crippled sister Laura, and of their living together. Then follows a quiet, humorous scene among the three which establishes that Amanda is afraid Laura will become an old maid, will never have a gentleman caller, as she herself had seventeen when she was young in Blue Mountain—a scene which serves primarily to introduce the characters and familiarize the audience with their peculiarities as persons, only in the most indirect way suggesting the underlying problem of the play: What is to become of Laura?

In the second scene, however, the "deception" scene, that problem is clearly stated. Now we learn that Laura has retreated from reality, has become lost in and identified with her collection of little glass animals. Now we discover that she has been going to business college, studying stenography; that some time ago she failed, through nervousness, to take an examination, and that

since then, during the day, she has been roaming the streets and museums and parks so that Amanda will think her still at school. But Amanda has stopped by the college to inquire of her progress, and has found out the truth. At first, she bitterly reproaches Laura. Then, forgetting her anger in looking ahead to the empty years, she becomes determined that Laura, to escape that emptiness, will marry. Desperately, Amanda questions her daughter, asking her if there hasn't been some young man in whom she has been interested. Laura admits that once, in high school, she had liked a boy named Jim, but that he had been engaged to another girl, Emily Meisenbach. Undaunted, Amanda tells her that she will marry—that all she needs to use is charm, that same charm which her father, who long ago deserted them, had possessed.

Immediately afterward, Tom tells us in narration, Amanda went to work selling magazine subscriptions to earn extra money with which to entertain a gentleman caller, at the same time continually badgering him to bring home some young man who might turn into a suitable bridegroom. But the next two scenes desert this theme and develop Tom's own problems.

He, it appears, is at heart a poet, and is oppressed by the terms of his daily living, hating the warehouse where he works, and made fretful by his mother's insistent nagging and interference. On this day, as an example, she has returned a book of D. H. Lawrence's to the library as unfit for him to read. Enraged, Tom starts to leave the house to go to the movies, the only place where he can find escape, but Amanda tries to stop him and keep him at home, refusing to believe that he intends anything so innocent as going to the movies. He explodes, railing at her in a brilliant speech that ends with his wish that she go up over Blue Mountain on a broomstick accompanied by her seventeen gentleman callers. Then, as he struggles to put on his overcoat, he knocks some of Laura's glass figures to the floor, breaking them. Overcome with grief at what he has done, he kneels to the floor, as the scene ends, to pick up the fragments.

Later that night he returns, drunk and contrite, to find Laura waiting for him. After apologizing to her, he tells her that he has been to a theater where Malvolio the Magician turned water into bourbon, and that he went up on the stage to test the trick. And he shows her the magic scarf the magician gave him, wishing that he had the magic that would release him from his daily routine.

The next scene returns to the play's main theme. As Amanda and Tom make up after last night's fight, she once again brings up the subject of Laura's future, and in the tortured discussion that follows, Tom promises in desperation to bring someone home to meet his sister. Not really believing him, Amanda resumes her selling of magazine subscriptions.

From now on, for what is roughly half its length, the play moves forward in a straight line. Tom announces to the doubting Amanda not only that he has invited a gentleman caller to supper, but that the young man has accepted—and that the long-expected day is tomorrow. Amanda, filled with sudden hope, scolds Tom for giving her no suitable warning. Then, laying hasty plans for redecorating the apartment, she calls Laura out to the fire escape to wish on the new moon for happines and good fortune.

And so, the following evening, the Gentleman Caller comes. Before his arrival, Tom tells us in narration that he is the very Jim O'Connor whom Laura had liked in high school, the young man who had been engaged to Emily Meisenbach. Jim, who doesn't remember Laura or know that Tom has a family, works with Tom in the warehouse and is, in fact, his only friend there. Up to the moment of the visitor's appearance, Amanda has been making frantic preparations, fixing up the apartment, sewing a new dress for Laura, even going so far as to fashion for her false bosoms out of powder puffs. Laura is horribly nervous and scared. When she opens the door and recognizes the guest as Jim O'Connor, she can scarcely speak.

Leaving her and going out on the terrace, Tom discloses to Jim that he has joined the Union of Merchant Seamen, paying his dues

with the money for this month's light bill. When they come back into the living room, in response to Amanda's summons, Laura has disappeared. Amanda calls her, telling her that she is keeping all of them waiting for supper. Finally Laura comes trembling through the back door, so overwrought that she collapses. Tom supports her into the living room, where she lies on his day bed during the meal.

While they are at supper, the lights go off, thanks to the unpaid bill, and Amanda lights candles, trying to make a joke of the situation. As the meal ends, she tells Jim to take Laura some wine while she and Tom wash the dishes. Carrying wine and candles, Jim goes into the living room and joins Laura. Since he is a kindly man, he soon has her reassured, sitting with him on the floor in the candlelight and chewing gum. To his surprise she recalls their high school days. He remembers her, too, and delights her when he says that he was never engaged to Emily Meisenbach. Soon they are finding pleasure in each other; he because she reminds him of his importance in high school as the lead in a production of *The Pirates of Penzance,* an importance which he no longer has, working in the warehouse, and she because his understanding of her, his suggestions that she should work to rid herself of her inferiority complex, bring her out of herself. This confidence enables her to talk of her glass menagerie, even to show him her favorite unicorn. It isn't long before he has her dancing, dancing on her crippled foot, something she has never tried before. But in the course of their dancing they bump into the table on which the unicorn stands, knocking it off and breaking its horn. With her new assurance, Laura makes light of the accident, so impressing Jim that before he knows what he is doing he has kissed her. She is overwhelmed. Immediately realizing the harm he has caused, Jim apologizes for his stupidity, explaining that he is engaged to a girl named Betty, whom he loves. Laura is desolate, retreating into herself forever; but she gives him the unicorn as a symbol of her forgiveness.

Carrying a pitcher of lemonade, Amanda comes from the kitchen. She is very much the Southern lady, full of gaiety, a gaiety that is quickly destroyed when Jim excuses himself, saying that he must meet his fiancée at the station. After he has gone, she turns on Tom in fury, driving him finally from the house.

The play closes with Tom, in narration, saying farewell to his memories, farewell to his sister Laura.

Obviously the play does not have any clear (in the classic sense) plot line; the entire action hinges on the incident and incidence of the Gentleman Caller. Unfortunately, such material, so tenuously organized, is probably not suited to film. At any rate, that was the assumption behind the changes in continuity that were made.

Following the play, the film sets up a basic plot problem, a problem founded on the conflicting desires of Amanda, Laura, and Tom. Again we have the young girl, Laura, who has withdrawn from reality ostensibly because she is crippled. Determined to force her out of herself and make her a member of society, Amanda has enrolled the girl in a secretarial course, and continually pleads with Tom to find a young man who might become interested in his sister. Tom, oppressed by his mother, by the monotony of his job, by the meanness of their living, has joined the Merchant Marine and threatens to leave home. Frantic at that prospect, Amanda is terrified of what the future holds.

Quickly and clearly the dynamics of the film are established. What will happen to Laura? Will Tom leave home? What can Amanda do to gain her ends? In this way—though the film, like the play, is told in retrospect from Tom's point of view—it has an immediacy which the play never attained. This does not mean that the film is necessarily "better" than the play; only that it is different, substituting one value for another, a value in keeping with the taste of its audience.

Once the premises are stated, the film can leave the apartment, examine the daily routine of the characters. It shows Tom's bore-

dom in the warehouse; Amanda's energetic, almost frenetic endeavors to sell magazine subscriptions; and Laura's climactic failure to take an examination at the business college, and her subsequent flight. In so doing it is making a correct use of its opportunities; it has broadened the scene of action and has examined its characters in the wide world in which they move. True, all this material comes from the play, but by rearranging it, by underscoring it, by showing what is only spoken of in the play, something new has been created.

Consequently, when, at home that night we again see the family and realize that Laura is not going to confess her neurotic collapse at school, enough tension is established (What will Amanda do when she finds out the truth? How is Laura going to maintain the deception?) to let the film pause and make use of the play's brilliant bravura passages, which are pure description and little else. Now we can act out the incident on which those two passages hang, the incident in which Tom—goaded by Amanda while he is trying to write a poem—rushes from the house, in his fury accidentally breaking some of the pieces in Laura's menagerie, gets drunk, and comes home to apologize. Now we can listen to those bravura passages, to Amanda's portrait of her seventeen gentlemen callers, to Tom's wondrously funny and sad denunciation of his mother, to his fanciful explanation to Laura of how he drank with Malvolio the Magician and came into possession of the magic scarf, and so we can enter fully into the life of these three and its meaning.

Then, through several brief scenes and a montage, we return to our plot skeleton. We show Amanda continually scheming for a gentleman caller, Laura spending her days in the public library, the art museum, the zoo, still maintaining her deception, and we end with Amanda's inevitable visit to the business college to inquire after Laura's progress. Now, halfway through the film, occurs the scene between the mother and daughter with which Williams begins his play, that tortured, tragic scene in which both

women are brought up against the barren present, the even more barren future. As developed in the film, this scene concludes on a note of hysteria, with Amanda determined as never before that Laura shall marry, and with Laura frightened and weeping. The problems, stated at the beginning, are here brought to full realization, and must be resolved.

From this point on, the continuity of the film follows fairly closely that of the play, except that, in a scene in the warehouse, we are introduced to the Gentleman Caller before he is invited to dinner. However, the film, in this concluding section, does continue to make use of methods peculiar to its form. It leaves the apartment as occasion permits; once, for a meeting between Tom and Jim, the Gentleman Caller, before they come in for supper; once, when Jim, to encourage Laura and persuade her that she is not different, takes her dancing at the Paradise. These changes in scene give a visual flow to the third act material which keeps it from becoming static, and, though here the film remains essentially true to the play in detail, its total effect is changed, precisely because of the rearrangements and additions in the first half.

This latter fact justifies the new ending, in which Laura, finding her emancipation through Jim, gladly releases her brother to his seafaring and is left awaiting the coming of a new gentleman caller, whom, the inference is, she has found for herself. There is no doubt that this ending was first devised by the producers in deference to the Hollywood tradition of the "happy ending." But once it was accepted, its influence spread through the entire continuity, forcing much of the structure here outlined, so that it could exist logically, as I feel it does. Certainly, viewed philosophically, the film is neither more nor less important as a comment on life than the original stage play, and it does bring to a suitable resolution all the problems raised by the plot's premises and their development—if on a sentimental level.

This continuity, which seems simple in outline, was not simply arrived at. I am told—and this is hearsay only—that it did exist

in one of the scripts which were prepared in the two-year pre-production period. But certainly it was not the basis of the script that was handed to us as we started shooting the picture. That continuity followed the play's more closely, with the climactic "deception" scene between Amanda and Laura coming almost immediately after Laura's collapse at the business college. It also introduced the Gentleman Caller, at the warehouse, in the sequence of brief scenes at the beginning, in which we follow the daily activities of the family.

It gradually became clear that these two scenes being so placed destroyed the dramatic structure. Playing the "deception" scene this early left suspended the entire long sequence in which Tom breaks the figures in the glass collection, coming as that incident did after Amanda's fierce resolution that Laura would have to marry. The introduction of the Gentleman Caller at the beginning eliminated most of the suspense, since it was continuously obvious that eventually someone was coming to dinner, and who that someone was. Furthermore, this introduction made necessary an additional scene with Jim before his actual appearance at the apartment, since it is clearly impossible to lose sight of a major character for more than half a film, once he has been established. Such a scene did exist, occupying the position now filled by Jim's first introduction.

Obviously, something had to be done to solve this basic fault, for shooting was proceeding and soon the trouble could not be cured except at great expense. So, after repeated conferences which led nowhere, Jerry Wald, the co-producer, had a sudden idea which developed into the continuity as it now is. But the fact that the new continuity was imposed on material already photographed explains certain weaknesses in individual scenes. As an example, the little scene at the beginning which shows Tom working in the warehouse is obviously incomplete, since in it, after complaining to a fellow worker about the boss and wishing that he could be sunbathing in Miami, Tom wheels a load of boxes

out of camera range and the scene ends. Of course, it was intended—and actually so shot—that we next would see Tom wheeling the boxes up to Jim, who is regaling a group of workers with his knowledge of football. But owing to the revision that next scene comes reels later, and so the first scene falters in meaning.

As a further and more important example, at the time that this change in continuity was made, the entire sequence that begins with Amanda's memories of her seventeen gentlemen callers and which ends with the return home of the drunken, contrite Tom, had been shot—and shot without reference to the fact that Laura was not telling of her failure at school. Obviously, because of cost, the scene could not be rephotographed. So a new scene, which we called the "vacuum" scene, because in it Amanda remarks that her children appear to live in a vacuum, was inserted to permit Laura to show her inability to confess. And later, in narration over the montage of Laura's wandering, Tom states that she had never admitted her collapse. This would have been, I think, a successful solution if the material of the "vacuum" scene had been different. But its name was symbolic; it was repetitive, on a low key. Amanda, tired, comes home, puts up a brave front before Laura, encouraging her to practice her typing. Laura tries, but fails, to say that she has left the school. Then, when Tom appears, Amanda takes his newspaper away from him and reads to Laura the advertisements for secretaries wanted, thus driving Tom from the room. Soon afterward, Amanda goes into the kitchen to cook dinner, and Laura collapses over her typewriter. Though this scene was well directed and well played, it was empty, telling over again the facts of life in the apartment that we had already spent several reels developing. After the second preview, the scene was cut at Tom's entrance, and a solution of sorts was obtained. Although no audience has seemed to notice the lack, a more coherent performance through this entire section could have been achieved if the line of development had been settled upon earlier.

In trying to free the continuity from the restrictions in time and

space imposed by the stage, various other scenes were attempted, scenes which when cut into the film dissipated the effect—an error which can easily occur when one is adapting a play to film since one is always eager to take advantage of the new medium. Such scenes, now decorating the cutting-room floor, included one of Tom walking on the river front, longing for the sea. Another was of Laura coming home from the grocery, stopping in at the empty Paradise dance hall to marvel at the crystal ball. A third was of Laura, late in the night before the Gentleman Caller comes, welcoming him in pantomime, offering him a seat, and then realizing that she can never in reality do these things. Though they proved wrong, it was wise to test out these scenes, for on paper they did seem to enlarge the scope of the film.

In the main this final continuity seems faithful to the intent of the play at the same time that it is proper for a film. Only in one place do I find myself in violent disagreement with it; that is in the much-debated introduction of the Gentleman Caller. The play achieved an enormous effect by holding off that introduction to the end, by allowing the suspense within the audience to build and build. Then, when that suspense had been satisfied by his arrival, his very presence as a new and exciting character immediately won the audience to him. All this the film willfully sacrifices.

Nor does the part itself need to be enlarged in deference to the star who plays it (and never did Kirk Douglas, in my hearing, suggest that it did, regardless of how others felt). The character is so overwhelming when he does appear, his scene so full of meaning, so rich with humor and sympathy, that he completes the film, brings all its problems to their conclusion. It is unfortunate, I think, that this opinion, held by most of us who were creating the film, did not prevail. To make matters worse, the scene in the warehouse, which introduces Jim, is badly written and ill-considered. Jim is bumptious, know-it-all, unpleasant; in no way the same character who later, in his wonderful, blundering sincerity,

frees Laura. The figure of Mendoza, the straw boss, is crudely drawn, reminiscent of the "agit-prop" dramas of the 'thirties. And the locale of the major part of the scene, the men's toilet, is totally out of key with the rest of the film.

A further problem in continuity and style which confronted us involved the function of Tom as narrator. On the stage, dimly lit and unreal as it is, Tom can come to the footlights, stepping out of the scene, and comment on the characters and the situation, describe off-stage happenings, without doing violence to the overall effect. But in the film, where obviously only Tom's voice can be used, since the method of film generally precludes a visible narrator's talking into the lens, an entirely different impression is created. In the first place, the device of the narrator, speaking from memory, has been so overused as to be currently ineffective; in the second, the style of the narration is somewhat too tense, certainly too "literary" to blend with real people existing in a real world.

As shooting progressed, compromise became necessary between those who wanted a full narration and those who felt that the story, as it was unfolding, could be thoroughly understood with no narration except at the beginning and the end, where it would establish, among other things, that the story was being told in retrospect. The original shooting script favored the latter opinion. But as time went on, more and more narration was added until it overbalanced the picture. And as so frequently happens, much of it, taken directly from the play, could no longer serve its original purpose—to describe and comment on off-stage action—since the film, with its wider field, was playing that very action. (It is indeed more than a little irritating to have a voice telling you that you are seeing what you are seeing, when all you really want is to listen to the score as it reinforces or interprets the visual image.) As a result, even before the first preview, during the rough-cut stage, quite an amount of narration was eliminated, and more went after the previews, until a fairly satisfactory balance was reached.

In discussing these problems of continuity and style I have purposely—because I am unable to come to any final opinion about it—omitted mention of one very interesting experiment, the treatment of Amanda's brilliant monologue in which she describes her seventeen gentlemen callers. As finally presented in the film, it shows in a semistylized way what Amanda thinks happened on that fabulous night when she went to the Governor's Ball in Jackson, escorted by seventeen gentlemen callers (thus combining the play's monologue with reference to another momentous day in her life, the better to create a montage). In a sense, it is a retrospect within a retrospect—and yet not quite so; for, as performed, it is clearly a product of Amanda's imagination, either an extension of what may have occurred, or a complete fabrication.

The scene was first shot precisely as it had been played on the stage, where, of course, it never left the apartment and depended entirely on the magic of Laurette Taylor's acting to sustain the dramatic flow. And under Irving Rapper's direction it was excellently performed. But despite the performance, despite Mr. Rapper's staging, with its editorial emphasis on close-ups, its judicious use of the moving camera, its continuous, biting reference to the reactions of Tom and Laura, the scene did not play as film. It remained a *tour de force,* a baroque setpiece. (Parenthetically, may I hope that a way can be found to preserve this discarded scene for students of the motion picture? It offers an excellent example of what happens when a fine piece of stage writing is filmed without adequate translation.)

Regarded as a unique sequence, the scene as shot the second time is superior to the first; it makes use of the medium, seemingly independent of words. It is amusing, interpretive, and concise—in visual terms. It offers a startling contrast between the faded woman coming from her dingy kitchen and the belle of the ball she remembers herself to have been, beautiful and loved, a flower of the Old South.

But should this sequence be in this particular picture? It is, I

feel, out of style. To be sure, the picture is retrospect, is memory—but it is *Tom's* memory which we are sharing. Amanda's flights of fancy are valid only as he remembers them, not as she does. Furthermore, his memories are founded in reality: Laura truly was a cripple, lost in a world of little glass animals; Amanda actually tramped the alleys and avenues of St. Louis trying to sell magazine subscriptions; he himself hated the warehouse, the smell of leather continuously in his breathing. Valid as it may be as a unit, this memory sequence is not of that quality. So then, how is one to treat it in adapting it to the screen, since the original, which was satisfactory on the stage, will not serve? Is the present solution acceptable?

Finally, in the making of this film there were serious problems of characterization. Perhaps never in Hollywood had a better cast been assembled, more schooled in their profession, more inspirited with a desire to interpret. But their problem—and the director's—was difficult, for they had to redesign the characters from the stylized people of the play, particularly as acted in the Broadway production, a force in the memory of the theater, into human beings who lived in St. Louis, Missouri, in a given period of time and in the reality of space. Here, under the terms of production, was no realm of illusion, no poetry of memory, and yet the words that must be spoken are heightened in meaning, more vital than the words of everyday living.

The solution lies in Amanda. As the dominant character she sets the overriding tone to performance. If properly played, she can—as Miss Taylor proved, carrying Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon with her—bring the needed life to any production, establish its acting style. And I feel that in the film, under Mr. Rapper's continuous and careful direction, Gertrude Lawrence has done precisely this. She has played Amanda with every intent to create a reality in which the brilliant writing could be accepted.

Unlike Miss Taylor, whose performance was theatrical razzle-dazzle at its very best, a purely verbal projection, not dependent

on props and sets and fellow actors (and entirely untransferable to film), Miss Lawrence, under the requirements of cinema, was bound by the limits of a finite world, in which eggs were cooked on hot stoves, and walls surrounded human beings, and other members of the cast could not be blacked out by turning off the switch of a spotlight. As a consequence she was forced to use continuous movement, to bound from room to room, to burden herself with props, in order that she might make external and visual her harried, distraught mind, and so create a counterpoint for her ceaseless flow of words. That this was a difficult task for both director and actress goes without saying.

Such a performance, naturally, created different demands on the other actors, altered their approach. With a violent, active Amanda, Tom cannot be played as a poetic juvenile—as Mr. Dowling played him. He, too, must be tempestuous, must be able, on occasion, to overpower his mother and control the scene. He must be vigorously masculine, so that his longing for the sea, his torment with daily living, becomes a profound threat to Amanda's security. To achieve this characterization with an actor of Arthur Kennedy's talents and personal quality was not hard.

The other two characters were less changed, though changed they were. Miss Wyman's performance is harder, less sentimental, than Miss Haydon's, and although her attitude toward Amanda must necessarily be passive, she does attain vitality and motion as a character because the life she lives away from the apartment is shown on the screen. Personally, I feel that Laura should have been played even more positively; that is, her neurotic reactions should have been stronger, coming from a deep illness, and should not have been externalized (and thus softened) in her outward appearance. The long blonde wig and the cheap cotton dresses (which Amanda would never have let her wear) seem too obviously to invite pity, to be intended to substitute for inner emotion.

As for the Gentleman Caller, since he is an emissary from the outside world, he has a reality and a force in the play that need

only be transferred to the screen. But in this transfer, particularly in his scenes with Amanda, he must be played more broadly, with more toughness, so that the clash of wills can emerge sharply and the pace of the action be maintained. With Kirk Douglas, energy of acting can naturally never be in question. But it was necessary that that energy should be increased inwardly, subdued outwardly, since to permit him much movement was to duplicate Amanda. As a consequence, Mr. Rapper worked very wisely for a sense of earnestness and mental drive that nicely counterbalances Laura's withdrawal, Amanda's feverish activity, Tom's brusque hesitancy.

But for a time this relationship of the characters caused by the nature of Miss Lawrence's performance was not understood by any of us on the set (always excepting David Weisbart, the film's editor, who certainly objected to what I am about to relate). The first scene of the picture, which also happened to be scheduled for shooting during the tense first days, seemed to us as we saw the rushes, and later the cut scene, too irritated, the actors too bitter, too angry with one another. We came to feel that it should be shot over again, played more quietly, with less movement by actors and by camera, too. And so it was remade; and while it was being played, it seemed good. But when we saw it on the screen the next day, we knew how wrong we had been. With the bite and the drive gone the scene was not tortured, did not establish the mood of the picture, and failed to explain visually the problems in the lives of the characters. Chastened, we returned to our original version.

Two other scenes were remade for the same reason, but in reverse—the "deception" and the "Gay Deceivers" scenes. As originally shot, the "deception" scene contained the material used in the play when Amanda, in the midst of her despair, asks Laura if she has never been interested in some boy, and Laura shows her Jim O'Connor's picture in the high school yearbook and tells her of his singing in *The Pirates of Penzance*—thus establishing the

fact that in her shy, adolescent way Laura has been in love with Jim, has not forgotten him, and this before the audience knows that Jim and the Gentleman Caller are one. The little interlude completely destroyed the dramatic line of the scene, a dramatic line made necessary by this reinterpretation of character in the light of the new plot structure. And upon examination we discovered that to disclose a prior relationship between Jim and Laura was not as pleasing (if it was not actually old-fashioned) as to let that information gradually appear out of the scenes between the two of them. So the interlude was removed, and by its removal Amanda and Laura were permitted to build directly and logically to their hysterical climax, something they had been unable to do convincingly in the first version.

The "Gay Deceivers" scene—that pathetic moment, so moving and so funny, when Amanda pushes false bosoms formed from rolled stockings into Laura's dress to make her just that much more attractive for the Gentleman Caller—was scheduled within the first few weeks' work, though its place is quite far along in the film. Unfortunately it came at a time when there was uncertainty over the characterization of Amanda. Miss Lawrence, in particular, was feeling that she was being too strident, that she was never permitted to show tenderness toward her children, and that here she had a splendid chance to demonstrate her deep love for Laura. Though Mr. Rapper did not agree with her, believing that the whole motivation of the film proved this love, he did tone the scene down from his own interpretation (which had been incorporated in Miss Lawrence's original New York test for the role), though not by any means to the degree which she felt desirable. The error that lay in this slight tenderness was not discovered until the rough cut. But with the performance as a whole before us, the scene was not tolerable. Amanda at the moment of the Gentleman Caller's arrival—a moment for which she had agonizingly struggled and slaved—could never have borne with Laura's nervousness, would never have truly noticed her, being

as intent on the nearing victory as she was. And so it, too, was reshot.

(It is perhaps desirable to record for history that the Johnston Office with its passion for moral irrelevancy, its blindness for what are values and what are not values, firmly objected to the first part of this scene. This attitude necessitated filming the scene in three ways: with bosoms, as written; with bosoms slightly bowdlerized; without. To conclude in anticlimax, the second version, which was actually the best, was accepted.)

The final result of all these changes, changes in continuity, in dramatic intent, in character, in style, is now on the screen for your criticism, your verdict. Should you decide that the film is unsatisfactory or worse, what I have written here may perhaps unwittingly indicate where, and in what way, our judgement or taste failed. Should you find it pleasing and acceptable, then perhaps these same words will show part of the process by which the whole was built. In either case, we who worked on the picture honestly attempted to make a film that is as close to "film" in the aesthetic sense as a translation can be.

The Edinburgh Film Festival

FORSYTH HARDY

FORSYTH HARDY is one of the leaders of the film society movement in Britain. A film critic for twenty years, he has published three volumes of collected criticisms and also edited *Grierson on Documentary*. A study of the Scandinavian cinema is in the press. He was one of the founders of the Edinburgh Film Festival, now in its fourth year.

EUROPE'S Film Festivals have been the target of a steady flow of critical analysis since the end of the last festival season. Their purpose and value have been called in question and a tentative effort has been made to bring some order into what everyone admits has become a confused and somewhat overcrowded field. One of the most reasonable suggestions made is that each festival should specialize in one aspect of the cinema—*avant-garde,* historical, films for children, and so forth. Although such a course would hardly be popular with the older festivals, it has much to commend it.

It would mean, for example, that visitors could confidently expect to see *different* films at each festival instead of, as happens so often at present, the same few films. It would also mean that a film student interested in a special aspect of the cinema would be able to satisfy that interest by visiting a single festival and not merely have it titillated by chance items in generalized festival programs. It might mean, too, that an enthusiast could make the circuit of the festivals confident that he would have a series of experiences rather than the same one repeated in different surroundings.

When the Edinburgh Film Festival was launched in 1947, there were some critics in Britain who regretted its concentration on the cinema of reality. To them it seemed a pity that Britain's only film festival should not be modeled on the broad lines of Venice and Cannes. But, against the background of contemporary criticism of film festivals, the Edinburgh decision of four years ago now seems a wise piece of prevision. The Edinburgh Festival has, as it were, anticipated the present wave of criticism. From the beginning it

has offered not just another collection of films, but a specialized selection from the world's production of documentary and experimental films and fictional features of a markedly realistic nature.

Why did the choice fall on what one might call the factual film? Again, the decision was not arbitrary. If Scotland can claim to have made a distinctively national contribution to the cinema, it is in the sphere of the documentary film. John Grierson, founder of the documentary film movement in Britain and the leading exponent of its ideas, is a Scot and many of his disciples have come from north of the Border. Several of the films which greatly influenced the development of the movement—*Drifters, Night Mail, North Sea*—were set in Scotland. It was a Scottish experiment in the 'thirties which saw the first attempt made to project the life of a country in a planned and coördinated group of films. In the words of Sir Stephen Tallents, "Nowhere in the world has the documentary creed been upheld and practised over the years with greater persistence or greater fidelity."

It is possible to look, as John Grierson has done, a little deeper into the reasons for this Scottish devotion to the realist method of film making. The Scot in all his works, he once suggested, is closer to the idea of building art out of the ordinary than men of other countries: the infinite common sense of Hume the philosopher; the common touch in Burns which becomes "A Man's a Man for a' That," "My Luve's Like a Red, Red, Rose," or "The Cotter's Saturday Night"; the great pattern which Scott made out of ordinary people in *The Heart of Midlothian;* the searchlight sense of reality you find in Carlyle's *French Revolution*. It is from such a background that the Scot's devotion to the cinema of reality has grown.

And so, in the summer of 1947, there was held in Edinburgh the first International Festival of Documentary Films. Its professed aims were twofold: to present for the first time a world view of documentary achievement by showing examples of the best realist

production from many countries; and to create an opportunity for the reconsideration and reassessment of the principles and methods of the documentary movement. From the beginning, therefore, the Edinburgh Festival had just the kind of purpose which many critics today feel is necessary to justify the holding of a film festival.

It is one thing, of course, to have a purpose and quite another thing to achieve it. The collection and selection of films has not been difficult. It has not been so easy, however, to achieve the volume and degree of self-analysis among the documentary film makers which was originally in the minds of the organizers. Each year John Grierson has given an admirable lead by contributing to the festival's souvenir program a long and characteristically penetrating review of the state of factual film making. Each year, also, the festival has been opened by a film statesman (Grierson himself in 1947, Sir Michael Balcon in 1948, and Sir Stephen Tallents in 1949) who has sought to relate the achievements and influence of the documentary film movement to the broad stream of world affairs. There have also been lectures at the festival by leading documentary film directors. And there have been opportunities for the film makers of various countries overseas to meet and mingle with their colleagues and discuss their common problems.

Some visitors to the festival have said that they would like these opportunities for meeting and discussion to be extended; the fact that such a proposal has been pressed emphasizes the nature of the Edinburgh Festival. If the complaint had been that not enough stars attended, then the organizers would have felt that their purpose was being misunderstood. At the 1950 festival, part of Film House, the headquarters of the festival organization, is to be set apart as a rendezvous and there will be a register of all overseas visitors. There will be a one-day conference for the makers and users of educational films, and the international association of scientific film societies is planning to hold its summer conference

in Edinburgh during the festival. These facilities and projects should help to increase the importance of the Edinburgh Festival as a source of stimulus for the factual film maker.

It is, however, the films it shows which give character and significance to a film festival. Here I think it is necessary to say something in explanation of the interpretation given to "documentary" in Edinburgh. "The creative treatment of actuality" is a method of film making, not a measuring tape. The festival, therefore, has shown films of all lengths, from short educational and informational films to feature-length productions. The influence of the realistic method has spread far beyond the world of the short film maker and it is not surprising that the Edinburgh Festival should, each year, have reflected this.

At the first festival the highlights were George Rouquier's *Farrebique* and Roberto Rossellini's *Paisan,* which were thus introduced to film students in Britain some two years in advance of their general release. The first festival is also memorable for having introduced to Britain the work of Arne Sucksdorff, the brilliant young Swedish director, and for having demonstrated the remarkable growth of a documentary film movement in Denmark. Canada with Norman McLaren's experimental films, Poland with *Warsaw Suite* and *Wieliczka,* and France with *Henri Matisse* and *Le Tempestaire,* were other countries which left their mark on the festival. The British contribution was solidly impressive: Paul Rotha's food film, *The World Is Rich,* Humphrey Jennings's drama of new methods in the coal mines, *The Cumberland Story,* and *Antarctic Whale Hunt* from the admirable "This Modern Age" series, headed the contribution.

The second festival was in every respect a bigger and more ambitious affair. It extended over three weeks instead of one; more performances were held, more films were shown, and more interest was aroused. There were more than a hundred films from some twenty-five countries—a reflection of the growing prestige of the event. Robert Flaherty, who from the first had been deeply

interested in the festival, sent his *Louisiana Story* to have its world première in Edinburgh. Rossellini was represented by *Germany: Year Zero,* his intense and revealing study of postwar German destitution and despair. France's major contribution was *Paris 1900,* a newsreel compilation by Nicole Vedrés, commenting wittily on life in the French capital in the halcyon years before the First World War. These three films alone magnificently demonstrated the range of the realistic method of film making.

But these were only three out of the 120 films shown. The Scandinavian countries were strongly represented. Denmark sent two feature films, both by Bjarne and Astrid Henning-Jensen: *De Pokkers Unger,* a delightful study of children in the streets of Copenhagen, and *Edith, Child of Man,* a story with a strong sociological interest told against the background of the flat Jutland plain. From Norway (with help from France) came *The Battle of Heavy Water,* a dramatic reconstruction of a Nordic chapter in the atomic research story, while Sweden was represented by Arne Sucksdorff's *A Divided World* and Gösta Werner's *The Sacrifice.* Among the other European countries represented were Belgium with Henri Storck's remarkable *Rubens,* Yugoslavia with an ambitious feature film *Slavitza,* and Spain with several interesting examples from a little-known cinema. In addition to *Louisiana Story,* the Western Hemisphere was represented by *The Quiet One* (on 16-mm.), regarded by many as the festival's most moving and remarkable film, *Strange Victory,* a forceful analysis of racial hatreds, and the characteristically strong Canadian entry, headed by that quaintly fascinating film, *The Loon's Necklace.*

Scottish films made a brave showing at this second festival. The most intriguing of the small group was a film about Edinburgh itself, *Waverley Steps:* a study of people against the background of the streets and the bridges, the wynds and the closes of the city, done with real feeling. As one critic put it, *Waverley Steps* "is a film that brings alive the city we actually see," and the visitors who thronged Edinburgh for the festival found it fascinating to

compare their impressions with those of the director. The Scottish university tradition, the future of hill sheep farming, and the problems of the town planner were the subjects of three of the other Scottish films shown.

By the third year the character of the festival was established and it was beginning to acquire a tradition. More and more film makers were coming to Edinburgh from overseas—coming to see the films and to meet other directors. In 1949 they had an opportunity of meeting Robert Flaherty, who held court in Edinburgh for a week and appeared to enjoy every minute of it. When he walked out on the platform at the opening ceremony, he was accompanied by Sir Stephen Tallents and John Grierson, who were his co-workers during the early days of the documentary film movement in Britain. It was not surprising that these three men, whose courage and imagination have meant so much to the expansion of the realist method of film making, should receive an ovation from an audience which included documentary directors from many parts of the world.

About two hundred films were shown at the 1949 festival. Two hundred proved too many to permit a sound festival standard to be maintained. On the other hand, the festival provided a unique opportunity of seeing how the world's makers of factual films were solving their common problems. One of the most impressive groups of films came from the United Nations Film Board. These, made in various countries, on afforestation, the welfare of seamen, child crime, good husbandry, and infant care, looked out beyond narrow national boundaries and gave us a world picture. There was a solid sincerity about them which drove their message home and made them difficult to forget.

Few producing countries were unrepresented at the festival. Iceland sent a film, and Finland. The Scandinavian countries were there in force, with feature-length films from Sweden (*A Handful of Rice*), Denmark (*The Red Meadows*), and Norway (*Englandsfarere*). From beyond the Iron Curtain, Russia sent half

a dozen of her latest films, including *Michurin* and *V. I. Lenin,* and there were contributions from Poland (*The Last Stage*), Hungary (*Somewhere in Europe*), and Czechoslovakia (*The Joy of Life*). *Berliner Ballade,* a German film produced under license from the British authorities, opened the festival, and half a dozen other short films from the same source showed how effectively the Germans are learning the technique of the documentary. French documentaries, such as *Aubervilliers* and *Le Sang des bêtes,* revealed a poetic sensitivity even when dealing with grim and sordid subjects, while the feature-length film *Jour de fête* rediscovered in a natural setting the gaiety which has been missing too long from the French cinema. Belgium and especially Holland suggested by their imaginative work that we shall be hearing a lot more from the film men of the Low Countries. There was a curious nostalgic flavor about the Austrian films, as if the country were sighing for the good old days. Italy again offered the stimulating analysis of her art films, and Rossellini was again represented—by *The Miracle,* with Anna Magnani. Yugoslavia, quickly gaining in experience, sent a remarkably mature feature film, *Sofka.* Israel was represented, for the first time, by *Tomorrow Is a Wonderful Day,* a film glowing with the vigor of a young country. Looking beyond the European area, the chief contributions came from the United States and the British Commonwealth. The major American entries were *The Photographer,* an uneven but often impressive account of the work of Edward Weston, and *Feeling All Right,* a human and convincing study of the problem of venereal diseases among the Negro population in the South. Canada was again strongly represented by a group of varied films with subjects ranging from summer camps for boys to the psychological problem presented by an overdependent husband. For the first time Australia sent a major contribution, headed by John Heyer's *The Valley Is Ours,* and including such delightful short pieces as *The Cane Cutters.* There were also contributions from India (*A Tiny Thing Brings Death*), South Africa,

and New Zealand. The Argentine sent a feature film and several short works. *That All May Learn* offered a glimpse of the development which has taken place in Mexico.

Now preparations are being made for the fourth festival, which, like the others, will form part of the International Festival of Music and Drama. It will be held from August 20 to September 10. The festival is organized by the Edinburgh Film Guild, the largest film society in the world, and represented on the festival's advisory committee are all the British government organizations and film-production groups interested in the making of realist films. The festival is noncompetitive: there is none of the overheated atmosphere and endless lobbying which spoils the enjoyment when prizes are being awarded. Certificates are, however, issued to the producers of all films shown—a procedure which does not involve invidious comparisons.

If, after reading so far, you still wonder why Edinburgh should have become the home of a festival of realist film making, I can only refer you to John Grierson's words: "Edinburgh has served the documentary idea from its inception with more continuity, more common sense, more constructive effort in film societies, film clubs, cinema quarterlies and whatnot, and more of the stuff that it takes when it comes to the critical punches than any other city. If there is a centre to-day which deserves more than any other to be regarded as the city where our wares can all properly be shown and our accounts kept, it is surely this place in the north, with its rock behind it and its fuddy-duddy old sense that there might be sin itself in pursuing the shadow instead of the substance. For all this we are indebted to a few unique characters who really believed it all from the first, and simply, and by sheer strength of their own sense of service, became the conscience of an idea which could all too easily have slipped without them."

Robert Flaherty and the Naturalistic Documentary

HUGH GRAY

HUGH GRAY, educated in England, Belgium, and Italy, began his career in Fleet Street, turning later to scriptwriting for British motion picture studios. Following work for the BBC and the writing of documentary films for the British government, he was introduced to the United States through the RAF Film Unit. Most recently he has been writing for the American screen, and currently is in Italy in connection with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production of *Quo Vadis.*

In 1932, I was on the staff of a newspaper in London. The editor came into my room one day and announced the imminent arrival of someone who was to be sketched by a special artist while I interviewed him. The special artist was to be employed, instead of a photographer, because, I was informed, the gentleman was of a very striking appearance.

A few minutes later my door flew open and Robert J. Flaherty burst into the room. I say "burst" because he never just comes into a room, any more than he ever just walks. He proceeds at a kind of relentless trot, something like Joe Louis stalking his opponent, for Flaherty is in his own way a champion who is always facing a challenge of some sort or another. Even fifteen or sixteen years ago his head was surrounded by a sort of unruly white halo. (I hope he will forgive me that pious-sounding word.) His eyes are a flashing blue. His head and features are imperial, and he smokes endless cigarettes. As we talked of him and of his work, *Nanook, Moana,* and *Tabu,* and he expounded the idea for *Man of Aran* which he was at that moment ruminating upon, I began to be aware of those qualities that have given the world the naturalistic documentary.

At once, his talk—tumultuous, absorbing, and rich in humor—revealed a feeling for nature such as those alone possess who have really lived with nature. Through it all there glowed the warmth of a romantic imagination and a big heart. Nevertheless, I was

aware that with these qualities he combined, in common with all great artists, an infinite capacity for the ruthless pursuit of his artistic objective.

Because he is an artist and not just a reporter, he places effect, dramatic values, and emotional impact above what might be called literal accuracy, and this brings us to a major criticism of Flaherty's work, in which the sinister word "fake" plays a part.

Graham Greene voiced this criticism in an article entitled "Subjects and Stories," published in 1937. He was writing of what he called the good or creative cinema. He called it the poetic cinema and the only form of cinema worth considering. He extended the word "poetic" beyond the confines of documentary, and rightly so. In this context, speaking of photography, he said: ". . . photography by itself cannot make poetic cinema. By itself, it can only make arty cinema. *Man of Aran* was a glaring example of this. How affected and wearisome were those figures against the skyline, how meaningless that magnificent photography of storm after storm. *Man of Aran* did not even attempt to describe truthfully a way of life. The inhabitants had to be taught shark-hunting in order to supply Mr. Flaherty with a dramatic sequence."

As I write, I am reminded of a controversy which raged over the authenticity of a Van Gogh self-portrait. About the same time, two newspapers were at each other's throats over the authenticity of a photograph alleged by one of them to be a genuine picture of the electrocution of a "mad dog" killer.

For those of us who, unaided, cannot tell an old or new master from a brilliant fake—that is to say, all the world except apparently half a dozen superexperts—what is gained or lost when we are assured that a painting is or is not authentic? What do we gain or lose by knowing that a photograph of an execution is or is not a fake? The answers to these questions are in some ways fundamental to any discussion of the documentary that has come to be called "the naturalistic film."

If the Van Gogh and the photograph are fake, they lack a certain

quality associated in the mind of the viewer with a form of reality. When he looks at the painting, he is deprived of a sense—whatever that sense may be—of contact with the master; when he looks at the photograph, he misses the gruesome thrill of vicarious presence at an actual electrocution. What he criticizes as missing is entirely distinct from actual merits or defects of the pictures as pictures.

Does the documentary film in the same way depend for its value on this quality of associated reality; indeed, is that its whole value? Or does it have values not present in other kinds of films? If the latter, what are those values? Can you tell a documentary film when you see one, or do you have to be told? What knowledge of movies is required to enable you to distinguish a documentary? If this quality of associated reality is the essence of a documentary, can a documentary be made about the past or the future? Is it all a question of subject matter or of method of treatment? What, for example, are the respective merits of (*a*) a newsreel of the Kentucky Derby, (*b*) a perfect reconstruction of a race with the same horses and jockeys shot at the track, (*c*) a reconstruction of the race on the back lot at MGM with Robert Taylor riding the winner; and by what standards are they to be judged?

In other words, what is the difference, as the logicians call it, which, when added to the genus film gives us the species documentary, and what elaboration of that difference gives us the subspecies naturalistic documentary?

The genus film, in its widest sense, I understand to be the reproduction on the screen of things as seen by the movie camera. An examination of the scope of the movie camera will show at once that there is more to this definition than meets the eye. The camera by reason of its various lenses and its mobility can present objects to us in a form which the normal range of our vision does not permit us to see. In other words, it can take us into what to the unaided eye is a magic world of impressionistic "angles," of distortions, magnifications, and diminutions. Furthermore, the cut-

ter of the film can give to what the camera records a flow, a rhythm, and an emphasis that are not registered by the normal eye.

At the very outset of our inquiry, then, it would begin to appear that we must be very wary about our use of such terms as "reality" or "fake." If the camera could not lie, nor the cutter dramatize, movies of any kind, even newsreels, would hardly be worth making.

I remember an eccentric professor of philosophy at a college I once attended who came into the lecture room one day, stared around at the class and, after an awful and ominous silence, declared solemnly, "Gentlemen, I have just seen a cabbage for the first time!" He was a man given over almost exclusively to the contemplation, in the abstract, of essences, substances, modes of being, and the like. What he meant to convey on this momentous occasion was that he had stopped to contemplate a cabbage as seriously and as closely, for the first time, as he habitually contemplated the eternal verities.

Now, unless the camera, like the professor's eye on this occasion, reveals things to us as if for the first time, excitingly, stimulatingly, it is not being put to worthwhile use. To deny such a use of it is to make our limitations the measure of reality and to end by seeing nothing.

It would seem evident, then, that how we use the camera does not constitute that difference which will give us our definition of the species documentary.

There is only one alternative. We must look, for our difference, to what the camera photographs.

Now, clearly, our concern here is not with what can be photographed in the abstract, but with what actually is photographed by people in the movie business. In other words, in the movie business (the art of movie making) there are various trade names (art forms). Our job is to find out why a particular trade name is attributed to a certain kind of movie.

A glance at the history of movie making shows that by far the

greatest number of movies are camera recordings of something reproduced by professional actors out of the imagination of a writer or writers under the creative guidance of a director in artificially designed settings or on locations the selection of which is primarily determined by the theatrical requirements of the story. This, for purposes of definition, we can call the theatrical or studio movie. It may be said to start with a story and then to create the setting for that story. The makers of this kind of movie say, for example, "We have a story about a doctor." They put up a building and say, "This is a hospital." They put an actor in a white coat and say, "This is the doctor."

By and large, all other types of films, except of course the animated diagram, cartoon, or abstract film, with which we are not here concerned, go to the setting for their story. The newsreel goes to the races or to the ring or to the battlefield. The travelogue maker goes to the Tyrol. The educationalist or the maker of scientific films takes his camera into the operating theater.

I say "by and large," because if we were to press the matter we would undoubtedly find that this line of distinction is crossed and recrossed throughout the whole of movie making. But we must start somewhere, and therefore let us start with this major generalization.

A documentary film, then, is basically a nonstudio or nontheatrical film of any kind other than a cartoon or abstract film. In practice, however, the word "documentary" is not used for all such films. Newsreels and travelogues are excluded, as are all purely factual records. The moment, however, that any record or document taking for its subject some aspect of the actual world around us is not purely representational, but has a dramatic form—that is to say, has a theme and a dramatic unity,—that record seems by common agreement to be called a documentary. It is a record near to fact, based on fact, and yet recording more than the dry bones of fact for fact's sake. It is a record with dramatic overtones.

Within this documentary field, again, the available material seems to fall into two main divisions, based on subject matter. They are (*a*) the sociological documentary, and (*b*) the naturalistic documentary.

The sociological documentary deals with industrial man, urban or machine-minding man. The naturalistic documentary deals with man in a state of nature—primitive, unaffected by machinery. I am well aware that these two divisions do not make a perfect dichotomy; that in some respects they overlap: there is a sense in which the naturalistic is sociological, and a sense in which the naturalistic shades off into the ethnological or scientific. But I am not laying down an *a priori* definition. I can only work from what has been made, so far. The documentary is not something in nature, like a tree. It is something that Flaherty, or Cavalcanti, or Watt, or Floyd Crosby, has made, or that Grierson has suggested. We are at their mercy, and definition can only be a form of mopping up after them.

And so, as far as the material available allows, we arrive at our definition of the naturalistic documentary. I hazard it to be as follows: "a nontheatrical film, not purely representational, but having a dramatic form, theme, and unity, and taking as its subject, from the actual world, some aspect of the life of man, either in a state of primitive nature or, at least, unaffected by industrialization."

The history of movie making shows that this so-called naturalistic documentary film came into existence with the making of *Nanook of the North* by Robert Flaherty. Here, for the first time, in the arctic North, the camera was used not just to record natural phenomena, but to dramatize, to interpret, to study, to portray, with masterly and sensitive observation, man and his natural environment, his struggles, his humors, his everyday failures and triumphs in the business of living.

In the course of the thirty years that have passed since then, Flaherty has taken his camera to the South Seas, to the Aran

Islands, to India, and most recently of all to the Cajun country of Louisiana. Each time, he has brought back something that has a unique quality. *Moana, Tabu, Man of Aran, Louisiana Story* all bear witness to his feeling for people close to the earth and to his unerring eye for beauty. Even his *Elephant Boy,* which ended as a "theatrical" movie, carries his unmistakable trade-mark. This trade-mark is the outward sign of the man himself.

Now, granted that the effect of photography on the beholder is a personal matter, what of the truthful transcription of a way of life—can it be achieved and perhaps better achieved through a little of what we call "fake"? Flaherty's answer to that is to be found in the "Profile" of him that appeared in the *New Yorker* in June, 1949: "One often has to distort a thing in order to catch its true spirit." This is "one of his main tenets of artistic creation."

It would be beyond our present purpose to pursue this discussion through the labyrinthine ways of the minds of the various sectaries of the documentary movement in search of their esthetic. We have all heard of the *odium theologicum,* of the bitterness, of the hangings and burnings that have accompanied man's pretentious search after that will-o'-the-wisp called truth. In agitated centers of the documentary movement, cries of "traitor" and charges and countercharges of heresy ring out with a ferocity reminiscent of the "holy wrath of disputatious men."

For my part, I am content that Flaherty, when he looks on the world of nature around him, sees through to the essentials. Where, indeed, does reality end and reconstruction begin, in any art? What is a fact worth unless it is illuminated by a creative imagination? For that matter, what is a fact? Are we to condemn the whole work of the medieval painters because they showed the Mother of Christ dressed like a medieval woman, or St. Jerome in what looks surprisingly like a Dominican habit?

Let me quote once more from R. B. Taylor in the *New Yorker:* "All his pictures are variations on this one theme—man's response to the challenge of nature. It is the measure of his greatness that,

after a quarter of a century, Flaherty's myth is today more valid, more universal, and more significant than ever before. And it is no wonder. For it is rooted in love. And what it tells is a story of the innate decency and fortitude and invincibility of the human spirit."

Film Music of the Quarter

LAWRENCE MORTON

LAWRENCE MORTON is an arranger and composer of music for both film and radio. This is the seventh in his series of reviews of film music which was begun in Volume III of the *Hollywood Quarterly*.

ALTHOUGH the music for *The Third Man* is bad from beginning to end, it cannot be dismissed with contempt; for it is an honest score, and this much cannot be said for many cleverer ones. Anton Karas, who composed it and played it on his zither, appears to me to be a sincere musician but also an incredibly naïve one. It will be a great pity if he is taken in by the lavish and undiscriminating praise that has been heaped upon him. If he is a Homeric bard with a lyre, then Anne Bradstreet was indeed the Tenth Muse. If his music can be said to "hit one's consciousness like a cloudburst of sewing needles," then the dawn in smog-bound Los Angeles can be said to "come up like thunder" or reach out with rosy fingers. If this music can be described as ranging "from light blue to dark blue to searing, flaming red," then Picasso's *Guernica* is a riot of color in E-flat minor. Lyrical appreciation makes pleasant reading, but it is valid only when it has been inspired by verifiable facts. Some of the verifiable facts about Karas' music are the triviality of his tunes, the banality of his harmonies, and the preponderance of structural clichés. The movie critic who grows lyrical over these would also hail Shirley Temple as a great tragic actress. It is understandable that he might be intrigued by the exotic ping of the zither, but he should not mistake the strange for the virtuous. Neither should he be deceived by the juke-box popularity of the theme song, which is not a demonstration of the power of music, but a triumph of the song-plugging technique, an example of the public's insatiable taste for the trite, and the marvelous ability of the dance-band arranger to make corn (especially if it be alien) sound like music.

The most interesting thing about the score is the somewhat surrealistic use of the zither to evoke the atmosphere of postwar Vienna. We can reasonably take the word of reporters that this instrument is popular in Viennese *bistros*. Books on instruments, however, inform us that its natural habitat is Styria, Bavaria, and the Tyrol. Its normal language is of course folk music. Transplanted to Vienna it has not lost its native accent, which is inherent in its structure, although it has learned to speak a new tongue. It is authentic here in the same way that the Hawaiian ukulele is authentic in a New York or Chicago cocktail lounge. Imagine a picture like *Street Scene* or *Front Page* with a score for a solo ukulele and you will have an approximate notion of what the zither brings to *The Third Man*.

The dramatic possibilities in this incongruity were not appreciated by Karas. Even if they had been, he would still have lacked the ability to exploit them in order to bring to the film a new dimension, musical irony. Auric would have known how to do this in the early days when he was writing scores like *Blood of a Poet*, although he forgot how by the time he came to score *Caesar and Cleopatra*. Friedhofer showed that he knew how to do it in *The Bishop's Wife*, with his ironic use of the concerto grosso style. But Karas is not equally sophisticated, and he played his zither "straight." It is this straightforward use of his theme song that deprives it of any more significance than the juke boxes have found in it. But it could have had dramatic power, for in its very triteness it mirrored the pigmy moral sense of Harry Lime (Orson Welles) and his emotional immaturity. Set this same tune, played by the same zither, in the context of a modern-sounding orchestral score, and it might have done for Harry Lime what the theremin has done for psychiatry. But the rest of the score is of the same material as the theme, and when you hear Karas underscore a scene of mounting dramatic tension with a stepwise progression of seventh chords (a device that theater organists abandoned around 1925) you realize that the banality of the theme has less

reference to Harry Lime's amorality than to the composer's ingenuousness.

It was an additional error to have supposed that zither music of this caliber could have substituted for the usual studio orchestra. The instrument, for all the richness of its resources (five "melody" strings and thirty to forty "harmony" strings), is still extremely limited in its expressive range. If Karas' performance gives a true picture of its powers, it is no rival at all of the established studio ensembles. Its most dramatic utterance is mild indeed, especially in a violent story like *The Third Man*. It would have been far better to have constructed the whole score out of *bistro* tunes, even to the point of using them as accompaniments for violent scenes, as music *against* rather than *with* the action. This would have limited both the instrument and its player to what they could do effectively; it would have made a virtue of their limitations; and it would have made powerful, through irony, what is now weakly sentimental. Compare the naïve seriousness of the score with the extreme sophistication of Graham Greene's script, the virtuosity of Carol Reed's direction, the highly stylized acting, the "arty" symbolism, the distorted camera angles, and the melodramatic lighting, and it becomes apparent that nobody thought of the music on the same plane of intellectuality that worked in all other departments.

The evocation of time and place is one of the simplest and most direct things that music can do in films. It is also one of the most primitive. For the most part it is done naturalistically, through the quotation of folk music or the imitation of local musical styles. *The Third Man* score shows the method in all artlessness. Truly creative, however, is the way in which Bernard Herrmann evoked nineteenth-century New England in his score for *All That Money Can Buy,* which was recently shown privately at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Herrmann's score is nearly ten years old, yet it still sounds fresh and beautiful. A folk song, "Springfield Mountain," provides the principal thematic mate-

rial. Now it may be argued whether or not this familiar melody properly evokes the New Hampshire of Daniel Webster's time, since Aaron Copland had used the same melody to evoke, in his *Lincoln Portrait,* the whole American scene of Lincoln's' lifetime. Both composers might prove themselves to have been historically and musically accurate; but the proof would be irrelevant in either case. In both, the period and locale had already been established before the composers had put their pens to paper. Herrmann's purpose was not to do all over again, in another medium, what Benét and Dieterle and the whole production force had already done, but to add, via the music track, the dramatic element peculiar to music. Any hack might have thought of using "Springfield Mountain" as thematic material, but only a fine composer could have extended its meanings as Herrmann has done through a variety of musical treatment. The whole score is a real masterpiece of film music. It is powerful because in its creativity it goes beyond the mere evocation of time and place; it is truly *composed*—that is, put together. The score for *The Third Man,* for all its musical realism, is only a novelty. It is weak because it is merely intuitive; because it has not been composed, but improvised—no matter how much of it may have been written down.

Several years ago Alfred Newman scored *Grapes of Wrath* with a solo accordion. It didn't start a trend, because it didn't plug a pop-tune. Now, however, with the theme of *The Third Man* blaring from every radio and juke box, Hollywood producers are shouting "Me, too!" One is about to release a film about a Latin American dictator with a score for a guitar; another is using the same instrument for a new western; and it is reported that *Cyrano de Bergerac* will have a score for harpsichord and viola. It will be interesting to see if the score for the solo instrument or duet is a fad, an economy move, an exploitation angle, or if it is a genuine attempt to increase the vocabulary of film music and discover new musical-dramatic techniques.

Carl Dreyer's World

RICHARD ROWLAND

RICHARD ROWLAND is a member of the English Department at Columbia College. His article on the Marx Brothers' films, "American Classic" (*Hollywood Quarterly*, Vol II, No. 3), has been reprinted abroad several times.

TO VISIT Carl Dreyer's *Passion of Joan of Arc*, filmed in France in 1928, after seeing his more recent Danish production, *Day of Wrath*, is an extraordinarily exciting experience. These two films, produced at an interval of nearly twenty years, scarcely reveal the difference in their ages. The motion picture is always more likely to date itself than any other art, partly because it relies as no other art ever has upon technology. But these two films, remembered together, seem to be of the same moment; their passionate directness is of no specific day. Such agelessness in any art is usually the result of a highly personalized style. The artist who is branded as of his age dates within his lifetime; the individualist who goes his own way—Blake, El Greco, Berlioz, at their most original—is as fresh today as ever. A style that represents a coherent and considered judgment of life, even in the flickering light of the cinema, transcends fashion or technical development.

Dreyer's style is wholly pictorial. One of these films is a sound film, the other silent, but in both it is visual images that we remember. There are some striking effects on the sound track of *Day of Wrath*, but we remember the faces, lights, and shadows more vividly than the sounds. Even the use of the hymn from which *Day of Wrath* draws its title is impressed upon us pictorially; we cut from the agonized face of the ancient witch as she falls forward upon the bonfire to the witnessing choirboys as they sing the austere hymn whose song is so discordant with its angry words. But it is the blank innocence of their angelic faces that jars our hearts more than the sound of the high, unrepentant voices.

Carl Dreyer's style seems an extraordinarily simple one, and at

first glance an anticinematic one. It consists largely of reliance upon the close-up. At times one almost feels that one is back at the beginning of Griffith's great period, when the close-up had just been discovered and the screen was constantly filled with swollen gigantic shadows of human faces. But Dreyer's use of the close-up and the photographic detail is by no means so naïve.

Reliance on such a limiting device might be expected to make the film static; some critics have so described these films. But they are not truly static; there is constant development. The spectator must learn to watch for slighter gestures; the droop of an eye may carry the weight of tragedy; the quiver of a lip will be a clue to unspoken paragraphs. Here each fragment of a gesture is meaningful and revealing.

The Passion of Joan of Arc reveals this in its purest form. The film is devoted entirely to the trial and execution of its heroine; Joan is first seen as she appears before the ecclesiastical court. We see her at full length as she strides into the room with a boy's gait, but never again in the entire film do we see more than her head and shoulders. The long first episode alternates close-ups of Joan's face, crop-headed, boyish, unbeautiful, with close-ups of her inquisitors, a fascinating gallery of individual portraits. Such a scene seems scarcely possible without the words of the inquisition, yet here we scarcely miss them. In a few minutes we have forgotten that this is that absurdly archaic art form the silent film. The concentration upon the faces is unrelenting, one's first impulse is to say cruel. One of the clerics has a large wart; another's face is splashed with freckles which we contemplate until we find ourselves counting them. Falconetti's face as Joan becomes the most familiar face in the world; every crevice, every pore, is familiar after the unblinking study Dreyer has made of it. A fly lights upon her eyelid, and with the back of her rough soldier's hand she brushes it away before she replies stubbornly to the harrowing questions which she cannot comprehend; it is a gesture so rude that there can be no art in it, one tells oneself, and yet it scrapes

the nerves with an unforgettable poignancy. One of the inquisitors, a bland fat man, suddenly spits at Joan and the camera watches passionlessly the confused hurt in her eyes as the spittle splashes on her cheek. Later she is blasphemously crowned, humiliated, and mocked by two gross soldiers, one an obese hairy brute whose unheard laughter needs no sound track to reveal its vulgarity; as she submits to their leering gibes, saliva trickles from the corner of her mouth.

Obviously, it is a film that has a physicality quite unfamiliar to the average filmgoer. Its incessant magnification of the coarse physical basis of life might understandably suggest an attempt to satirize and deflate humanity, or at least to disgust the spectator. Certainly this is a method and aim familiar to anyone who has read the second book of *Gulliver's Travels*. Magnify the human body twelve times, Swift says, and no one can fail to be disgusted by his own beastliness.

But the Brobdingnagian effect is clearly not the aim of this film. The aim is much closer to that of the early Flemish painters whose painstaking realism is as full of compassion as it is unrelenting in its mirroring of nature. One thinks of Breughel's stubble-chinned "Old Shepherd," or the brutally unmistakable humanity of Bosch's "Crowning with Thorns" in the National Gallery in London; like theirs, Dreyer's art stems from a conviction, both disillusioned and confident, that whatever coarseness or cruelty may characterize them, men are what matter in this world; now you, the spectator, are the dead center of that world, involved in mankind with a painful, inescapable, and somehow ennobling intensity.

One scene in *Joan of Arc* underlines this with curious power. The court has decided that Joan is ill (else how could she defy the Church and claim to have seen naked angels?) and may possibly be cured if she is bled. No detail of the bleeding is spared us; the audience writhes as the cut is made and the black vital stream spurts into the bowl. But, curiously, in the end the effect is neither

unpleasant nor clinical. One feels the river pulsing in one's own veins; one remembers mortality, and immediately, as its corollary, vitality. This is the sort of physicality that Dreyer's films have, but it springs not at all from Swiftian disgust. He never lets us forget the shell of flesh which we inhabit, but he never forgets the mystery of the personality that fills the shell—the quality to which Swift's outrage at natural functions never let him penetrate. The love scenes in *Day of Wrath* are brilliant in their ability to suggest, without representing, the tumult of lust. The dappled sunlight agitating the faces of the lovers suggests overpoweringly what is made more specific by the image of the plunging horses later. The lovers' experience is general and universal, but it is also individual, and it is the individuality that is ultimately of interest to Dreyer. The physicality serves, as it were, to draw us into the film, but the real subject is the ceaseless struggle that individuality wages against the enclosing world.

The close-up is necessary for all this; this is realism in one sense, though the films are highly poetic, highly symbolic, highly selective. This is how the world looks from the center. We feel the trial much as Joan feels it; the series of close-ups looks at us with the eyes of the inquisitors, some of them merciless, some of them compassionate, some of them shifty, some of them as hurt and confused as Joan herself. We feel these eyes as we feel the delicate feet of the fly that weighs on Joan's eyelid.

But Joan is at the center. We feel her physically from within at the same time that we watch her from without. There is no attempt specifically to penetrate her mind; the camera watches, it rarely interprets. Yet we become aware of a complexity and depth in Joan that are rare in any heroine, entirely through watching her face—for here there is almost no help from words.

There have been two more or less recent attempts by directors of genius to tell stories through a revived emphasis upon the close-up, both more or less disastrous. In *The Paradine Case* Alfred Hitchcock, that master of movement, reduced his story to a series

of close-ups; we saw little more than the furrowed brow of Ann Todd, the noncommittal, passionless beauty of Valli, the sulky, sleepy beauty of Louis Jourdan, all varnished and frozen into blank meaningless perfection. This was static, as Dreyer's films are not. Eisenstein, in his *Ivan the Terrible,* kept our eyes focused for long periods upon the icon-like images of his primitivized actors. There was beauty and splendor in the film, but the close-ups were interruptions, and meaningless ones, for there was no interest in individual human beings in the film at all, as there has rarely been in his work.

Eisenstein is interested in human masses in motion, but not in the individual; when the armies clash on the ice in *Alexander Nevsky,* when the fluttering crowd tumbles down the steps of Odessa before the Czarist forces in *Potemkin,* when the statue-like symbol of a king stands beneath the rain of gold in *Ivan the Terrible,* the film leaps into breathtaking life. But when we close in on an individual there is nothing there—a pseudo-man marked Czarist (Bad) or Revolutionary (Good) in whom no one can feel any interest. Even the haunting face of the mourning wife in *Thunder over Mexico* is a dehumanized idealization of all grief, a face without a name. These pictures are huge spectacles where ignorant armies clash incessantly but no individual creature lives or breathes. Nothing new is revealed in his close-ups; they merely reiterate monotonously what was stated at the start.

But Dreyer is precisely opposed to this. The individual is *all* that matters to him; as a result the background and environment recede completely. In *The Passion of Joan of Arc* we often do not even know where the scene takes place. We see a head and are left to guess whether this is outdoors or in; when pageantry becomes necessary to the narration the mob is broken into individuals. There is a street fair in *Joan of Arc* that is filled with life and excitement, but we see each tumbler individually and the delighted faces of the audience are single and living. The crowd at Joan's martyrdom is symbolized in a close-up of a large peasant woman's

breast as she suckles her child—the most Brobdingnagian effect of all, yet it gives no offense for it speaks not of nauseous brutality but of the persistence of life.

In some ways, *Day of Wrath* exemplifies more strikingly the nakedness of Dreyer's drama. It is a historical film in the best sense, for it is a minutely faithful reproduction of a historical situation. But we never think of it as a historical film; we are enclosed in these people whose selves lead them on to their own doom. History, environment, the *Zeitgeist* have had their effect; this is so obvious that Dreyer does not bother to say it; but they have had their effect upon *these* people and not other people, and that is the great wonder and mystery which makes it worth making a film about them.

The story is extremely simple. A widowed pastor marries a young girl, the daughter of a woman who has been burned as a witch. The pastor's mother resents her intrusion. When the pastor's grown son returns from abroad, the young wife and he fall in love. She wishes the pastor dead, and he dies with his finger flung out in accusation. She is burned as a witch. *Day of Wrath* is a study in witchcraft, and yet there is no historical analysis of the cause and effect of the phenomenon. Here is a witch; what does that mean? Dreyer tells us. It means, specifically, to be a lonely and frightened girl longing for tenderness and companionship, uncertain of her own worth and strength, a quiet girl with sly slant eyes which suggest her lusting after the flesh and an external repose which is her only strength against the jealousy of her mother-in-law and the frozen righteousness of her pastor husband. Was she a witch? It is a question that is almost impertinent. Dreyer on the whole avoids the supernatural although the subjects of both films invite supernatural treatment. Only when the pastor hurries home in the storm does the extravagance with which nature conforms to humanity, in the storm-swept skies and the black threatening trees, suggest a decisively supernatural element in the story. And in fact the scene seems in many ways a mistake.

For the girl has discovered that she is a witch, and the audience is not interested in supernatural corroboration.

The Passion of Joan of Arc, in the same way, avoids the question of Joan's voices. Was she a saint? This, too, is an irrelevancy. She was Joan; she heard these voices; she was *such* a person. And in the end we know her as a girl strong chiefly in her simplicity, confused and frightened and uncomprehending of what has happened to her but determined to abide by what she believes in. And the face which seemed so plain as we first saw her has grown to have a beauty quite beyond expression or convention.

In these pictures no judgment is expressed. The ugly churchmen who doom Joan are mixed and muddled in their motives; they are not wrong; we can spare pity from Joan for them. The bored and silly witch, the cruelly possessive mother, the troubled ineffectual pastor, are all seen with the same detached compassion as is Joan of Arc. One subject of *Day of Wrath* is the inarticulate isolation of all souls. Partly we feel this because the dialogue is so sparse, not only because the central characters are taciturn, but because each of the characters finds himself cut off by private desires and ambitions; we see these people as we see the pastor's young wife through the web she has spun, a tapestry of the temptation, where a stiff and formal Eve offers the apple to Adam, and behind which the wife's eyes burn in witchery.

The effect depends almost entirely upon the close-ups which magnify and isolate the personalities. Joan, for all her humility, her plainness, her obvious ignorance, has an almost Homeric stature. The characters in *Day of Wrath* are in no possible sense "larger than life," yet they crowd the imagination because we have seen them in their terrible isolation and with an appalling completeness, in the flesh and in the spirit. And this is what such loving cinema techniques were designed for; the humanist (and Dreyer is one) can use them to reveal the darks and lights of humanity with unrelenting art; the antihumanist (as Eisenstein proves to be, at heart) can use them only to oversimplify men into the cogs

of a vast and mindless machine. Dreyer's humans are independent, and are frightened and frightening because of that independence. Even the unrelieved grimness of *Day of Wrath* has a certain lift because it is such a tangled web of responsibilities. And *The Passion of Joan of Arc,* twenty years old now, remains an exalted portrait of the splendid solitude of a pure and determined woman; we do not know whether she is a saint, but we know what it is like to burn at the stake and why it could be thought worth doing. By so much has our experience been enlarged. There are few films of which we could say more.

The Technique and Content of Hitler's War Propaganda Films

Part II: Karl Ritter's "Soldier" Films

JOHN ALTMANN

DR. JOHN ALTMANN lectured on the ideology and technique of Nazi film propaganda in Paris at the Sorbonne-sponsored "Free German University" from 1936 to 1939. His book, *Nazi Film Propaganda,* grew out of research done between 1935 and 1943. Part I of this article appeared in Volume IV, Number 4, of the *Hollywood Quarterly.*

IN UFA's productions *Traitors* (1935) and *Patriots* (1936) Karl Ritter had given the German audiences a foretaste of Hitler's war propaganda. But both films merely sounded the general theme. They served as an introduction. With them Karl Ritter won endorsement and an encouraging nod from his party.

Full acclaim and the highest praise of the party, however, were reserved for Ritter's next works as the producer, author, and director of "soldier" films—what he called "heroic" films. With these films the former Imperial Air Force captain rose from obscurity to fame as UFA's top director, from humble party membership to the position of No. 1 film propagandist of the Third Reich. In all these screen plays the SOLDIER was the central figure and SOLDIERY the central theme. Karl Ritter's trilogy of "soldier" films was quite different, however, from the soldier films that German moviegoers were used to seeing.

Many soldier films were produced in Hitler Germany. The industry, knowing that the Hitler party liked and wanted such pictures, threw them on the market by the dozen. Already in the days of the Weimar Republic the German movie industry had all too often played the game of chauvinism and ultranationalism. UFA, especially, had a bad reputation for its many nationalistic productions. Under Hitler, reborn militarism encouraged and sponsored the production of all kinds of nationalistic soldier films. In such propaganda, the Wehrmacht became an active partner of Nazism.

But Army-sponsored soldier films, and also run-of-the-mill "rah-rah" patriotic films of the industry, were for the most part no more than entertainment tainted with chauvinism or nationalism. The purpose of the Army's soldier films, comedies or melodramas, was to show the Wehrmacht of Hitler in a favorable light; in content these films dealt with the soldier of the Third Reich and with his life. The industry's chauvinistic films were concerned mostly with Germany's "glorious" past (i.e., *Blücher, York, Fridericus*).

A Karl Ritter "soldier" film had nothing to do with such traditional entertainment. Ritter gave his soldier films the epithet "pictorial armored car." According to him, they belonged to "the first line of the propaganda front . . . while the rest (the entertainment films) have to remain behind the line."[1]

The Hitler party liked such language from its leading film propagandist. It also preferred the uncompromising aggressiveness and at the same time adroit indoctrination technique of party member Karl Ritter to the "kid glove" approach of Army propagandists and the glib "business patriotism" of the industry. Karl Ritter did a better and quicker job of preparing Germany's masses, especially its young men, for "total sacrifice" in a war to come. In their own way the Wehrmacht's films served the same end, but only Nazi Karl Ritter's "heroic" films represented the Third Reich's ideology. Never an enemy, German neomilitarism—most hated friend of Nazism—had to take second place. A Ritter "soldier" film presented something completely new in approach, different in content, and shocking in its implication. It was not accidental that Ritter's trilogy of "heroic" films—*Operation Michael, Pass on a Promise,* and *Pour le Mérite*—came into being in the period of Hitler Germany's feverish war preparations, 1936–1938. Ritter films were munitions—ideological munitions.

With *Operation Michael* (*Unternehmen Michael*) Ritter opened the series, unfolding his theme of a soldier's total self-sacrifice. So grim was his presentation of self-sacrifice that he met

[1] *Der Deutsche Film,* September, 1938.

unexpected protest—protest from the military. What was it, then, that seemed so objectionable to the traditionalists in Hitler's army? What was so shocking in this Ritter presentation of the "new soldier," in contrast to the old soldier of bygone days? The story of *Operation Michael* gives the answer:

It is late in 1918. An isolated German infantry group is surrounded by superior British forces in a little French village. The situation is hopeless. The men are awaiting the final attack of the British. At this moment one of the commanding officers of the German unit suggests surrender; vehement opposition is voiced by another officer. This man not only rejects the idea of surrender, but proposes that an order be given to the German artillery for a ruthless barrage of the village as the British enter it. This fanatic's purpose is not to hold the position or to win a victory, but to destroy everybody, friend and foe. The traditional type of officer—in the person of a Colonel Linden—refuses to accept such "unreasonable tactics." He says: "Sir, for five days we have tried in vain and against all reason to change the course of fate—to save Germany. We have sacrificed thousands of men for this. Our situation is hopeless." To that, Hagenau, the officer representing Ritter's views, retorts: "It is not our victory that counts—it is the spirit of sacrifice."[2] And, indeed, at the end of the film, Ritter allows Hagenau's idea of self-destruction to win over wiser military tradition: orders are given to the German artillery to pound the village, destroying everyone, German and British.

"I want to show the German youth that senseless, sacrificial death has its value," was Ritter's fantastic reply to the raised eyebrows of the military. But this incredible statement did not satisfy his military opponents. The Army, of course, could not openly contradict Karl Ritter, the favored son of Nazism; it only did so unofficially. A certain Carl Bloem, a retired officer and author of popular military novels in the days of Wilhelm II, was dug out of

[2] Excerpt from the screenplay *Operation Michael* published in *Der Deutsche Film,* July, 1938.

his literary oblivion by the group of traditionalists. He was invited to express publicly "his" view on *Operation Michael.* Bloem did the job in his own way, rewriting the Karl Ritter film as a radio play. The radio play was to present a "sound military viewpoint," according to the traditionalists. Bloem's version of *Operation Michael* was broadcast over Station Köln. It followed closely the pattern of Ritter's scenario, except that at the decisive moment Colonel Linden speaks up for the traditional military against the fanatic "new soldier" of Ritter. Says Bloem's Linden: "It is obvious that the village has to be given up. There is no alternative. No German commanding officer has the right or duty to destroy *uselessly* the lives of German soldiers. A senseless death is not necessary for a German soldier after five years of heroic fighting."[3] With these words, the colonel, his revolver aimed at the fanatics of the unit, enforces his order of surrender to the British. The soldiers hoist the white flag and give up.

Needless to say, the traditionalists and Carl Bloem lost. The Goebbels ministry politely but firmly rebuffed the radio play and endorsed the Ritter version. A heated debate between military and Nazi propaganda experts was closed with this final official dictum: "Our film has the purpose of showing the younger generation of today the real spirit of the German soldier during the offensive at the western front in 1918."[4]

Karl Ritter's principle of senseless self-sacrifice had won. Moreover, he was allowed to broaden his theme. He did so in the next film of his trilogy, *Pass on a Promise* (*Urlaub auf Ehrenwort*). The heroes of this "soldier" film were very carefully selected. They came from many social strata and represented many types. Their conflicts symbolized the conflicts of all: the average and the unusual, the simple and the complex, the very young and the mature. Again World War I served as a background to bring out Ritter's point.

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[3] *Licht Bild Bühne,* October 21, 1938.

[4] *Der Deutsche Film,* November, 1938.

It is October, 1918. A train loaded with soldiers from the eastern front, on its way to the battlefields of France, arrives in Berlin. It stops there for four hours. The commanding officer, a major, gives rigorous orders not to allow any soldier to get off the train to visit the city, which is full of "deserters, revolutionaries, and defeatists." But there are some Berliners on the train who want to take this opportunity to see their loved ones, relatives, or friends. They ask their lieutenant for this favor. Against his superior's orders the lieutenant grants their wish, asking the men only to be back in time. He gives them a pass on a promise: "I have your word of honor that you will return and fulfill your duty in this critical hour of the fatherland. The unit is counting on you—and so is Germany." With these words he dismisses the men.

The soldiers leave the train and enter Berlin, the city filled with "deserters, revolutionaries, and defeatists." Each one is thrown into a separate experience. A composer visits his music teacher, who is preparing the first performance of the young man's work. The great conductor advises him to be faithful to his talent; for, he says, to live for the fulfillment of his mission as an artist is better than to die a futile death. The second soldier, a middle-aged philistine, goes home to his wife, who implores him to remain with her instead of going back to a lost war. The third soldier, a young one, discovering that his only relative has died, strolls along the streets. He meets a girl as lonely as he. The inevitable happens; they fall in love—their first love. Shall he abandon his first great emotional experience? A fourth soldier—Ritter calls him a "leftist intellectual"—visits his former sweetheart and finds her busy printing antiwar leaflets for her organization. She asks him to stay and work with her.

Thus to every man is brought the conflict between the individual's will to fulfill his life and the abstract idea of a senseless self-sacrifice.

How does Ritter solve the conflicts of these men, and how does his "new soldier" act? The composer, furious, retorts that his

work can speak well enough for him and that he personally can go to battle and die. The young soldier sees no other way out of his dilemma than to leave the girl and to remain with his brothers in arms; they are "nearer to him" than the emotional intruder of a few hours. Karl Ritter's "leftist intellectual" becomes a political renegade. Brought back by the girl to his former political friends, he suddenly discovers that they are distasteful to him. "We soldiers are dying for our country while you drink, hold meetings, and make love," he shouts at them. "I have nothing in common with you any more." With that he picks a quarrel and fights his way out of the clandestine meeting.

The lieutenant, meanwhile, nervously biting his lips, waits for the men to return. Clicking his heels, the composer shows up; another click, and the youngster stands at attention; a third click, and, displaying a black eye and sundry other bruises, the political renegade is back; finally all have returned but one—the philistine. What has happened to him?

During the short hours of the pass, his wife, living in a small suburban cottage, shows him everything of interest in the house—here the rabbits and here the goat, here the chickens which she tended while he was away. Time goes by. The philistine forgets about the departure and awakens only at the last minute to the terrible fact that the train is just about to leave the station. His wife implores him to stay. Fate seems to indicate that he should. But the philistine prefers to join Karl Ritter's self-sacrificing team. He hires a taxicab and begins a mad dash to the train's next stop. The lieutenant spies the flying taxi and recognizes the wildly gesticulating philistine. The last man is back! The situation is saved—and so is Germany, with men like these . . .

As he had done before, the director of *Pass on a Promise* brushed off all questions about the strange aspects of his film. His cold comment was: "My movies deal with the unimportance of the individual. They contain this idea: All that is personal must be given up."[5]

[5] *Licht Bild Bühne*, September 30, 1938.

In the last film of the trilogy, *Pour le Mérite,* Karl Ritter made a complete about-face. The theme of senseless sacrifice was abandoned. Instead he spoke of the reward that awaited those who were faithful to the cause—a reward, of course, only for the best. Who were the best? When was a German eligible for such a reward? How had he to act? What was the life of such a man like?

As in all other Ritter films, the answer was an extremely shocking one. *Pour le Mérite* traces the life of a band of vengeful former officers of the Kaiser's army in the Weimar Republic, a band of unscrupulous political adventurers and putschists, of which the Hitler party was full. These men are Ritter's heroes in *Pour le Mérite.* For them, at the end of the film, the reward is waiting. Their story is in part Karl Ritter's own story.

World War I has ended. A group of demobilized Air Force officers decide to continue their wartime companionship. Not for social reasons. The group has an aim: the struggle for revenge, for another war, and, later, for the Nazi cause. As members of the group of conspirators, these former majors, captains, and lieutenants of Imperial Germany's air force do not return to their civilian careers. Instead, they organize an illegal movement for the training of pilots. They raise funds for this purpose in defiance of the German republic, which has to live up to the clauses of the peace treaty. The conspirators sabotage this Republic. When asked to surrender their aircraft, they destroy it rather than hand it over to the hated representative of the state. Hate guides them—and the idea of revenge. One of the group, a former major, secures a position in the Republic's war department, but he accepts the position for the sole purpose of helping his fellow plotters. Another member of the group uses his job as business manager to solicit funds from "patriotic" businessmen for the antidemocratic machinations of the adventurers. The men never lose sight of their practical objectives—the secret construction of airplanes and the training of German youngsters as pilots, in preparation for the day of revenge.

Preparation for war is a just cause, explains propagandist Karl Ritter, for the first time openly and in clear, unmistakable words. The other two films of the trilogy only spoke of sacrifice should war come. In *Pour le Mérite* Ritter announced that war had to come and that war would come—an ideological war, a war against all democratic forces in the world, after the crushing of the democratic forces in Germany. Ritter makes it very clear that his plotters fight labor, fight liberalism, fight progress and democracy as such. The climax of the film is the trial of one of the plotters, who is accused of a vicious assault against a unionist. Ritter's hero defies the court and shouts: "I have nothing to do with this state. I hate your democracy! I hate democracies like the plague!"[6] In this way, the plotters fight their way through until the day Hitler comes to power. Then they receive their reward. Nazi Germany expresses its thanks by giving each man of the group an assignment as instructor in Hitler's new air force.

More than any other Ritter film, *Pour le Mérite* won acclaim from the Nazi leadership. No wonder; for it was Hitlerism in essence. At the première, on Christmas Day, 1938, in Berlin's UFA Palast am Zoo, Adolf Hitler and his entire staff were present. Goebbels sat at Hitler's left, Goering at his right. The boxes next to them were occupied by members of the Army high command and the Air Force. Hitlerism and reborn militarism wanted to underline that it was this film in particular which met with the approval of Germany's leadership. They both wanted to demonstrate that in its praise of political adventurism, in its hymn of hate against democracy, and in its cry for rearmament and war, *Pour le Mérite* expressed the sentiments of those who were then ruling Germany. Revenge no longer burned in the heart of Karl Ritter alone. Revenge united him with the rest of the silent observers in Hitler's and the Wehrmacht's boxes.

Enthusiastically, the dreadful SS of Gestapo Chief Himmler saluted the Bavarian director with this hymn: "You, dear friend

[6] Excerpt from screenplay *Pour le Mérite,* published in *Der Deutsche Film,* January, 1938.

Ritter, are able to draw with a few swift lines a human being that is credible and alive; you are able to create a film which brings back to our memory the Germany of shame which existed before we came to power. . . . It is impossible to separate movie making from a cause. All that is needed to make films like those you have made in the past, dear friend Ritter, is a man like you—a political soldier, a political artist. . . . We, the SS, never doubted that the best German film could only be created by a National Socialist."[7]

As for Karl Ritter himself, with *Pour le Mérite* he had reached the climax of his career. The revenge that burned deep in the heart of demobilized officer Ritter as he strolled the streets of Munich in 1918 had now been made the battle cry for a whole nation. What a reward for Nazi Karl Ritter, missionary of hate, propagandist of war!

Pour le Mérite was the last film in the war propaganda series that had begun with the production of *Traitors.* All of a sudden Ritter turned his attention to a different and rather unexpected theme. Self-sacrifice was still a motive (although a secondary one), and soldiers (this time very young ones—cadets) were still the heroes of his next film. But *Cadets* (*Kadetten*), written and produced late in 1939, surprised everyone. It was a screenplay of sensational and incredible implications. And it was a document of extreme political significance.

As usual, the author of "heroic" films had prepared something shocking for his audience; for *Cadets,* completed just two months before the Nazis marched into Poland, was neither a film of glory nor a fanfare of victory. *Cadets* dealt with defeat! The film's background was a beaten, humiliated Prussia, the story itself nothing more nor less than the occupation of Berlin by the Russians and the deportation of young cadets to the interior of Russia. At first glance there seems no rational explanation for the choice of such a theme at just that moment. Seemingly it was a historical film, a

[7] Editorial "To a Movie Director," in *Das Schwarze Korps,* December 20, 1938, after the preview of *Pour le Mérite.*

film that spoke of the consequences of the Russian occupation of Berlin in 1760, after the defeat of Friedrich II of Prussia. In reality it was a propaganda film, a film of pure fiction. History in it was as much falsified as in another Nazi propaganda film, *Jew Süss,* also a seemingly historical movie, but fashioned to become an anti-Semitic film. In the same way the story of *Cadets* leaves no doubt of the propagandistic intent of Ritter's last peacetime film. It was an anti-Russian film in general tendency, as well as a film advocating racial superiority. But it was much more.

In particular, *Cadets* addressed itself to the German youth and asked these questions: What would you, the young generation, do if Germany were defeated? How would you behave toward a conqueror? *Cadets* had the answer ready, an answer that was more a training manual than a set of suggestions.

From the Potsdam Military Academy a column of boys between nine and eleven years old are being forcibly transported to the interior of Russia. They are in the custody of Cossacks and are treated "inhumanly." Their suffering is "beyond imagination." The Cossacks, on horseback, rope scores of them together and drag them along. Yet, the more these boys suffer, the more they unite in a spirit of determination—a determination to show their Prussian "superiority" to the Slavic "barbarians." They stick together, they plan together, they act together. They treat the Russians as their "temporary" conquerors only.

To use a modern term, the Potsdam boys "go underground." They pretend to be subdued and servile and accept all Russian orders with polite smiles. Actually they sabotage the enemy and plot ultimate escape. By means of trickery and breach of faith, the cadets manage to steal away from their captors. They are helped in their escape by the commander of the Russian unit. A man of Prussian descent, Captain Zulow is confused: do his loyalties belong to his oath as a Russian officer, or to his Prussian "blood brothers"? Zulow decides, of course, for the blood brothers. He actively aids the young plotters to escape and, holding off the pur-

suers, dies the sacrificial death that Ritter glorified. Too late the Russians discover the conspiracy of their prisoners; the boys have escaped. Prussianism is the "moral victor."

What was Ritter's directive to the young? If a defeat should come and an enemy occupy Germany, you, the young generation, have to do everything that is possible to harm the conqueror. Be hypocritical, pretend you are resigned to your fate. In reality, organize and continue to fight for "our cause." Such a directive evidently could not be Karl Ritter's personal one alone. It was the official directive of the Nazi party, a directive applicable in case the worst should happen—the collapse of Hitler Germany, of which the rulers of the Reich as well as the creator of all these films seemed to have had a certain presentiment. In this sense, *Cadets* can be considered one of the outstanding strategic documents of Nazi propaganda. It was the one Nazi propaganda film admitting the possibility of defeat and using defeat as a motive for a propaganda story, a story which at its end, however, was to make this same "humiliated" Germany the "moral victor."

In a way *Cadets* can be called the last will and testament of Karl Ritter, for with it ended the former Air Force captain's role as the most important film propagandist of Hitler Germany. His career came to a standstill. There was no longer very much for him to do. War had become a fact, and the creator of fictional films on war and soldiery had to give way to the producers of real war films, the front-line camera reporters and the documentary specialists. Only once more—at the end of 1941—did Ritter make a comeback with a film praising the wartime exploits of his beloved Luftwaffe. But *Germany above All* (*Deutschland über Alles*) turned out to be a mediocre production. The era of Karl Ritter was definitely over. His mission was accomplished.

Hitler Germany could not boast another talent of Ritter's stature. He was the decisive ideologist among German film directors. He alone had the combination of talent and "pure" Nazi thinking which resulted in the production of the "Ritter-type"

propaganda film. Ritter films had the widest distribution in Germany, commercially as well as officially, through government agencies and Nazi party channels. His war propaganda series was screened, according to statistics of the ministry of propaganda, before nearly 7,000,000 youngsters!

All Karl Ritter films were sure of success. They had breathtaking suspense. They thrilled the audience and were far from the mediocrity of most Nazi propaganda features. Ritter's forte was the power to fulfill people's emotional needs, to give them in his movies excitement and a sort of satisfaction; he forced problems upon them—new problems and shocking ones—and had ready solutions. His approach was personal, but was always directed toward the individual as a member of a group. He could speak everybody's language.

Above all, he was able to speak the language of the young men. The fifty-five-year-old Ritter was always closest to the young, arrogant, fanatic, and cynical generation of real Hitlerites, to the Stormtroopers, the SS Elite Guard, and the Hitler-Jugend. For them he had written these films; to the youth of Germany they were dedicated. When World War II came, these youngsters, the "new soldiers" of Hitler Germany, were all ready for self-sacrifice, a senseless self-sacrifice. By the hundreds of thousands they marched off to die in faraway countries—on Tunisia's desert, on the banks of the Volga and the Don, in Greece and Norway, on the battlefields of Poland and France.

Never in motion picture history has this medium been used for a more destructive purpose.

Domestic Broadcasting in Canada

(PART I)

WALTER KINGSON AND ROME COWGILL

WALTER KRULEVITCH KINGSON, a member of the editorial board of the *Hollywood Quarterly,* is at present the head of the Radio Division, Theater Arts Department, University of California, Los Angeles. He has been associated with educational radio for a number of years and at New York University did his doctoral study on school broadcasting in Canada. ROME COWGILL, former staff writer for the *Voice of America* and author of numerous radio scripts, served with the Canadian-American Education Committee in preparation of exchange broadcasts for Canadian and American schools. She is the author of *Fundamentals of Radio Script Writing,* and co-author, with Walter Kingson, of *Radio Drama, Acting and Production.* This two-part article is a chapter from a forthcoming survey on radio and television.

CANADIAN radio broadcasting is usually dismissed as a combination of the British and American systems, but the easy comparison is both misleading and inaccurate. It not only implies that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and the British Broadcasting Corporation are identical in operation and that independent commercial stations in Canada operate like their counterparts in the United States; it also suggests, rather dangerously, that a radio system can be catalogued solely by its means of supporting itself. The fact is, of course, that systems of broadcasting evolve out of social and physical conditions of nations. In 1927, a year of decision for broadcasting in Canada, Great Britain, and the United States, radio had passed from an experiment to a wild, loosely regulated growth that demanded government attention. Needs and conditions in the three countries varied so greatly, however, that three quite different systems of broadcasting became firmly rooted. One was a national monopoly, one a deliberately decentralized system of private ownership; clearly, these two could never be combined in a third system. But, more important for an understanding of Canadian radio, neither system alone could have served Canada. The reasons become clear when we see how these systems developed, and why Canada developed a third.

In the United States, by 1927, utter chaos prevailed in the overcrowded airwaves. There were not enough frequencies to go round, stations jammed each other, wave-jumped, increased power without authorization. The four conferences held by Secretary of Commerce Hoover, from 1923 to 1925, with leaders of radio, had set up traffic regulations, but when the authority of the Department of Commerce to regulate radio was challenged, jungle warfare broke out in the air, and broadcasting itself looked to be the chief casualty. It was saved by the Radio Act passed by Congress in 1927, which established the body now known as the Federal Communications Commission and empowered it to allocate and assign frequencies, grant and renew station licenses, and see that broadcasting be conducted in the public interest. It did not define the phrase "public interest," and if it had, little purpose would have been served. Secretary Hoover, who first pronounced the air to be public property, had begged that it be used for more than trade. Others, too, had had dreams of radio as a cultural and educational miracle. But what could they do?

In spite of the fact that applicants for licenses outnumbered the available frequencies, radio was by no means firmly established in 1927. If it was to survive, it would be through the efforts of those who took the financial risk of setting up broadcasting stations. Neither the government nor any national agency could hope to do this. Besides widespread repugnance toward government in private affairs, there were practical considerations. Although in 1926 the National Broadcasting Company had linked twenty-five stations from Boston to Washington, D.C., and as far west as Kansas City, coast-to-coast networks were still undreamed of. Only through the independent efforts of hundreds of station owners could radio be provided to the 130,000,000 people then spread over the more than 3,000,000 square miles of the United States. The best channels had already been seized by station owners in metropolitan areas, where the largest audiences existed, but an attempt was made by the FCC to provide more equitable dis-

tribution through geographic zoning and a division of stations into local, regional, and clear-channel. Thus, privately operated commercial broadcasting, regulated to favor no one individual or area, seemed to serve the best interests of the people of the United States.

In Britain, in 1927, the British Broadcasting Corporation, a national monopoly under a royal charter, was formed to conduct broadcasting for the nation. To the British, or at least to enough of them to pass the required legislation, the BBC represented the best interests of the people. This was not because the British were blind to the commercial possibilities of radio; from 1922 to 1926 a group of radio-equipment manufacturers had operated the British Broadcasting Company as a private venture. It was not merely that the British have somewhat less fear of government enterprise, nor that they saw more clearly the educational possibilities of radio. The commission set up to study broadcasting when the license of the British Broadcasting Company was up for renewal said only, after pointing out the importance and potential power of radio, "We are impelled to the conclusion that no company nor body constituted in trade lines for the profit, direct or indirect, of those composing it can be regarded as adequate in view of the broader considerations now beginning to emerge."

Hoover had recognized these broader considerations in 1924 when he declared that radio had "passed from the field of an adventure to that of a public utility." Among the considerations unique to Britain, however, was proximity to the continent of Europe, where powerful stations were already attracting British listeners, stations which could, in time of war, endanger a country which lacked a strong, domestic radio system. More significant, conditions in Britain made it easy not only to conceive of radio as a public utility, but to treat it as one. With a population of forty-five millions (now fifty millions) in a country smaller than our state of Oregon, a single broadcasting agency, financed only by listener license fees, could provide a national broadcast service.

Thus the BBC was organized, not as a government department—for its employees do not come under Civil Service,—but as a listener-supported national monopoly, answerable to Parliament and licensed by it for limited periods of time.

What happened in Canada? In 1927, Canada was on its way to becoming an auxiliary market for American radio advertisers. Small Canadian-owned commercial stations operated in cities and towns, but derived much of their income from American advertising, at the same time competing against strong American stations across the border. In the remote rural areas there was little or no radio; audiences were too small to attract commercial stations. As the power of radio became more evident, it seemed clear that broadcasting was not the only enterprise endangered by American competition; Canadian newspapers had already lost advertising, and if Canada should become an American advertising market it would inevitably consume more and more American-made products. Furthermore, clamor arose in the remote sections of Canada, and in 1928 a Royal Commission, headed by Sir John Aird, was appointed to study the situation and make recommendations.

The situation, in terms of radio broadcasting, was scarcely happy. Canada is larger in area than the United States, as large, in fact, as the United States and Mexico together. But its population is roughly equivalent to that of Greater New York . . . thirteen millions. It has, besides, a most erratically distributed population. More than half its people live in Ontario and Quebec, adjoining provinces which constitute less than a third of the country's area. The Northwest Territories make up another third of Canada's area, but have a total population of only twelve thousand. In the Yukon, nearly the size of Texas, are fewer than five thousand people. Most of Canada's population clings to the towns and cities along the border, but it is a border four thousand miles long, encompassing five time zones.

The potential radio audience in Canada is not only small and irregularly distributed; it is divided into two distinct groups, the

French and the English Canadians, each preserving its language, customs, and politics. The one large concentration of population, in Ontario and Quebec, is for the broadcaster two audiences since it is half French, half English.

Physically, Canada, like the United States, lent itself to a decentralized system of privately owned stations, each serving a local population group. But the Canadians recognized that radio belongs to all the people and must therefore be made available to all; hence, if some sparsely populated areas might never attract private stations, government must somehow fill the gap.

But how? A national monopoly, such as Britain's BBC, was impractical, and yet Canada, like Britain, needed a strong domestic radio to compete with powerful foreign stations. Unfortunately, it costs as much to transmit a radio program to five listeners as to five million. Britain's forty-five million shared the cost of a radio service transmitted over an area a quarter the size of Ontario, a sixth the size of Quebec. Canada's ten million would have to pay exorbitant license fees to support a service transmitted over its more than three million square miles.

Nevertheless, the Aird commission concluded that commercial radio could probably never serve Canada adequately, and that, even if it could, it would be so dominated by American radio that Canadian talent would not develop. In spite of all the difficulties involved, the Aird report recommended a national radio service for Canada, supported by listener license fees. But it was not to be a monopoly. Commercial broadcasting would be allowed to continue until the national service should be self-supporting.

After four years of committee study and Parliamentary debate the premises of the Aird report were accepted, and in 1932 the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission was established by Act of Parliament. Three years later, the CRBC became the CBC, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, in charge directly of national broadcast service, indirectly of all radio in Canada, and charged with the responsibility of (1) providing broadcast cover-

age to all of Canada (2) developing and encouraging Canadian radio talent, and (3) using radio as a means of unifying the nation.

Why doesn't this represent a combination of the American and British systems of broadcasting? Judged by income source only, Canada combines the two systems; that is, her listeners pay for radio directly through license fees and indirectly through advertising. But the BBC is a monopoly, whereas the CBC is in continuous competition with independent Canadian stations. With rising costs, moreover, the CBC has been forced to accept more and more commercial advertising on its own networks. Today close to one-third of CBC income is derived from commercials.

On the other hand, independent commercial stations in Canada operate under CBC regulations. The CBC is not only a broadcasting agency but a regulatory body, with the right to review activities of private stations and make recommendations to the minister of transport, who grants all radio licenses, and to "control the character of any and all programmes broadcast by the Corporation or by private stations; to determine the proportion of time which may be devoted to advertising in any programmes broadcast by the stations of the Corporation or by private stations, and to control the character of such advertising." It is as impossible to imagine the FCC (much less a competing broadcasting organization) holding such control over radio in the United States as it is to picture the BBC broadcasting singing commercials. And it is equally impossible to identify the restricted commercialism of Canadian independent stations with the American system of broadcasting, or the CBC national service with the BBC monopoly. What Canada has is a system of restricted commercial radio, dominated by a national organization, itself semicommercial, charged with protecting the Canadian interest in radio.

"Trustee of the national interest in broadcasting" is actually the definition of the duties of the board of governors which heads the CBC. The nine governors serve for three-year terms, without salary except for the chairman, whose position is a full-time re-

sponsibility. The board members, representing various provinces and occupations, as well as both French and English Canadians, are responsible for CBC policy.

Broadcasting operations are under a general manager and an assistant (one a French Canadian, the other English), appointed by the prime minister and responsible to the board of governors. Broadcast operations are decentralized: administrative headquarters are in Ottawa, the national program office in Toronto, and both the engineering and French program offices in Montreal.

Receiver licenses are issued by the Radio Division of the Department of Transport, through local post offices. Inspectors from the Department of Transport, not associated with the CBC, make periodic checks in random homes throughout Canada. This is the organizational setup under which the CBC operates. How has it carried out its responsibilities?

To provide broadcast coverage to all of Canada, the CBC has not only built transmitters but has enlisted the coöperation of private stations. There are in Canada today 138 AM radio stations and 28 FM. Of the AM stations, 121 are privately owned, and only 17 are owned and operated by the CBC. When the CBC went into operation, radio stations were generally concentrated, as in the United States, in cities and large centers of population; Toronto has five stations, Montreal six. The new and powerful CBC-owned stations, however, have been erected across Canada, centrally located in the various provinces. Nineteen CBC-owned low-power relay stations carry programs to communities "unable due to topography to receive any adequate signal from a Canadian radio station and yet not large enough to support their own local station." In addition, all but thirty-three of the private stations are at least occasional members of the CBC networks.

There are three networks. One is the French network, broadcasting only in French, through three CBC-owned stations in Quebec City, Montreal, and Chicoutimi, and thirteen privately owned stations scattered over the province of Quebec.

The Dominion network consists of thirty privately owned stations, from British Columbia to Nova Scotia, and one CBC-owned station in Toronto. An additional fourteen privately owned stations form a supplementary network at the request of sponsors. The privately owned stations which make up the Dominion network receive regular network service from Toronto, mostly in the evening, with a few sponsored programs and special events broadcast in daytime.

The heart of the CBC broadcast service is the Trans-Canada network, which is made up of 23 basic stations, 10 owned and operated by the CBC, with a supplementary network of 21 privately owned stations. Trans-Canada broadcasts for 16 hours daily in each region.

Altogether, 48 privately owned stations are basic members of one of the three networks, required to reserve certain time periods for sustaining network service, but not to carry all network programs. The 35 privately owned stations in the supplementary networks may, at the request of sponsors, join the network for commercial programs, and some operate under an arrangement which permits them to use sustaining network service without being required to reserve time for specified programs. For broadcasts of national importance all three networks combine to form the National network.

However, to achieve nation-wide coverage the CBC uses and must pay for 20,000 miles of wire lines at an almost crippling cost. The BBC needs only 975 miles of wire lines for network coverage, at a cost which amounts to only 2.6 per cent of its total expenditures. The CBC's wire lines account for 14 per cent of its annual expenditures. And, as has occurred with expansion of network facilities to Newfoundland, the cost of lines for network expansion is usually greater than the corresponding increase in license revenue. The aim and intention of the CBC is to provide network coverage to all of Canada, but it may have to go increasingly commercial to do so.

The National Program Service, which supplies 80 per cent of network programming in Canada, is ultimately responsible for the success of the CBC. It must satisfy the requirements of developing Canadian talent and fostering national unity, at the same time planning a program schedule to suit the tastes of thirteen million Canadians fully aware that their license fees give them the right to expect a personally satisfactory broadcast service. It must do this, moreover, on an income derived chiefly from license fees which have not been raised since 1938.

In 1948–49 the total income of the CBC was $7,553,213, of which $5,135,374 came from license fees and $2,217,129 from commercials. In that same year the BBC income was £9,986,420, which represented in Britain a purchasing power equivalent to $40,000,000. In the United States, net time sales on only the four networks for 1949 came to $127,590,000. The poverty of the CBC is ludicrous.

Nevertheless, the CBC has maintained a consistently high standard of programs. Annually, it enters programs in competition with American broadcasters at the Institute for Educational Radio at Columbus, Ohio. Since 1942, when the CBC first submitted programs in the Institute, it has won thirty awards, many of them special citations for outstanding programs. This year, the CBC took nine awards. Two were special citations, one for a series of *Stories from the Bible,* about which the judges said: "This series is conspicuous in filling a long-standing need for a religious program designed for children. Network programs of a similar character would be welcomed by the listening audience in the United States." A special citation went also to the *CBC Wednesday Night* for its "courageous experiments with radio themes, techniques, and writing and for the excellence of its music and production." For the fifth straight year, a First Award was given the CBC's weekly drama hour, *Stage 49,* with this year's comment, "for admirable choice of subjects with a willingness to include original material; for the fine and robust texture of the acting; for

the notable quality of its musical backgrounds." As far back as 1946, Jack Gould, radio and television editor of the *New York Times,* spoke of the *Stage* series as being performed by the "best radio repertory group in this hemisphere."

Only half of the CBC's meager budget is used for program costs, and script and acting fees are far below the American commercial standards; yet the CBC has not only developed Canadian radio talent, but has achieved international recognition for it.

Motion Picture Production in Canada

ANTHONY DAWSON

ANTHONY DAWSON, formerly a research assistant in the Institute of Industrial Relations at the University of California, Los Angeles, and a special lecturer in economics at Victoria College, University of British Columbia, is now working in the Economic Section of the International Labor Office (United Nations) in Geneva. His "Patterns of Production and Employment in Hollywood" appeared in Volume IV, Number 4, of the *Hollywood Quarterly*.

THE POSTWAR economic situation has excited much interest in the vigorous attempts being made abroad to stimulate motion picture production. From a purely commercial point of view such attempts appear to Hollywood to add insult to injury. Not only do foreign nations eliminate or reduce the overseas market for American films by discriminatory tariffs, quotas, and exchange controls, but by similar controls and bounties they encourage and assist their own industry to compete with the Hollywood product for screen time both in their own theaters and over here in American theaters at Hollywood's doorstep. Certainly Hollywood is on the side of the angels and the International Trade Organization in this matter. The United States continues to refrain from maintaining important trade barriers to foreign films, while the official policy of the Motion Picture Association of America is one of cordial hospitality to the foreign product. Only the most unkind and malicious individual could raise the suspicion that MPAA censorship advisers are more likely to question the morality of a foreign than of a domestic product of equivalent turpitude, or that MPAA hospitality—which means, chiefly, access to first-run theaters—is dependent upon the brute strength and bargaining position of those who need it. At their frankest, the men of Hollywood contend that no foreign exchange problem can excuse activities on the part of foreigners which are infinitely more restrictive and discriminatory than the working policy of their own industry.

Actually, foreign competition, discrimination, and restriction are more ominous practices for employees than for employers in Hollywood, a fact which makes the generous recognition by the American talent groups of the artistic merits of foreign production even more laudable. The studios have a means of escape which allows the burden to be shifted almost entirely onto the working force; namely, through transference of funds to foreign production, employing foreign labor.

The justifiable and major proportion of controls reducing or impeding the foreign earnings of American producers is designed to conserve scarce dollars for American goods more necessary and vital than motion pictures. The main objection of foreign countries to American films is not that they earn money, but that the owners of the films invariably desire to withdraw their earnings in dollars. Thus, any arrangement which reduces these withdrawals of dollars, even though earnings are not reduced, will serve to reduce the need for foreign restrictions. Studios in Hollywood can maintain their profit percentages by spending foreign earnings on foreign production, and allowing foreign films made by themselves and others abroad to be shown in the United States so far as they receive the dollars earned by these films as an offset to their holdings of foreign currencies. There have been other comparative advantages from time to time in producing on foreign locations, but no incentive has been as strong for Hollywood studios as this opportunity to use foreign earnings that will otherwise lie sterile in frozen bank accounts.[1]

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[1] A conservative estimate of foreign production undertaken by Hollywood companies may be obtained by reference to the volume of foreign location work reported each Friday in the two final pages of the *Hollywood Reporter*. This estimate would be conservative, since it is not certain that the method of collecting the basic data—telephoning each of the studios weekly—would insure an all-inclusive total. On the other hand, conditions of foreign production probably do not provide the facilities which make film making so rapid and efficient in Hollywood, so that a picture week abroad may not represent as great an intensity of production activity as a picture week in American studios. Multiplying the number of pictures reported by the number of weeks involved in the production of each, the number of picture weeks undertaken by each studio during the period September 3, 1948–July 11, 1949 is as follows: Twentieth Century–Fox 20, Independents 21, Warner Brothers 19, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 12, Radio-Keith-Orpheum 11, and Republic

In the face of this situation Hollywood employees can take no therapeutic action, nor can their fears be fully quieted by the producers' argument that foreign production, even by American companies, cannot possibly yield films of a type suited to the majority of American audiences and thus that the demand for their product in the home market cannot be affected. Even if the dubious validity of this argument is assumed,[2] it cannot obviate the fear that the Hollywood workers' share of foreign earnings enjoyed hitherto will not be completely cut off by the making abroad of all American-owned films shown abroad. The statement of the MPAA president, Mr. Eric Johnston, that foreign production by American companies provides employment in Hollywood in connection with preparatory operations and for those workers who are sent abroad is very small comfort.

In view of the fairly reasonable production level still maintained at home, and the fundamental financial difficulties now besetting the British film industry, these fears and contentions may appear far-fetched. But their importance arises not so much now as in the fairly near future, when the realization spreads that the almost universal dollar shortage is not transitional but likely to remain for some considerable time. That is, the political success of the Marshall Plan may be greater than its financial success; to ward off Communism by maintaining and improving the European standard of living is not the same thing as restoring Europe's

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9, making a total of 122 weeks of foreign production in 10½ months. About two productions are in progress abroad in any one week, though the number has been as high as five (in the middle of October, 1949). The number of picture weeks by countries is as follows: Italy 41, England 34, Germany 21, France 12, Argentina 9, and North Africa 5, again reaching a total of 122, of course. Mr. Eric Johnston has stated (to the Hollywood Council of AFL Guilds and Unions, March 30, 1950) that five features were produced abroad by major American companies in 1948, ten in 1949, and he expects that there will be eleven in 1950. These figures are in addition to the Canadian location work referred to in the text.

[2] A "Letter from Rome" in the *New Yorker* pointed out that those Italian productions which were most successful in the United States had only a lukewarm reception in their own country; the Italians had had enough of the realistic aspects of their own experiences and were more interested in the hedonistic escapism of many Hollywood pictures. Quite obviously, films do not have to be made within a country in order to be acceptable there—not even in the United States.

ability to pay for all American imports, including semiluxuries like films. As this realization spreads, and as the charity of the United States government contracts with the subsidence of postwar enthusiasms and fears, Hollywood's foreign exchange problems will become more acute and the solution of shift to foreign production more obvious and pressing.

In addition to the opportunity to spend foreign currencies on production and receive dollar profits instead of investing dollars to earn inconvertible foreign currencies, Hollywood corporations have other motives for desiring to share in the development of motion picture production abroad. Experience in Italy has shaken confidence in the principle that there is a tendency for the earning capacity of pictures to be closely related to their cost of production and publicity. Hollywood's superior financial strength and large scale of operations were believed to be the foundation of an unassailable position at the box office, yet Italy has produced box-office successes of the first rank on incomparably smaller budgets than the Hollywood average. Britain has also produced box-office successes, though not usually with the double distinction of having produced them on low budgets. Labor costs are lower in Britain than in Hollywood, and amateur Oxford undergraduates have filmed a complete story, accepted for exhibition, for less than $800. So perhaps it is inefficient management which is now leading the British industry to clamor for a government subsidy through remission of a part of the entertainment tax. What British experience has shown, in common with Italian experience, is that, given the outstanding artistry of the talent groups employed, lavish expenditure on sets and labor, whether actually undertaken, as in Britain, or not, as in Italy, can add little to the earning capacity of a basically, artistically good (or bad) film. Even expensive publicity cannot work such charms on an audience as well written dialogue can, and clever publicity which brings the audience to the first showing will not bring friends of the audience to subsequent showings. Now the best talent is not always purchas-

able with the highest money bid, but the highest money bid (Hollywood's leading prerogative) is more effective when it does not carry with it the requirement of exile. Thus, money has not brought Olivier or Rossellini to Hollywood, but those two gentlemen and others of equal eminence would not refuse to work for Hollywood's money in their own country. Since the valuable talent available abroad may be augmented by the more mobile skills which may be dispatched from Hollywood, and since the best of talent appears to be by far the most important ingredient of a commercially successful film,[3] what obstacle can remain to the investment of Hollywood's foreign funds in production on foreign location?

From a purely commercial point of view, only certain leading members of the talent groups would be needed on foreign locations and would justify the traveling expense involved; the other labor groups in Hollywood could safely be neglected and allowed to waste without loss to an industry developing strong units abroad. Even the valuable investments in studios and equipment in Hollywood would not be imperiled, for there is in any case more than enough labor in Hollywood to meet requirements when production is at peak capacity.

Hollywood workers are faced with an extremely difficult problem in attempting to remedy this situation in the light of their own best interests. A strike in the studios to support a demand that the management will guarantee to limit foreign location work would merely encourage the studios to develop foreign production more rapidly. An attempt by all AFL unions to give support to their brothers in the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees by boycotting foreign films shown in American theaters could perhaps be more effective. But Mr. Roy Brewer, International Representative of the IATSE in Hollywood, has reached the conclusion that the Hollywood Council of AFL Guilds and Unions, which represents all workers except a sharply dissenting

[3] At least, a poor artistic product with a weak plot will succeed at the box office as infrequently as a good artistic product with a strong plot will fail.

but virtually suppressed group of independent unionists in the industry, "is now convinced that it is necessary for American producers to make some pictures abroad in order to maintain the foreign market." Moreover, it is his opinion that no boycott of films produced abroad will be undertaken. The degree to which workers in Hollywood would freely support this viewpoint of the Council unfortunately cannot be measured. But whatever their opinion regarding the virtue or necessity of increased foreign production, it might be in their interest to welcome it in Canada rather than elsewhere.

Canadian projectionists are already organized by the IATSE, and it would not be a difficult matter to extend this coverage to any corpus of motion picture production workers which would develop with the growth of studios in the Dominion. Moreover, Canada is near enough for it to be worth while for Hollywood studios to take complete crews there on location, as has been done in the past. There is so little skilled studio labor now in Canada, especially in the West, that the development of studios in western Canada could form a valuable outlet for some of Hollywood's surplus labor and provide useful facilities for all productions requiring the varied choice of background available in that area. Los Angeles is in fact nearer to British Columbia than the Canadian studio labor now centered mainly in Quebec, Montreal being twice as far from Vancouver as is Los Angeles.

It is therefore interesting to consider the economic possibilities and present status of motion picture production in Canada in the light of the foregoing considerations. Canada suffers less acutely from the shortage of American dollars than most other nations, and a description of the developments in Canada may be taken as a highly conservative indication of trends throughout the world which promise to affect Hollywood's expert industry.

Very few of the more than twenty entertainment films made in Canada with Canadian capital have returned their investment, and it is widely felt that successful Canadian film production is

dependent not only upon a large foreign market but also upon American collaboration. It must be recognized that the makers of these films were nearly all inexperienced. Most notably they lacked the valuable distribution contacts and arrangements, so difficult for all newcomers to the industry to make, which would give them a better credit position and valuable advice on their market. But the need for support from a foreign market is unquestionable, since Canada's population of twelve and a half mil-

TABLE 1

DATA ON CANADIAN MOTION PICTURE THEATERS

Province	1930		1941	
	Number of theaters	Receipts (dollars)	Number of theaters	Receipts (dollars)
Prince Edward Is.	5	188,300	6	141,317
Nova Scotia	56	1,814,500	61	2,195,599
New Brunswick	39	1,093,400	39	1,102,265
Quebec	146	8,046,600	202	8,047,022
Ontario	323	15,806,700	410	18,757,372
Manatoba	73	2,712,800	111	2,475,949
Saskatchewan	104	1,977,300	145	1,673,313
Alberta	85	2,323,700	144	2,257,115
British Columbia	76	4,166,800	122	4,145,945
Canada, totals	907	38,130,100	11,244	40,795,897

Province	1946			1947		
	Number of theaters	Receipts (dollars)	Number of paid admissions	Number of theaters	Receipts (dollars)	Number of paid admissions
Prince Edward Is.	10	223,804	827,387	14	255,835	
Nova Scotia	71	2,953,633	12,382,913	79	2,666,189	
New Brunswick	44	1,758,866	7,341,407	59	1,773,904	
Quebec	250	12,732,391	47,133,384	319	13,919,917	
Ontario	420	25,684,210	96,996,280	472	26,483,044	
Manitoba	137	3,433,687	14,152,362	146	3,526,223	
Saskatchewan	240	2,889,343	10,639,915	254	2,890,727	
Alberta	156	3,626,140	13,317,734	178	3,707,668	
British Columbia	149	6,586,898	24,747,416	172	7,055,066	
Canada, totals	1,477	59,888,972	227,538,798	1,693	62,278,573	220,714,785

SOURCES: *The Canada Yearbook, 1948–49*, p. 824, and *Motion Picture Theatres, Exhibitors and Distributors in Canada*, 1946, Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa. Figures for receipts are exclusive of amusement taxes, and legitimate theaters and itinerant operators are not included in the number of theaters.

lions cannot support the total cost of production of even the greatest box-office success. The most successful Hollywood products earn gross rental revenues of only $200,000, whereas average feature productions gross as little as $25,000.[4] Without any foreign income, therefore, productions of high artistic excellence and earning power would not be a sound investment unless they cost less than $100,000 to produce. This is not a very low budget in relation to the Canadian wage level, and is not high even by Italian standards.

Statistics available to the author, although not of the most recent date, provide a fairly clear picture of the size of the Canadian market, which has been expanding fairly rapidly in value terms, though it still remains relatively small. Expenditure per capita on motion picture entertainment increased from just over $3.00 in 1938 to $5.01 in 1942, to $5.77 in 1945, and to $6.15 in 1946,[5] and has thus doubled over the war years. This does not take into account increases in admission prices, however. Theaters have also increased in number, from 907 in 1930 to 1,693 in 1947, as is shown in table 1. The total of 18,351 theaters in operation in the United States for 1948 may be compared with an estimate of 1,725 theaters in Canada for the same year, a difference which is roughly equivalent to the proportionate difference in the population of the two countries.[6] As only 37.6 per cent of the capacity of Canadian theaters was used during 1946, which was a prosperous year, it may be suspected that there is a possible tendency toward over-investment, especially when it is observed in table 1 that receipts increased by nearly 47 per cent between 1941 and 1946, an average increase of 9.4 per cent per annum, whereas the rate of increase dropped to 4 per cent between 1946 and 1947.

With regard to the alleged need for United States collaboration to ensure the successful development of Canadian film production

[4] Quoted from H. C. Plummer in "Canadian Business" in the Royal Bank of Canada *Monthly Letter,* Montreal, February, 1948.

[5] These figures are from the same source as table 1.

[6] Motion Picture Association of America, *Motion Picture Theaters in the United States, 1948.*

in line with exhibition expansion, it may be observed that American investment already undertaken in Canada amounts to one-third of Canada's industrial capital and appears to have been a very significant factor in the economic growth of the country, while the role of British capital in the Dominion has been less spectacular, particularly in modern times. The only conceivable form of British investment which can be made in any quantity in Canada for some time to come is that along the lines of the loans already made to British investors by the Ontario government, against (inconvertible) pound sterling collateral deposited to the account of the Ontario government in London, England, for the purpose of financing the development of British industries in Ontario. This may be augmented by leaving a fraction of British dollar earnings behind in Canada for investment purposes. The two main theater chains in Canada, Odeon and Famous Players, are British-owned and American-owned, respectively. While Mr. Rank, the chief British investor in motion pictures in Canada, is in a position to offer extensive markets to Canadian-produced pictures throughout the British Commonwealth, prospective Canadian producers and investors who have approached Mr. Rank's representative in Toronto have not elicited any interest from the Rank organization in the development of studios in Canada. The interest taken by American organizations is described below. Interested Canadian investors, realizing the importance of an assured foreign market such as that enjoyed until now by the American industry, appear quite ready to match any funds put up by Hollywood producers, but are not prepared to finance the whole of any continuous production project without this assistance.

Finally, a conceivable alternative to American investment is subsidization by the Canadian government in addition to the substantial support to motion picture production which it already gives through its own agency, the National Film Board.

To date, the greater part of indigenous Canadian production

work has been done in eastern Canada, and most of Hollywood's location work in western Canada. The two established production units possessing studios in eastern Canada are Quebec Productions Corporation in St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, and Renaissance Films of Montreal. Paul L'Anglais of Quebec Productions has produced Canada's most successful film so far, both in English (*Whispering City*) and in French (*La Forteresse*), which had its première on January 21, 1948. These studios have completed another full-length feature more recently, *Un homme et son péché,* and have produced two features in 1949, while Renaissance Films have produced *Le Père Chopin* and another feature last year. Another picture made since the war is *Bush Pilot,* produced by Geoffrey Wood of Dominion Productions, Toronto, while Burt Kelly's *King's Plate* was also made in Toronto. Also, Selkirk Productions began work on a feature during 1949. In addition to short subjects by the National Film Board and Associated Screen News designed to attract tourists, those produced by Crawley, Shelly, Holmes, Trans-Canada, and others, are quite successful in the United States market. Most outstanding was Crawley's prize-winning *The Loon's Necklace.*

Generally speaking, the only conceivable advantages of film production in eastern Canada at present are the proximity to Canada's centers of population, finance, and labor supply, the actual existence of studios, and the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, which is the prime mover of production activity in Quebec and a potential source of subsidization for the production of religiously oriented topics. The Church in Quebec desires to counteract the influence of many of the films imported into that Province, and recognizes the potency of the medium as an instrument of propaganda. Moreover, according to the Rev. A. Vachet, head of Renaissance Film Distribution, Inc., Canada has one of the world's best settings for the creation of a large-scale film industry, for it is a country where material for genuinely stirring adventure, animal, forest, and sea stories abounds, full of romance

and historical interest.[7] Many producers outside the Church also hold this view, and believe that a Canadian picture industry can only flourish if films with distinctively Canadian characteristics are produced, not only with respect to the subject, philosophy, and background of the plot, but also, for example, by different photography, or a new concept in editing, or perhaps a new tempo in production.

The suitable settings are most abundant in western Canada, as has been appreciated by Hollywood companies on location in Canada. The views of Bing Crosby in the Austrian Tyrol (*Emperor Waltz*) were views of Jasper National Park in actual fact. Location work on *Canadian Pacific* (the story of the great railroad of that name) featuring Randolph Scott was undertaken in British Columbia and Alberta in 1949. Location work has been done from time to time in Vancouver—where a few scenes in connection with a "dope plot" have just been taken by a Hollywood crew—and in Victoria, where several scenes in *Lassie Come Home* were taken. Mr. Lew Parry in Vancouver, who has produced short subjects for several years, states in a brief favoring Canadian film production that "analysis by many experts shows that the south end of Vancouver Island is the best place in Canada for year-round production. This location is out of the frost belts, has plenty of power, is suitably located for the acquisition of stars from Hollywood and extras from major cities of the West, is on the sea coast where sea pictures can be produced readily, and is only a few hours away from some of the most spectacular scenery in the country. Desert country is not too far away and natural English settings are to be found in the immediate vicinity of Victoria. Canadian people can be trained to a form of speech acceptable both in England and in America. Lumber and other building materials are readily available in this area. . . . There are enough part-time employees in the major cities to provide for itinerant help required in production. Living conditions are perhaps better than in any other

[7] Quoted in Royal Bank of Canada, *op. cit.*

place in Canada, when considered all the year round."[8] He goes on to point out that it would be easy to attract personnel from Hollywood and England, since the area has many diversions including excellent hunting, fishing, and sailing. Equipment is becoming readily available, and the government might be persuaded to allow supplies to enter at a preferential rate of duty, as a measure of encouragement to the young industry. It may be noted that there is at present a demand in western Canada for trailer services and release printing facilities, while more 35-mm. films could also be developed in the region; there is a demand for commercial and educational films in the 16-mm. field, and one local company in Vancouver is projecting these films to audiences of 15,000 in aggregate each month. Production of the latter kind adds support to the finances of an operating studio attempting to build up a regular flow of business.

The Dunsmuir family, pioneers who discovered and developed coal on Vancouver Island, made *Crimson Paradise* on the island, and for many years there has been discussion of the need for a studio there. Hitherto "The Willows," a race track and horse-show building, has been used, but this is now being removed. However, since the war a group of leading businessmen in Vancouver and Victoria have formed the Pacific Film Corporation to develop film production in British Columbia, not only for the sake of any return which such investment may bring but also because of their general desire to introduce and assist all factors contributing to the growth of their province. This group expended $30,000 in exploratory investigations, gathering information in Ottawa, New York, and Hollywood. The original plan had been to finance all aspects of motion picture production, and Mr. Cecil Maiden of Montreal, a successful novelist and script writer, was enthusiastic about the Island's potentialities and anxious to write plots suited to the area.

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[8] A copy of this brief was supplied to the author by Mr. Lew Parry, who is managing producer of Lew Parry Productions, 445 West Second Avenue, Vancouver, Canada, and who has kindly supplied much helpful information.

A number of obstacles were encountered, however. The studios in eastern Canada, and the representatives of the Canadian and foreign theater circuits, were discouraging in their attitude, and it seemed that the bulk of any earnings on a feature produced independently in British Columbia would not be fully received by the producers for perhaps two years or more. The Pacific Film Corporation had adequate resources for the production of one full-length feature only, and it was clear that a viable production unit would need to produce at least one feature each year, without having to await the returns on the initial picture. The question therefore arose of the possibility of assistance from the Canadian government, and the plans of the Pacific Film Corporation aroused considerable interest in Ottawa and evoked a statement from Reconstruction Minister C. D. Howe favoring the development of motion picture production in western Canada. Representatives of the corporation were left with the impression that the Dominion government would match their investment so long as this amount would be large enough to launch a regular production program which might lessen the flow of scarce dollars out of the Dominion to Hollywood. It was estimated that a bare minimum of $2,000,000 was required for this purpose.[9]

There was good reason to expect the assistance of the Canadian government. Some $12,000,000 annually of Canadian film revenues flow to the United States, and Canadian holdings of American dollars were dwindling rapidly until the imposition of trade restrictions toward the end of 1947. Moreover, concern has been felt in Canada because, while the Dominion pays millions of dollars each year for entertainment and educational imports such as films and books, many of its most talented citizens are induced to leave the country for larger rewards in the United States and elsewhere. With regard to the motion picture industry, for instance, it is pointed out that Walter Pidgeon, Deanna Durbin,

[9] All information on the Pacific Film Corporation was kindly supplied by Mr. Dennis Hagar, of Hagar and Swayne Investments Ltd., Victoria, financial agents for the corporation.

Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer and her brother Douglas Shearer, Yvonne de Carlo, Alexis Smith, and Louis B. Mayer himself, were all Canadians whose abilities might have been retained to build up Canadian studios if only the incentive and opportunity had been greater. Thus it is argued: "Canada sends abroad the products of her soil, her forests and her minerals, much of this in the raw state. How much better it would be to subsidize the art of this country and keep our genius and our raw products at home."

However, realizing the danger that a curb might be placed on the withdrawal of Hollywood's Canadian revenues, and that motion picture production might be encouraged in Canada, the Motion Picture Association of America approached the Canadian government with the suggestion that outflows of Canadian film revenues could be offset with more frequent and extensive location work by Hollywood companies in Canada. This suggestion led to what has been called the "Hollywood Pact," and resulted in the establishment by the MPAA of the Canadian Coöperation Project. Apparently it also stifled any further consideration of government-aided studio development in western Canada. The Pacific Film Corporation discarded the initial plan of actually producing films and turned to consider the more modest objective of constructing studios and all other facilities necessary to enable companies jointly financed by American and Canadian capital to produce features in Victoria. The corporation estimates that an investment in studios and other basic equipment would be sound so long as at least one feature is produced each year in Victoria, and since large numbers of Canadian investors are prepared to invest their funds in production projects developed in collaboration with Hollywood, it now remains only for interested persons in Hollywood to make the next move with sufficient firmness to encourage the Pacific Film Corporation to proceed with the construction of studios. Several leading members of the Hollywood talent groups have already indicated their willingness to join a seriously organized production project in western Canada in the

belief that conditions in the region are eminently suitable, while a few independent Hollywood producers have taken sufficient interest to negotiate with the Pacific Film Corporation.

The Canadian Coöperation Project was organized by the Motion Picture Association of America in the spring of 1948. Mr. J. J. Fitzgibbons, president of Famous Players Canadian Corporation and wartime chairman of all motion picture activities in Canada, promised Mr. Howe, Mr. Abbott (Minister of Finance), and Mr. Donald Gordon, of the Canadian government, that members of the Motion Picture Association of America would attempt (i) to increase the number of newsreel subjects concerning Canada; (ii) to increase the number of short subjects about Canada; (iii) to explain Canada's present economic situation to the American public; (iv) to increase the flow of tourists to Canada; and (v) to include Canadian sequences in their current feature pictures whenever possible.[10]

Canada's annual dollar earnings from American tourists ($241,000,000 in 1947, $270,000,000 in 1948, and $280,000,000 in 1949) are second only to the dollar receipts of Canadian newsprint exported to the United States, and it was hoped that, by encouraging further American tourist expenditure and expenditure by location film units, Canada might be dissuaded from restricting either the import of American films or the withdrawal of American dollars in payment of the rentals. To this end, the MPAA made an appropriation to finance the Canadian Coöperation Project, and appointed Mr. Blake Owensmith, a former lieutenant-colonel in the Canadian artillery, as a liaison at the MPAA's Hollywood office, and placed the offices in Washington and New York on an active basis in this campaign. The MacLaren Advertising Company of Toronto, which has had the experience of business with Hollywood in connection with war work, was made the liaison for the project in Canada. In this capacity the MacLaren Company supplies information to Hollywood pro-

[10] The text of this agreement was supplied by the MacLaren Advertising Company, Vancouver, Canada.

ducers concerning locations, story ideas, unusual events, and so on, in Canada. It eases the problem of bringing production crews, stars, and technicians across the border into Canada by expediting customs and immigration passage. Under an agreement with government officials, the whole production unit would be allowed to enter Canada without delay at the border crossing point selected by the Hollywood producer on condition that the Customs and Immigration Service is supplied with all necessary information by MacLaren. Arrangements are made in advance by MacLaren's branch offices for such facilities as housing, automobile, and truck transportation required by location units, and all public relations matters, information on weather and local labor situations and supplies, and the like, are handled by the Company. MacLaren has so far reviewed forty-five Canadian stories suitable for filming, suggested twenty Canadian short subjects that could be filmed by Hollywood, prepared a report concerning relevant information on all the provinces, and provided a detailed map of British Columbia accompanied by photographs of each district so that Hollywood producers can be immediately aware of the scenery available.

At the end of 1948 a review in the *New York Times* of the success of the project stated that Canadians were generally disappointed with the lack of any stimulation of their own film production, but that the Canadian government liaison was prepared to attribute much of the 10 per cent increase in tourist expenditure in Canada to the 10 tourist films on Canada made by Hollywood and the 99 film items of Canadian interest (including 85 newsreel clips, 12 short subjects, and 2 features) which Hollywood had produced since the inception of the agreement between Mr. Fitzgibbons and the government.[11]

Experience during 1949 has been much more encouraging, as is revealed in the annual report of the Canadian film liaison

[11] *New York Times,* December, 1948, "Canada Examines Hollywood Pact," by Charles J. Lazarus. Mr. Archibald Newman is the Canadian government liaison officer for the Canadian Coöperation Project.

officer.[12] The exhibition of film items on Canada reached a United States audience of 1,180,000,000 at all showings during the year, as compared with 743,000,000 audience impressions in 1948, and this has probably contributed importantly to the growth in earnings from tourism, which in 1949 brought Canada a 40 per cent share of total expenditure by American travelers abroad.[13] Newsclips concerning Canada rose to 125, short subjects to 18, and in 13 full-length theatrical features 7 employed Canadian backgrounds and the remaining 6 provided oblique publicity for Canada.

It is probable that the policy of the Motion Picture Association of America is to continue whatever location work is possible in Canada, while avoiding any stimulation of the embryonic Canadian industry, and it may be concluded that the development of Canadian motion picture production depends jointly upon the possibility that independent producers in Hollywood may invest in production in western Canada and the possibility that the Canadian government may reopen the question of subsidizing film production at home, either as part of the general program of economic development or through lack of a solution for the foreign exchange problem, even with the tourist trade to which the Canadian Coöperation Project contributes. At present, exchange restrictions are envisaged for at least two years, and the nationally important question of attracting Canadian talent to stay at home has not been met.

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[12] *Canadian Coöperation Project,* annual report for calendar year 1949 from Archibald H. Newman, Film Liaison Officer, Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa.

[13] "American Expenditures for Foreign Travel in 1949," in *Survey of Current Business,* March, 1950, Office of Business Economics, U. S. Department of Commerce.

A Bibliography for the Quarter

Book Editor, FRANKLIN FEARING

BOOKS

KENNETH BURKE should be the first to recognize the importance of classification as a form of ritualistic naming. But Burke himself is difficult to classify. He may be regarded as a leading contributor to the theory and method of modern literary criticism: note the extended treatment given him by Stanley Edgar Hyman in *The Armed Vision* (Knopf, 1948). His *Permanence and Change* (1935) and *Attitudes towards History* (1937) certainly belong on the reading list of the contemporary social psychologist, and these together with the *Philosophy of Literary Form* (1941) would justify the term aesthetician. All these, and especially his two most recent volumes, also establish him firmly as one of the two or three most important theoreticians in the field of human communications in the present century. *Grammar of Motives* (Prentice-Hall, 1945) and *Rhetoric of Motives* (Prentice-Hall, 1950) are major contributions to our understanding of all that underlies the use of symbols in human relations. A third volume is projected to complete the trilogy, presumably to be called *Symbolic of Motives.* The *Rhetoric* is concerned with the subject in the classical sense, that is, with all the techniques of moving man to action. The special genius which Burke has for the subtle elaboration of theme, for exciting and unexpected integrations with other themes, for the revealing paradox, the deadly parallel, makes this book at the same time a work on the social psychology of propaganda, of education, and even on human social and political organization. "Rhetoric," he says, "is rooted in an essential function of language itself, a function that is wholly realistic, and is continually born anew; the use of language as a symbolic means of inducing coöperation in beings that by nature respond to symbols." The author explores all the ramifications and implications of this thesis, and

the result leads him across all the traditional boundaries of departmentalized knowledge. These are no mere meanderings of a whimsical scholar. There is some passion and an integrity of social purpose in all of Burke's work. We must remember that in *Permanence and Change* he notes the importance of cultivating the "arts of translation and inducement" especially for the "propounder of new meanings," but that there is "no place for forgetting that men build their cultures by huddling together, nervously loquacious, at the edge of an abyss."

In *Movies: A Psychological Study* (The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois, 1950) Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites are concerned with the same problem and utilize essentially the same method as that of Siegfried Kracauer in *From Caligari to Hitler*. The problem is concerned with the relations between the content of films and existing patterns of culture. The method consists in the analysis of the manifest content of films for the purpose of detecting recurrent or typical themes. The assumption is that in these themes will be found reflections of the daydreams, and conscious and unconscious wishes, of the mass audience, and that somehow the producers have tapped this reservoir of material. Kracauer examined the films produced in Germany for the ten-year period prior to the rise of Hitler to determine what they revealed about the conscious and unconscious forces within the German mentality which were premonitory of Nazism. Wolfenstein and Leites have studied American "A" films and especially melodramas released in New York City between 1946 and 1948, and a group of contemporary British and French releases. They were interested in how these films treated such human relationships as those between lovers and loved ones, parents and children, killers and victims, and between onlookers (the more or less innocent bystanders) and protagonists. Comparisons were made of the American, British, and French treatments of these relationships. The results make fascinating reading. The method is impressionistic rather than rigorous, and hence the interpretations rest

heavily on the psychological insights and sensitivity to cultural values of the authors. In these matters the present authors are competent; their insights are penetrating and their interpretations shrewd. So far as they go, the results are suggestive and probably valid. The present reviewer's cavil is with the underlying assumption, namely, that films as a mass medium of communication are primarily purveyors of mass daydreams. This is a very popular conception, especially in Hollywood, where in certain intellectual circles it seems not only plausible, but comforting. The daydream theory undoubtedly accounts for a lot of existing film facts and films. There are large areas of film research, as yet untouched, which should provide the data for the crucial test of this theory. In the meantime *Movies: A Psychological Study* is recommended reading.

The Film: Its Economic, Social, and Artistic Problems (The Falcon Press, Ltd., 7 Crown Passage, Pall Mall, London S.W. 1, 1948) was originally published in German by the Holbein Publishing Company Ltd., Basle, Switzerland, in 1947. The authors are Georg Schmidt, Werner Schmalenbach, and Peter Bächlin. The typographic design of the plates was prepared by Hermann Eidenbenz. The present English translation is by Hugo Weber and Roger Manvell. The book is based on material shown during the first Basle Film Week in 1943, in the Gewerbemuseum in Berne in 1944, in the Kunstgewerbemuseum in Zurich in 1945, at the Film Festival in Brussels in 1947, and in Amsterdam in 1948. The material is presented diagrammatically and pictorially, with a minimum of text. After the Introduction, which is concerned with the characteristics of film as compared with the theater and painting, there are sections on Financing, Artistic Production, which includes the scenario, film direction, film acting, animation, and montage, Distribution and Exhibition, and the Film-Goer. The intent is to show the contemporary fiction film in cross section rather than in terms of its historical development. There are more than 160 illustrations consisting of stills from films.

Motion Pictures as a Medium of Instruction and Communication: An Experimental Analysis of the Effects of Two Films is the title of a monograph by Franklin Fearing published in the University of California Publications in Culture and Society (University of California Press, 1950). It is a study of the effects of two educational films as determined by especially constructed psychological tests. The subject of one of the films, *Three Cadets,* was venereal disease prophylaxis, and the other, *Malaria Discipline,* malaria prevention. The films were produced by the First Motion Picture Unit, Army Air Forces, in July, 1944.

JOURNALS

The second issue of the new *Educational Theater Journal* continues to carry reports of investigations important to the professional theater worker. Included in this issue are the proceedings of the fourth annual children's theater and a short study on the teaching of stage movement and dance. There are also two scholarly articles, one on George Bernard Shaw's views of the actor Barry Sullivan and the other on Aristotle's study of tragedy. Horace W. Robinson's sober "Approach to Theater Planning" may stimulate some reactions from the more radical-thinking members of the architectural profession. "The theatre," he believes, "is designed not from the backstage out into the auditorium, but from the individual seat in the auditorium forward to the stage and then to the backstage area."

The current issue of *Biografbladet* (Inedalsgatan 23, Stockholm, Sweden) is an international number with articles in Swedish and English. "Impressions of the Swedish Cinema," by Forsyth Hardy, an article on Swedish films shown in England, and "A Decade of Swedish Films," by Hugo Wortzelius, are in English. Among the articles in Swedish are "Modern Music and Films," "From Shorts to Features" (Arne Sucksdorff), "Shake-up in Imagery" (Alf Sjöberg), "The Austrian Cinema Today" (Bengt Rösiö), "Citizen Kane" (Nils-Peter Eckerbom), and "Film Prob-

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lems in Small Countries" (Bengt Rösiö). There are concise English summaries for all the articles in Swedish. Henning Österberg is the editor.

The Association of Documentary and Television Film Cameramen of 1600 Broadway, New York 19, New York, has issued in mimeographed form a list of its membership. The address, telephone number, production credits, and other professional information are given for each member. Wage scales and a digest of working rules sufficient for budget estimation are also included.

The recently established *Filmkunst* (Strozzigasse 8, Wien VIII), which was suspended because of publication difficulties, has reappeared. Number 2 has been published, and Number 3 is to appear shortly. In Number 3 are articles by Helmut Kanter on the international advances in films, by G. J. Stranfeld on the religious period film, and an analysis of Orson Welles's *Citizen Kane* by Nils P. Eckerbom. John H. Winge contributes a report on the New York Kinemathek.

We continue to be impressed with the format and extraordinary coverage of the Catholic film quarterly, *International Film Review* (International Catholic Cinema Office, 12 rue de l'Orme, Bruxelles 4, Belgium), four issues of which are now before us. Titles of randomly selected articles are "Realism and Irrealism in the Cinema," "French Pioneers of a Catholic Cinema," "Can the Film Save Humanity?" "The Films and a Christian Order," "A Shaper of Morals Who Is Unaware of His Power: The Distributor," "Filmology and Child Psychology," and "The Technical Equipment of the Italian Cinema." There are reviews of new techniques, book reviews, and reviews of new films. A featured section of each issue, entitled "Catholic Enterprises," includes articles on such diverse topics as the union of Catholic publicists in Brazil, the Paulist Fathers in Japan, the pontifical commission for didactic and religious films, and an organization known as "The Christophers" in Hollywood. The *Review* is edited in English, French, and Spanish.

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE EDITORS announce with regret the resignation of Sylvia Jarrico. Beginning with this issue, Joan Macgowan Faxon will replace her as Managing Editor.

Robert Katz, author of "Projecting America through Films" which appeared in Volume IV, Number 3, has asked that mention be made of the fact that the film *Princeton,* referred to in his article, should be credited jointly to Affiliated Film Producers and the International Film Foundation.