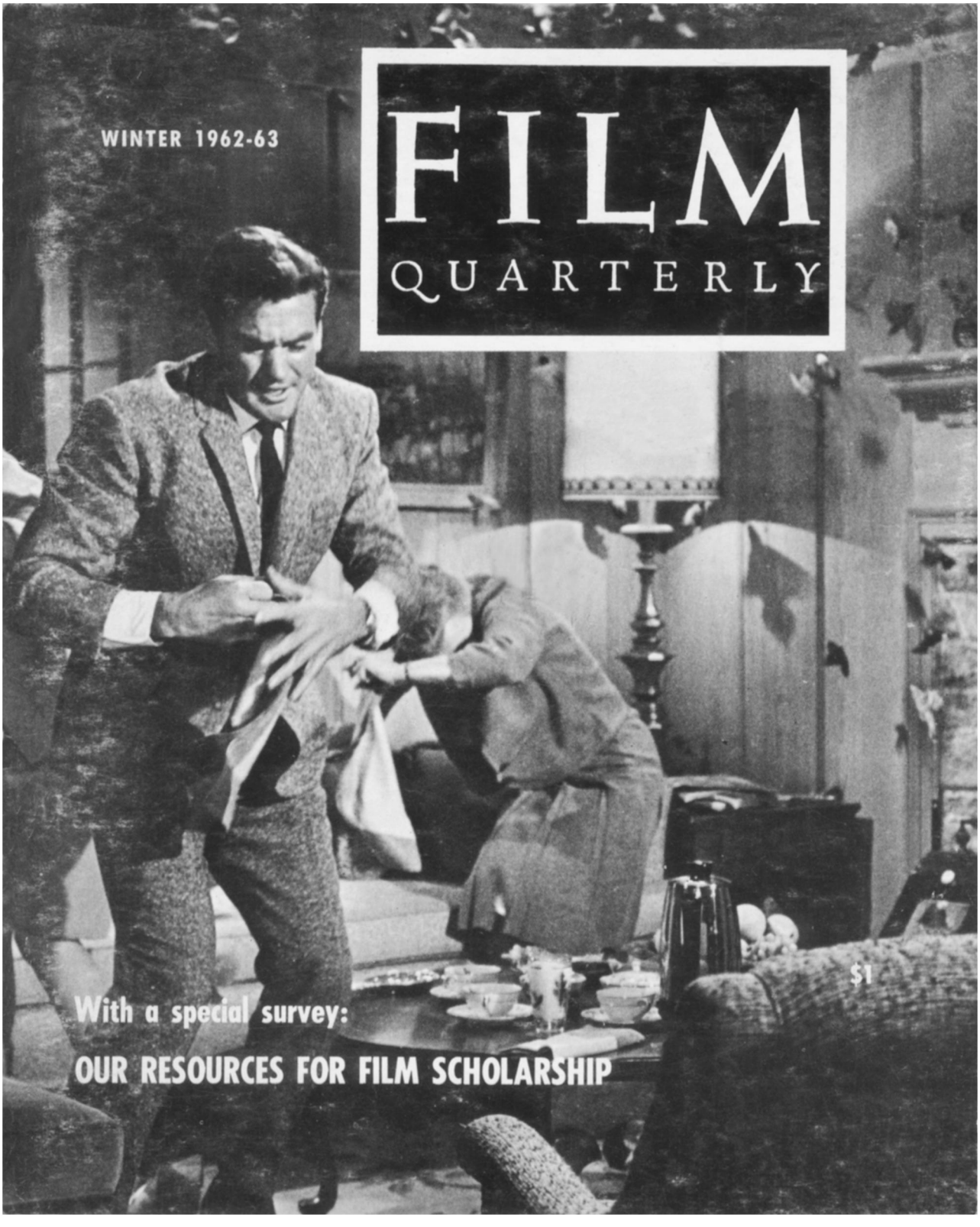
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FILM QUARTERLY

VOL. XVI, No. 2—WINTER 1962-63

THE COVER: From Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds.*

FILM QUARTERLY is published by the University of California Press, Berkeley 4, California. $1.00 per copy, $4.00 per year. Editor: ERNEST CALLENBACH. Assistant to the Editor: MARIGAY PELTO. Los Angeles Editor: COLIN YOUNG. New York Editors: ROBERT HUGHES and WILLIAM BERNHARDT. London Editor: DAVID STEWART HULL. Paris Editor: CYNTHIA GRENIER. Rome Editor: LETIZIA CIOTTI MILLER. Montevideo Editor: MARIO TRAJTENBERG. Advisory Editorial Board: ANDRIES DEINUM, AUGUST FRUGE, HUGH GRAY, ALBERT JOHNSON, PAUL JORGENSEN. Views expressed in signed articles are those of the authors. Indexed in *International Index to Periodicals.* Published quarterly. Second-class postage paid at Berkeley, California, and at additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A.

Editor's Notebook

It is customary to begin talking about film scholarship by explaining why it is not very good, and the reasons are in their way interesting. It seems more worthwhile, however, to attempt to see how it can get better; and the special features in this issue have been compiled as a contribution in this direction. There is much to be done:

It is time for serious film students to begin holding themselves to the same standards of documentation and evidence which prevail in other scholarly endeavors. We need more books like *The Edison Motion Picture Myth,* which explores every available piece of archival material in an attempt to assess the Edison-Dickson relationship; we need more like *The Movies in the Age of Innocence,* which carefully recounts and evaluates the movie experience of its author's youth; more like *Kino,* which draws together an immense mass of material into a documented record. On such foundations we will have better criticism; for to talk of art and style we must also talk of history and theory.

It is time for our museums to make a concerted effort to solve their perennial problems of financing; for upon their success in saving films, and making them accessible, all serious study depends.

It is time for private collectors to lay plans whereby their films may become, by bequest or earlier, part of the public wealth in museums or other responsible institutions.

It is time for scholars in sociology, anthropology, psychology, economics, law, literature, to realize that the social and aesthetic problems raised by the motion picture are central to the understanding of modern man, and that rich resources exist wherein studies of these may be conducted.

It is time for the foundations to support the work of those scholars who are attempting to outgrow the academic handicaps of the field.

It is time for the universities to regard films as more than a convenient fund-raising device for the support of less popular arts, and to organize film research and teaching programs with the same kind of devotion they bring to nuclear physics, plant-breeding, or even the study of Middle English.

It is time for the Congress to augment the shamefully tiny budget for the Library of Congress film collection, so that it can be maintained, augmented, and serviced in a manner befitting an important national archive.

These are some of the tasks confronting us if our film scholarship is to thrive; and there are other problems of organization which stem from them, or ought to. If some of them, at least, can be solved, we may begin to get the good scholars we need.

TEACHING/SCHOLARSHIP

Fine teaching is impossible without solid scholarship; and scholarship is probably unfeasible on any broad scale without support from teaching activity. However, we have reluctantly separated the two, and will deal with film teaching in our next issue; this will feature a guide to the various university-level study programs in the United States.

In his article "Waiting Jobs," Jay Leyda sketches some areas he believes are ripe for attack. We add below further projects which seem feasible for graduate students or young scholars, to show that there is exciting work to be done.

SOME POSSIBLE RESEARCH PROJECTS IN FILM

The French Cinema, 1930-1940. A study of the rise from a state of chaos and artless commercialism to the position of perhaps the leading film industry of the world – what economic, political, social, and artistic factors were at work. Should be based on a thorough knowledge of French culture generally, plus intensive reading of film criticism and trade sources, plus interviews with leading figures still alive (most of them

[continued on page 62]

public, of original, pioneering work in all fields was grudging and over-cautious. But now it seems to me the opposite is true and almost anything that has the slightest pretensions to being "serious" is given A for effort and one is considered immoral and not a good fellow if one points out that a movie can be both serious and a mess. What we need is more birth-control in every branch of art; the young should be discouraged on principle, since most of them are as ungifted as their elders have proved to be; in fact, I really think critics should judge the art film by the same standards they judge the Hollywood film; at least that's what I try to do.

On your last point: I did promise Amos to run his reply and I will. It has been delayed by two factors not in my control: (1) it takes over two months for my column to get into print, hence the earliest issue the reply could have made was the July one; (2) but it will not even be in July since *Esquire,* like other magazines, shrinks in the summer months because ads fall off and my column had to be cut in half and I *did* want to say a few things myself; I hope to wedge the reply into August, another slim issue. But it will appear, since I not only think it a moral obligation to give the other side a chance to reply but also I enjoy polemics. I might add that I should have preferred Amos sending his letter in to the regular *Esquire* letters column (because then I should not have had to give a precious 500 words in my column to it—I always seem to have much more to say than will fit into even the generous space the editors give me) but he decided, I think rightly, not to gamble on its being printed there. The reply *will* appear, and I hope you won't be distressed if I permit myself a few lines of what you call "ridicule" and what I call "argument."—DWIGHT MACDONALD

[It did, and we won't: I personally prefer Dwight Macdonald's polemics to the would-be parodies of *Marienbad* and other fillers which worm their way into his space from time to time. The argument about Cinema 16 remains a troublesome one, however. Cinema 16 certainly makes incautious plugs for films which do not live up to their billing; it, and all our serious exhibitors, ought to remember that one may show a film without proclaiming it a masterpiece—there are even some pretty bad movies which warrant seeing for one reason or another, some of which have to do with their artistic qualities but some not. Macdonald's criticism of movies seen at Cinema 16, good or bad, has been inspiriting and sound; what seemed unfair was his blanket condemnation of an organization which has brought to the New York public a great many interesting pictures that would otherwise have been left in oblivion.—E.C.]

Editor's Notebook *[continued from page 2]*

are): financiers, distributors, directors, writers, actors. No such intensive study of an industry over a short time period of intense change has ever been done; would make a publishable book if at all decently done.

Practical Criticism — Films Division. Run a series of varied films for students (and perhaps for a wider sample if possible) and tape their comments; then analyze these to see what is perceived and what is thought about. The study should be cross-compared with quotations from practicing critics after the above is done —using a wide spectrum of critics. Book.

The Craft of Film — a work parallel to Lubbock's *The Craft of Fiction,* either in Lubbock's manner (a study of fundamental artistic strategies in the work of one author, James) or by analysis of a number of first-rate films. Should deal with the challenge to ordinary cinematic point-of-view represented by *Connection, Chronique d'un Ete, Marienbad;* with the freakish "subjective camera" films; and with questions of point-of-view raised by such films at *L'Avventura.*

Popular Taste and Unpopular Taste. An intensive psychological study of the operations of taste or pretended taste among the intelligentsia and among the ordinary film audience. Materials drawn from intensive interview-conversations. "High" tastes vs. "low" tastes; faddishness; reactions to films as signs of status (liking the "better" things, being "in"). Psychological components of critical sets of mind: "super-ego" criticism (as in S&S — this part of study could deal with printed remarks) vs. "id" criticism, etc. Should include some attention to other forms—probably novels are most relevant.

Private Uses of Film. A survey of the nonpublic, non-

business uses of film: for scientific research, for private creation or enjoyment (amateur and quasi-amateur work); relation of such uses to the probable explosion of 8mm distribution machinery; a serious investigation of the social parallels between the camera and the printing press, with plenty of attention to their differences.

What Happened to Documentary? A history of the documentary film since World War II. The experiences of the various national film units in Canada, India, Australia, etc. Private initiative for documentary films (such as it is). The financial situation in continental countries with subsidy systems, and the relation of these to feature production. Stylistic trends in documentary: Schlesinger, Leacock, Candid Eye, etc. A monograph or short paperbound book.

The News

For a long time we have been aware that there is a need for an American film newsletter that would circulate among film-makers, film societies, film teachers, and film critics, presenting straight news as quickly as possible, in a modest format. At last a plan to accomplish this has been set in motion, through the Canyon Cinema group in Berkeley, and a first issue should have been printed by the time this *FQ* appears. The Canyon Cinema News will be composed of items about production projects, submitted by film-makers and distributors; about newly available films, with sources and prices given; about film series, courses, seminars, festivals, and other events; about special projects such as the American Film Institute and related activities; about museums, archives, and libraries. All interested parties are urged to: (1) Subscribe, at $2.00 for one year (publication will be monthly); and (2) send news items, typed on 3x5 cards and succinct as possible, to 2185 Acton Street, Berkeley 2, California. A few sample copies of the first issue may still be available, but the News is designed to be a self-supporting service operation and will have no gratis list, no exchanges. It has no official connection with *FQ*, but we are giving all possible advice and coöperation.

1962 Festivals

The dilemmas of a quarterly primarily devoted

to criticism rather than news, in handling the several major and numerous minor festivals, are many. In the beginning we attempted to give thumbnail accounts of the major ones, together with substantial reviews of the best films presented. Last year we summarized very briefly those held at Cannes, Venice, Berlin, Vancouver, San Francisco — though interesting things happened also at Moscow, Tours, Annecy, Edinburgh, Montreal, and doubtless a dozen others. This year, under the unusual pressure of space in our special issue on Antonioni and the present issue's features on film scholarship, we have decided to summarize the two main festivals more briefly still and reserve our space for the critical articles and reviews which are our major concern. Readers who wish fuller accounts of the festivals will mostly have seen them already in *Sight & Sound, Films and Filming,* or other journals.

Cannes. (Based on reports by Richard Grenier.) Many great names (Buñuel, Bresson, Antonioni, Visconti) and some new ones. Anselmo Duarte of Brazil won the Palme d'Or with *O Pagador de Promessas* (The Vow), about a peasant who comes into conflict with the church as he tries to fulfill a religious vow. An American, James Blue, made the first film on the Algerian War to have been seen on French screens: *Les Oliviers de la Justice.* Lumet's *Long Day's Journey into Night* was well received, and its cast, like that of *Taste of Honey,* jointly honored by the jury. Satyajit Ray was represented by *Devi* (The Goddess); Luis Berlanga by *Placido,* a dark satire on Charity; Michael Cacoyannis by *Electra,* a careful transposition of the Euripides. Antonioni's *L'Eclisse* and Bresson's *Le Procés de Jeanne d'Arc* shared by the Special Jury Prize. Pietro Germi's *Divorza alla Italiana,* very popular with the festival audience, was given a special prize for Best Comedy. *Mondo Cane* is a feature-length documentary running to facile cynicism and bogus anthropology. The Soviets contributed *When the Trees Were Big,* described by Mikhail Romm as "for adults with the pure hearts of children"; the U.S. countered with *Advise and Consent,* which is no doubt for children with the evil hearts of adults.

Venice. (Based on reports by Colin Young.) *Smog,* Franco Rossi's film about emigrés in Los Angeles, does not find a suitable style. In the competition for the Opera Prima (first film) prize, the Argentine *Los Inundados,* about a community of vagabonds who get flooded in an election year, tied with the American *David and Lisa.* This was directed by Frank Perry, written by his wife, and financed on a limited-partnership basis; it is a study of two disturbed adolescents. *Cleo de Cinq à Sept* (Cleo from Five to Seven) by Agnès Varda combines candid street footage with staged action very successfully. *Vivre sa Vie* of Jean-Luc Godard is an intelligent film but not successful enough to give a grand prize; it is a disjointed film, using none of the usual ingratiations, about a pretty girl (Anna Karina, Godard's wife) who needs money for the rent, falls into prostitution, and is killed. Torre Nilsson's *Homenaje à la Hora de la Siesta* (Homage at Siesta Time) is an adventure tale of a workmanlike sort. *Lolita* was very well liked, but won no prize. Witold Lesiewicz's *Kwiecien* (The Last Battle) comes close to being good but ends as just gung-ho. *Mamma Roma,* a return to operatic neorealism by Pier Paolo Pasolini, stars Anna Magnani; it was defended by the young Italian directors despite its banality. *Una Storia Milanese,* by Eriprando Visconti (Luchin's nephew) is a stylish though conventional love story set in the "economic miracle" of a newly prosperous industrial Italy. *The Childhood of Ivan* by Andrei Tarkovsky, with a virtuoso performance of the child, shared the Golden Lion with *Cronaca Familiare* by Valerio Zurlini—a teary piece with Marcello Mastroianni and Jacques Perrin. *Noz w Wodzi* (The Young Lover) won the international critics prize for Raymond Polanski; it is a brisk but subtle triangle episode. Also shown were Franju's *Therese Desqueyroux, Un Coeur Gros Comme Ça* by Francois Reichenbach—brilliant, warm, moving and perhaps the best film on view, and films from Korea, Japan, Mexico, Yugoslavia, etc.

San Francisco. Reichenbach's *L'Amérique Insolite* turns out to be a curious, if somewhat overlong, travelogue; uses surprisingly familiar materials. Brusati's *Disorder* is extremely disorderly, but with some strong patches, and occasional comedy. Karel Zeman's fanciful *Baron Munchhausen* is not deadly, but far less inventive than *The Deadly Invention. David and Lisa* has excellent performances (given awards) by Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin; it is put together, however, much in the manner of a television film, and gives less comfort to the independent-American-film supporter than one hoped. The arrival of a Russian delegation relieved everyone's political anxieties, but the films failed to relieve aesthetic ones. The jury (Lewis Milestone, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, Jiri Weiss, Mrs. K. Kawakita, and Darius Milhaud) rightly gave best-film prize to *O Pagador de Promessas*. The main revelation of the festival, as last year with *The Exiles,* lay in a nonfiction film pushing out the boundaries of the new "documentary"—*The Most,* a pitiless portrait of Hugh Hefner, publisher of *Playboy.*

CHARLES HIGHAM

Hitchcock's World

***Is Hitchcock really the master metaphysician of the screen portrayed in such works as Eric Rohmer and Claude Chabrol's* HITCHCOCK?**
We present here a vehement dissenting view.

Le cinéma, ce n'est pas une tranche de vie, mais une tranche de gateau. . . . This comment of Alfred Hitchcock's from a conversation with Jean Domarchi and Jean Douchet (*Cahiers du Cinéma,* December, 1959) crystallizes the director's attitude to the medium in which he has worked for almost 40 years. At heart, he has remained a practical joker, a cunning and sophisticated cynic amused at the French critical vogue for his work, contemptuous of the audience which he treats as the collective victim of a Pavlovian experiment, perennially fascinated by his own ability to exploit the cinema's resources. His narcissism and its concomitant coldness have damaged those films whose themes have called for warmly sympathetic treatment: *The Ring, I Confess,* and *The Wrong Man* are obvious examples of stories which, demanding humanism, have been treated wth a heartless artificiality.

Above: Hitchcock (dark suit) shooting PSYCHO.

The mechanics of creating terror and amusement in an audience are all Hitchcock properly understands. The portrayal of physical or intellectual passion is beyond him, and he has never directed a sexual encounter with the slightest perceptiveness. He either exploits his performers, or mocks them, or both—certain mannerisms are seized on and used merely to create a reliable response in the spectator. Occasional efforts to extend his range, to probe below the surface of a theme, have failed.

Hitchcock's much-discussed ability to use the revelatory personal gestures of a character is most strikingly displayed when he has a destructive comment to make. In *Rebecca,* the predatory American tourist squashes her cigarette in a tub of cold cream; in *To Catch a Thief* a similar lady thrusts her stub into the gleaming yellow eye of a fried egg; in *The Paradine Case* the English judge Lord Horfield's lecherous gaze pounces in subjective camera on a woman's white shoulder; in the party sequence of *Notorious,* someone leaves an empty whisky glass perched on a prone woman's breastbone. Conversely, when the script is saying something quasiserious, the director withdraws with a yawn: Walter Slezak in *Lifeboat,* James Stewart in *Rope,* Joel McCrea in *Foreign Correspondent* can utter their Fascist, anti-Nietzsche or patriotic speeches if they like, but Hitchcock is waiting to juggle the next lens.

Contemporary critics strive to convince us that a severely admonitory attitude to Hitchcock's work is misplaced. They refer chiefly to those who denounce him as a sadist doing moral damage to his audience. His defenders feel that an onslaught on the director along this line is merely puritanical and purse-lipped, that his films are simply there to be enjoyed, guiltily or not according to the state of one's psyche. Hitchcock, of course, remains amused by this controversy and beyond it.

I believe that an understanding of Hitchcock's *oeuvre* can only be reached when it is seen in the hard, unwavering light of this commercial-minded philistinism. He remains at heart a cheerful London showman with a tough contempt for the world he has made his oyster. Discussion of metaphysics in his work seems to me ludicrous, especially so in the various articles published in *Cahiers du Cinéma;* his own answers to questions put to him in the *entretiens* which have appeared in that magazine should clarify for the doubtful his amusement at the earnest French enquirers. He has simply taken the most dynamic popular art form of the twentieth century, toyed with it, and dared to explode some of the central myths it has established.

Where he has been most skilful of all is in his grasp of what can move the masses without fail. His pitiless mockery of human susceptibilities springs from a belief in the essential absurdity of those susceptibilities. It is not a gentle mockery. We know, for instance, the response that the sight of a child or dog in danger can evoke even in the most brutally sophisticated people. No one save Hitchcock would dare to turn this natural responsiveness to his own adventage. In *Sabotage* (1936), the boy Steve Verloc carries a can of film, neatly wrapped by his sister Sylvia, from the flat above the cinema where he lives into a bus headed for Piccadilly Circus. The tension is achieved, predictably, by keeping the audience guessing about the exact moment a bomb contained in the can will go off. Any competent director could have managed this. But, as Desmond Tester (who played Steve Verloc), reminded me recently, Hitchcock was afraid that the boy's danger alone might not be enough to disturb the audience. So he gave the old lady sitting next to him a puppy to play with, concentrating on its gambollings until the exact moment of the explosion. The introduction of the puppy constitutes the Hitchcock touch.

In *Secret Agent* (1935) Hitchcock had shown a dog frantically barking in a closed room as its master goes to his death on a mountainside miles away; here again, the effect is exactly calculated, the audience's reflexes understood. Now that audiences have grown

more cynical themselves, he has been able to exploit more cruel impulses: in *Psycho* (1960) the plunging of a knife blade into a woman's nude body in a shower is deliberately made to represent the thrustings of the sexual act, so as to unleash the repressed libidinous sadism of large numbers of spectators. In nearly every case, the effect has come off so strikingly that even the most detached critic is bound to be engaged. Hitchcock's mastery of the medium is never more sharply expressed than in those sequences where he wants to make us release our repressions vicariously as he has released his cinematically.

The skill with which he has engineered the mechanism of his films has varied sharply from work to work, but in those films dominated by morbidity, physical disgust, and terror his gifts have usually been in striking display. *The Lodger, The Man Who Knew Too Much* (1934 version), *Sabotage, Foreign Correspondent, Rope, Strangers on a Train* and *Vertigo* remain, in my view, his finest achievements in the medium. Whatever one might think of their internal rottenness and viciousness, their deliberate pandering to mob lust, they brilliantly succeed as cinema, and are conceived, executed and embellished by a dazzlingly clever mind.

Over the years, Hitchcock has gradually developed his technique of designing the production in advance, blueprinting each scene so that it is, in effect, edited before it is shot. His last three productions were worked on in great detail by Saul Bass, whose mocking, superficial brilliance seems exactly to fit with Hitchcock's own. This method of preplanning the entire production means that the actors ("cattle" has been Hitchcock's word for them) simply serve as pawns in a game played with the audience. This is very well when they have to be nothing more than acceptable props, but when they are called upon to express passion or terror the effect is numbingly mechanical. The love scenes Hitchcock so elaborately shoots, usually set in "high life" for the hicks to goggle at, are invariably sexless, antiseptic, and rather nauseatingly cold: the much-quoted ear-lobe feast in *Notorious* with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman necking against a cynically clumsy backdrop of Rio de Janeiro; the flaccid grapplings of James Stewart and Kim Novak, mounted, we are told, on a revolving platform; the dumb connexions of Wilding and Bergman in *Under Capricorn*—all show an interest merely in camera manipulation. He is more at home with people who show no visible evidence of sexuality at all: notably an array of dead, middle-aged Englishmen and Americans who come on and off the chalk-line in successive films to commit murders or shudder obediently in moments of disaster. And the perverted also fascinate him: one recalls the Lesbian housekeeper Mrs. Danvers in *Rebecca,* caressing the transparent nightdresses of her dead mistress, and a succession of homosexuals, ranging from Peter Lorre's tittering assassin in *The Man Who Knew Too Much* to Leonard, the obedient and clinging secretary of *North by Northwest*'s smooth master-mind.

The numb hero and heroine, the sexless but useful character players, and the parade of sexually twisted oddballs in Hitchcock's films are, more often than not, engaged in a chase, and it is in the chase that he has found his central dynamic. To ensure universality, he has

"Libidinous sadism"—Grace Kelly does in Anthony Dawson as he tries to kill her, in DIAL "M" FOR MURDER.

seized on monuments everyone can recognize and to set his characters in motion across them —the British Museum, the Statue of Liberty, Gutson Borglum's sculptured heads of the presidents at Mount Rushmore. The combination of *National Geographic Magazine* and *True Detective* audience appeal is smartly managed.

Sometimes, of course, the chase runs below the surface of the work, rather than physically disclosing itself in the action: in *Vertigo*, for instance, and in *The Paradine Case*, the search for the true identity of a mysterious woman. Sometimes the chase is the director's own: he is trying to discover the way people die, or the way they react to danger. The observation, the degree of understanding, is adolescent, but the chasing after facts about modes of behavior is adult, similar to a novelist's insatiable curiosity.

What makes Hitchcock especially fascinating is that, by dealing with the studio bosses on the terms they understand, making money for them, he has now reached a point of freedom usually possessed only by those working outside the commercial cinema. *Psycho*, for instance, is a very free film indeed, not merely a commercial exploitation of a theme, but a personal work of genuine if unpleasant self-expression. The obvious analogy is with the films of Kenneth Anger, which express without restraint the homosexual vision of life and death. In Hollywood, this degree of freedom has been accorded to few, and usually only to those whose rather sickly brand of humanism has corresponded with that which is assumed cynically by the director's employers. John Ford's deliberate romanticizing of the harsh, ugly, and vicious history of the West has served both to deceive more than one generation of children and to display his own incorrigibly juvenile and sentimental mind.

William Wyler's middle-class, middle-brow values have always been respected by the toughest tycoons. Zinnemann's liberalism, too, has found a ready ear among the illiberal, the enemies of liberty. Only Billy Wilder, nihilistic, brilliantly vicious, and destructive, has managed, like Hitchcock, to get away with the expression of a cynicism rarely, in Hollywood, carried beyond the conference room. Still "box-office," and therefore still safe from interference, Wilder and Hitchcock can explore their worlds without fear of compromise or restraint.

II

In the films Hitchcock made during the silent period, there is an obvious impatience with the tired Shaftesbury Avenue conventions of the time. "Love" scenes are done with bored contempt, matinee idols and limp British leading ladies cast in the film because of studio requirements, are barely directed at all. The scripts (mostly written by Eliot Stannard or Hitchcock himself) seem merely to provide opportunities for camera display. He established a style by adapting the German technique of releasing the camera in the action, using heavily shadowed photography for melodramatic scenes, heightening the key for love scenes or comedy. Although his films of the early period have been praised for realism, they are in fact highly stylized, almost abstract in design, while the playing throughout is deliberately theatrical. Hitchcock takes his camera into seedy rooms, alleys, grubby theaters, but never attempts to make these places look like the real thing. Rather, he makes over a highly artificial and impressionist version of London or the English countryside into his own dream-image, as, during the sound period, he was to do with many countries from Switzerland to Australia.

Sometimes the style is so elaborate, so exhibitionistic, that it destroys, rather than enhances, the dramatic content. In *The Ring* (1927), a story about the infidelity of a boxer's wife, the theme would have excited another writer-director to provide a moving study of human fallibility. Hitchcock simply used the plot-line to excuse a stunning display of technical virtuosity. The technique is the opposite

of, say, Pabst's: the camera is used to play with, not explore in depth, the characters and their relationships. The whole film is a heartless *jeu d'esprit* beginning with a maliciously observed fairground sequence, in which the primitive performers are mocked; proceeding to the scenes of the wife's abandoning of her husband, who sees her frantic Charleston framed in a mirror at a party; and finally erupting into a dizzying Albert Hall boxing match, the wife's face reflected in a pail of water, the crowd swimming in a dazzle of arc-lights.

It's clever, but we don't care—and at times the virtuosity becomes ludicrous. The heroine is told by a gypsy she must return to her true love, and the camera travels along the fortune-teller's arm to disclose a king of hearts clutched firmly in her palm. The final scene at the Albert Hall, entertaining at first, gets out of hand as the hero lurches in a punch-drunk stupor, the lights swimming in triplicate in his rheumy eyes.

Champagne (1928) is also a series of set-pieces, some of them striking in themselves. The opening is very enjoyable: a slow fade-in through a champagne glass of a ship's first-class saloon, the passengers applauding a team of acrobatic dancers; then a daring series of shots as a plane flies past to salute the vessel, the passengers swarming out on deck like a disturbed colony of ants. Later, the hero's seasickness is amusingly exploited, his eyes blurring as the subjective camera explores a plate heaped with rich food; the heroine seen in triplicate as the hero greets her in his cabin. Devoid of tenderness, the love scenes are done with cynical smartness, or simply tossed away.

The Lodger (1926) remains the best of Hitchcock's silent films. Its reputation, thoroughly deserved, has remained intact because in it the soulless mechanism works perfectly, the detachment and coldness suit the subject—a straight murder story—and the setting, London, lends itself perfectly to bizarre stylization. The sexlessness of all the scenes involving the hero and heroine is less offensive when passion is not, as it purported to be in *The Ring* and *Champagne*, the central theme.

The Lodger opens with a killer loose in the London fog; the police are baffled, and all they know is that the murders take place on Tuesdays, and that blondes are the only victims. A white hand slides down a banister rail above a deep, sinister stairwell; a tall figure moves out into the night; news placards announce the killings; at a pie-stall, someone looms up, frightening the bunch of Cockneys—he's pretending to be the killer. In a vaudeville theater, there's a gaggle of blonde chorus girls: one pulls off her wig to disclose a brunette Eton crop, telling her friends with a laugh that *she* will be safe; a natural blonde announces she will wear a brunette wig home. Captions interlace the sequence, the letters printed at eccentric angles and in varying sizes: *Tonight golden curls.* This looks very much like a Hitchcock joke, used to parody the Eisenstein technique of making the titles part of the cumulative rhythm of a sequence (cf. *Battleship Potemkin*). At the very end of the film, he turns the tables on the critics, who have probably been thinking that the phrase *Tonight golden curls* is meant to symbolize the killer's thoughts as he wanders the street. When the detective and his girl go into a final clinch, the camera moves out of the window to disclose lights flashing the phrase, which is now revealed as a slogan for a peroxide advertisement.

Several sequences are charged with a peculiarly Hitchcockian irony, notably the arrival of the suspect Jonathan Drew (wanly played by Ivor Novello) at the boarding-house, looking at the portraits of four blonde calendar girls on the walls. When he asks for the portraits to be removed, the suggestion is that he is stricken with conscience, or that the reason for his killings may be a fanatical loathing of blondes. Later, it emerges that the pictures remind him of his sister, who was murdered during a dance in a way which foreshadows the famous opening assassination scene of the 1943 *Man Who Knew Too Much.*

The faultiness of the Hitchcock method is shown in one brief scene when the suspect is pursued by the mob until he hangs helplessly on a railing by his handcuffs. On paper, this must have looked exciting: the terrified youth fleeing his pursuers in the writhing fog, the helplessness of impalement, and then the horror of a mindless crowd beating an innocent victim. But Hitchcock's total lack of sympathy, his cynical use of rather scrappy editing to bring off a tried-and-true effect, ruins the scene. There is no sense of involvement, and the sight of about 200 extras rather feebly pummelling the boy's by no means robust physique excites nothing but mirth. It isn't a failure of technique (though the sequence isn't very well assembled) so much as a failure of intensity, of concern for those involved in a very probable situation.

Blackmail (1929) reveals all the faults of *The Lodger* with none of its virtues. The story is full of possibilities for profound and imaginative observation of a human being under stress. Alice White (poorly played by Anny Ondra), stabs an artist who tries to seduce her, and is haunted by a blackmailer, Tracy (Donald Calthorp) who tries to extract money from her detective boyfriend. The murder, the subsequent terror of the girl, the detective's agonized crisis of conscience (duty or love) all seem promising material for melodrama. The film's enormous reputation probably springs from its inventive use of sound—the word *knife* echoing in the frightened girl's brain at the breakfast table, the loud clang of a doorbell, voices and telephones chiming during a *montage* sequence. Yet seen today, in both sound and silent versions, it appears a flat and tired performance, the camerawork static, the acting (except for Calthorp's) little better than amateurish.

The all-important murder sequence is badly fluffed: the camera completely fails to probe the terror, ugliness, and misery of the situation, and the subsequent blackmailing and chase are handled without the slightest sense of involvement. Only in one or two individual shots—the blackmailer slipping down a chain past a massive Egyptian head, the mocking portrait of a clown darting out of a canvas to frighten the heroine—is Hitchcock's hand shown, though the bantering or bored attitude to the romantic episodes is characteristic. The film is dead inside, and, *pace* the critics of the day, it doesn't really succeed in breaking (as *The Lodger* to some extent did) with the frigid British film conventions of the 1920's.

Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine in REBECCA.

III

Blackmail bridges Hitchcock's work in the silent and sound period. *Juno and the Paycock* (1930), an efficient but rather flavorless version of Sean O'Casey's play, was followed by the gimmicky but insipid *Murder* (1930), *The Skin Game* (1931) from a Galsworthy play, *Rich and Strange* (1932), *Number Seventeen* (1932), and *Waltzes from Vienna* (1933). A poor batch: but Hitchcock brilliantly recovered in 1934 with *The Man Who Knew Too Much,* co-produced, like most of his most interesting films of the next few years, with Ivor Montagu.

The Man Who Knew Too Much opens with a fine virtuoso flourish: the murder of a secret agent (Pierre Fresnay) as he dances with the

tweedy British housewife (Edna Best) in a Swiss hotel. A brief shot of a ski-run; a man on skis with the smile wiped from his face; a bullet hole neatly drilled in one of the huge glass windowpanes of the ballroom. Fingers neatly circle the hole as they point at it; a sinister little man (Peter Lorre) emerges from the half-giggling, half-startled crowd, and Fresnay goes pale. The bullet has found its mark: as Fresnay dies, he tells his companion where she can find a note that has to be passed on to the authorities. Before she can do anything, her daughter is kidnapped, and the film develops through a frantic pursuit of Lorre and his gang.

Together with *Foreign Correspondent*, *Vertigo*, and *North by Northwest*, this remains Hitchcock's most brilliantly executed chase story. Several sequences have become justly famous among enthusiasts: a visit to an even more than usually evil dentist, preceded by a waiting-room scene in which seedy faces and old numbers of *Punch* have a horrible reality (most people's horror of dentistry is cleverly exploited); the assassination in the Albert Hall, built up in a flurry of cross-cutting from the bulging curtain and the protuberant revolver to the fatuously complacent diplomat, the gun shot timed to the clashing of a pair of outsize cymbals; and most striking of all, the final showdown which recreates the Sidney Street siege. The onslaught on the house has several good touches: as police tip a girl out of bed to use her mattress as a shield, they make nervous English sex jokes; and one man says that his wife will not approve if she hears about it, and at that moment a bullet kills him. Later when a piano is turned into a barricade, a squalid little clerk looks on nervously, afraid his bowl of aspidistras will be shattered.

Peter Lorre's Abbot, the criminal mastermind behind the gang, is a wonderfully detailed creation, effeminate and cruel, the huge fish-eyes humorlessly fixed and dead as the lips part for an hysterical girlish giggle, the plump fingers forever playing with a silly chiming turnip-watch. A sprinkling of homosexuals in the cast and the obvious fascination with seedy London backwaters also show the Hitchcock touch, and the observation of crowds, especially the congregation in the chapel used as a headquarters by the gang, is as cynical as usual.

The Thirty-Nine Steps (1935), despite its reputation, does not stand up nearly so well to close inspection today. The celebrated sequences—the mysterious woman (Lucy Mannheim) staggering into the hero's room with a knife in her back crying "Get out or they'll get you too!", the scene in the crofter's cottage in the Highlands, the last showdown in a music-hall involving a seedy Memory Man—are all done on a level of routine efficiency, without much flair. *Secret Agent* (1936) obviously engaged the director's imagination far more completely, and the fantastically involved plot, foreshadowing that of the more brilliant *Foreign Correspondent*, contained countless opportunities for gleeful sadism and cold, brutal mockery of human beings under stress. The story, almost impossible to synopsize, takes Ashenden, a novelist disguised as special agent, to Geneva accompanied by a charming killer The Mexican (brilliantly played by Peter Lorre). Grossly simplified, the next part of the story unites Ashenden (John Gielgud) and Elsa, another agent (Madeleine Carroll) in murdering the wrong man, whom they take to be a German spy. At the end of the film, they locate the real spy, who has posed as a charming American (Robert Young).

Wonderfully fast-moving and loaded with suspense and clever twists, *Secret Agent* is only slightly handicapped by the weak technique of British films of the time. The opening is justly famous: the fake funeral of the novelist Edgar Brodie, whose identity is to be concealed in that of Ashenden. It was a master-stroke to set the funeral during a bombing of London, the camera deliberately settling on a man's stub arm as he lights his cigarette cynically, from one of the funerary candles, with his one hand.

The murder of the wrong man by The Mexican is no less well staged: the victim's dog

yapping in the room miles away, Ashenden watching through the telescope sights, yelling a futile "Look out!" at the tiny figures far away on the mountainside. And above all there's the scene, so often critically referred to, but still fresh, in which The Mexican and Ashenden visit the church, hearing the high single whine of an organ note, entering the apse to find the dead man slumped over the instrument, his finger pressing one of the keys. . . .

Sabotage (1936) again showed the director at the height of his powers. The opening establishes a seedy and grubby little East End fleapit, the saboteur Verloc (Oscar Homolka) returning home after trying to get sand into the Battersea generators, washing the sand down the kitchen basin before his wife can notice it; the organizers of the sabotage attempt discover Verloc's failure and order him to plant a bomb in the Piccadilly Circus underground station cloakroom, concealing the bomb in a can of film. The sequence I've already referred to in which Steve Verloc (Desmond Tester) is delayed by the Lord Mayor's procession while carrying deadly freight entrusted to him, is directed with ferocious assurance, and Tester still recalls the relish with which Hitchcock handled it. At one moment, a toothpaste demonstrator insists on subjecting the boy to a furious tooth-scrubbing ordeal, and apparently the director couldn't tear himself away from the shot of the boy squirming in the chair.

The murder of Verloc by his wife after she discovers that he has been responsible for her brother's death is one of the three or four most impressive set-pieces in the Hitchcock repertoire. For once the method of blueprinting the sequence in advance works admirably. The sequence begins on a note of drab domesticity: the couple in the cramped kitchen, the husband grousing about the damp pile of greens on his plate. The editing is built up in the Griffith manner, as the woman struggles to keep herself from committing the murder, dropping the knife only to pick it up again when more meat has to be served. Her hands open and shut on the knife; the husband rises, a look of death on his face; he crosses past the camera and makes a sudden grab at the knife handle. The locked hands fill the frame; a cry, and he falls. Shot almost without dialogue, the scene has been conceived in terms of silent cinema; today, probably, Hitchcock would make more play with music and the incidental sounds of the room—the squeak of a chair, the click of the knife on the plate.

Young and Innocent (1937) and *The Lady Vanishes* (1938) are simple chase stories, lightly and quite cleverly done, but too artificially propped up with theatrical "characters" in the cast. One recalls them chiefly for the individual "turns" of seasoned actors and actresses: Mary Clare presiding over a sinister children's party in *Young and Innocent* or glowering through sinister pebble glasses in *The Lady Vanishes;* Catherine Lacey as the "nun" with the huge, haunted eyes in the latter film. But both films date badly, and technically don't really measure up to Hitchcock's best works of the period.

After a routine barnstormer *Jamaica Inn* (1939), Hitchcock moved to Hollywood the same year. *Rebecca,* made for Selznick in 1940, looks surprisingly good today, and despite its falsity and women's-magazine values, it's a neatly concocted romantic farrago. There is little of Hitchcock in it, except for his loving emphasis on the housekeeper's infatuation for her dead mistress, and the obvious relishing of Florence Bates's superbly vulgar American tourist, Mrs. Van Hopper. As usual, the "love affair" that provides the pivot for the farrago is handled with cold boredom, and appropriately played by Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier.

Foreign Correspondent (1940) remains one of Hitchcock's masterpieces. Several sequences are stunningly pulled off, especially the assassination in the rain, all popping flashbulbs, startled faces, and swarming umbrellas; the superbly recorded episode in the windmill, with the hero listening desperately to the agents' guttural, low-pitched conversation in a lan-

guage he doesn't understand; the torturing of the diplomat in Tottenham Court Road; and most dazzling of all, the clipper disaster in the last reel, again recorded with magnificent artistry by Frank Mayer. The sense of involvement as the clipper loses altitude, the passengers are flung into startled heaps, and the sea finally rushes in, is superbly managed. In particular, one recalls a single shot (over in the fraction of a second), in which three victims of the crash are drowned as the water moves up over their heads to the cabin roof.

After two insipid films, *Suspicion* and *Mr. and Mrs. Smith,* and a badly mishandled attempt to recapture the *Secret Agent* flavor in *Saboteur* (Hitchcock admits that was one of his failures), the director returned to form with *Shadow of a Doubt* (1943) which, until it collapses in the last two reels, has an admirable fluency, pace, and freshness of observation. Charlie Oakley (Joseph Cotten) is an American Landru who murders women for their money; dodging the police, he hides with his unsuspecting sister Emma (exquisitely played by Patricia Collinge) and her family in Santa Rosa, a small California town. The rest of the footage is taken up with his niece's realization that Uncle Charlie is a killer, and a final showdown on a train (clumsily done) in which Charlie falls to his death.

Behind the credits, long-skirted figures swish to the tune of the Merry Widow Waltz, which later acts as a sinister refrain in Dmitri Tiomkin's score (this is probably Hitchcock's first dramatic use of music). The small-town background and family scenes are observed with amused but disagreeable detachment, especially the behavior of the Oakley's little pebble-glassed brat, who reminds me of a younger Pat Hitchcock in *Strangers on a Train.* The uneasy, elliptical, half-affectionate relationship between Charlie and his relatives has been beautifully realized, partly through the dialogue (in which Thornton Wilder significantly had a hand), partly through the unusually detailed handling of the cast.

The establishing shots of *Lifeboat* (1943) show a freighter's smokestack disappearing in oily water, a crate of oranges bobbing, a copy of *The New Yorker* with the celebrated top-hatted man on the cover, a sprinkle of dollar bills, a deck of cards fanning out (was it a royal flush, like the one Hitchcock in person displayed in the final sequences of *Shadow of a Doubt?*). In a lifeboat, with a corpse floating past in the mist, perches the elegant stranded journalist Mrs. Porter (Tallulah Bankhead). Unfortunately, the film doesn't live up to this jaded and elegant opening. It soon bogs down into routine melodrama, with a cast of characters, crudely "typed" in Jo Swerling's script, reacting predictably to storms, starvation, etc., in the studio tank.

Spellbound (1945) a pretentious botch, re-

"An enjoyably ridiculous spy story"— NOTORIOUS, *with Cary Grant, Madame Konstantin, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains.*

lieved only by the clever use of white bedspreads, tablecloths, a shaving-brush twisting in a mug to convey the tormented hero's obsession with whiteness, was followed by *Notorious* (1946) which, after a terrible first two reels, settled into an enjoyably ridiculous spy story. There is a particularly good scene in which the cuckolded husband of the heroine wakes his mother up in the morning to tell her his wife has been unfaithful to him: this is beautifully played by Claude Rains and Madame Konstantin (who doesn't seem to have appeared in any other film, more's the pity).

The Paradine Case (1947) and *Rope* (1948) don't seem to be very highly regarded critically (except, of course, in France) and one wonders why. They are among the most elegantly, intelligently made of all Hitchcock's films, and *Rope* may very well be, as he claims, his greatest technical *tour de force*. *The Paradine Case*, scripted with admirable literacy by David Selznick from Robert Hichens's novel, returns to the *Rebecca* mood, but with far greater intensity. The story—a beautiful and mysterious widow who has murdered her blind husband is defended by an infatuated barrister—is as novelettish as it sounds, but as usual with Hitchcock the plot is nothing, the exploitation of its visual possibilities everything. Throughout, Lee Garmes's camerawork is beautifully manipulated by the director, from the opening arrest of the doomed Mrs. Paradine through the stylized, Teutonic prison scenes to the trial scene at the end—perhaps the most brilliantly staged single set-piece of the film. One recalls especially the slow, circling movement that accompanies Mrs. Paradine almost everywhere, emphasizing the reptilian nature behind the perfect Madonna mask (Alida Valli's remarkable performance, icy on the surface yet suggesting the seething repressed passions inside, has never been properly assessed). And there are imaginative effects all the way through: a snatch of Annie Laurie echoing down a stone corridor as Mrs. Paradine's visitors arrive at the prison; jagged camera movements, accompanying the confrontation of the vicious servant Latour with the barrister in a country inn; the enormous slow tracking shot accompanying Latour's departure from the courtroom for the last time, Mrs. Paradine in the dock straining her ears for the last of his footfalls. Tom Morahan's sets and the delicately recorded sound-track owe much to Hitchcock's scrupulous control.

Farley Granger in STRANGERS ON A TRAIN.

Rope is also, for some reason, critically *un film maudit*, perhaps because of its abandoning of editing in the use of reel-long takes. Yet the sharply directed playing of the cast, the impeccably disciplined camerawork on one set, and the wonderfully sustained mood of tension and terror underlying the conventions of a late afternoon New York bachelor's party, all show the director at his best. The story, based on the Leopold–Loeb case, has two homosexuals, Brandon (John Dall) and Philip (Farley Granger) murdering a friend, David Kentley (Dick Hogan) and hiding him in the living-room chest, from which they serve dinner to his sometime girl-friend (Joan Chandler) and parents. There is a slight loosening-up of the film's taut structure towards the end, when the publisher, Rupert Cadell, over-played by James Stewart, decides to expose the killers after discovering what they've done, but up till the final reel the film has admirable sharpness, precision, and delicacy. The situation evidently appealed

Gregory Peck, Alida Valli: THE PARADINE CASE.

strongly to Hitchcock, with his passion for irony, and assisted by Arthur Laurents's sophisticated script, he extracts the utmost from it. The color photography (Joseph Valentine and William Skall) and the use of a marvelous process screen which charts the changing light from late afternoon to darkness, are admirable, and the players, especially Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Constance Collier as the dead boy's parents, play with great intelligence and style.

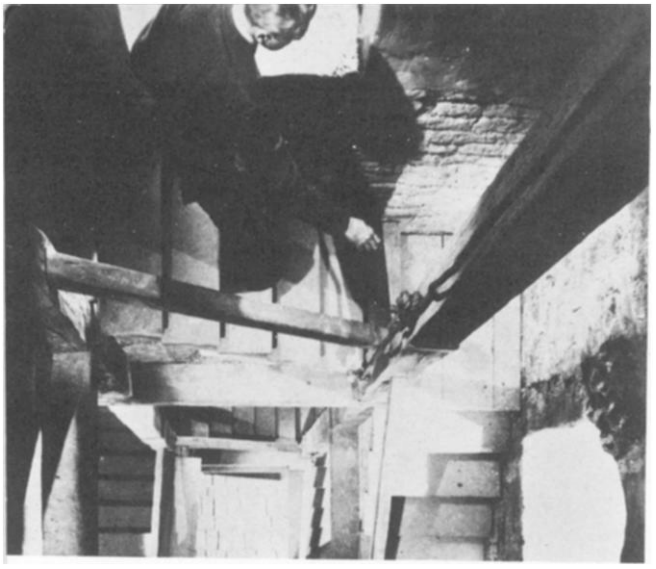
IV

It was clear, by 1948, that Hitchcock had matured enormously as a craftsman, and that he had far more interest in details of performances than in the 'thirties, where his actors (with odd exceptions like Peter Lorre and Mary Clare) were indifferent. His pace, handling of editing, had changed, and his films had grown more deliberate, more subtle.

In England and America, his critical reputation had come pretty low: most reviewers were nostalgic for *The Lady Vanishes* and *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, which were actually much inferior to *The Paradine Case* and *Rope* (though it is still sacrilege to say so), and didn't like the "new" Hitchcock with his elaborate technical effects and eschewing of rapid editing. I think, looking back on the reviews of that period, they were wrong, but unfortunately Hitchcock added fuel to their fire with almost all the films of the next few years, which suffered from slowness and deadness to a remarkable degree.

Few films of a major director can have been worse than *Under Capricorn* (1949), with its achingly dull long takes and flatulent playing by the entire cast, or *Stagefright* (1950), or *I Confess* (1953). Set respectively in Australia, England, and Canada, these tiresome farragos showed how incomparably cold and dead Hitchcock's films can be when they don't excite his imagination. Of his films of the 1950's, one passes over the long list of indifferent works with a shudder—*To Catch a Thief, The Trouble with Harry, The Wrong Man,* the remake of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*—all of which showed Hitchcock's worst faults, archness, facetiousness, hollowness of content, at their most galling. *Dial M for Murder,* apart from the murder of the blackmailer (lovingly handled with a lingering close-up of scissors sinking into the victim's back) was conventional, and so was *Rear Window,* despite an undercurrent of rather repellent *voyeurism.* The remaining films of the period, *Strangers on a Train, Vertigo* and *North by Northwest,* deserve more serious and detailed analysis.

Strangers on a Train (1951) seems in retrospect like an oasis in the desert of Hitchcock's worst period in the sound era. It's closer, in its sophistication and ingenuity and (except intermittently) rather slow pace to the films of the very late 1950's than to those of 1950 and 1952. Like *Rope,* it deals with homosexuality —but in a far more flippant way: Bruno (Robert Walker), the simpering, girlish villain of the piece, is second cousin to the characters played by Peter Lorre in the films of the 1930's. The film opens with a famous sequence shot from ankle-level of two well-shod pairs of feet carrying their owners through a railroad station, onto a train and into a saloon-car, when the two men meet for the first time. The different walks—one brisk and athletic, the other loose and effeminate—are beautifully distinguished.



VERTIGO.

Later, Bruno makes a big play for Guy Haines, a tennis champion (Farley Granger), on the train journey between Washington and New York. Flattering, cajoling and batting his eyes, he suggests with a giggle that they exchange murders: Bruno is to kill Guy's rejected and spiteful wife in return for Guy murdering Bruno's father. Since neither will have a motive for the executions they perform, neither will be discovered by police.

The rest of the film shows Bruno's murdering Mrs. Haines after Guy scornfully rejects the arrangement, Bruno's desperate journey to the fairground island where he has killed her to plant Guy's cigarette lighter at the scene of the crime, and a final showdown on a carousel that has gone wildly out of control. Aside from some feeble sequences involving Guy and his girlfriend (Ruth Roman, whose performance was a decided liability) the film is one of the most sophisticated Hitchcock has made: a dazzle of cynical observation, ruthlessly cruel exposition of character, and glittering visual glamor.

The textbook sequences—the tennis match intercut with Bruno's journey to the murder scene, the murder itself, reflected in the dying girl's glasses—are deservedly renowned, but perhaps rather conventional; where the film more strikingly succeeds is in the treatment of silly, predatory, middle-aged women who seem to hold a special fascination for Hitchcock. Marion Lorne's performance as Bruno's mother —painting an inane daub, giggling and obsessive—is matched by that of Norma Varden as a monstrously infatuated party-goer, almost strangled by Bruno in a moment of accidentally induced rage (a bespectacled girl, played by Patricia Hitchcock, reminds him of his former victim). Robert Walker daringly plays Bruno, and there is an unforgettable display of nerves, nastiness, and edgy sensuality by Laura Elliott as the ill-fated Mrs. Haines.

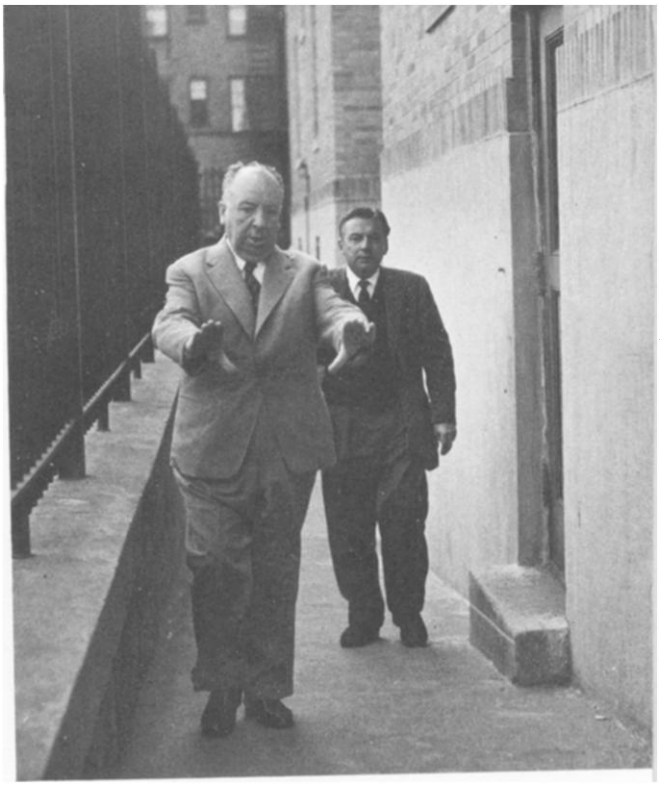
Vertigo (1958) has been unmercifully treated in the English-speaking world, its peculiar dreamlike pace and deliberate air of surreality completedly wasted on the majority of critics. Carefully examined, it shows a complete and exciting departure for the director, and the fantastically complex visual texture, owing much to Saul Bass (more than 780 separate shots were drawn up in advance) deserves full-scale examination on its own. In my view, Robert Burks's camerawork for the film represents one of the high water marks of color cinematography, others being George Berinal's work on *The Thief of Baghdad*, Jack Cardiff's on *Black Narcissus* and Charles G. Clarke's on the exquisite *Margie*, directed by Henry King.

The extremely complicated (and ultimately ridiculous) story of *Vertigo* involves a detective, Scottie Ferguson (James Stewart) in a search for the vanished wife of a friend, Gavin Elster (Tom Helmore). He finds her, only to see her plunge to an inexplicable death from the bell tower of an old Spanish mission. Soon after, Ferguson meets another girl with an odd resemblance to the dead Madeleine, and the script springs its surprises from that moment on.

What Hitchcock manages (as often before) is a total suspension of disbelief in the impossible goings-on before one's eyes. Surrendered to, the film invades one's consciousness with rules of its own: this is one of those films

(Charles Vidor's *Gilda* was another) which completely creates a decadent, artificial world unrelated in any way to the real one. It has taken the French, not bound by the rule of thumb that judges a film by its verisimilitude, to see that the unreality of *Vertigo*, its free play with time and space, makes it a genuinely experimental film. It opens with a dream (after Saul Bass's breaktaking credits with their spirals and huge blue eye staring out) in which Scottie is clinging in terror to a gutter after a superbly managed chase across rooftops. His fear of heights, and the subsequent vertigo from which the film's drama springs, is conveyed with dazzling skill, and the music of Bernard Herrmann accompanies the sequence with fantastic virtuosity. The whole of the pursuit of the apparently resuscitated girl, across a graveyard, into an art museum, through a redwood forest, is shot with a marvelous and deliberately sustained air of fantasy. *Vertigo* is one of the peaks of Hitchcock's career, a film in which his coldness, his detachment, have found their perfect subject.

A Hitchcock gargoyle: REAR WINDOW.



Hitchcock realist—on location for THE WRONG MAN.

North by Northwest (1959) is by comparison a lightweight, but great fun and (though not nearly as well made as *Vertigo*) at times brilliantly directed. It's virtually a remake of *Saboteur* with better actors, and of course it's far more assured, more cunningly managed, than the earlier film.

The set-pieces—Cary Grant being machine-gunned by a crop-dusting plane, the last frantic scramble over the Mount Rushmore stone heads (dreamed up by Hitchcock years before)—are vastly enjoyable, even when seen for the third time, but the film's greatest success is with the playing of the cast—James Mason's master criminal, Eva Marie Saint's ambiguous heroine desperately switching sides, and Cary Grant's smooth advertising man may be conceived on a comic-strip level, but they

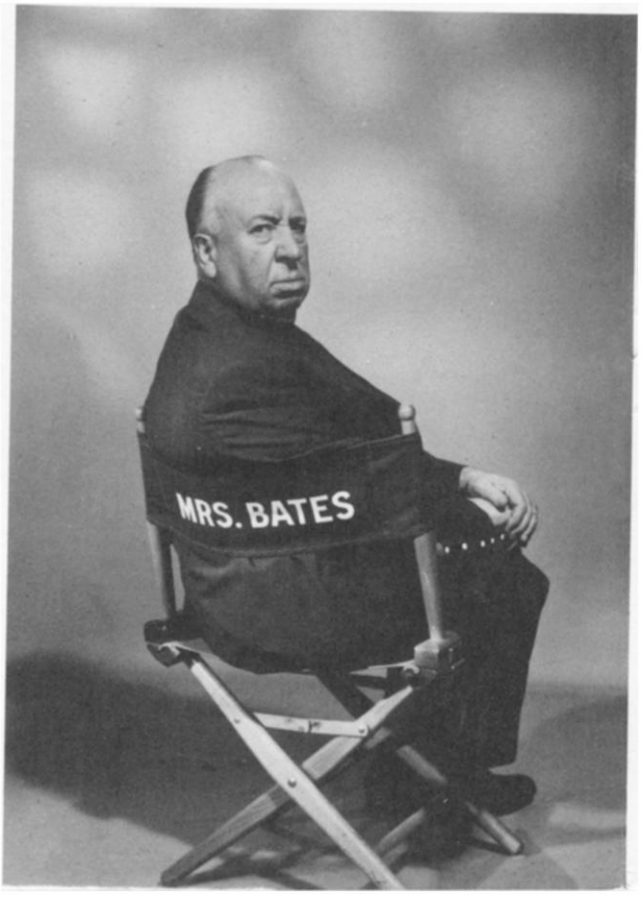
NORTH BY NORTHWEST.

are played with splendid sophistication and *brio*. The mocking, cynical script of Ernest Lehman, Robert Burks's photography, and above all the pounding score of Bernard Herrmann, admirably serve Hitchcock's requirements.

The director's latest film to date (*The Birds* is being edited at time of writing), the notorious *Psycho*, has already been definitely dealt with in *Film Quarterly* by the editor, and I don't propose to add much to his remarks, except to say that I found John Russell's camerawork rather grubby, and the whole film rather hastily slapped together (Hitchcock has said that he wanted to do it quickly because he wasn't sure if it would be box-office, hence his failure to use Robert Burks, who is notoriously slow and careful). The film's obsessive quality, its feverish unravelling of the director's neuroses, makes it a genuinely personal work, however much one may disapprove of it. It's probably the only film of Hitchcock's in which he's unleashed himself from first to last. And perhaps no other film of his has had so tumescent an effect on an audience, nor so ferociously reduced them to helpless terror.

The Birds promises to be even more abandoned, to combine sexual symbolism and the techniques of torture in a still more self-indulgent degree. Prudes may sniff, but as Penelope Houston has rightly remarked in more than one review, it's far too late to get prudish about Hitchcock. He has now, after almost 40 years in cinema, got the power to do almost exactly what he likes, to scrawl his signature on the world's lavatory walls without restraint. He's still a child, pulling wings off flies, playing with the cinema like a toy. But there is no other director whose *jeux d'esprit* can be shared with equal pleasure by the masses and specialists alike.

[Illustrations courtesy Albert Johnson.]



The Craft of Norman McLaren

NOTES ON A LECTURE GIVEN AT THE 1961 VANCOUVER FILM FESTIVAL

MacLaren is tall, spare, shy, with an almost gawky air; he hides behind sunglasses but this does not connote the usual veil of hostility; they seem to be mostly something to be doing. He takes them off and puts them on. He is introduced, and the applause is warm and personal: this man is the greatest film-maker of Canada, and his films have brought honor as well as delight to their Canadian audiences.

He apologizes for not being a practiced speaker; this is in fact his first formal lecture. He relates the story of how he had, in a moment of weakness, agreed to introduce last year's Montreal Film Festival; finding that he was actually expected to make an appearance, he made a film instead; and he has the film run now. In it he appears on a stage, before a microphone; he fidgets, coughs, and finally begins, "Mesdames et messieu . . ." but the microphone leaps away from him; and thus begins a 3-minute struggle with the infernal contraption, done with the highest silent-comedy finesse, neat and hilarious. It reveals an extraordinary sense of physical timing and grace in MacLaren, as he chases the microphone, climbs a ladder when it suddenly grows very tall, tries to tie it up when it jerks or leans away from him: ultimately it baffles him, but "Welcome" is flashed on the screen in the familiar multitude of languages. We all find this little film absolutely disarming; and after it MacLaren relaxes and begins to speak. "What is the essence of animation? It is what happens *between each frame of film*—this is what is all-important." He turns to the blackboard, and his air becomes slightly professorial; he draws two spots, A and B. ("Is that drawing bold enough for you to see?") And he proceeds to give a sort of quick sketch of the elements of movement.

Tempo, which can run a gamut from instantaneous movement to imperceptibly slow movement. *Modulation*, or as a scientist would say, acceleration, which can be zero (if the movement is at a constant speed), or positive (if the movement increases in speed), or negative (if the movement decreases in speed). By manipulation of these one *implies* the nature of a drawn situation and reactions to it; these are basic graphic tools. The animator looks around him and studies these movements in animals, in persons feeling jaunty or sad. . . . Movement can also, he points out, be *erratic;* and there is also *staticness*, which is extremely important, like silence in music.

Having said this much, MacLaren shows *Lines Horizontal*, which he describes as a study in constant motion, totally abstract play of

Above: the ending of NEIGHBORS.

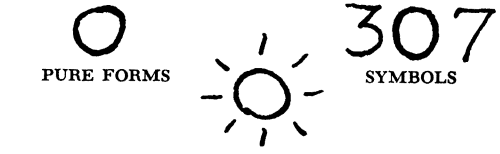
At work on the moviola: LINES HORIZONTAL.

motion. (Like his other recent films, it was made in collaboration with Evelyn Lambart.) This gentle and lullaby-like film, which has music by Pete Seeger, is entirely composed of horizontal lines which move up and down at a constant speed; but they become gradually more numerous, and they are shown against backgrounds which are at first blue-green, then pale gold, rose, orange, and back to blue-green. The film was originally to have the lines vertical, he confesses wryly, and in fact a vertical version does exist, with an electric-piano score by Maurice Blackburn (he did not have a copy, unfortunately). The technology of the film has the characteristic MacLaren quality: it was made by engraving lines on black leader, in about ten-foot lengths; the music was done afterward by Seeger, who recorded the music (himself playing several instruments—done by tape) while watching the visuals. It was in 90-frame units, he says, but he now is using a beat of 10, 20, or 30 frames, which works better with animation counters, and with music done previously.

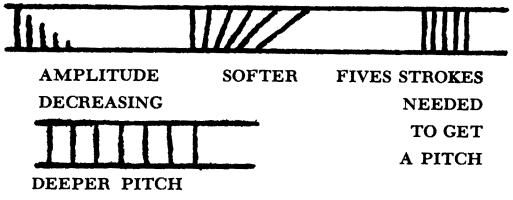
I reflect ruefully that the wonder of MacLaren is in his thinking of a technique like this which is accessible to anybody with $300 and a big wooden table, and who knows the address of a laboratory with an optical printer. His films are all "primitive," this is their real virtue, and a large part of their charm. For his color sense is harsh and his sense of design is not terribly rich; as an artist in those terms he cannot touch, say, Jordan Belson. But his films are often *new*. He does, up there in Montreal, what our film artists might be doing in New Mexico or Iowa, but aren't, because they do not have his peculiar innovative talent.

MacLaren calls attention to the peacefulness of the horizontal motion (which is rather like that of a swell at sea). This is even more marked when projected with an anamorphous lens. He remarks that he has thought of the possibility of a film designed to put an audience to sleep. (And in fact the festival audience, when *Lines Horizontal* was shown at the downtown theater, did not like the picture—which was shown without any particular introduction or explanation—probably because people still expect, even on the basis of MacLaren's other films, that an animation film should be quick and frantic.) But the problem, he says, is always to prevent the drop in *interest*—the film must be cohesive and keep building, building.

Next he showed *Rhythmetic*, prefaced by an ingenious drawing of what are for him the three main categories of the visual world:



Rhythmetic turns out to be an arithmetic lesson, done with clever paper-cut-out technique, and using two types of movement: constant for these items which are numbers, accelerated movement for items which are "animalized." The sound, which is very funny, was scratched on black leader:



He did the track in a moviola as he watched the visual images; this gave him flexibility, because if he didn't like the effect of his sound-scratching, he could cover it with black tape and try again.

Next he came to *Black Bird,* also a cut-out film, and a lovely thing, for children. Made to the children's song, it uses what MacLaren calls an ideogram of a bird—which, he said, finally enabled him to cope with the extremely fast-moving contents of the song, which had to be "illustrated." The simpler form gave him greater freedom for animation, and led him to imply birdiness by movement, instead of representativeness.

La Poulette Grise, another lullaby, uses a rubbed-off pastel method which, over the three or four months of shooting, gave him a painfully raw thumb! Real animation, he says, is hard to make graceful; so he used the transformation between drawings—slow dissolves done in a Ciné Special—as the main element of the film. He had done about a month of tests beforehand, trying out undulating reflector surfaces and other means of transforming the drawings. He remarks that he likes the old modes in French Canadian songs such as this. But any song poses formidable problems, not because of its rhythms, but because of its words; there are sometimes very quick changes within a line, then very small ones, and so on. He now prefers to animate music without words.

In introducing *Begone Dull Care* he notes that Oscar Peterson, whose trio did the music, is very fertile at producing ideas. He spent two or three days preparing. Then he appeared —without a single note written down. They would work out the visual a little, then push the sound a little further, and after a couple of weeks of such interchange, and polishing and shaping, it came out quite different and unrecognizable. They tried all kinds of strange ways of making images—laying lace and chains on the film, using two kinds of paint which repelled each other, throwing dirt on it, and so on. (*Begone Dull Care* now seems somewhat sloppy and eclectic on the screen, especially if compared to the calm classicism of *Lines Horizontal.*) He explains that the drift of the white dots on the screen was a strange thing: he ran the film in a moviola at a low speed such that a knife placed against the film would "chatter," and he then moved it about. This is, he says, perhaps the most direct form of animation you could imagine. (It is, I reflect, probably "action animation" at last?)

LA POULETTE GRISE.

Then, to show a film in which both camera and acting speeds are made to vary, he shows *Neighbors,* "my favorite of all my films." And on the ingeniousness and admirable sentiments of that, the evening ends, and MacLaren scurries away. The smiles of the audience follow him as he leaves, this man who has proved that film-making in Canada can gain worldwide renown, and who has proved also that the motion picture can be brought to life through far simpler and less costly machinery than we usually think. The desiderata for the animation film as practiced by MacLaren are time and talent. The time is given to him by the National Film Board, but such amounts of time are within the reach of anyone. We must humbly face it as he faces it: the problem is the talent.

FERNALDO DI GIAMMATTEO

"Marienbadism" and the New Italian Directors

At the 1961 Venice Film Festival, a jury composed of four foreign and three Italian members awarded the "Leone d'oro" to a film of gelid refinement "for its contribution to cinematographic language and for the stylistic splendor of a world in which reality and imagination coexist in a new spatial and temporal dimension." The film, of course, was Alain Resnais's *L'Année Dernière à Marienbad.* The most obstinate supporters of the French director had been the Italian members. They believed they had discovered a "revolutionary" film, and possibly they were right. But their action was grave: it showed that Italian cinema was about to launch an open challenge against its past, all that it had constructed during the "heroic" years of neorealism. The surprise was great: the poison of aestheticism and moral indifference could apparently seep into Italian cinema as well.

Was the attitude of the three jury members at Venice really something new? We need only recall a few recent facts to understand that it was, more simply, a confirmation. "Stylistic splendor" had already attracted a director as rigorous as Antonioni (we had seen it in *Il Grido*). It had paralyzed the genius of a promising young man, Mauro Bolognini, pulling him towards the scenographic baroque of *Il Bell'Antonio, La Viaccia,* and *La Giornata Balorda.* Even a tenacious realist like Luchino Visconti had yielded to the fascination of emotions transformed in precious objects—his adaptation of Dostoevski's *White Nights* was an embroidery of lights and shadows around the faces of two irrelevant characters.

The ill dates further back. Why the astonishment, then, if three Italian critics cherished Alain Resnais's philosophical ravings, and acknowledged the director as a kind of standard-bearer of contemporary cinema? "New spatial and temporal dimensions" was not an expression without meaning, fallen from the stars. It was the evidence of an illness that had deeper roots. The "scandalous" awards of Venice 1961 made even the optimists ponder a curious attempt under way for some time in Italy: the dispersion of the character's humanity in the contemplation of beauty for its own sake. Some directors were losing contact with reality and were mistaking the romantic adoration of their own bravura for the invention of a new film style.

The disease of "Marienbadism" has already taken its first Italian victims. Franco Brusati, a director who made his appearance some years ago with a charming but insignificant work, fell in his second film into many ambitious errors. He would like to describe the moral bewilderment of an entire society. Everyone is swept off his feet by what Brusati symbolically calls "disorder" (*Il Disordine* is the title of his film): rich and poor, young and old, men and women. Diligent as a prize student of the cinema of "new temporal and spatial dimensions," the director leaps from unexpected to unexpected as if it were the most natural thing to do in the world. He mixes fantasy and reality, past and present, parlor games and tragedy, newlyweds in heat who make love wherever they chance to be and homosexuals who suffer for the loss of their friend; miserable mothers

"MARIENBADISM"

"The scenographic baroque"— the Florence brothel scene in La Viaccia.

who live in homes for the aged and unfrocked priests who dispense charity through oddball undertakings. Jealousy, social climbing, cruelty, violence, cynicism, death, all thrown into the same heap.

Il Disordine ends with a bulldozer sweeping away the house where the priest benevolently used to host clandestine couples. Sweeping away a world, a hypocritical society? The symbol is too facile. The director, who had meant to judge this shapeless snarl of passions, is, in fact, the first victim of this very confusion. He has judged nothing. He has only exhibited a situation in which he is immersed up to his ears. The psychological and social "disorder," typical product of neocapitalism, becomes a myth. The spectator has but to contemplate it, dumbfounded and fascinated, just as the enigmatic characters of *L'Année Dernière à Marienbad* contemplate the mystery of their useless lives.

The intelligence game is not free from danger, as one can see. It induces the directors to employ an allusive and subdued language, to express themselves with refined nonchalance. And furthermore, it is a contagious inclination. We have even recognized it in a comic film like *La Voglia Matta* by Luciano Salce, a director of no mediocre ability but who certainly has no pretense of inventing a new film style. The mannerism of gratuitous rambling has reached the point of farce.

Take another film, a serious and important one: *I Giorni Contati* by the young Elio Petri who, with *L'Assassino,* had clearly demonstrated his love for the concrete. Here he tackles a compelling theme: the fear of death. A fifty-year-old man, one you might find on any street, a plumber, sees someone die in a streetcar. He is shattered. No, *he's* not going to die that way, like a dog. He has some savings. He begins a new life. Obsessed by the apprehension that everything is about to end, he clumsily chases after the joys he has never had: love, amusements, the fascination of casual meetings, nature. He also goes in for picking up some

quick money—the little he needs to guarantee a peaceful life in old age. He agrees to have his arm broken and to fake an accident that will bring him a good compensation. But, when the moment comes, he is afraid. He flees. What good—he wonders—is this absurd roaming about, seeking a happiness he is not made for? He goes back to his work. He's calm again. The streetcar that carries him home, one evening, reaches the end of the line. Everyone gets off. There is only one man left within, his head against the glass. We recognize him. A heart attack has crushed him.

I Giorni Contati is the compendium of a man's life. Petri advances through allusions, sudden glimpses into the past, divagations insisting upon small everyday happenings. The portrait of the man approaching death gradually emerges from the story. We could even speak of a successful effort, if through this closely elaborated performance we did not discover a curious weakness of the director. We don't know what he wants to say. We see that he attentively observes a man but does not feel any compassion for him. At times the unhappy man (portrayed with great sensitivity by Salvo Randone) seems to become confounded with the things that surround him, to become annulled by them. The audience cares less and less about the man who is about to die: he could live a hundred years or in five minutes be run over by a truck, it would be exactly the same. It is evident that Petri strives to make this tragedy objective—one detached from his feelings as an author. But it is also evident that in doing so he strips it of much of its human import. Indifference? We wouldn't go that far. We can merely observe that Petri too has been indirectly contaminated by "Marienbadism." The danger exists for him as well. The poetics of objectivity continue to cause damage.

Let us stop here with our review of the negative aspects. It is good to always keep them before our eyes, if we want to maintain a correct sense of proportion. Italian cinema, we can be sure, will never succumb to this poison, because it possesses sound resistance to counteract it. Films like Francesco Rosi's *Salvatore Giuliano,* Ermanno Olmi's *Il Posto,* Vittorio De Seta's *Banditi a Orgosolo,* Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Accattone,* and Ugo Gregoretti's *I Nuovi Angeli* spring from assumptions of a different nature. First of all the new directors are distinctly aware of the social and moral duties of the cinema. Their mental lucidity, which induces them to tackle concrete themes and characters in close contact with life, is almost always reflected in clarity of exposition. The gap between intentions and results, between ideas and language, is never too wide. Rather than falling in love with the adventures of the men to whom they turn their attentions, they make a conscious attempt to penetrate the meaning of contemporary Italian history. Typical of such is *Salvatore Giuliano,* a minute reconstruction of the environment where Sicilian banditry was born. Rosi stresses the gravity of the documents he has collected (and sometimes he exceeds), but refuses to add even one word of explanation. The violence of the reconstructed facts must speak by itself. In this way alone, according to the director, can cinema perform its inherent tasks.

But also *Il Posto* (a delicate story of a boy who hunts for a job in the Milan of the "economic miracle"), or *Banditi a Orgosolo* (the portrait of a Sardinian shepherd who becomes an outlaw in spite of himself) or *Accattone* (the tragic adventure of a young man who scrapes through life from one expediency to another on the outskirts of a large city) show an equal amount of loyalty to the substance of things. Olmi, De Seta, and Pasolini are poles apart from the intellectual who admires himself like a dandy who regards his fingernails after having rubbed them on his lapel. It is true that they lend an ear to the uncertainty in which part of contemporary cinema is floundering. But they are not its victims. They know very well, besides, that their programmatic adherence to reality can always transform itself

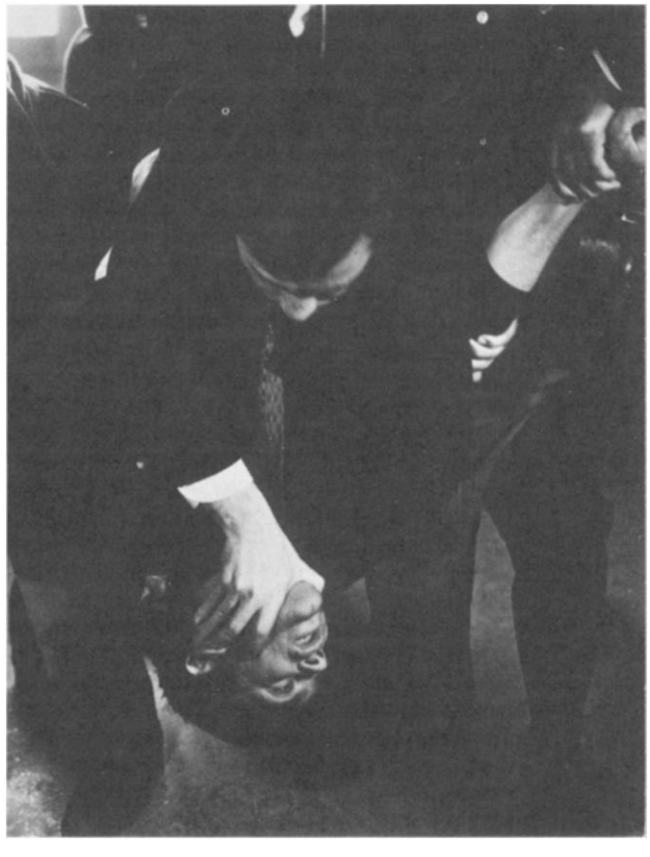
IL POSTO

into some form of rhetoric, into a cinema of ready-made phrases and of good intentions. To use a hackneyed image, we could say that they are caught between two fires: on one side they feel the urge to witness all that is alive in their own society and times (to interpret rightly the evolution of history); on the other side they are open to the many enticements of language, of technique as the ultimate goal of a work of art, or individualism considered as a possibility for rescue from the chaos of mechanized civilization. So far, however, the first aspect is most prevalent among them.

To free themselves from the dilemma, they sometimes attempt radical experiments. They skirt the rules of the usual subject film and try their best to introduce the techniques of journalistic inquiry into film language. They resort to the appeal of direct documentation, as was done by Gregoretti in *I Nuovi Angeli,* a slightly aristocratic and uneven, though biting, investigation of Italian youth in the 1960's. The new language does not originate from a formalistic precept or from a choice of a technical nature, as often happens with the directors of the French "Nouvelle Vague." It originates instead from a thematic choice, or, if you wish, from a new way of understanding cinema and its social responsibilities.

One should not envisage, however, a prodigious flowering of new currents without a cultural hinterland. If we coldly examine the work of the Fellinis and Antonionis we find that it already contains the germs of dissolution of the traditional tale and, along with it, the premises of a different way of looking at reality. *La Dolce Vita,* more than a story, is a chronicle of a particular milieu. *L'Avventura* illustrates a series of situations that are felt to be typical of the Italian bourgeoisie. Antonioni places on the same level both the needs for sociological inquiry and those for a psychological one. Except that, unlike Resnais, he doesn't destroy psychology in order to be able to abandon himself to the adoration of symbolic characters, but uses it to discover the reasons that hide behind the apparently gratuitous actions of the man of a crisis society. The young directors are working in this very direction.

Antonioni and Fellini, the chief artists of the middle generation, constitute the bridge be-



ACCATONE

BANDITTI A ORGOSOLO

tween the old and the new. They were the first to sense that times were changing, and that with them the function of cinema was changing. Let us try to list the themes on which the two directors have been insisting for some years: the precariousness of human contacts in a depersonalized society, in a world in which only power relationships count; the insufferability of the constituted order; the crisis of sentiments that gradually become incommunicable; the weakness of men facing every kind of temptation and danger; the incapability of the bourgeoisie to renovate itself or simply to keep pace with its own age. These motifs not only have stimulated artistic creation in two of the most important directors of international cinema, but they are the very ground of the cultural and political debate now going on between the two fundamental ideologies of Italian civilization: Marxism and Catholicism. The younger generation has taken them up again and developed them, with a rational coherence even more spirited than the one that guides Fellini and Antonioni. They have elaborated them, sometimes indulging in pessimism of a mostly Catholic origin (Pasolini, Olmi), other times in protesting attitudes more allied to Marxist culture (Rosi, De Seta), and still other times enveloping them in an individualistically colored skepticism (Gregoretti). These are different roads, even contrasting, but they all come out of a matrix of a common ideological interest. They are cultural facts.

"MARIENBADISM"

If we compare the attitude of the young directors not with the attitude of the men of the middle generation but with the "holy fathers" of neorealism we come to the most interesting discovery. We may have doubts about the quality of commitment that the younger generation shows, but we can be absolutely certain that the break with the past is an established fact. The leap from yesterday to today is most evident. The first-generation directors no longer recognize the world they live in; they fret and grope like ghosts in the dark. Rossellini steps from a feeble repetition of the themes of the Resistance *(Era Notte a Roma)* to a clumsy story of the Risorgimento centering on the figure of Garibaldi *(Viva l'Italia)* to a Stendhalian variation in the worst taste *(Vanina Vanini)*. De Sica, after the scholastic neatness of *La Ciociara* (a story totally alien to his temperament), takes up again the old satirical themes of *Miracle in Milan* and loses his way among the insipid jokes of the *Universal Judgment*. Castellani in recent years made a couple of unhappy attempts to enter the vital currents of Italian cinema *(Dreams in a Drawer, Nella Città l'Inferno)*; disillusioned, he fell back upon his old loves and rediscovered "the people's story" with an epic intonation. He fails again in *Il Brigante*.

Among the major figures, only Luchino Visconti resists, but not without showing worrisome signs of fatigue. *White Nights* was a warning bell. *Rocco and His Brothers* is, from many angles, a vigorous and important film but throws light upon the perhaps insurmountable boundaries of the director's decadentism. The episode he shot for *Boccaccio 70*, the cockeyed anthology by "big signatures" of Italian cinema, counts only as a stupendous exercise—a divertissement—on a theme of mores, nothing more. If Visconti knows how to come out of his crisis we will see it in *Il Gattopardo (The Leopard)*. From *La Terra Trema* and from *Senso* he has made no substantial progress. Fixed on positions now grown old, even if glorious, he can still rely on his own culture

and his own sensitivity, which are both quite ample.

The ancient gods are vanishing. On the contrary, the younger generation, leaning on the fruitful experiences of Antonioni and Fellini, have reached the first tests. We have seen what their qualities are (or could be); we've pointed out the dangers that they are going to meet. We've also said that there is one thing particularly that seduces them: the delight in investigation, the immediacy of journalism applied to cinematographic language, the meticulosity of sociological documentation. They are children of a mass civilization in a capitalist country. They are intelligent enough not to disdain their own origins. It is for this reason that they don't quarrel with the techniques that mass civilization provides them with; in this they are very different from the directors of the so-called "Nouvelle Vague" and they approach, if anything, the authors of the American "Free Cinema" (Cassavetes, Rogosin, Meyers).

They accept the rules of the game with even excessive promptness, such as to make one suspect them of conformism. They do this because they're convinced that this is the only way to establish a contact with the audience: they must speak its own language, solicit its complicity, pick at its grudges, make a crack in its nature as "conditioned men." They are afraid of "Marienbadism." They have faith in men. An unlimited faith, as from one accomplice to another. They suffer in seeeing them suffer (as Olmi in *Il Posto*), they are indignant at seeing them at the mercy of forces larger than their own (as Rosi in *Salvatore Giuliano*), they are moved at finding that there exists a possibility of redemption (as Pasolini in *Accattone*). They seek to be modern, we could say, in the right sense. We don't know if they will be successful. We know only that they have understood something of the Italian reality. [Translated by John and Letizia Miller.]

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Five: *Potemkin, The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, The Last Laugh, M, A Nous la Liberté.*

Five more: *Ten Days (October), The Big Parade, The Wedding March, Sous les Toits de Paris, Intolerance.*

Ten more: *Old and New, Hallelujah, Underworld, The Testament of Dr. Mabuse, Tabu, Citizen Kane, The End of St. Petersburg, Storm Over Asia, The Crowd, A Woman of Paris . . .*

Shall I go on? —GRETCHEN WEINBERG

Films of the Quarter

Pauline Kael

For two weeks I had been up to my ears in alien corn at the San Francisco International Film Festival (after all those films from Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Korea, Thailand, et al., one can only surmise that the Festival Director is a stamp collector). And then it was over: I went to see *The Manchurian Candidate* and it was like coming home—I rediscovered the pleasures of movie-going. John Frankenheimer's film is like the best of the '40s —the international intrigue thriller brought up to date, farther out than the Bogart films, but,

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like them when they were good, filled with characters, with faces, and conversational non sequiturs, cynicism and sentiment and wit, and suspense. It reminds you of what fun movies used to be before the American film became a sexy-sanctimonious-spectacular bore, and the "art" film became too refined and "interior" to bother with action and personality and humor. *The Manchurian Candidate* excels in an American genre that was almost dead here but had sent up fresh shoots in France (Godard pulled up the root in *Breathless,* Truffaut cross-fertilized it in *Shoot the Piano Player*). The homegrown article is peculiarly satisfying: this is American movie-making at its best—when it isn't trying to be art (which is the only time it succeeds). Not too surprisingly, Bosley Crowther says *The Manchurian Candidate* "does not do credit to American films." But what has happened to Dwight Macdonald who says it's the "worst movie I've seen this year except for *Something Wild*"? (This makes me regret I missed *Something Wild.* I've learned to rush to what Crowther pans, should I start treating Macdonald the same way?) Macdonald also says of *The Manchurian Candidate,* "Its one triumph: a part has finally been found that Laurence Harvey can handle—a brainwashed zombie." I protest, objectionable as Harvey is in poor roles, he knows what to do when he gets a chance. Didn't Macdonald see *Room at the Top* or *Expresso Bongo?* Harvey is good in this picture, as are about a dozen others and if Frankenheimer never does anything else, he'll still be a culture-hero for me for having provided good roles for the heartbreakingly talented Angela Lansbury.

The Miracle Worker begins hysterically and its drama is weakened by unnecessary melodrama (Helen Keller's father gives Annie Sullivan just two weeks to "break through"—and this creaking *High Noon* mechanism gives the film a fake kind of suspense that is an insult to the material and the audience), but Arthur Penn's directorial talent has developed beyond the surprises and promise of *The Left-Handed Gun.* He is one of the few directors who can make imaginative visual statements who does not slight the importance of dialogue; he has rare equipment for an American director—both eyes and ears. But verbally the film suffers from the theatrics of the author, who seems to have had his ears chewed by *The Little Foxes.*

Stanley Kauffmann

The quarter ending October 31st brought a new Antonioni film, than which a quarter can do no more. *Eclipse* completes the trilogy begun with *L'Avventura* and *The Night,* and this world ends neither with a bang nor a whimper but in poignantly suspended animation. Antonioni's story is of a Roman girl ending one love and beginning another, which too she knows will end; it progresses with that ambience of stillness—like watching one's self from within one's own mind—that is this artist's particular and haunting note. Because the girl is less individualized than his earlier protagonists, is more of a personified contemporary symbol, the film is less moving than the first two; but Antonioni's splaying open of an environment and his frenzied ballet of the Roman stock exchange are matters possible only to a master.

Among American films, *The Connection,* now licensed for New York exhibition, is likely to become the Dred Scott of the cinema, more famous as a case than for itself. The sophomoric naturalism of the script, the air of import (though the cupboard is bare) are aggravated by Jack Gelber's nagging attempts to take us past artistic reality to "real" reality. Shirley Clarke is one of the younger Americans trying to rehabilitate our film world, but her direction here, despite some telling touches, tends to be as emptily portentous as the script.

Billy Budd seems ideal material for a film if two problems can be solved: the casting of Billy so that he is too good and yet true;

and conveying that the basic tragedy is Captain Vere's. Terence Stamp does not quite succeed in the former role, and Peter Ustinov is grotesquely inadequate in the latter. Ustinov's direction, clumsy enough in a trifle like his own *Romanoff and Juliet*, would be fatal here if there were much life to start with.

Long Day's Journey into Night would have been better as an LP phonograph record than the LP film which it is. Now we have to watch the non-moving pictures while we listen, and none of Sidney Lumet's limited but insistent wiles can make them live on the screen. However, Jason Robards is fine as the son and Ralph Richardson sustains the father; but the gifted Katharine Hepburn is miscast as the mother and Dean Stockwell is miscast vocationally.

To conclude, another master's work: *Yojimbo*. This seems as if Kurosawa had decided to take the "lone-gun" Western and not only transpose it to Nineteenth-century Japan but amplify the melodrama into drama, the Good Guy into a hero. With a weathered-oak-and-lightning performance by Toshiro Mifune that further displays his credible virtuosity, the result evokes the balcony thrills of childhood together with a high degree of esthetic satisfaction.

Gavin Lambert

Two minor films by major directors have played briefly in Los Angeles. Buñuel's *Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz* is a kind of erotic *Monsieur Verdoux* which treats some favorite themes—the Catholic church as a force of sexual repression, the psychopathology of everyday bourgeois life—in a mood of "black" comedy. The hero is a well-brought-up young man who, whenever he's attracted to a woman, tries to kill her. One particularly brilliant episode describes how, when a victim eludes him, he consoles himself by burning a lifesize wax dummy of her instead. Welles' *Mr. Arkadin*—made like the Buñuel several years ago—is less successful. The central idea is a second-rate reworking of the *Kane* character, and there's some surprisingly bad acting. Memorable, though, are the scenes with Katina Paxinou and Suzanne Flon, in which the film attains that kind of sardonic, sophisticated melodrama which *A Touch of Evil* reached almost all the time.

Two French films by new directors, Agnès Varda's *Cléo de 5 à 7* and Albicocco's *Fille aux Yeux d'Or*, are watchable, inventive, and somehow in the end boring. Varda's stethoscopic account of two hours in the life of a young popular singer who's afraid she has cancer and is waiting the diagnosis, works well enough for about half its length in a sub-Antonioni way—much wandering around, an atmospheric continuity that seems aimless but is in fact intricately calculated—and then collapses into nervous feminine sentimentality, ending so to speak on the note at which Marguerite Duras usually begins. Albicocco "modernizes" a Balzac story, giving it a technically contemporary setting; but the photographic style has an amusing extravagance that reminds one of von Sternberg at his peak. Decorative but shallow, its world somehow takes one back to the 30's. Both these films are a bit like French cheese, 50% *matière grasse*.

The Theater Arts department at UCLA has sponsored two recent film seasons. It may seem churlish to complain, but no one should be allowed to present series under the title of *Psychological Masterpieces* (because it imposes unfair demands on the films shown) or *Insight* (because it's meaningless). The first series, apart from reviving Pabst's marvelous *Lulu*, that definitive drama of Berlin in the 20's, included Chabrol's *Les Cousins* and the Japanese *Fires on the Plain*. The French film is again slick and mannered, a pretentious variation on the theme of *Rope*. *Fires on the Plain* is heavily well made, the kind of old-fashioned anti-war film that makes its point by cataloguing physical horrors. They're the usual ones, except for some teasing cannibalistic moments which have apparently given the film a cachet.

Starving, a Japanese soldier encounters a skinny unappetizing-looking human hand sticking up from the desert plain, and wisely decides not to eat it. This really evades the issue. A nice juicy thigh, though, could have provided real temptation, and paraphrased Auden's line: "We must eat one another or die."

Insight offered—with a solemn program note about the modern Soviet cinema, disparaging *Ballad of a Soldier* (which is no Psychological Masterpiece, but a film with some genuine feeling)—Heifitz's *Lady with a Toy Dog*. This reduces Tchekov's beautiful delicate story to a stolid tear-jerker, and only made one realize what a marvelous film was, say, *Letter from an Unknown Woman*. Incidentally, a young Russian director made a much better Tchekov film a few years ago, called *The Cicada*. Maybe Visconti's *White Nights* (still to come) will save the day for *Insight*. All the same, these grab-bags are questionable. Something more planned, and more exciting, could surely be worked out. If it's Psychological Masterpieces you're really after, why not *El*? or *Senso*? or *Les Parents Terribles*? Or, if it's Insight into some directors whose work is less well known than it should be, there are more interesting ones than Heifitz or Helmut Käutner—Mizoguchi, for instance, Torre-Nilsson, Jean Rouche. . . .

Dwight Macdonald

[Mr. Macdonald writes that pressure of time prevents him getting to "Films of the Quarter" for this issue; he will return with the next.]

Jonas Mekas

Orson Welles' *Mr. Arkadin*, seven years old by now, had its première at the New Yorker Theater. A minor work, but a work by a master. We saw a few other good films opening lately—*The Connection, Il Grido, Yojimbo, Lola*—but they all become small when compared with this small work of Orson Welles. We talk about the author's cinema, the personal cinema, etc. But we end up where we were before: there are only great and small authors, interesting and boring personalities, great and small films. It may be true that *Mr. Arkadin* is not as good a film as *Citizen Kane* or even *Touch of Evil*. But then, when it comes to a great artist, what does it matter? Can we reduce Picasso to one great (or perfect) painting? It is here that the author's theory has its meaning: a minor work of a true artist takes an important place in the totality of his life's work.

Il Grido, shot in the Po valley, is perhaps the most beautiful, visually, of all Antonioni films. Demy's *Lola* was butchered by N.Y. critics. No one noticed its beauty. No one saw what it was all about. They spoke about its plot, and they didn't see its images. *Lola* is the most beautifully photographed film I have seen in the last two or three years. Demy is in love with sun. I haven't seen sun used so beautifully. The film is full of light. I could almost say, the light is what the film is all about.

I thought *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* was the best film Tony Richardson made until now, and the first one which interested me, visually. *Sundays and Cybele*, the first film of Serge Bourguignon, is in the tradition of the French abstract school, Resnais, and also influenced by Orson Welles. It is not a perfect film, but one which has several very good sequences. Bourguignon has an eye for striking image effects. He uses zoom and long lenses like no other young film-maker does. And he has an eye for poetry. There is a sensitivity in his work and beauty. I have hopes in him.

Satyajit Ray's *Devi* is like a dry bone, polished, hard, you don't know (if you can imagine that you are a dog) where to get your teeth in, no matter how hard you try. You feel there is something in it, there is marrow somewhere in it, but you prefer to put it away, to bury it under some tree, for another day.

JAY LEYDA

Waiting Jobs

The relation of film historians to the films they write about is always changing. There was the day of Vachel Lindsay, when the functions of film historians and film critics were interchangeable, so recently had they seen the films they wrote about. Then, gradually, film historians were obliged to depend more and more on their infirm memories of past films, and dangerously, for, with the possible exception of Theodore Huff, I know of no film historian blessed with total recall. The next stage was for film historians to feed upon each other's work, seasoning their generalizations with memories and a few opportunities to see films older than last year's with some consultation of trade journals as their most solid source.

The establishment of film archives all over the world halted the deterioration of the film historian's usefulness. At last he could see the films, often in reliable copies from the personal collections of film-makers, that he had heretofore been obliged to reconstruct from a title, a review, a few photographs and a production anecdote. I can still feel the excitement of seeing *The Passion of Jeanne d'Arc*, a film that I thought I knew well (in a premature Bronx "art house" I had played a recorded accompaniment for 28 performances of it)—ten years after my first viewing of it, now in Dreyer's work-copy acquired by the Museum of Modern Art Film Library. Since that happy experience less complete copies do no damage to its memory—they even serve to refresh it; the shots that are missing or chopped draw attention to themselves with that basis to refer to. Multiple instances of such new *availability* and *reliability* deepened the character of all film writing (and even of film-making—what if young Satyajit Ray had not seen a study copy of *Bicycle Thieves!*). Now it was possible to plan and execute such large historical projects, on a Parrington scale, as Sadoul's many volumes, Ove Brusendorff's compendium, or the hopes of Harry Alan Potamkin. Archives and historians are now committed to a coöperating future, whether they like each other or not.

We are all obliged to keep this progress in motion, even with small pushes. Just over the horizon of the present landscape of film historical study I sense a few objectives that have been visible for a while, but somehow it has been easier to ignore than to acknowledge them. The following are only a few of the many that must be there, waiting.

Money. Too difficult? Too crass? Too unrelated to what we're studying?

Several historians—Ramsaye, Hampton, Sadoul come to mind—have given respectful attention to this factor, but not in relation to film aesthetics. For, beyond such clearly significant financial matters as the half-concealed German support of French production before 1939, or the cost of *Intolerance* or *Ben Hur* (any version), or the wholesale swallowing and control of distribution by producers, money is worth every historian's attention, on the industrial level and the individual as well. What do we know about the salaries or incomes of film-makers? How do Clément and Reisz live between films? How do Ozu or Fellini protect themselves against almost unfluctuating successes? Integrity is such an easy term to throw about—how is it that film art (or industry) received so little value for the salaries paid to Scott Fitzgerald and Nathanael West? How does an actor or designer weigh the compensations and burdens of a film contract compared to the hazards of Broadway employment (for such a choice may not be demanded outside the U.S.)? What have we learned from the

tragedy of Stroheim or the near-tragedy of Welles—or are such clashes of passion and bookkeeping inevitable? Is there anything in the theory that slim resources can stimulate rich art—or is this true only of certain artists? To what extent is film production in a socialist country influenced or limited by money?

As pleasant as it may be to separate money and aesthetics, is such a separation a falsification of history? If Herman Melville's income could either prod or oppress his art, is it foolish to imagine a similar tangle of cause and effect among the best film creators?

An international film history, *not* merely covering each country's glories, chapter by chapter, but tracking down the international excitements of the developing art of film.

Even internationally cross-sectioned chronicles would give the reader a truer picture of this development than the departmentalized histories, as valuable as they are. The other sort of history that I am suggesting is no simple research job, but it is no longer the hopeless job it may once have seemed—now that historians and analysts have international film archives to help them *see* a large part of a past that they could not dream of examining before the war.

It was one small opening onto this vista of a dramatically involved international development that made such a project seem so necessary to me. I had had the honor of helping during that wonderful month when the MMA Film Library was permitted to comb through the vault where the Biograph negatives were stored, almost forgetten and often beyond restoration. One of the [re-]discoveries then was *The Lonely Villa,* which turned out to be all that the early historians claimed for it. A long time later, in 1948, I was astonished to notice in Aleinikov's *Protazanov,* which contains a good filmography, that Protazanov had made, in 1914, a film of the same story—*Drama by Telephone.* At first I assumed that the 1914 Protazanov version must have derived from the 1909 Griffith—until I could find no evidence of Biograph films having been sold, even indirectly, to Russia. But both directors often showed their indebtedness to French and Danish films, these being familiar and popular in both the United States and Russia—and I put the problem aside, hoping that another piece of the puzzle would turn up some day. What was it that started it all—a Guignol play? André de Lorde's *Au téléphone* in a New York staging? Or was there a film that provided the common source for *The Lonely Villa* and *Drama by Telephone?* Should this X be given the credit for the editing invention of *The Lonely Villa?* Or did Griffith's "improvement" on the original constitute a great forward step in itself? Recently I have seen a candidate for this "X"—a film of the same story by Pathé Frères (title missing) that could have been made well before 1909. Another triumph for Zecca?

Though no world-shattering revelation, this episode did show me how much we neither knew nor tried to know (and worse: assumed without knowing) of the devious interactions across boundaries and oceans that made *real* film history—recorded or not. To determine film "firsts" may mean little, especially if their search is not conducted on an international scale. Later influences are more easily traced —but is anyone engaged in this tracing? A swifter international movement than other arts enjoyed, combined with a need for immediate financial returns that encouraged imitation of any success, anywhere, would seem to make such an international film history logical and necessary. To stimulate such world views we will, of course, need more detailed national histories, but these are emerging in our fortunate present (though with regrettably few translations).

Similarly, the broadest views have to be based on the closest observation.

Though I am no partisan of the "new criticism" in the field of literature, I can see that it has served a purpose—we are forced to look more closely at a work itself. In the face of derision Kracauer has shown the value of a

close examination of the actual images that appear on the screen. When most modern archives offer the use of the table-viewer or moviola to the researcher, we should seize the opportunity to apply this minuteness of observation to illuminate the more general perceptions that are gained from a seat in the theater. Spectators come away from the films of Antonioni and Resnais sensing that more has taken place on the screen than they have perceived—and this has always been the case with films that last beyond their year.

For those spectators who have the time and persistence for the search (whether or not they publish their findings) this is a step to be encouraged by all film collections. I am told that the George Eastman House tries to remove the usual obstacles that stand between a student and the film he needs. Despite vaults that are necessarily far removed from Moscow and London, both Cosfilmofond and the National Film Archive have given me screening and viewing help whenever I asked for it. Such chances for undistracted examination are as necessary as the perpetually rich public offerings of the Cinémathèque Française, and a responsible archive is obliged to balance these two forms of use.

Now that enlarged frames are used more than still photographs to record the screened image, the archives should try to help the student, even the untrained student, to obtain these. Apparatus for the selection and enlargement of frames will have to become standard equipment for any progressive archive—though I know of one wealthy archive that has not yet thought it worthwhile to invest in a moviola.

A prepared but neglected work of reference. Since the appearance in 1941 of *The Film Index: A Bibliography* we have all grown increasingly dependent on it, regardless of the fact that it was only part of an ambitious group research project. It is always with a pang that we notice that the single volume that appeared is "Volume I, The Film as Art." This pang only deepens when we realize that "Volume II, The Film as Technique" was fully prepared for publication but was pushed aside by the war. The prepared cards are still waiting and available in the library of the Museum of Modern Art. Could not an inexpensive form of publication be found for such a useful reference tool?

Studies of "enclosed" periods of film history: when one country's productions over several years would be entirely or nearly unknown outside its borders.

Japan, 1908?–1950. Before *Rashomon* was seen at Venice there *was* a world distribution of Japanese films, but only to equally "enclosed" overseas Japanese communities. After Pearl Harbor those Japanese films that happened to be in Hawaii and United States cities were confiscated and partially employed for study and compilation by the U. S. Army. After the war these enemy properties were joined by a staggering confiscation of films from Japanese vaults—all now in the custody of the Office of Alien Property or the Library of Congress, and rapidly deteriorating. Someone should hurry before the history of these neglected Japanese films becomes dust. Most of these pre-1945 films were not available to Joseph Anderson and Donald Richie for their pioneer work on *The Japanese Film: Art and Industry,* so this study still awaits its student—a brave Japanese?

Germany, 1914–1918. This is a difficult period to learn about, even in German film literature. Documentation and the films themselves are plentiful in both the prewar "primitive" period and the much-studied period after 1918, but the war years are strangely skirted. Such vagueness always whets my curiosity.

Russia and the Soviet Union, 1914–1924. I feel the greatest private dissatisfaction about this part of my own work. I was conscious of an extremely important transition after the October Revolution—when the new Bolshevik films contained discarded ideologies as well as new, and the continuing productions from private firms were often the work of artists com-

mitted to the future (Mayakovsky, for instance)—for which I did not know the necessary films and material. Accurate production lists already exist—now a Soviet historian should be attracted to the project.

China, 1920?–1949. Since 1949, most significant Chinese films have been seen at least in other socialist countries, but glimpses of previous productions show a film history of great interest. These older films were also in limited circulation abroad, to overseas Chinese communities, and may be uncovered by the conscientious historian in many parts of the world—the United States (Library of Congress?), Cuba and the West Indies, South America, Hawaii, Singapore, etc.

Nazi Germany, 1933–1945, or, *more* enclosed, 1939–1945. An enthusiastic start was made on this obscured puzzle in *Film Quarterly** that should be pursued by Mr. Hull. If he can travel I believe that he would find, even a year later, that film archives could double the number of Nazi films for him to inspect.

Other enclosures may be worth study: Indian films before Europe was opened to them by *Pather Panchali,* the prewar films of Hungary and Rumania—the Middle East?

See at least a fragment of every new film offered to you—its future (perhaps its country's film future) may be in your hands.

I know how boring it is to denounce prejudice, but it is too easy in a world of thousands of unseen films to pass up a film because it doesn't seem to belong in one's outlook. Too many critics (some sure to become historians) adjust to crowded festival schedules by foregoing films that have not been sufficiently sold to them. This could mean ignoring a country's entry because the title sounds absurd or you can't imagine anything good coming out of that country. At an Asian film festival in Frankfurt I almost missed the most important work shown there—a *South* Korean film entitled *Romance Papa!* On the other hand few of the guests at Cannes a couple of years ago bothered to see a modest French co-production with *North* Korea, *Morambong*—a film that has outlasted most of the well-attended entries of that year. I often feel cold shivers to think by what narrow accidents we nearly missed the best of the postwar Italian films and the whole of the modern Japanese film.

A duty: to throw into the past the custom of disregarding all contributors to film-making except the director.

It is an extremely difficult problem to fix credit and blame in such a manufacturing process as the making of a film, but no one working in film history (especially American film history) can ignore the other contributors. I have just read the first half of a sincerely serious study of Howard Hawks's films† in which the first 26 films he directed are subjected to exhaustive thematic and attitude analysis—but only three writers are mentioned. In the case of one film whose writers are not named I happen to know that a finished script was handed to Hawks who gladly put it on film as it was. Another symptom of this error appears in a recent text-book on *screen-writing:* cited films are repeatedly identified by their directors. Not very encouraging for student writers.

There have been and still are directors who so dominated their scenarios and crew and cast that one must conclude that this is a Griffith film, this a Chaplin film, an Eisenstein film, a Clair film, a Dreyer film. But even on these highest levels of accomplishment there are frequent indications that some fundamental quality of the finished film came from outside the director. William Bolitho and Orson Welles provided so much of *Monsieur Verdoux's* theme and philosophy that *their* attitudes have to be taken into account as much as Chaplin's, in

* David Stewart Hull, "Forbidden Fruit: The Harvest of the German Cinema, 1939–1945," *Film Quarterly,* Summer 1961.

† This was in *Films and Filming,* whose series on "Great Films of the Century" (by various writers) is an example of a juster tendency.

weighing the film. The contributions of Pavlenko and Prokofiev to *Alexander Nevsky* were almost as fundamental as Eisenstein's, and he took pains to credit their shares. Dreyer's respect for the playwrights whose work he has often used is well known, and a play leaves less room for radical alteration than any other literary form adapted to the screen. True "actors' films" are known in every film-making continent—nor need they be scorned. And I know of admired films where the producer or the cameraman deserves more creative credit than the director. Even the most responsible director can be occasionally detected in a passive role when working with a more dedicated or dynamic artist—the cynical tone of voice too often adopted by directors out of studio earshot is too often, unfortunately, genuine. To ascribe the whole power of any film blindly to the man credited with its "direction" is uncomfortably akin to the impression treasured by unsophisticated film-goers—that actors speak lines and jokes of their own invention.

How to determine this credit is a complex matter, and requires more than the seeing of a film, or the memory of a film, or a study of the printed credits. But if a film is worth analysis, the ascription of that worth must be sought —through contemporary trade papers, gossip columns, even fan magazines, but chiefly through interviews and counter-interviews—skeptically, suspiciously, and constantly checking the reliability (and interests) of each source.

There is another waiting source that offers itself to less falsification than any other kind of information on a film's making: what was *not* used in the film.

To think about collecting such materials is a task awaiting all film archives, from the unlimited resources of the Cinémathèque Française to the newest archive in the youngest film-producing country. Imagine a newly independent African country making its own films for the first time; a small request from the archive to the production studio, to turn over to them all discarded footage—unused takes, replaced or dropped sequences, even the mistakes of performance, photography or production that happened to get onto negative or to be printed—might prove of great artistic benefit in ten or even five years. In the meantime it could furnish study materials for student filmmakers, carefully controlled to avoid embarrassing the artists who provided its mistakes and lessons. Sensitive weeding out of such footage would proceed along with the acquisition of fresh footage—just as any archive weeds out the films it sees no present or future use for—and that country's film industry would have been well served by its archive.

On his first trip to Hollywood Herman Weinberg's enthusiasm uncovered some of the unused footage of *A Woman of Paris*. Anyone (except Chaplin, I suppose) can imagine the study value of such footage. For the film historian the discards from even less distinguished works within his area could be equally valuable, not only for purposes of ascription but for the study of method.

Approaching the sources of such private waste materials will, of course, require maximum diplomatic talents—combined with the passion of a proselytizing saint. However, once an archive develops such sales methods they can be applied to jobs not yet conceived.

Our Resources for Scholarship

Before we can have sound knowledge of films, they must be preserved and made reasonably accessible to scholars. It is not easy even to preserve books—whose size, rate of deterioration with age, sensitivity to atmospheric conditions, and ease of use make them far simpler to deal with than films; yet an ancient tradition, immense sums of money, and legions of highly trained librarians have brought us to the point where our major university libraries are the envy of the world. Our film archives, by comparison, are less than stepchildren; those at the Museum of Modern Art and Eastman House were established by the private efforts of a handful of persons, and have subsisted since through gifts and donations—in a word, through charity, and the penurious budgets this entails. No university maintains a film archive, though many of them operate giant rental systems for classroom films. The Library of Congress film program is a minimal, stop-gap, undermanned affair. No foundation or governmental institute has a coherent program of support for film research, though recent welcome announcements by the Ford Foundation indicate that they are now prepared to embark on projects in this area. It has taken years of effort, only culminating now when the commercial existence of the industry is gravely jeopardized, to establish a museum in Hollywood. Through such lack of institutional support, and a chronic lack of funds, dismaying losses have already been sustained, and more are to come: the chemical disintegration of old originals past the point where even the most skilful technicians can save them; the physical destruction of films whose commercial value is nil; and the disappearance of films through the confusion and neglect inherent in an industry where huge success and total ruin can succeed each other within a matter of days. It is imperative that additional money be found for our archives, and this within a few years. The sums required are modest by comparison either with film-production budgets or governmental outlays in other areas.

They order these things better in France, where the Cinémathèque Française, like the crucial short-film industry, gets governmental support. But even here, this might be one occasion on which American distrust of the arts could be turned to advantage: a lobby for movie preservation, after all, would simply be urging a patriotic record of our national amusements, as government historians keep records of our wars. In any case, it seems time for a concerted new effort to procure massive funds from university, foundation, and government sources. We have two established archives with rich resources; we have the all-encompassing Library of Congress collections, shamefully neglected through lack of appropriations for more than custodial services; we have a nascent fourth archive in the Hollywood Museum.

These institutions are capable of giving us a film archive system as comprehensive and stimulating as any on earth, if they can be released from their present state of penury. Having the films saved and accessible will not make film scholarship easy, but it will make it possible on a scale sufficiently wide and sophisticated to bear comparison with established standards of research in other fields.

We present below a survey of the major archives of the United States, compiled from materials supplied by their curators, and further below a similar survey of the book collections holding substantial film materials, which are an essential adjunct to study of the original films themselves. It is hoped that this information will be a useful guide to aspiring scholars, and also that it will be a stimulus to donors, collectors, and other persons who can aid the archives in obtaining, preserving, and making available the films on which all else depends. Requests for more detailed information, and offers of assistance, should go direct to the addresses indicated, not to *Film Quarterly*.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

11 West 53rd St., New York 19, New York
CIrcle 5-8900

The Museum of Modern Art Film Library's primary source material for film research is its large and varied film collection, containing some 3,000 titles and over 12,000,000 feet of film, including films from all over the world. Founded in 1935 with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation, the purpose of the Film Library was to "trace, catalogue, assemble and exhibit, and circulate a library of film programs so that the motion picture may be studied and enjoyed as any one of the arts is studied and enjoyed." It soon appeared that two other tasks were of major importance to the primary purpose. One, the preservation of the film material after its acquisition, has swamped budget and staff energies of late years. Much of the great mass of films acquired in the early years by the indefatigable efforts of Iris Barry, founder of the Film Library, was in danger of disintegration unless the films could be transferred to a more durable stock and each film in circulation could be protected by a master negative in the vaults. This task is still far from being accomplished. The other, providing facilities for film scholarship, is a growing necessity. Thousands of people have had by now the opportunity to view, at the Museum's auditorium showings or in their universities and film societies, many of the classics of film history. Few have been able to make a close study of the films, of the kind that requires repeated viewings, or to view the many minor films in which the collection now abounds. Films are expensive and copies are often unique, and they cannot be checked out of the Film Library by an individual student as a student of literature may check out books. The Film Library has been besieged since the beginning with requests for private viewings, most of which have had to be refused.

The Film Library has one private projection room which is primarily intended for the use of its staff in the work of acquisition, preservation, and preparation of auditorium exhibitions and circulating programs. There are not enough projectionists on the staff for even that one room to be manned all the hours of the day. This room is made available when time permits to outside individuals and small groups, but the fee is high for most individuals, especially the typical student or scholar. In an effort to make serious research possible, the Film Library has been able to make a lower rate available to one or two qualified scholars each year. Even then, the cost is high for anyone who requires to screen a large number of films, and some scholars have been able to acquire foundation funds for this purpose. Equipment is not presently available for hand viewing, nor is the Film Library willing to permit physical handling of unique film copies by any but its own trained staff. In a few experimental cases, the Film Library has recently permitted the renting of 16mm prints for private study at reduced rates, to a gradute student working under the guidance of his university adviser, when the project was a serious one and for academic credit. The Film Library takes pride in the works of film scholarship which have resulted in recent years with the help of its facilities.

The basic components of the film collection are familiar to anyone who has acquired a copy of the Film Library catalogue of circulating films. The circulating collection, while far from complete, is intended to contain representative examples of films from all periods, countries, and film genres, and to make possible a general survey of the history and development of the medium. The Film Library has been at work for some time on the publication of a catalogue which will include the entire collection. Among those films not presently circulated are those of limited interest, those whose owners will not at the moment permit circulation, or those films for which the Film Library has poor copies, or inadequate protection material, or no spare prints. With such limitations as have been outlined previously, this material is available for study.

The collection naturally contains more American films than those of other countries, but also includes the basic examples of the

development of national cinemas in France, Germany, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and Sweden, and to a lesser extent, Italy and Denmark, as well as an occasional film from Indonesia, Poland, India, and Japan. As archives do exist now in most of these countries, the Film Library has felt that its first responsibility lay in rescuing the pioneering works of the American film industry.

Among the first large groups of films acquired by the Film Library were the major output of the Edison company, with its pioneering films by Edwin S. Porter, *The Life of an American Fireman* and *The Great Train Robbery,* and the Biograph company, where D. W. Griffith in the years 1908–1912 evolved the language of the motion picture as we know it today. These collections were for the most part in negative form, and due to changing methods in the industry, they required special and expensive printing techniques. It has not been possible to save more than the most important films in the group. The old nitrate negatives have now shrunken and deteriorated and the possibility of printing up more films becomes less each year.

The Film Library acquired all the personally owned films of D. W. Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks, and William S. Hart, probably the most substantial gifts it has received in its history. While these films were first on the list of films to be copied on film preservation stock, not even these are all protected. Of those that are, the original prints of some have now deteriorated, and there can be no prints for viewing until further funds are obtained. Griffith's *The Love Flower, Dream Street,* and *The Greatest Question* are in this state. Some films have been received from Gloria Swanson, Richard Barthelmess, Colleen Moore, Irene Castle, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., David Selznick, and Samuel Goldwyn, to name only some of the donors. The complete works of Robert Flaherty are in the collection, as is the original uncut negative shot by S. M. Eisenstein in Mexico for his unfinished *Que Viva Mexico!*: this last has been compiled by Jay Leyda for the Film Library in a two-part, four-hour study film called *Eisenstein's Mexican Film: Episodes for Study.* The Film Library's collection of documentary and propaganda films is an outstanding one, and the propaganda films were the subject of intensive study by our government film-makers during the war years. As an example of the problems which occur in acquisition, there was the entire Pathé Newsreel from 1910 to 1940, some 10,000,000 feet of historic film record presented to the Film Library in 1940, and six years later regretfully returned, as the cost of its storage, much less its duplication, could not be carried by the Museum.

The researcher will soon discover there are many gaps in the collection. These exist because films appear to be lost (there are few complete silent serials to be found today), or permission cannot be obtained to acquire them (the personally owned Chaplin films), or, most often, funds are lacking. In addition, there is the problem of inadequate or incomplete copies of important films to plague the researcher. The Film Library has copies of *The Great Train Robbery* from three different sources, each one varying from the other not only in the number of shots but in the order in which they are edited. There is a problem for the researcher.

Among the Film Library's secondary study materials are the documents which are in some cases even more inaccessible than the films themselves, due to a lack of space for scholarly research and staff to oversee their use. Twenty-two thick scrapbooks of clippings kept by D. W. Griffith on his films and activities cannot at present be opened, as the condition of the paper is such that to read them is to destroy them. It is estimated that microfilming this material would cost $1,000, and in the process of microfilming the original will probably be destroyed. A vast collection of Griffith's personal and business correspondence acquired by the Film Library as long ago as 1940 has only now been put in order and its cataloguing accomplished, thanks to a grant of funds from a foundation. These and other original documents, for their own protection, cannot be made

available to the general public, but only to the qualified scholar working under the supervision of the library staff. Other original documents include the drawings and holograph manuscripts of S. M. Eisenstein, and the papers of Robert Flaherty, George Méliès, Thomas H. Ince, and some records of the Biograph and Edison companies. Also available are exact shot-lists of *Birth of a Nation, Intolerance,* and *The Three Musketeers* with Douglas Fairbanks. The first of these has been published in a mimeographed, limited edition, and it is hoped that publication of the other two will follow, as well as new shot-analyses made of other important films. The Film Library has a unique collection of original music scores for the silent films, as well as a very limited group of shooting scripts, many of which are not catalogued as yet. The library contains a file of reviews of motion pictures, kept up to date, a clipping file for articles and reviews in fugitive publications, catalogues of early production companies, and complete files of trade publications from their foundation, as well as the expected books and periodicals on film. The Library of the Museum of Modern Art is primarily an adjunct of the various curatorial departments; it is not a public library, and the services it can render to the outside scholar are limited by space and staff considerations at least until the Museum's new building program has been accomplished. Interlibrary loan requests can be met only on rare occasions. However, most of the books and periodicals on film it contains, plus others not in the collection, may be located at the New York Public Library, a few blocks away.

The Film Library's collection of motion picture stills is probably the most extensive in existence, but it is manned by one assistant working 15 hours a week, and this collection is open only to professionals and scholars by appointment. It is not for browsing. In justice to the collection itself, in order that it may be kept from utter chaos, it has been found necessary to eliminate the casual visitor. The value of the collection to a researcher is a growing one, for often stills are the only clue to a lost or inaccessible film. Its main basis was the gift of *Photoplay's* files dating back to 1910. This has been augmented by major gifts from RKO Pictures and Columbia Pictures, by stills solicited from the companies, and by frame-enlargements made from the films in the collection. It contains the hundreds of thousands of stills taken by Robert Flaherty in the course of his film-making, a collection currently being catalogued.

The intent of this estimate of the Film Library's facilities is not to discourage the scholar, but to make him aware of the limitations, and of the Film Library's problems of maintaining research facilities. There is no doubt that the Film Library contains many valuable and unique source materials for the scholarship of the future, and it has every hope that these will be added to and made more easily available in the time to come.

—Eileen Bowser, Curatorial Assistant

[Note: Without the support of its public, the Film Library could not accomplish any of the goals it has set for itself. In 1956, the Film Preservation Fund was established, and funds are still urgently needed for this purpose. However, donations for any specific purpose, for acquisition, for circulation, and for scholarly activities, are welcomed. Such gifts are tax-deductible, of course. Checks are made out to the Museum of Modern Art, and an accompanying letter should advise to which specific purpose it should be put.—E.C.]

GEORGE EASTMAN HOUSE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

900 East Avenue, Rochester, New York

The George Eastman House, fifty-room former home of George Eastman in Rochester, New York, was officially chartered as a public educational institution in 1948. Work was immediately started to open the house as a museum the following year. At that time it was more difficult to interest anyone seriously in supporting the formation of another film archive in this

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country than it had been for Iris Barry and John Abbott to establish their heroic and pioneering bridgeheads into the vaults of North American film producers for the beginnings of the Museum of Modern Art Film Library. It was, in fact, the notable success of Iris Barry's efforts of more than a decade, that almost ruled out the possibility of another major collection.

So convincingly authoritative were the program notes and so comfortably categorized the circulating film programs of the Museum's Film Library, that everyone save an insatiable hard core of aficionados was happily certain the really important films were all both permanently saved and properly appraised by Miss Barry and her unchallengeable team of Jay Leyda and Ted Huff.

Fortunately for the survival of literally thousands of films, the late General Oscar Solbert, the first Director of Eastman House, was a man of determination ideally characteristic of his rank. An existing private collection of some eight hundred titles was captured by the General along with its owner, myself, and both placed where we probably belonged—in a museum: the George Eastman House.

The nuclear collection of mine had been started in Cleveland in 1935 with, appropriately, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1919). But it was an assortment of film necessarily based wholly on opportunity and personal pleasure with no thought whatsoever that it might one day provide the totally haphazard substructure of an important institutional archive. Thanks to exchanges with many of the overseas archives, the collection did include a number of works of sufficient stature to beg the question of the existence of a totally definitive and adequate film "library" in Manhattan. It contained some indispensable primitives like Méliès' 1898 *L'Homme de Têtes* and Williamson's *A Big Swallow* (1901)—two films that together demonstrated most of the basic capabilities of the medium save for sound and dialogue.

There were also Lubin's fascinating facsimile of Porter's *Great Train Robbery* and some of Emile Cohl's earliest cartoons. Thanhouser's *The Cry of the Children* documented child labor in the mills of 1912 with the same shocking fidelity as the photographs of Thomas Hine. A print of *The Battle at Elderbush Gulch* (1913) provided a chance to appraise one of Griffith's most ambitious works before *Judith of Bethulia* and enabled historians finally to straighten out its strangely muddled place in the context of his activity in 1913.

Also in the collection were Renoir's unforgettable *Nana* (1925) and Lamprecht's harsh Zille film, *The Outcasts* (1925), Vigo's then rare *A Propos de Nice* (1929) and the first unmutilated version of Dreyer's *Vampyr* (1932) ever to arrive in this country.

And there was, it is true, a vast amount of what might be most charitably described (and was once so described, rather uncharitably) as "a collection of trivia."

Indeed it was this scornful description that provided a clue to the kind of American films that we should first make our efforts to acquire and preserve. The taste and the judgments that guided many of the early acquisitions of the Museum of Modern Art Film Library seem to be traceable back to the pages of *Closeup* via the writing of Paul Rotha (much more so than by the preferences expressed by Iris Barry in her *Let's Go to the Movies* of 1926). One can be grateful that this was so and there is no suggestion here that any better procedure could have been followed at that time. But in the beginning of the Eastman House Film Study Collection, there was established an express policy determined to supplement rather than to duplicate the collection of our associates on West 53rd Street.*

* Under a mutual assistance agreement made with the Museum of Modern Art, Eastman House stores in its refrigerated nitrate vaults some two million feet of the Museum's Film Library along with the still uncopied originals of the Eastman House Collection. The nitrate vaults were built with funds donated by L. Corrin Strong, stepson of Henry Alvah Strong, a close associate of George Eastman.

As far as American films were concerned, this meant first going back and picking up the titles most obviously missed by our predecessors. In many cases this involved works that were never praised by serious critics but which were pictures that had certainly played mighty roles in the history of the long love affair between the world film public and the American cinema. What more obvious subject than the 1925 *Ben Hur,* for example? How could film history ignore this major monster, so dull, so ponderous, but illumined by a player so totally inspired and graced by an epic chariot race (done the same year as *Potemkin*) which represented a formidable grasp of cutting and camera placement? And how could there be a collection of American films without Lon Chaney—without *The Phantom of the Opera* (1925) and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1923)? Or without King Vidor's *The Crowd* (1927)?

If the Eastman House had not had the good fortune to have been able through the courtesy of MGM to make a print from the original negative of *The Crowd* in 1950, there would not exist today a single print on acetate, of a complete first-generation version of one of the few American masterpieces.

Another early rescue was happily effected in printing Von Sternberg's *The Docks of New York* (1928) from the original negative. No film toward the end of the silent era was shot with more pictorial style than this glowing and romanticized creation of a wholly mythological and visually delightful New York waterfront.

By 1950 nearly every film-producing country had its own official archive in effective operation, so that we felt the primary emphasis in building a new collection should be toward the saving of American films.

Now of course we all know the dismal truth that even were there ten institutions in this country, all richly endowed and unceasing in their zeal, it still would not be enough to keep abreast of the shocking loss of American films through the inevitable and now accelerating rate of nitrate decomposition. Each of the overseas archives has assumed a primary responsibility for saving the films of its own country—a mission that perhaps should seem much more obvious than it has been in practice. A chauvinistic point of view has never dominated the thinking of most film scholars nor, rather unfortunately in some cases, has it possessed many archivists. One has only to read most of the film histories to find British authors dismissing what the rest of the world may consider the finest British films while French writers are hard pressed to see the virtue of many of the most respected French masterpieces. Germany has only since the end of the war seemed to become aware of its own cultural heritage of great silent film treasures. Of course we know that the French have usually found the greatest fascination in American films to lie beneath the hard surfaces of Ince melodramas or, in recent years, in our B features now immortalized by Godard.

Fortunately most of the archivists have now checked their obsessions with the films of other countries sufficiently to concentrate on the problem most easily solved for them: the assembly of representative collections of their own film-makers' work. They thus not only serve the patriotic impulses of archives which in most countries are governmentally supported, but the curators now find they have on hand more effective bait for international exchanges.*

The discipline involved in enforced attention to domestic product in many cases has paid off in bringing to the light of present-day screens an exciting number of undiscovered trail-blazers and not a few unsuspected milestones. Among the most astonishingly brilliant

* Formerly a member of the International Federation of Film Archives (FIAF), Eastman House now maintains a series of bilateral agreements with most of the active overseas archives. Frequent trips abroad of the curatorial staff ensure a constant flow of added acquisitions arriving from other countries where many American films, long lost in our own country, have been held in often surprising and out-of-the-way caches throughout Europe.

technical achievements in the Eastman House Collection is the 1915 Francis X. Bushman vehicle, *The Second in Command.* It is in every respect a cinematographer's circus. Camera credit is given to William F. Alder, a name today unlisted in the records of the ASC. Alder, by means which have defied all expert analysis or explanation, improvised some mysterious device which enabled his camera to follow action, to truck, dolly, and zoom with a sophisticated facility that seems often quite out of the reach of many a present-day studio so lavishly equipped with tracks, trucks, cranes, and lenses of variable focal length. The camera movement in *The Second in Command* makes ridiculous the measurement of moving camera shots in *The Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance* for Alder makes camera mobility a primary technique rather than an exceptional device. The entire film is predominantly filled with full-screen close-ups. The picture is, of course, in its total effect, artless and quite devoid of content which could be considered even remotely of lasting interest. But as an instance of technical virtuosity, the production is unique and history should assign a proper place to the cameraman who demonstrated so conclusively that he was a crucial decade ahead of the rest of the film world.

The very existence in the collection of Helen Gardner's six-reel version of *Cleopatra* released in 1912 should do something to dispel the tired old legend surrounding the importation of *Queen Elizabeth* as marking the advent of the multiple-reel feature.

Eastman House is fortunate to have in its collection several excellent examples of the Kalem productions, many of which deserve more attention than they have received in existing histories. Some of these made in Florida are especially interesting; the Robert Vignola 1913 production *Vampire,* for example, is a key contribution to the entire genre that later came to be dominated by the films of Theda Bara. Appearing in it were the dancers Alice Eis and Bert French whose popular vaudeville number was directly drawn from the scandal-creating Burne-Jones painting and the Kipling poem that together launched an enduring film cycle.

The 1914 Ince films *The Wrath of the Gods* and *Typhoon* are serious and sturdy contributions to the finest traditions of American film making that existed outside the Griffith orbit during that period. John Barrymore's 1915 comedy *The Incorrigible Dukane* is the earliest example of that actor's work in film known to exist in this country. The 1915 Essanay production *The Raven* with Wauthall as Poe is a meritorious attempt to produce a deliberate "art" film. And apropos of art films, the American work of Maurice Tourneur is creating an increasing coterie of belated admirers. His 1915 *Trilby* among others of his films at Eastman House provides substance for their enthusiasm.

The fortunate interest of Mary Pickford in doubling the security of her own films by establishing Eastman House as a co-beneficiary along with the Library of Congress has enriched the study collection with the addition of absolutely indispensable Pickford films from 1915 through 1928.*

The Chaplin period of transition from two-reel comedies to featurettes is happily covered by the presence of *Shoulder Arms* (1918), *A Dog's Life* (1918), *Sunnyside* (1919), and *The Idle Class* (1921). A print of the Clarence Brown-Maurice Tourneur *The Last of the Mohicans* (1920) taken from the original negative is inevitably a breathtaking revelation to all who see it and many now insist that it is unquestionably a masterpiece among the finest American films of action.

The importance of saving the key films of Clara Bow is certain to be questioned in all academic quarters and indeed by most film students until they have seen *It* (1927) and *Mantrap* (1926) as well as her debut in the semidocumentary *Down to the Sea in Ships* (1922). The problem of Greta Garbo who so

* For a discussion of these films see "The Films of Mary Pickford," *Image,* Number 4, December, 1959.

rarely appeared in a film of content other than ridiculous, but whose every performance is of such transcendental quality, is well along the road to solution since the collection includes all of her European appearances, her first three American films, and most of her best dialogue vehicles.

Having admitted an obligation to devote priority of preservation to American films, it should be emphasized that we have tried at the same time to obtain a representative sampling of overseas production to cover as large a span of world film history as possible. A student may now choose from among feature films made in Germany, for example, for each year throughout an unbroken period from 1917 to 1945. An even more comprehensive collection of French films exists along with liberal samplings from the output of Great Britiain, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, India, Russia, Japan, and Egypt. Many of the foreign film subjects are, of course, standards that should always be around for comparison and renewed examination over the years; others are believed to be unique examples in this country of certain important works. In this category there are the remarkable Russian films *The New Babylon* (1929—Kozintzev), *China Express* (1929—Trauberg), and *S V D* (1927) of Kozintzev, Blom's 1913 *Atlantis* which along with the Asta Nielsen films place the Danish pioneers far in the front rank of international achevement.

The sophisticated content of the early Asta Nielsen films from both Denmark and Germany and the awesome artistry of this fine actress were recognized in this country before World War I. At the Berlin Film Festival this year it was a matter of special satisfaction that Eastman House was able to contribute no less than four of the early Nielsen films for their retrospective exhibition: *Engelein* (1913), *Loulou* (1923), *According to Law* (1919), and *White Roses* (1914).

Among Italian films preserved are the lively *Tigris* (1912), one of the popular master-detective-versus-scarcely-less-masterful-criminal thrillers. A generous sampling of the Italian spectacles includes such key precursors of the post-World War II wave of avowedly realistic films—as Camerini's *I Will Give a Million* (1935) for which Zavattini had already written an exceptional script and the DeSica film *The Children Are Watching Us* in which the great director anticipated himself in 1942. Among great directors the collection offers a chance to study five films of Carl-Theodore Dreyer, six films of Renoir, five by Murnau, ten by Pabst and five of DeSica.

Buñuel's *L'Age d'Or* (1930) is a prized rarity in this country as is Kenneth MacPherson's Swiss-made avant-garde feature, *Borderline* (1930) with Paul Robeson. Outstanding among a large collection of Nazi-inspired productions are *Munchhausen* (1943), *Kolberg* (1945), *Fluechtlinge* (1933), and the almost legendary *Titanic* (1943), which apparently still has never been shown in the country of its origin.

The Japanese collection includes Imai's *Himeyuri-No-to* (1953) a hard-hitting drama of the invasion of Okinawa and Naruse's sensitive *Okasan* (1952) which so beguiled the public of Paris for many months and yet unaccountably was not circulated in the United States.

And what about the usual "classics"? Of course they must be available in any proper film museum although they obviously duplicate the holdings of all archives. But films like *Intolerance, The Birth of a Nation, Caligari, The Last Laugh,* and *The Bicycle Thieves* must be on hand as ready reference works. Each individual remembers each film quite differently—even a film which he has seen on many occasions. And the cautious writer, if he is making specific comparisons or allusions to particular scenes in even the best-known film, will find it advisable to review them at a time as close as possible to his writing. Cinema, based as it is on illusion, can prove to be most illusory on recollection.

But if one is assembling a film collection designed to serve the scholars and writers of the future, one must beware of insistence on pri-

ority for "the classics." The work of von Stroheim, for example, has endured through the first decades of informed film criticism as constituting much of the most powerful cinematic creativity that ever emerged from Hollywood. Nevertheless, the conscientious designer of an archive should be able to foresee the probable day when admirers of *Greed* may discover that what they really admire about the film is Frank Norris and that Stroheim's literal paragraph-by-paragraph picturization of a visual-minded writer's detailed descriptions against backgrounds as realistically cluttered as Belasco sets, adds up to startlingly little creative contribution. One should be able to foresee the possibility that Henry King or King Vidor may eclipse Stroheim as the great American director in another twenty years and make sure that there are films enough of these others to provide a useful archive in the future.

Exactly how useful is the Eastman House Study Collection* at the present time? It seems to be generally understood that its films are not circulated. The foremost function of the collection is to enable those wishing to study films to do so at Eastman House. Accredited individuals can, by reserving time sufficiently in advance, look at films for indefinite periods and without any fee. Study groups having to use the Dryden Theatre for screenings are charged at the rate of $10.00 per three-hour session.

Since 1951 when the Dryden Theatre was built as an addition to Eastman House, films from the collection have been shown free to the public every Saturday and Sunday afternoon.

A research library of books, scripts, and some three million stills is presided over by George Pratt, Assistant Curator of Motion Pictures. For nine years he has been almost totally engaged in basic research with source materials in a project that is unique in this country and will eventually result in the only complete list of every entertainment film ever released in the United States: an undertaking rather vast when one realizes that more films were produced without being copyrighted from 1910 to 1920, than those that were duly registered with the Library of Congress and make up the imposing bulk of that body's useful *Catalog of Copyright Entries.*

The Dryden Theatre Film Society meets three nights a week to look at films in a subscription series that usually runs for a season of twenty programs. Examples of contemporary cinema are also rented from commercial distributors to keep subscribers abreast of the recent works of Resnais, Antonioni, Godard, Truffaut, and Buñuel along with any exciting or controversial new films that are not getting a showing in the city's commercial theaters. *Shadows, L'Avventura, Vitelloni, Ashes and Diamonds, Breathless, Viridiana,* and *Jules and Jim*—all unaccountably bypassed by Rochester art houses, have all recently furnished gratefully received exhibition in the Dryden Theatre. Many of them will, we trust, become permanently a part of the collection that is intended to present to viewers of the future representative films: successes and failures, films both damned and praised from all countries and from every year that has passed since motion pictures came to the public in 1895.

—JAMES CARD, Curator

* Eastman House also maintains a large study collection of motion picture apparatus. For a description of this collection see *Journal of the Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers,* Vol. 68, No. 3, March, 1959, page 143, "The Historical Motion Picture Collections at GEH."

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

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The Library of Congress has, and has always had, a deep interest in motion pictures—an interest growing out of its desire to preserve cultural materials and to provide cataloging and bibliographic services. As there are no funds for purchasing motion pictures, the growth of the collection predominantly rests on copyright

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deposits, and to a lesser extent, on gifts. At the close of World War II the Library received by transfer from Government agencies vast numbers of films seized in former enemy countries.

When motion pictures were first submitted for copyright registration (in the 1890's) they were classified as photographs since there was no provision in the copyright act for "moving pictures." As photographs, many of the copies deposited with the Library were 35mm and 70mm paper prints of entire motion pictures. The Library still has such prints of over 3,000 motion pictures produced between 1897 and 1915, which form an invaluable historical collection of early American films.

In 1912 the Copyright Act was amended to permit the registration and deposit of motion pictures, but rather than acquire the dangerously flammable nitrocellulose films, for which it had no storage facilities, the Library accepted and continues to acquire for copyright purposes a "description" of each motion picture copyrighted. One result has been that thousands of such descriptions, ranging from scenarios and scripts to publicity releases, are to be found in the Library. A second result, however, has been that the Library's collection of films has been comparatively meager for the years 1912–1942, although it has been partially filled in by donations of private collections.

In 1942 the Library of Congress entered into an agreement with motion picture producers that copies of those copyright films selected by the Library would be deposited in its permanent collection. Under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Museum of Modern Art in New York City reviewed the films copyrighted in 1942–1945 and recommended particular films for permanent deposit in the Library. These films were subsequently added to the Library's collection.

In 1943 the President asked the Archivist of the United States and the Librarian of Congress to prepare plans for the establishment of a national motion picture depository. Such plans were prepared but there was no implementing legislation. However, in 1949, the National Archives and the Library of Congress reached an agreement concerning their respective responsibilities for motion pictures whereby the former agency assumed responsibility for Government-produced films and the Library for films produced outside the Government.

In 1946 the Library of Congress established a Motion Picture Division, but by action of Congress the division was terminated in 1947. Since then the Library's program has been limited to the acquisition of films, the cataloging of films and related bibliographical services, the custody of a vast collection, and the provision of limited reference service. In 1961 the Motion Picture Section was made a part of the Prints and Photographs Division.

The Motion Picture Collection of the Library of Congress consists of approximately 70 million feet of film—a collection huge in size but more significant, perhaps, in its character. It includes, for example, the collection of paper prints, previously mentioned, deposited under copyright registration procedures from 1897 to 1915. In this collection are films made by Thomas A. Edison, the Biograph Company, Famous Players, Keystone, and other early producers—a total of more than 3,000 titles. During the past 10 years these paper prints have been reproduced on film, first by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and later through an appropriation authorized by Congress. In 1963 the entire collection of early motion pictures will have been converted from paper to safety film.

The years 1912–1942, during which the Library did not collect prints of copyrighted motion pictures, are represented by subsequent acquisitions through gift or purchase of the Mary Pickford collection, the George Kleine collection, a portion of the John E. Allen collection, and the Ernest collection. Since 1942, under the agreement with motion picture producers, the Library has selected films

from among those copyrighted. These films include the following categories: all prize-winning motion pictures; all box-office successes; films having received favorable reviews by critics; a cross-section of the average production; all documentaries; foreign films copyrighted in the United States; and a selection of television films. The current annual growth is between 1,000 and 1,100 copyrighted film titles.

In addition to these holdings, the Library has thousands of books and pamphlets on cinematographic technology and the literature of motion pictures, plus uncounted thousands of scenarios, scripts, continuities, exhibitors' press books, clippings, and stills.

The collection is divided into two groups. Films on safety stock (8mm, 16mm, 35mm, 75mm, and some nonstandard sizes) and the motion pictures in paper print form are stored in the Library's Annex where temperature and humidity are held at levels to assure the preservation of these materials for many years. The nitrate films are stored in Government-owned vault buildings, which are air-conditioned and equipped with safety devices. During the coming years the Library hopes to copy most of its nitrate films on safety stock.

Since the Library scrupulously observes copyright and other legal restrictions, it will neither lend motion pictures nor screen them publicly. Because of its small staff, which is assigned primarily to custodial duties, and because of space restrictions and the small number of viewing machines available, only a very limited reference service can be given. However, the Library makes available its films for copying purposes provided a standard agreement has been signed by the user making him responsible for observing all legal requirements. Searching for suitable footage may be done on viewing machines by the users with the assistance of the staff of the Motion Picture Section. Projection, however, is not possible. The Motion Picture Section also welcomes scholars who wish to study films on its Moviolas, consult its catalogs, or use its collection of photographs or printed materials relating to motion pictures. The staff will assist scholars as fully as time permits. Although parts of the collection have not yet been completely catalogued, the Library can answer inquiries, whether oral or written, as to whether it holds a given film. There is no charge for use of Library facilities, but users are advised to write ahead of time to make necessary arrangements.

Meanwhile, back at the Cinémathèque —

In the September, 1962 *Cahiers du Cinéma*, interested readers may find a sparkling and voluble interview with Henri Langlois, director of the Cinémathèque Française, which is probably the best, and certainly the liveliest, of the world's film archives. Langlois views with alarm what he regards as the impending disappearance of most of the American films before 1928, and throws out sundry dark hints about the laziness, bad taste, or lack of true dedication on the part of our American archives; he advocates a policy of total preservation as the only rational course. (One gathers that M. Langlois cannot be entirely candid in this, and he mentions, though lightly, the problem of whether to preserve old rare films or new hard-to-get ones.) The article is recommended as a goad to our archive-keepers, and an inspiration to all who can help them.

HOLLYWOOD MUSEUM

Suite 303, 8833 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles 69, Calif.
OL. 5-5850

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Many donors have extended permission to make films available to the Museum of Modern Art and George Eastman House. However, there is no provision in any other way for viewing acquisitions outside of the Museum itself.

COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTORS

The scholar is also reminded that certain commercial 16mm distributors make available films of importance. These are rented by universities, film-societies, museums, and other groups; sometimes they may be obtained for private viewing at less than catalogue prices, by special arrangement. It is to be hoped that, as serious interest in film grows, distributors will feel it feasible to take on more titles of historical importance. The Cinema Guild-Audio Film Center firm, for example, has just announced that it will soon make available an extensive collection of early pictures, running from an 1898 *Birth of Christ* to Stuart Blackton's *Glorious Adventure*, made with the Prismacolor process in 1922. Probably the most fascinating items in the lot are an 1898 *Trip to the Moon* from the Pathé Fantastique series, said to be an unmistakable source for the Méliès film of four years later, and the Williamsons' 1913 *Adventures of a Submarine*.

For the convenience of students, we list here the chief distributors of 16mm films, all of which issue descriptive catalogues (some have regional offices):

Brandon Films, 200 West 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Cinema Guild, Inc., 10 Fiske Place, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

Contemporary Films, 267 West 25th St., New York, N.Y.

Films, Inc., 1150 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Illinois

Ideal Pictures, Inc., 58 East South Water Street, Chicago 1, Ill.

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It is worth pondering by all film researchers that librarians seem to have gained a certain wariness about film people, on grounds of their posing a mutilation and theft problem; hence film books are sometimes kept in closed rooms or cases. This is annoying; but evidently stealing or defacing of the library books which constitute so large a part of our common intellectual stock is not universally seen as the imbecilic and contemptible action which it is.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, New York 18
OXford 5-4200

Theater Collection

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From that day to this, the printed annals of the motion picture have continued to be collected. Of trade publications, such house organs as the *Edison Kinetogram,* which began in 1909, may be taken as typical. Another early item is the first printed press sheet for the Kalem Company, part of three voluminous scrapbooks on that organization presented to the Library by Hal Hode.

The Theater Collection offers a selection of the best-known fan magazines, including *Photoplay, Picture Play, Moving Picture Stories, Motion Picture Classic.* Periodicals in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Russian are available both in current issues and in bound volumes—a storehouse of information for the inquiring mind of the future.

The Robinson Locke Collection of dramatic scrapbooks contains hundreds of portfolios of film information. There are volumes relating to the early careers of Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Theda Bara, and a number of operatic and stage artists who had film careers also. George Kleine, pioneer film entrepreneur, donated his account books, business papers, scrapbooks, and press sheets—a complete picture of his activities and a basic source on business conditions in the early years.

Since 1928, the major film companies have presented the Library with stills and press books. There are now some 750,000 stills in the collection. Numerous scrapbooks have also been given to the Library by film companies, together with scripts.

Much of this voluminous collection is of necessity only partly catalogued, but a skilled Reference Librarian is available. Stills are for inspection only, but in special circumstances reproduction for scholarly purposes may be arranged. Books and bound periodicals held by the Library are available on interlibrary loans. Use of the collection by scholars from other cities may usually be arranged through the Curator's office.

The Theater Collection of the Library not only provides an administrative home for the film materials, but also makes available an immense body of information on the stage, radio, television, vaudeville, and other theatrical arts, which may be of interest to film students.

—GEORGE FREEDLEY, Curator

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles 7, California
RI. 8-2311

The Farmington Collection

The Farmington idea is simple and economical. The principal research libraries of the United States have accepted one or more areas of specialization. Each library collects books and periodicals in this subject area from foreign publishers. The collection is made available throughout the U.S. by interlibrary loan, and in this way all the libraries don't have to try to collect all the foreign-language publications in all subjects.

The Doheny Library at the University of Southern California is the depository for all foreign language books and periodicals in the field of motion pictures. These constitute a large part of the motion-picture entries in the *Library of Congress Catalogue* (see "Bibliographic and Reference Tools" section, below).

From most of the countries of Europe, books and first issues of periodicals are sent automatically by booksellers coöperating with the Farmington Plan. Contacts with Asia and Africa are less satisfactory, but a former member of the library staff is now living in Tokyo and his language facility is such that he has been authorized to buy Japanese and Chinese materials on an annual basis. The library's ac-

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quisition department searches various catalogues, and a Hollywood bookseller keeps the library informed of rare or unusual books which turn up from time to time. All this is in addition to the usual purchases of new titles in English and extra copies for classwork.

At present, the university's cinema books, including bound volumes of periodicals, amount to approximately 4,500 volumes. Of these 450 are in special collections, a locked area, and about 3,000 are in a special area of the stacks closed to all students and staff except those specifically authorized to work on cinema projects. These 3,000 are nevertheless available for checking out and use in the library by students consulting the card catalogue. They are about equally composed of foreign materials and works of some rarity. They were segregated because of sad experiences at an earlier period: disappearance of books or of pictorial matter was not uncommon.

In the absence of a cinema librarian or translator with language skills, there has been neither money nor staff time recently for more than a caretaker function. While I was officially in charge of the collection for the department during the past five years, my policy was simply (1) to encourage any graduate students with language skills to undertake useful projects and (2) to promote bibliographical work and thesis writing that could effectively use and extend existing English language materials. Ten-year periodical indexes, annotated by subject, were prepared for *Sight and Sound, Films in Review*, and the *Hollywood Quarterly*. A selective bibliography of 125 best books in English, also indexed and annotated, was published by the department in 1957. A new list of 100 was selected in 1962.

The library has complete files of the two leading foreign-language periodicals, *Cahiers du Cinéma* and *Bianco e Nero*, and also of the German *Filmforum*, together with partial or complete files of most of the short-lived publications so familiar in this field: *Close-Up* (1927–1933), *Cinema Quarterly* (1932–1935), *Films* (1939), *Documentary News Letter* (1940–1941), *Penguin Film Review* (1946–1949), *Sequence* (1948–1952), *Cinemages* (1954–1961). Other current subscriptions range from *Film Quarterly* to trade papers and audiovisual magazines.

In 1957, Michael Jorrin made a study of the French film books in the Farmington collection, annotating all the important ones and selecting a few worthy of early translation. These latter included the histories by Georges Sadoul *(Histoire Générale du Cinéma)* and René Jeanne and Charles Ford *(Histoire Encyclopedique du Cinéma)*, both in several volumes, a critical study of René Clair by Jacques Bourgeois, and a discussion of the Church and the cinema by Charles Ford *(La Cinéma au Service de la Foi)*.

During the summer of 1962, Leo Persselin examined the French film books added to the collection in the last five years and reported a number of works of interest for translation. Among these were a biography of Robert Bresson by René Briot, and several works in theory and criticism: *Miroirs de L'Insolite dans le Cinéma Français* by Henri Agel, *Qu'est-ce Que Le Cinéma?—Ontologie et Langage* (vol. 1) and *Le Cinéma et les Autres Arts* (vol. 2) by André Bazin, *Problemes due Cinéma et de l'Information Visuelle* by Gilbert Cohen-Seat, *Les Fondements de l'Art Cinématographique* by Jean R. Debrix, *Cinéma: Univers de l'Absence?* by Georges Hahn (editor), and *Beaux-Arts et Cinéma* by Henri Lemaitre. (The work of Bazin is now being translated by Hugh Gray.)

In 1953, when he was the first curator of the Farmington collection. Andries Deinum wrote three articles for the *Audio-Visual Communication Review* (vol. 1, nos. 1, 2, and 3) in which he selected leading works from various languages for comment. Of special interest is his recommendation of the history of film theory and the companion anthology by Guido Aristarco.

Needs in this area immediately suggest themselves. Simple listing of the entire collec-

tion, grouped by language and by subject matter, would be a boon to scholars at other universities and elsewhere: this has been considered by the USC Cinema Department before and will probably be undertaken in the next year or two. Further selected lists for translation would be helpful—Mr. Persselin has accomplished this with the limited number of Russian books already in the collection, and Wolfram von Hanwehr, a Cinema staff member, has prepared a list of German books. The Italian and Japanese materials, especially, await the work of other qualified graduate students. After that, exchange of information through correspondence with film scholars here and abroad could result in a priority list for translation of film books and articles from many parts of the world. Currently responsible for the Farmington collection is Irwin Blacker, novelist and TV film writer, who has joined the USC Cinema staff.

Advanced thinking and creative writing in the field of film, more often than not, is to be found in foreign-language publications. As in the case of the sciences, there is a need to find and select the best of these and make them available, not only to scholars but also to filmmakers. This would not only contribute to American understanding of contemporary international communications, it would play its part in encouraging better critical writing in this country and in the long run indirectly affect the nation's level of achievement in film-making.

—RICHARD DYER MACCANN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles 24, California
GRanite 3-0971

Theater Arts Library

Resources of the Library in the field of cinema comprise:

1. Approximately 10,000 volumes of printed works, primarily in English, French, German, and Italian, with some materials in Russian and Polish.
2. Complete sets of most English and foreign language journals in the fields of film criticism, history, and technology. Gaps in the collection (e.g., *Moving Picture World*) are currently being filled with microfilm copies.
3. 10,000 production stills from American motion pictures.
4. The virtually complete collection of art direction and story board drawings for all Stanley Kramer productions; additional art direction materials for other Hollywood productions (e.g., *The Good Earth*).
5. The Jensen Collection—early publicity and production photographs: Keystone, Chaplin, Ince, Universal, etc.
6. The Leonard Collection—an extensive clipping file collection covering the history and development of the motion picture.
7. Approximately 500 screenplay scripts from most American and British film studios covering the period of the sound motion picture.
8. The Dudley Nichols Collection of his screen plays and 16mm prints of his films.
9. A large, diversified collection of rare and early film posters, programs, and advertising campaign books of American film productions from about 1915 to the present.
10. All current film periodicals from the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Poland, and Mexico.
11. Tape-recorded interviews conducted by Arthur Friedman with notable pioneers of the motion picture industry—Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Buster Keaton, Stan Laurel, Mack Sennett, etc.
12. An extensive portion of the research library collection and clipping file of Republic Studios.
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14. Approximately 60,000 feet of Nazi newsreels and propaganda films.

Books are available on interlibrary loan.

—RAYMOND FIELDING

tion, grouped by language and by subject matter, would be a boon to scholars at other universities and elsewhere: this has been considered by the USC Cinema Department before and will probably be undertaken in the next year or two. Further selected lists for translation would be helpful—Mr. Persselin has accomplished this with the limited number of Russian books already in the collection, and Wolfram von Hanwehr, a Cinema staff member, has prepared a list of German books. The Italian and Japanese materials, especially, await the work of other qualified graduate students. After that, exchange of information through correspondence with film scholars here and abroad could result in a priority list for translation of film books and articles from many parts of the world. Currently responsible for the Farmington collection is Irwin Blacker, novelist and TV film writer, who has joined the USC Cinema staff.

Advanced thinking and creative writing in the field of film, more often than not, is to be found in foreign-language publications. As in the case of the sciences, there is a need to find and select the best of these and make them available, not only to scholars but also to filmmakers. This would not only contribute to American understanding of contemporary international communications, it would play its part in encouraging better critical writing in this country and in the long run indirectly affect the nation's level of achievement in film-making.

—RICHARD DYER MACCANN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles 24, California
GRanite 3-0971

Theater Arts Library

Resources of the Library in the field of cinema comprise:

1. Approximately 10,000 volumes of printed works, primarily in English, French, German, and Italian, with some materials in Russian and Polish.
2. Complete sets of most English and foreign language journals in the fields of film criticism, history, and technology. Gaps in the collection (e.g., *Moving Picture World*) are currently being filled with microfilm copies.
3. 10,000 production stills from American motion pictures.
4. The virtually complete collection of art direction and story board drawings for all Stanley Kramer productions; additional art direction materials for other Hollywood productions (e.g., *The Good Earth*).
5. The Jensen Collection—early publicity and production photographs: Keystone, Chaplin, Ince, Universal, etc.
6. The Leonard Collection—an extensive clipping file collection covering the history and development of the motion picture.
7. Approximately 500 screenplay scripts from most American and British film studios covering the period of the sound motion picture.
8. The Dudley Nichols Collection of his screen plays and 16mm prints of his films.
9. A large, diversified collection of rare and early film posters, programs, and advertising campaign books of American film productions from about 1915 to the present.
10. All current film periodicals from the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Poland, and Mexico.
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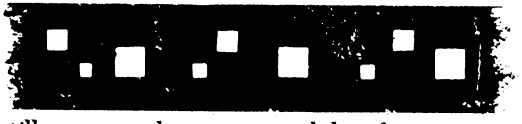

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—ESTHER LEONARD

ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS & SCIENCES

9038 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood 46, Calif.
CR. 5-1146

The Library of the Academy was organized in 1935–1936 to fill the need of the industry for a central source of information covering all facets of the entire motion picture business. It has a staff of reference librarians especially skilled in handling studio inquiries, and its services are also available, without charge, to scholars. The Library contains some 3,700 books, and a large collection of stills, trade magazines, clippings, and technical materials of all descriptions. It also holds files given by movie people and studios. None of these materials, however, are loaned; they must be consulted at the Academy. Miss Betty Franklin is the chief librarian.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND REFERENCE TOOLS

The professional researcher knows the resources of the libraries accessible to him, and can be expected to be familiar with the fundamental tools by which printed information can be located. We list below a number of works in which a surprising amount of relatively fugitive materials can be found. A working knowledge of them is useful not only for protracted research, but for such things as the preparation of program notes.

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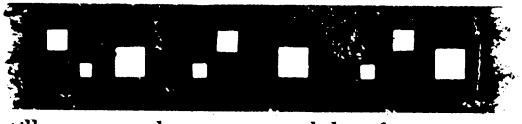

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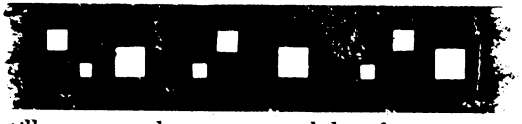

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Volume 28, *Motion Pictures and Filmstrips,* lists books by title and gives production credits plus 30–50 word summaries. For the period 1951–1957, virtually all copyrighted films were covered; since May, 1957, only those for which producing agencies have supplied data. Cross-references by producers.

Union List of Serials. Guide to libraries in which periodicals may be found. Indicates lending or copying facilities available. Original edition covered up to 1943; supplements thereafter. Library of Congress has issued *New Serial Titles 1950-1960,* compiled on similar lines.

Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. Biennial cumulations. A guide to articles and reviews in the major American magazines. Listings under author and title, with cross-references. Film reviews are under "Moving picture plays—Criticism, plots, etc.," arranged by title.

International Index to Periodicals. Triennial cumulations. Indexes many specialized periodicals in the humanities predominantly, including the literary journals which publish some film criticism. Includes *Film Quarterly* and its predecessors the *Hollywood Quarterly* and *Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television.*

Subject Index to Periodicals. Covers English journals (though not *Sight & Sound*). Relevant entries are usually under "Motion Pictures" or "Cinematography." Yearly.

Dissertation Abstracts. Classifies film and television work under such categories as "Speech—Theater" or "Psychology." Dissertations once located can be bought from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan, at prices listed in *DA*—microfilm usually about $3–5; Xerox copies $10–20.

Index to Theses. The British equivalent of *DA.* A search of recent years reveals no writing on film, under any conceivable category.

International Motion Picture Almanac. The who's who of film; also includes yearly production records, addresses of producers, distributors, exhibitors, unions, agents, etc.

Film as Art. A bibliography edited by Harold Leonard for the WPA; published in 1941 by the Museum of Modern Art. Annotated entries for some 700 books, 3,000 articles, 4,300 films. Thousands of additional unpublished cards are on file at the MMA Library.

Filmfacts. A monthly compilation of review extracts, taken from the large newspapers and magazines. P. O. Box 53, Village Station, New York 14, N. Y.

New York Times Index. Many news stories under heading "Motion Pictures" and various subcategories. The basic means of locating news items.

How and Where to Look It Up: A Guide to Standard Sources of Information. By Robert W. Murphrey (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1958). A general reference guide.

American Library Resources: A Bibliographical Guide, Supplement 1950-1961. By Robert Bingham Downs. Lists and annotates 2,818 bibliographic items.

Who's Who in the Theatre. Includes persons with both stage and screen activity.

The above works may be found in all major libraries, and some of them in smaller ones. Certain libraries also hold foreign-language reference works which are of use to the enquiring scholar with special needs, such as:

Filmlexicon degli autori e della opere.

Bibliographie der Deutschen Zeitschriftenliteratur.

Bibliographie der Fremdsprachigen Zeitschriftenliteratur.

Reference guides exist for many specialized fields of study, providing the neophyte scholar with information too detailed to be included in general guides to library usage. It would be a great service if such a guide were prepared for film.

Book Reviews

[A number of other books have been received in recent months; some will be reviewed in the next issue.]

THE EDISON MOTION PICTURE MYTH

By Gordon Hendricks. (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1961. $4.00.)

In order to fully appreciate this remarkably detailed study of work in the Edison laboratory at West Orange, New Jersey, in the four crucial years from the fall of 1888 to the fall of 1892, which culminated in the achievement of the kinetograph and the kinetoscope (early motion picture camera and viewer), the reader should review simultaneously Terry Ramsaye's record of the same period in *A Million and One Nights.*

Here, for the first time, in the Hendricks book, is as full an account of experiment and discovery as it must be possible to gather, painstakingly assembled through a search of contemporary publications, later articles, official documents, and private papers. By the time he has finished threading his way through the dizzy maze of contradictions, the author has triumphantly accomplished the dual purpose stated in his introduction: to make "a beginning of the task of cleaning up the morass of well-embroidered legend with which the beginning of the American film is permeated" and to "afford some measure of belated credit to the work done by W. K. L. Dickson," the young Englishman, who, as Hendricks demonstrates, did all the work and receives almost no attention.

The Ramsaye, of course, has stood up until this time as the classic account, but extraordinary as it was for its time, and entertaining and illuminating as it remains, it cannot compare in depth and accuracy with this new study. Ramsaye's account carries Edison's endorsement, but Hendricks shows that "There is . . . no evidence that . . . when [the motion picture project] work was begun it was done by Edison himself; or that Edison had, indeed, any interest at all in the project until he began to realize that it had publicity value; or that even then he did anything toward making the project practical; or that any single part of any of the so-called Edison motion picture inventions actually contains any Edison invention. . . ." Was Edison therefore in any position to endorse Ramsaye?

Hendricks furthermore, faced with Ramsaye's claim for the kinetoscope as the grandfather of all subsequent motion picture film machines, supports Burlingame's contention (*Engines of Democracy*, 1940) that "no basic part of the kinetoscope was original with Edison and . . . the reason the screen art of today derives so much from it is that Edison by his patents was able to dominate the whole American industry in its infancy."

Nevertheless, the kinetoscope was enormously influential, if only for spurring the Lumière brothers to the invention of the *cinématographe* in France.

Hendricks begins his book with "the first stimulus," which was Eadweard Muybridge's February, 1888, visit to Orange, resulting in both a public lecture which it seems scarcely likely that either Edison or Dickson would have missed, and a private talk with Edison in which Muybridge claims to have mentioned the possibility of combining the sight of his motioned photographs with the sound of Edison's phonograph.

But it was not until October 8, 1888, Hendricks shows, that there is any tangible evidence of Edison's interest in the problem of motion pictures. This was the date on which Edison composed a motion picture caveat, the first of four so rare that they are apparently reprinted and discussed here for the first time. (The 1888 Webster's Dictionary definition of a caveat: "A description of some invention, designed to be patented, lodged in the office before the patent right is taken out, operating as a bar to applications respecting the same invention, from any other quarter.")

The persistent young Englishman William Kennedy Laurie Dickson, who had presented himself at Edison's office asking for a job, despite Edison's earlier letter to discourage him, emerges as the hero of the proceedings. He it was who carried the motion picture work forward, patiently disregarding Edison's flights of fancy in the caveats which were written by—as Hendricks proves—"a man who knew nothing about and had done nothing with either motion pictures or photography of any kind whatever."

It is the strong sense of difference in the two natures that gives the book a certain tension and suspense: Edison big with the feeling of his own celebrity and infallibility (and moreover quite occupied with the results of ore-milling experiments); Dickson unknown but practical and dependable, gradually working through the false start with cylinders and into the strip mechanism.

In the course of his narrative, Hendricks (1) re-dates the famous "monkeyshines" subjects, which Ramsaye places among the "Follies of 1888," as not earlier than June, 1889, and possibly even seventeen months later; (2) quotes from Dickson's little-known kinetoscope notebook; (3) digs out "the first Edison-sponsored . . . public motion picture projection" by means of tachyscope at the Lenox Lyceum in New York City, in April, 1890; (4) sharply pushes back the date for the public debut of the kinetoscope to May 20, 1891, when Mrs. Edison took her club luncheon guests down to the laboratory.

The final pages contain a series of unusual appendices, including a biographical sketch of Dickson, selected references to the motion picture work of other men, and a discussion of fifty erroneous statements by Dickson in recollecting his early research. There are also eleven photographs, most of them heretofore unpublished.

Holding with Byron that "too much truth, at first sight, ne'er attracts," Hendricks has dropped much of his data into fine-print footnotes. Careful readers of this fine print will discover that he has at least two other works in progress: a monograph on Muybridge, and "a planned study of the beginnings of the Biograph Company."—GEORGE PRATT

THE MOVIES IN THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

By Edward Wagenknecht. (Norman, Okla.: University of Oklahoma Press, 1962. $5.00.)

This is an addition to the handful of scholarly studies of motion pictures which have been published in the last decade. In its sense of evidence, in its care in documentation, it measures up to standards of reliability which we can hope will become widespread in film writing. It is also a very interesting and personal book—being an account of the author's reactions to the movies of his youth, or actually up until the advent of sound. It includes portraits of the movie-going situation and his role as a youthful fan; but it also includes full-dress studies of the work of Griffith and Mary Pickford, as well as fairly detailed treatment of a large body of films by others.

Mr. Wagenknecht, who is chiefly known as a literary critic (it is one of the mysteries of the book that his Chapter I should be headed "Of Film and *I*") is an unabashed fan, and this entails some surprises, as in seeing him go right down the line for Little Mary. But his book proves that the kind of nostalgic concern for movies displayed in the pages of *Films in Review* can be elevated, when taste and knowledge and intelligence are there, to sociocultural history of the kind we need much more of. Wagenknecht is a kindly gentleman, though with firm opinions; these are generally on the conservative side, and there will be some who write him off as a fuddy-duddy. In actuality, his passions for Pickford and for Lillian Gish are in a way exemplary of the age with which he is concerned; and it is well to have these things scrupulously documented, however curious they seem to us now. He is very fair in his handling of Chaplin, and his long chapter on Griffith is probably the best thing yet written

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on the master. In preparation for the book he viewed again many of the films he remembered from earlier years, and this has enabled him to be detailed and definite where much film history is vague, secondhand, or downright erroneous. Because of his caution in these matters he has been able to set a good many mistakes and misconceptions to rest; and for this we can forgive him his absurd aside that the "intelligentsia" have now got hold of the movies, or his embarrassing gush at the end of his section on Marilyn Monroe.

What is not so easy to forgive is that, from the pages of *The Movies in the Age of Innocence*, we get a peculiarly innocent view of the age. Wagenknecht is a scholar; he is also a man who abhors war and jingoism. But from his portrait of movies and movie-going one would gather that World War I was merely some unfortunate social aberration; one would forget that the age in question was that of Teapot Dome, Scott Fitzgerald, the first great anti-red hysteria, the consolidation of the chief giant corporations, prohibition, the gangster era, and so on—in short, a corrupt, exploitative, warmongering, adventurist, ethnocentric, complacent, and silly era scarcely more innocent than our own, if indeed there is any real historical variation in innocence. Millions of Americans then lapped up treacle; millions lap it up today. Millions then went for flappers, bathtub gin, and what passed for exciting depravity; millions do so now. Only, perhaps, at the highest levels do we find any real change—instead of D. W. Griffith's Dickensian moralities we have the far more scrupulous and subtle art of Antonioni. But of men who attempted to deal with the less innocent aspects of American life, Wagenknecht has little to say. He approves of Stroheim and Murnau, but mostly on grounds of spectacle. What really touched him, and touches him still, is a delicate damsel in distress. This may be, in the last analysis, as good a motive for movie-going as any. Yet by the end of the book, grateful as we are for his scholarly scruples and his lack of pompousness or preciousness, it may pall; and one wonders if even his favorites (Lillian Gish, Clara Bow, and that tough businesswoman, Mary Pickford) might not find this chivalry fulsome.

Despite such deficiencies, however, it is a useful and readable book. It contains numerous illustrations, mostly of the posed publicity-still type, and has, unfortunately, quite a few typographical errors.—ERNEST CALLENBACH

MACK SENNETT: IL "RE DELLE COMICHE"

By Davide Turconi; in Italian. Rome: Edizioni dell'Ateneo, 1961. 300 pages, of which more than half represents filmography and illustrations. No price given.

For the early history of motion pictures the age of firsthand accounts is quickly passing and the age of historical reconstruction is only very slowly dawning. Now, in this latter day, we should be able to expect an increasing number of works such as Davide Turconi's painstaking survey of Mack Sennett's professional career—works which might well emulate Turconi's virtues. He has, for instance, sensibly limited his discussion to Sennett's art, excluding the intimate viscissitudes of customary biography; he has fully explored and adequately reported reviews in such trade journals of the time as the *New York Dramatic Mirror* and *Moving Picture World*, and he has taken proper account of the antecedents and the influences of a vast artistic achievement richly spanning the years from 1908 to 1953. In the face of all this intensity and variety with which we associate such names as Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle, and Marie Dressler, inevitably we must feel twinges of nostalgia for the justly lamented decline of comedy. And all the more must we feel a sharp sense of historical frustration at the physical loss or inaccessibility of numerous reels whose existence can now be attested to only by the printed word. Turconi's main virtue lies precisely in that he has done as

on the master. In preparation for the book he viewed again many of the films he remembered from earlier years, and this has enabled him to be detailed and definite where much film history is vague, secondhand, or downright erroneous. Because of his caution in these matters he has been able to set a good many mistakes and misconceptions to rest; and for this we can forgive him his absurd aside that the "intelligentsia" have now got hold of the movies, or his embarrassing gush at the end of his section on Marilyn Monroe.

What is not so easy to forgive is that, from the pages of *The Movies in the Age of Innocence*, we get a peculiarly innocent view of the age. Wagenknecht is a scholar; he is also a man who abhors war and jingoism. But from his portrait of movies and movie-going one would gather that World War I was merely some unfortunate social aberration; one would forget that the age in question was that of Teapot Dome, Scott Fitzgerald, the first great anti-red hysteria, the consolidation of the chief giant corporations, prohibition, the gangster era, and so on—in short, a corrupt, exploitative, warmongering, adventurist, ethnocentric, complacent, and silly era scarcely more innocent than our own, if indeed there is any real historical variation in innocence. Millions of Americans then lapped up treacle; millions lap it up today. Millions then went for flappers, bathtub gin, and what passed for exciting depravity; millions do so now. Only, perhaps, at the highest levels do we find any real change—instead of D. W. Griffith's Dickensian moralities we have the far more scrupulous and subtle art of Antonioni. But of men who attempted to deal with the less innocent aspects of American life, Wagenknecht has little to say. He approves of Stroheim and Murnau, but mostly on grounds of spectacle. What really touched him, and touches him still, is a delicate damsel in distress. This may be, in the last analysis, as good a motive for movie-going as any. Yet by the end of the book, grateful as we are for his scholarly scruples and his lack of pompousness or preciousness, it may pall; and one wonders if even his favorites (Lillian Gish, Clara Bow, and that tough businesswoman, Mary Pickford) might not find this chivalry fulsome.

Despite such deficiencies, however, it is a useful and readable book. It contains numerous illustrations, mostly of the posed publicity-still type, and has, unfortunately, quite a few typographical errors.—ERNEST CALLENBACH

MACK SENNETT: IL "RE DELLE COMICHE"

By Davide Turconi; in Italian. Rome: Edizioni dell'Ateneo, 1961. 300 pages, of which more than half represents filmography and illustrations. No price given.

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much as limited time and geographical distance could allow in compiling a full and annotated filmography of Sennett's work. In fact, almost two-thirds (182 pages) of the book are devoted to cataloguing and describing, with the aid of contemporary reviews, those comedies of which any trace is left. That they should number around eleven hundred is a fact as intriguing as it is daunting. It is not Turconi's fault that, if the choice could be made, we would much rather have many of the films themselves at our disposal just as readily as we can obtain phonograph records of the great musical performances of the past. Meanwhile we shall have to content ourselves with rare glimpses of the thing itself and also, happily, with the at times almost archaeological *graffiti* which are here compiled and translated into competent Italian.

A crucial matter about which the author is rather uncommunicative is which precisely of the "shorts" are still concretely extant and where and how they are preserved. In glancing through the filmography any reader whose cinematic upbringing began before the last war must feel pangs of frustrated curiosity at such titles as *The Fatal Chocolate, Acres of Alfalfa, Stout Hearts but Weak Knees, Tango Tangles, Ambrose's Lofty Perch, The Janitor's Wife's Temptation, Crooked to the End, An International Sneak,* and so on indefinitely. Must our frustration go unallayed? There is, in this volume, a further incitement to frustrated nostalgia in the numerous stills which are generally well chosen and representative. It would be ungracious at the end to mention that Turconi's style is pedestrian, but there are quite a few misprints, and that the captions facing page 104 are reversed, if he had not in his large design almost wholly atoned for such faults.—LOWRY NELSON, JR.

JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY OF CINEMATOLOGISTS — VOLS. I & II

Published for the Society by the Communications Research Center, Boston University, July, 1962. No price given.

In the foreword to the first two volumes of this journal, Gerald Noxon, the president of the organization states that "at this time no paper has been excluded from these volumes of the *Journal* on the basis of editorial judgment. . . ." Taken as a scholarly *caveat emptor,* this rather peculiar introduction is not without merit.

The state of American film scholarship and criticism has been generally lamented. Unfortunately, the cinematologists' journal does little to lessen our sorrows.

In the first paper, "The Anatomy of the Close-up," Noxon concerns himself with the relationship betwen the cinematic and literary close-up, as seen in Flaubert, Huysmans, and Proust. His thesis seems to be that: (1) Flaubert developed the concept of the close-up as an element in the service of "naturalist realism," as opposed to "classical" and "romantic" realism. (Flaubert was near-sighted and a close associate of a photographer.) (2) Stendhal wrote for Cinerama (cf. *The Charterhouse of Parma*) whereas Flaubert wrote in close-up style (cf. *Madame Bovary*). (3) Huysmans used extreme close-ups in the description of a Grunewald painting of the crucifixion in his *La-Bas.* (4) Proust was the self-conscious perfectionist of the close-up (cf. *À la recherche du temps perdu*). The considerations stem from the author's concern for "all the cross-fertilization which has taken place between still photography and all the visual and literary arts since the very inception of the Daguerreotype." A literary device may of course have counterparts or predecessors in cinematic technique, and a general cultural history would explore these interrelationships. But Noxon's account is far over on the literary side and degenerates into tedious "shot by shot" exegesis.

Robert Gessner's paper, "The Parts of the Cinema: A Definition," arrives at a 19-point

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(more or less) outline, after taking swipes at various straw men, such as film courses in library science departments, the jargon of film editors, bad textbooks, and the undergraduate work of Raymond Spottiswoode. One may gather a sense of the tone of this paper from the fact that, after acknowledging Panofsky's weirdly generous compliment that the outline is the "Grundbegriffe" (basic idea) of cinematology, the author himself refers to it by this term twice again. The list comprises 19 attributes of film, and the category entitled ". . . 19, The Intangible Part of Talent and Taste." The tangible 19 consist of variations within the categories of "editing, objects, compositions, and auditory"—surely one of the oddest specimens of classificatory logic ever set on paper.

Robert Steele's paper on Sucksdorff's Indian film, *The Flute and the Arrow*, is a concerned and disappointed, but obvious, review of the film. Richard Griffith's paper on *The Lights of New York* is an amusing description of an early talkie which was, though extremely inept, a movie and not a filmed play of the sort histories allege prevailed during the transition to sound.

The second volume contains an interminable exegesis of *The Life of an American Fireman* and a strong pitch for the rehabilitation of Edwin S. Porter, by Gessner. Arthur Knight chastises pretentious "experimentalists" (without naming any names) for their lack of respect for craft and audience. Noxon's "Cinema and Cubism" is another explication of the implied thesis that film is legitimate because it is connected with more established art forms. Noxon suggests that cinema has been accorded the position of a "culturally poisonous pariah" because "the method of cinematic refabrication and resynthesis . . ." was a "naissance," "a birth, . . . a whole new language of visual communication differing absolutely in kind from all other visual languages." He finds a parallel to the artistic and communicative significance of cinematic fragmentation and resynthesis in the development of cubism and suggests that Picasso and Braque may perhaps have been conscious of the cinematic method.

In Steele's contribution to the second volume, "A Film Maker's Approach to Primitive People," he argues for flexibility of approach to the subject and a realization by the film-maker of his changing view of himself in relation to the subject. He posits the dilemma of art versus ethnography, and argues for a more catholic view of the ethnographer's film recording, suggesting that these are not films in the traditional sense at all but protocols on film for use as written or tape-recorded protocols are used. The film recording, however, is immeasurably richer. Aside from its use as a recording medium, Steele views the camera as aiding the anthropologist in avoiding such perceptual pitfalls as over-abstraction and generalization. He suggests certain strategies to be pursued by the filming ethnologist and argues for the film-maker learning his place and staying in it. The paper is sound, elementary, and deadly dull.

Generally, these first two volumes of the *Journal* leave much to be desired in both scholarship and organization. The only papers which show awareness of what constitute important historical or aesthetic questions are Noxon's and Griffith's. The clubby and smug tone of many of the papers sits ill, considering the paucity of content. Scholarship, seriously taken, must be concerned with the attempt to establish, through the presentation of concrete evidence, that something is true—and not with academic posing, pompous generalities, homey chitchat, shoptalk, or clever journalistic style. The cinematologists have not succeded in defining problem areas which can be successfully attacked; nor have they given reason to think that, even if they had, they would be capable of carrying through the attack. If proof is needed that the level of American film scholarship is deplorably low, this publication provides it.

—Henry Breitrose

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THE IMMEDIATE EXPERIENCE
Movies, Comics, Theater, and Other Aspects of Popular Culture

By Robert Warshow. (New York: Doubleday, 1962. $4.50.)

Given the faddishness of contemporary intellectual life, one suspected with the appearance of this book that a Warshow cult would be born, as an Agee one has been. Possibly unfortunately, this hasn't happened. Good film critics are so rare that they deserve all the notoriety they can get (especially if it happens when they're still alive). And Warshow was a very good critic indeed. He was not "only" a film critic, but rather a popular-culture man. This seems to have offended some readers, among them Stanley Kauffmann. But it is a large part of his importance. He was not a poet like Agee; he did not have a surpassing gift of lucidity like Shaw. He had intelligence and a developed sense of taste or fitness; and his criticism is predominantly a testing of works for phoniness and meaning. In this sense he is a negative critic; he does not indulge in much praise, and hence is never tempted to Agee's sentimental excesses. His criticism is cool, yet personal; and he turns it equally upon movies, politics, comic-books—hence escaping the petulance at bad films and ferocious in-group conflicts which afflict "pure" film critics. But, because he was no more committed to movies than to, say, novels, he could avoid taking a position on direction: he never had to say what he wanted. From his pieces on *Verdoux* and *Best Years of Our Lives*, especially, we can guess the kind of cinema he would have wished to exist. (The *Verdoux* piece is a beautiful essay and, I believe, the best thing yet written on this film.) It is a pity he did not live to spell out such things himself.

Some of the pieces in the book are short and slight—on Krazy Kat, on E. B. White and the *New Yorker*. Warshow, however, was willing to be serious about things most intellectuals think beneath them—and thus he got closer to the fabric of life than most of us. He wrote a magnificent and often funny piece on comic books—although he underestimated the importance of *MAD* and misunderstood its audience. He wrote a plainspoken piece on the political psychology of the Rosenberg case. He wrote of his father, in a direct way few writers could match. Only once—in his piece on the left-wing politics of the 'thirties—does he seem to write of things known only indirectly, not from "immediate experience." Once in a while his coolness takes on a distant and slightly snobbish tone. (In his discussions of politics, of those problems beyond individual solutions, he speaks sometimes as if there were some easy way, once these problems were recognized, to deal with them—if only one does not evade! One has the feeling that Warshow did not actually engage in political organizations.)

Warshow's early death, writes Lionel Trilling in an introduction in which he attempts rather uneasily to play elder-literary-statesman, was especially saddening because he had just come through a period of great personal troubles and was just entering upon a period of new intellectual confidence. This might have done away with a certain diffidence in his work. It is a great loss that this new period was cut off.

—Ernest Callenbach

THE STARS
THE PLAYER: A PROFILE OF AN ART

By Richard Schickel. (New York: Dial, 1962. $12.50.)

By Lillian Ross and Helen Ross. (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1962. $6.95.)

What Edgar Morin's book *The Stars* began [see *FQ*, Summer, 1960] Richard Schickel's now continues: the examination of those remarkable personalities who have become, through films, the focus of intense and widespread public attention. Morin's study was a somewhat mythological and dithyrambic series of speculations about the psychological significance of these contemporary gods and goddesses, and about the social processes which conjure them up.

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Schickel is more simply concerned to portray their public images as a kind of sociocultural history. He is a lot more informative, though where Morin was fuzzy he tends to be vulgar, despite acknowledged assimilation of a wildly mixed bag of mentors—Agee, Manny Farber, Parker Tyler, Kenneth Tynan, and Robert Warshow. This comes through mostly in unnerving turns of phrase—"the non-art of the movies," "the cult of personality," "since it is curently fashionable to do so, let us take a middle-of-the-road position," Welles is "the last typhoon," etc. Such things are pseudoclever, not thoughtful, and they remind one uncomfortably that Schickel has been an editor of *Look* and *Show*. Nonetheless, his hope that "amateur sociologists, social historians, and social psychologists among my readers will find some food for thought in the little descriptive and analytical pieces which follow" is surely a sound one. There is no other book which provides so complete, and so interesting, an overview of the screen's personality boys and girls, and of the artists who from time to time appear among them. It is organized in a roughly chronological way, with a section of two or three pages devoted to each star, and usually two or three stills, which are excellently chosen. Although the jacket's claim that it is "the most beautiful book about movies ever published" will make bibliophiles chortle, it is nicely laid out. Unfortunately the production is shoddy—some pictures are badly spotted, some type lines are misaligned, columns abound with "widows," etc.

The Player is an unpretentious collection of fifty interviews with actors and actresses (not all of them predominantly movie people). The Misses Ross prepared them by what the foreword refers to as the "traditional manner"—i.e., not by tape-recording. This gives them an unlikely flatness and similarity of tone; the subjects tends to talk exclusively in neat, dry, declarative sentences, not as actors (and pretty much everybody else, except perhaps English professors) really talk. We know from Lillian Ross's remarkable *Picture* (a paperback issue of which has just appeared—see listing below) that she is capable of putting this method to exciting and (by John Huston's testimony) virtually flawless use; but in these interviews we miss the sense of scene, of personal interaction, of work going on, which helped to animate her devastating record of *The Red Badge of Courage*. And one gets occasional twinges of doubt. Did Paul Newman really say, "In all the pictures I've made, I've tried to do the best I could?" Probably. But the memory—conceivably even Miss Ross's—can play odd tricks.

The interviews begin with biographical information of a routine sort; I cannot give any estimate of how much truth and how much of the hokum that celebrities customarily dispense about their pasts there is in this aspect of the book, nor do the authors indicate how much checking they did, if any. Much of it, however, is in any case highly relevant to how the personalities see themselves. They vary hugely in their feelings about their profession, their public personalities, their private selves; their estimates of their roles are almost always just. One wonders what the Misses Ross say or ask that brings these things out—what biases they introduce—or do they have that wonderful quiet gift of the good ear, into which people yearn to pour everything? It would have been nice to have at least one tape-recorded interview to provide some perspective on such questions. As it is, the results contain nothing of the usual journalistic interview pap. The players as portrayed here appear much more intelligent, witty, human, and occasionally pathetic than one would expect of the personalities described by Mr. Schickel; the simplifications entailed in projecting a powerful star image do away with much that is fascinating, and it is good to have some of it, at least, preserved in print.

Photographs taken by Lillian Ross, of an "at-home" type, accompany the interviews. The effect of the series is dull, but the pictures

provide a useful record and serve to identify relatively unfamiliar individuals.

—ERNEST CALLENBACH

JAPANESE MOVIES

By Donald Richie. (Tokyo: Japan Travel Bureau, 1961. 198 pages, 65 photographs. U.S. publisher: Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vermont. $3.25.)

This volume is part of the Japan Tourist Bureau Library series, and it is organized as a guidebook to the Japanese film. It is brief, perspicuous, and full of information, and it should enable any visitor to Japan, or anyone who sees Japanese movies, to notice and understand much more about the Japanese people and their films. There is some duplication of historical or biographical materials which appeared in Richie and Anderson's *The Japanese Film;* but the book still belongs in any film devotee's library.

An historical section on the beginnings of the Japanese film is followed by a section on the contemporary cinema—the traditional view and the individualists; and there is a brief peroration called "Form and Content in the Japanese Film." Richie is a clear and direct writer who says what he has to say in an unpretentious way. He reviews the films of all the major Japanese directors, often giving rather more critical detail than there was space for in *The Japanese Film.* His method is usually to give a general sketch of a director's concerns (these passages tend to be perfectly correct on our experience, though somewhat summary) and then examine his major films in order. The examination is in terms of plot and moral, and one misses a sense of the films' visual fabric and design, of which we usually get only tantalizing hints: "In a long, unfolding final sequence, a kind of coda completely without dialogue, Naruse shows that their ignorance of approaching doom, their fortunate innocence, constitutes a kind of beauty, a kind of strength." [*Untamed,* 1957.]

The book is, therefore, basically a popular social history of the Japanese film: a treatment of its themes as they appear in the work of various directors of importance: Ozu (the section on Ozu, much of which appeared in *Film Quarterly,* is the most richly and closely analytical in the book), Naruse, Toyoda, Kinoshita, as the traditionalists; and on the individualist side Mizoguchi, Gosho, Imai, Yoshimura, Kobayashi, younger men such as Oshima, Chiba, Nakahira; Ichikawa; and the great master, Kurosawa (Richie confesses that he regards *Seven Samurai* as "the finest Japanese film ever made)."

The book, then, is not criticism in the usual sense; and in some ways one feels that it is not "high" enough criticism—that with Richie's immense knowledge of the Japanese and their films, he should have been more intense, more intricate, more original. It is probably unfair to wish this; the book certainly bears the marks of being written as Richie wanted it; it is his way, and we are grateful for all he has taught us. We have the arithmetic, thanks to him; now let us move on to the calculus. . . .

The low price of the book, incidentally, has been achieved by printing on yellowish paper and using an execrable binding; the stills, however, are well reproduced.

—ERNEST CALLENBACH

HELLO, HOLLYWOOD!

The Story of the Movies by the People Who Make Them

By Allen Rivkin and Laura Kerr. (New York: Doubleday, 1962. $6.95.)

Observations on "this town," by a variety of stars, producers, writers, journalists, directors, with interstitial material provided by the editors. Also includes short stories about Hollywood. The book is set up with the pompousness of Hollywood titles, and not entirely as a joke; much of the linking "dialogue" is asinine or unbearably arch, though founded on a long

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The low price of the book, incidentally, has been achieved by printing on yellowish paper and using an execrable binding; the stills, however, are well reproduced.

—ERNEST CALLENBACH

HELLO, HOLLYWOOD!

The Story of the Movies by the People Who Make Them

By Allen Rivkin and Laura Kerr. (New York: Doubleday, 1962. $6.95.)

Observations on "this town," by a variety of stars, producers, writers, journalists, directors, with interstitial material provided by the editors. Also includes short stories about Hollywood. The book is set up with the pompousness of Hollywood titles, and not entirely as a joke; much of the linking "dialogue" is asinine or unbearably arch, though founded on a long

provide a useful record and serve to identify relatively unfamiliar individuals.

—ERNEST CALLENBACH

JAPANESE MOVIES

By Donald Richie. (Tokyo: Japan Travel Bureau, 1961. 198 pages, 65 photographs. U.S. publisher: Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vermont. $3.25.)

This volume is part of the Japan Tourist Bureau Library series, and it is organized as a guidebook to the Japanese film. It is brief, perspicuous, and full of information, and it should enable any visitor to Japan, or anyone who sees Japanese movies, to notice and understand much more about the Japanese people and their films. There is some duplication of historical or biographical materials which appeared in Richie and Anderson's *The Japanese Film;* but the book still belongs in any film devotee's library.

An historical section on the beginnings of the Japanese film is followed by a section on the contemporary cinema—the traditional view and the individualists; and there is a brief peroration called "Form and Content in the Japanese Film." Richie is a clear and direct writer who says what he has to say in an unpretentious way. He reviews the films of all the major Japanese directors, often giving rather more critical detail than there was space for in *The Japanese Film.* His method is usually to give a general sketch of a director's concerns (these passages tend to be perfectly correct on our experience, though somewhat summary) and then examine his major films in order. The examination is in terms of plot and moral, and one misses a sense of the films' visual fabric and design, of which we usually get only tantalizing hints: "In a long, unfolding final sequence, a kind of coda completely without dialogue, Naruse shows that their ignorance of approaching doom, their fortunate innocence, constitutes a kind of beauty, a kind of strength." [*Untamed,* 1957.]

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Correspondence & Controversy

Cinema 16

[Reply to remarks made in *FQ* for Summer, 1962.]

I agree there should be a "showcase," as Cinema 16 horribly puts it, for the younger, noncommercial film-makers. But the display in this particular showcase is cluttered and ineffective because Amos Vogel, though a very nice fellow, can't tell junk from gems. Such a showcase is worse than none because it alienates the more intelligent movie-goers from the art film. (Look how bitter *I've* become!) Time was, years ago, when I made my pilgrimage regularly to the Fashion Arts Auditorium, but I finally came to agree with Pauline Kael that after an evening of art films, one often wants to go to a movie. So, as you guessed, I have seen few Cinema 16 programs of late. However, Amos was kind enough to send me the programs for the last ten years, so I did have a general idea of what they have been offering. And, specifically, I did review the four new (as against revivals) feature films they offered this season. I'm bewildered by your plea: "What Macdonald is in a position to give, if he feels like it, is sensible criticism of Cinema 16's films when they are interestingly good or maddeningly bad." That's just what I did apropos its four new features this season—*The Sin of Jesus*, *Burial of the Sun*, *Time of the Heathen*, and *Guns of the Trees*—all of which struck me, for reasons given at length, as "maddeningly bad." Perhaps you thought my criticism not "sensible," but then you should have stated why and defended those films. Instead, you defend merely the general idea of Cinema 16. But the general is always easy to be charitable about; it's when the specific is in question that the problems arise.

The closest you come to the specific seems to concede my main point: "As for the 'experimenters,' or the young film-makers of whose unimaginative *weltschmerz* Macdonald makes rightful fun, they are the only ones we have who are working outside the sponsored film or Hollywood; they are not yet very good, but they are part of our cultural scene, like our painters and composers and playwrights—who do not present a terribly inspiring picture, either. . . ." So the makers of these four films are "unimaginative" and "not yet very good" but since they are "part of our cultural scene" and also "the only ones we have" trying to do something serious, we should be respectful. I don't see why. The "yet" implies they will be better later on, but when you eat a steak you are interested in its present, not its future. Nor are Frank, Mekas, Emshwiller, et al. "the only one we have"—I've praised other, better American art films such as *Shadows*, *Pull My Daisy*, *The Connection*, *The Savage Eye*—and have given Cinema 16 credit for showing the first two. But even if they *were* the only ones we have, I'd still not agree. Critical attitudes in this country have been much too tolerant, as for instance the relaxation of standards in the face of the absurdly inflated vogue for the New York School of drip 'n' dribble painting. The *N. Y. Times'* John Canaday has been a welcome exception—and look at the going-over he's been given by the faithful—on much the same grounds as you advance for tolerating the noninspiring stuff that Cinema 16 "showcases," as their publicity would say. It's like "progressive" education—I put it in quotes because it should be "regressive"—which has been so permissive that the brighter pupils are discouraged because they are lost in the ruck of mediocrity. Similarly, the Cinema 16 approach is encouraging only to the untalented, who should be firmly discouraged, and is depressing and disorienting to the gifted, of whom there are always damned few in any age or art. A generation or two ago the situation was different; then the acceptance, by the critics and the

public, of original, pioneering work in all fields was grudging and over-cautious. But now it seems to me the opposite is true and almost anything that has the slightest pretensions to being "serious" is given A for effort and one is considered immoral and not a good fellow if one points out that a movie can be both serious and a mess. What we need is more birth-control in every branch of art; the young should be discouraged on principle, since most of them are as ungifted as their elders have proved to be; in fact, I really think critics should judge the art film by the same standards they judge the Hollywood film; at least that's what I try to do.

On your last point: I did promise Amos to run his reply and I will. It has been delayed by two factors not in my control: (1) it takes over two months for my column to get into print, hence the earliest issue the reply could have made was the July one; (2) but it will not even be in July since *Esquire,* like other magazines, shrinks in the summer months because ads fall off and my column had to be cut in half and I *did* want to say a few things myself; I hope to wedge the reply into August, another slim issue. But it will appear, since I not only think it a moral obligation to give the other side a chance to reply but also I enjoy polemics. I might add that I should have preferred Amos sending his letter in to the regular *Esquire* letters column (because then I should not have had to give a precious 500 words in my column to it—I always seem to have much more to say than will fit into even the generous space the editors give me) but he decided, I think rightly, not to gamble on its being printed there. The reply *will* appear, and I hope you won't be distressed if I permit myself a few lines of what you call "ridicule" and what I call "argument."—DWIGHT MACDONALD

[It did, and we won't: I personally prefer Dwight Macdonald's polemics to the would-be parodies of *Marienbad* and other fillers which worm their way into his space from time to time. The argument about Cinema 16 remains a troublesome one, however. Cinema 16 certainly makes incautious plugs for films which do not live up to their billing; it, and all our serious exhibitors, ought to remember that one may show a film without proclaiming it a masterpiece—there are even some pretty bad movies which warrant seeing for one reason or another, some of which have to do with their artistic qualities but some not. Macdonald's criticism of movies seen at Cinema 16, good or bad, has been inspiriting and sound; what seemed unfair was his blanket condemnation of an organization which has brought to the New York public a great many interesting pictures that would otherwise have been left in oblivion.—E.C.]

Editor's Notebook *[continued from page 2]*

are): financiers, distributors, directors, writers, actors. No such intensive study of an industry over a short time period of intense change has ever been done; would make a publishable book if at all decently done.

Practical Criticism — Films Division. Run a series of varied films for students (and perhaps for a wider sample if possible) and tape their comments; then analyze these to see what is perceived and what is thought about. The study should be cross-compared with quotations from practicing critics after the above is done —using a wide spectrum of critics. Book.

The Craft of Film — a work parallel to Lubbock's *The Craft of Fiction,* either in Lubbock's manner (a study of fundamental artistic strategies in the work of one author, James) or by analysis of a number of first-rate films. Should deal with the challenge to ordinary cinematic point-of-view represented by *Connection, Chronique d'un Ete, Marienbad;* with the freakish "subjective camera" films; and with questions of point-of-view raised by such films at *L'Avventura.*

Popular Taste and Unpopular Taste. An intensive psychological study of the operations of taste or pretended taste among the intelligentsia and among the ordinary film audience. Materials drawn from intensive interview-conversations. "High" tastes vs. "low" tastes; faddishness; reactions to films as signs of status (liking the "better" things, being "in"). Psychological components of critical sets of mind: "super-ego" criticism (as in S&S — this part of study could deal with printed remarks) vs. "id" criticism, etc. Should include some attention to other forms—probably novels are most relevant.

Private Uses of Film. A survey of the nonpublic, non-