SAN FRANCISCO SILENT FILM FESTIVAL

MAY 29 – JUNE 1, 2014
CASTRO THEATRE

True art transcends time.

SAN FRANCISCO SILENT FILM FESTIVAL

Welcome to our 19th annual festival. The San Francisco Silent Film Festival is a nonprofit organization dedicated to educating the public about silent film as an art form and as a valuable historical and cultural record. Throughout the year, SFSFF produces events that showcase important titles from the silent era, often in restored or preserved prints, with live musical performances by some of the world's finest practitioners of silent film accompaniment. Each presentation exemplifies the extraordinary quality that Academy Award-winning film historian Kevin Brownlow calls "live cinema."

Silent-era filmmakers produced masterpieces that can seem breathtakingly modern. In a remarkably short time after the birth of movies, filmmakers developed the techniques that made cinema its own art form. The only technique that eluded them was the ability to marry sound to the film print. Yet these films were never meant to be viewed in silence and music was often a part of the production as well as the exhibition. The absence of recording on the set meant that the camera was free to move with a grace and an intricacy that allowed visual storytelling to flourish and made motion pictures more than merely filmed theater. It is through these films that the world first came to love movies, as entertainment and art. They have influenced each subsequent generation of filmmakers and continue to astonish audiences nearly a century after they were made.

THURSDAY MAY 29

7:00PM FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE
Musical Accompaniment by the
Mont Alto Motion Picture Orchestra
Underwritten by McRoskey Mattress Company
Copresented by California Film Institute, Metronome
Dance Collective and San Francisco Film Society

FRIDAY MAY 30

10:00AM AMAZING TALES FROM THE ARCHIVES
Guest Presenters: Bryony Dixon, Dan Streible,
Craig Barron and Ben Burtt
Musical Accompaniment by Stephen Horne
Underwritten by Iron Mountain Entertainment Services
Special Support Provided by the Academy of
Motion Picture Arts and Sciences
Copresented by BAM/PFA

1:00PM SONG OF THE FISHERMEN
Musical Accompaniment by Donald Sosin
Copresented by Center for Asian American Media and
Center for the Art of Translation
Introduced by Richard J. Meyer

3:00PM MIDNIGHT MADNESS
Musical Accompaniment by Stephen Horne
Copresented by National Film Preservation Foundation
Introduced by Jeff Lambert

5:00PM THE PARSON'S WIDOW
Musical Accompaniment by Matti Bye
Special Support Provided by Barbro Osher Pro Suecia
Foundation and the Consulate General of Sweden, SF

7:00PM RAMONA
Musical Accompaniment by the
Mont Alto Motion Picture Orchestra
Copresented by California Film Institute, California
Historical Society, and San Francisco Public Library

10:00PM COSMIC VOYAGE
Musical Accompaniment by the
Silent Movie Music Company
Special Support Provided by the Academy of
Motion Picture Arts and Sciences
Copresented by MiDNiTES for MANiACS
Introduced by Craig Baldwin
Intertitle translations read by Frank Buxton

SATURDAY MAY 31

10:00AM THE GOOD BAD MAN
Musical Accompaniment by Donald Sosin
Copresented by Niles Essanay Silent Film Museum
Introduced by Tracey Goessel and Rob Byrne

12:00NOON SERGE BROMBERG'S TREASURE TROVE
Presented and accompanimed by Serge Bromberg
Special Support Provided by the Consulate General of
France in SF and French American Cultural Society
Copresented by the Exploratorium

2:00PM THE EPIC OF EVEREST
Musical Accompaniment by Stephen Horne
and Frank Bockius
Copresented by the Himalayan Film Festival and REI
Introduced by Bryony Dixon
The Silent Film Festival Award will be presented to
the BFI at this program

4:30PM UNDERGROUND
Musical Accompaniment by Stephen Horne
Underwritten by Leather Gloves by Fratelli Orsini
Copresented by the Film Noir Foundation
Introduced by Leonard Maltin

7:00PM UNDER THE LANTERN
Musical Accompaniment by the
Donald Sosin Ensemble
Copresented by Goethe-Institut/Berlin & Beyond
Introduced by Martin Koerber

10:00PM THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF MR. WEST IN THE LAND OF THE BOLSHEVIKS
Musical Accompaniment by the
Matti Bye Ensemble
Special Support Provided by Barbro Osher Pro Suecia
Foundation and the Consulate General of Sweden, SF
Copresented by BAM/PFA, Flicker Alley, MiDNiTES
for MANiACS, and San Francisco Cinematheque

SUNDAY JUNE 1

10:00AM SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK
Preceded by the short **MAX WANTS A DIVORCE**
Musical Accompaniment by Donald Sosin
Special Support Provided by the Consulate General of
France in SF and French American Cultural Society
Introduced by Serge Bromberg

12:00NOON DRAGNET GIRL
Musical Accompaniment by Guenter Buchwald
Copresented by Center for Asian American Media
and the Film Noir Foundation
Introduced by Eddie Muller

2:30PM THE GIRL IN TAILS
Musical Accompaniment by the
Mont Alto Motion Picture Orchestra
Special Support Provided by Barbro Osher Pro Suecia
Foundation and the Consulate General of Sweden, SF
Copresented by BAWIFM and Frameline
Introduced by Barbro Osher

5:00PM THE SIGN OF FOUR
Musical Accompaniment by Donald Sosin
and Guenter Buchwald
Copresented by the San Francisco Public Library and
San Francisco Treasure Hunts
Introduced by Russell Merritt

7:00PM HARBOR DRIFT
Musical Accompaniment by Stephen Horne
and Frank Bockius
Copresented by Goethe-Institut/Berlin & Beyond

9:00PM THE NAVIGATOR
Musical Accompaniment by the
Matti Bye Ensemble
Underwritten by Friends of the Festival
Special Support Provided by Barbro Osher Pro Suecia
Foundation and the Consulate General of Sweden, SF
Copresented by BAM/PFA and the Exploratorium
Introduced by Leonard Maltin and Frank Buxton

Preceded by the short **POCHTA** with Musical
Accompaniment by Guenter Buchwald

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MUSICIANS AT THE FESTIVAL

FRANK BOCKIUS Skilled at improvisational jazz, percussionist Frank Bockius has also worked extensively with the marimba and vibraphone and is currently a member of both the flamenco ensemble Madruga Flamenca and the Renaissance ensemble Passo e Mezzo. He performs at the Silent Film Festival for the first time this year, accompanying Donald Sosin, Stephen Horne, and, with Günter Buchwald, as part of the **Silent Movie Music Company.**

GUENTER BUCHWALD A pioneer of the renaissance of silent film music, Günter A. Buchwald has accompanied more than 2,000 titles over the course of his 25 years performing. He is director of the **Silent Movie Music Company** and conducts the Freiburg Filmharmonic Orchestra, which he founded in 1992. Since 1984, he has appeared regularly at film festivals from Berlin to Zurigo, demonstrating a versatility of musical styles ranging from baroque to jazz.

STEPHEN HORNE One of the leading silent film accompanists, Stephen Horne is based at London's BFI Southbank and plays at all the major UK venues and at numerous festivals across Europe and North America. Although principally a pianist, he often incorporates flute, accordion, and keyboards into his performances, sometimes simultaneously. As an adjunct to his work in silent film, Horne occasionally collaborates with a small group that re-creates magic lantern shows.

MATTI BYE ENSEMBLE Regular performers at major European film festivals, Matti Bye, Kristian Holmgren, Henrik Olsson, and Leo Svensson perform both composed scores and improvised music on a variety of instruments that include the piano, glockenspiel, violin, and musical saw. Award-winning composer Matti Bye, who also plays solo this year, has written scores for the silent classics THE PHANTOM CARRIAGE, HÄXAN, and GÖSTA BERLINGS SAGA and been an accompanist at the Swedish Film Institute since 1989.

MONT ALTO MOTION PICTURE ORCHESTRA Marking its 25th anniversary accompanying silent film, the Mont Alto Motion Picture Orchestra plays scores compiled from libraries of music once belonging to silent-film theater musicians. Besides its regular appearance at the San Francisco Silent Film Festival, this five-piece ensemble—Rodney Sauer, Brian Collins, Dawn Kramer, Emily Lewis, and David Short—performs at venues across the United States, from New York's Lincoln Center to Hollywood's Egyptian Theater. The specially commissioned score for THE GIRL IN TAILS is the orchestra's 111th.

DONALD SOSIN Donald Sosin scores silent films for major festivals, archives, and DVD recordings. He has accompanied many films on solo piano at the San Francisco Silent Film Festival as well as with a variety of musicians that comprise the **Donald Sosin Ensemble**. This year, Sosin performs with Guenter A. Buchwald, Frank Bockius, and Sascha Jacobsen for UNDER THE LANTERN. His commissions include the San Francisco Chamber Orchestra, Chicago Symphony Chorus, Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, New York's Museum of Modern Art, and Turner Classic Movies. (See the interview with Sosin on page 62.)

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

Accompanied by the Mont Alto Motion Picture Orchestra

Directed by Rex Ingram, USA, 1921
Cast Rudolph Valentino (Julio Desnoyers) Alice Terry (Marguerite Laurier) Pomeroy Cannon (Madariaga) Josef Swickard (Marcelo Desnoyers) Alan Hale (Karl von Hartrott) Bridgetta Clark (Doña Luisa) John Sainpolis (Etienne Laurier) Virginia Warwick (Chichi) Nigel De Brulier (Tchernoff) Wallace Beery (Lt. Col. von Richthosen) **Production** Metro Pictures **Scenario** June Mathis, based on the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez **Photography** John F. Seitz **Editor** Grant Whytock **Art Director** Joseph Calder and Amos Myers **Print Source** Photoplay Productions

APOCALYPSE THEN:

15 THINGS ABOUT FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

by David Thomson

1. In studying the movies (not least the silent variety), we owe it to the medium and to ourselves to come prepared as historians. So, let us recall that it is now nearly 100 years since Gavrilo Princip fired those shots on a back street of Sarajevo and so began the gravest and most far-reaching disaster of modern times, the Great War. But this movie shows how far that gravity was not grasped fully in 1921, despite the sea of crosses at its ending.

2. In the full understanding of 1, let us be clear that Rex Ingram's *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (1921) is older than this mere anniversary. This is not the Great War as noted in the poetry of Wilfred Owen or as measured on the first day of the Battle of the Somme in 1916 when 60,000 men were killed. It is not a lesson in how the archaic and corrupt structures of European society were ripped out like dead teeth and have never been replaced. This is not the sensibility of Kafka, Stravinsky, and Schiele. No, this is a 19th century romance in which war triggers the headiest flights of coincidence, honor, self-dramatics, and sexless love. In short, this astonishing movie has little idea what the war was about or how it was fought. This is a gorgeous, high-minded saga, a leisurely story, shot through with hysterical beauty and lunatic chivalry. It can take decades before the lessons of history come home.

3. This is a film made by a woman. It was June Mathis (then 32) who read the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez (published in 1916), who believed that it could be a successful motion picture, who wrote the script, persuaded the young company, Metro, to make it (at an eventual cost of $1 million), who chose Rex Ingram to direct it, and who insisted against much evidence

and advice that a young Italian, Rodolfo Alfonso Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla, should play the part of Julio Desnoyers.

4. This fellow (adjusted to be Rudolph Valentino) had made a few films without attracting a great deal of attention. But Mathis had noticed him and she had seen him dance, so she instructed Ingram that in filming the tango he was to keep the dancers in full figure—because this boy could bring it. (Note: By 1921, Fred and Adele Astaire were the dancing rage on Broadway and in London, and Fred always believed in full-figure dancers on-screen.) Mathis also gave orders that the most complete, tailored gaucho costume be made for him—this is a film about clothes. Apart from that she told Rudy to go out and buy 20 fashionable suits and to be unswayed by the chance that he might, one day, be seen as a knockoff of George Raft. She also saw that his face had a blend of hardness and softness, of sentimentality and cruelty, that was golden. So, apart from the dance, shoot him in close-up and realize it was 1921 and time for a man in movies to be beautiful.

5. Rex Ingram was a Dublin protestant (birth name Hitchcock) educated at Yale, a man famous for his exotic visual imagination, and, by 1921, he was on a par with directors D.W. Griffith and Erich von Stroheim.

6. But he was irked at the way June Mathis doted on Rudy. Rex and June had had a little thing going, but then June seemed swept away by the tango dancer. So Rex tried to snub Rudy and fell for his actress, Alice Terry, who was astonishingly if rather monotonously beautiful. Ingram married her and kept her in most of his films.

7. As to the plot, the setup in Argentina, the family entanglements—relax.

8. Yes, it is Wallace Beery as a very Hunnish German officer.

9. The film was photographed by John Seitz and just as it is crammed with exquisitely lit and composed close-ups, you may enjoy remembering that the same Seitz later photographed *Sunset Boulevard* and the iconic moment when Norma Desmond stands up in the light to celebrate the way people had faces then.

10. The horses themselves may seem rather placid. Even in 1921 it was a stretch to keep plugging the idea of conquest, war, famine, and death trotting through every scene. Never mind. No horses were hurt in making this picture.

Rudolph Valentino and Beatrice Dominguez

Opposite: On the set with Rex Ingram (script in hand); middle row, third from right: Valentino; fifth from right: Alice Terry. Seated on floor: June Mathis (center)

11. There was a remake in 1962 (a year when the end of the world was centered on Cuba). It was directed by Vincente Minnelli and shifted forward to the German occupation of Paris in 1940 (another big end-of-the-world moment). Glenn Ford played Rudolph Valentino (Minnelli had wanted Alain Delon), Ingrid Thulin was Alice Terry, and Lee J. Cobb was the Argentinian patriarch, a role filled with unstinting vigor by Pomeroy Cannon in 1921.

12. The 1921 version was a smash hit (it earned more than $4 million). The team of Mathis-Ingram-Valentino made one more film at Metro, *The Conquering Power*, before the studio lost interest in Valentino and he was acquired by Paramount for a few years of sensational sexual imagining (for women and men—no one on-screen before had got the medium's androgyny). He and Mathis stayed close, and she wrote a couple of his Paramount pictures. Rudy died in 1926 at the age of 31—100,000 lined the streets for his funeral. Did Mussolini really send a black-shirted honor guard? No, that was a stunt put on by the New York funeral home, Campbell's, still in business.

13. Ingram and Alice Terry were married but, at odds with MGM, they went to Europe where Ingram found a base at the Victorine studio in Nice. He made several spectacular romances there (*Mare Nostrum*, *The Magician*, *The Garden of Allah*) and died in 1950 without ever quite forsaking the narrative aura of 1890. His last film, Baroud, 1932, was his only sound picture.

14. One of the young people who joined Ingram in Nice and learned to love the movies was Michael Powell (*The Red Shoes*, *A Matter of Life and Death*, *Black Narcissus*).

15. So this is history, and we are left to decide, in 2014, whether we celebrate the Great War or admit its damage.

Photofest

Member of the famed Algonquin Round Table, playwright Robert Emmet Sherwood was also a pioneering film critic, contributing witty reviews to *Vanity Fair* and *Life*. He published his first play in 1927 and four of his subsequent works won the Pulitzer Prize. Several, including *Waterloo Bridge* and *Idiot's Delight*, deal with the futility of war and were later adapted for film. In 1940, he was recruited to ghostwrite for Franklin Roosevelt's reelection campaign, after which he served as an integral part of the president's speechwriting team through the Second World War, until Roosevelt's death. He also contributed scripts to some of the most memorable films of Hollywood's Golden Years, including Hitchcock's *Rebecca* and William Wyler's *The Best Years of Our Lives*, about the devastating effects of war on returning soldiers and their loved ones, for which he won an Academy Award.

His *Life* magazine column, "The Silent Drama," began to appear in late January 1921 when he was 24 years old. It featured satirical reviews of several films each issue, but when a film caught Sherwood's attention, he devoted the entire page to it and dropped the snark. Sherwood had interrupted his Harvard years to join the Canadian Expeditionary Forces during World War I. After serving seven months on the trench-pocked Western Front, his heart was permanently damaged in a poison gas attack and he returned a changed man to New York in early 1919. Films about war, in particular the Great War, often merited the full page.

THE SILENT DRAMA:

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

by Robert E. Sherwood,
Life Magazine, March 24, 1921

In a hundred years there will be no one left in the world who can give a first-hand account of the great war—no one who can say, "I was there; I saw it as it was"—and people will have to get their knowledge of it from the books and plays that it inspired. The vast maelstrom of words which has flowed since the machine guns and the typewriters first started clicking in 1914 will remain, in greater or lesser degree, throughout all time, and by them will we and our actions be measured.

It is quite important, therefore, that we get the record straight, and make sure that nothing goes down to posterity which will mislead future generations into believing that this age of ours was anything to brag about. Imagine the history which some H.G. Wells of the Thirtieth Century would write concerning the world war, basing his conclusions on such books as "From Baseball to Boches," such plays as "Mother's Liberty Bond," or such songs as "Hello, General Pershing, Is My Daddie Safe To-night?" It might be entertaining reading, but hardly instructive.

Rather let us hope that this future Wells will depend upon the books of Philip Gibbs and Henri Barbusse, and the poems of Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger and John MacRae. And if, after reading these, he is still doubtful of the fact that war is essentially a false, hideous mistake, then let him go to see the production of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and be convinced. It took us a long time to get around to that statement, but the picture is well worth the trip.

Blasco Ibáñez wrote the novel, and achieved widespread fame thereby. There are many, including the present reviewer, who believe that this fame was not altogether deserved. In fact, we must confess that we belong to that society of "Those-who-started-but-did-not-finish The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

The motion picture adaptation, however, succeeded in holding our undivided attention more consistently than any dramatic production since the day when, at the age of seven, we broke down at a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and were carried out in a sinking condition.

The great strength and vigorous appeal with which "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has been endowed is largely due to the superb direction of Rex Ingram, who produced it. His was a truly Herculean task, and he has done it so well that his name must now be placed at the top of his profession.

June Mathis did the work of adapting the story, and her scenario is coherent, and strongly constructed on logical lines, with a fine sense for dramatic values. At no time does the action drop or the suspense weaken, except for a few moments near the end when a crowd of frolicsome doughboys and Salvation Army lassies are dragged in just to give the orchestra a chance to blare out "Over There."

The cast is uniformly good, and selected with such great care that every part—Spanish, Indian, French, and German—is played by a character who is actually true to type. In the leading role is a newcomer to the screen, Rudolph Valentino, who has a decided edge—both in ability and appearance—over all the stock movie heroes, from Richard Barthelmess down. He tangoes, makes love and fights with equal grace. Both he and Alice Terry, who plays opposite him, will be stars in their own right before long.

The pictures themselves are at all times striking, and occasionally beautiful—for Ingram has evidently studied closely the art of composition, and almost any one scene, taken at random from the nine reels, would be worthy of praise for its pictorial qualities alone.

The four horsemen—Conquest, War, Pestilence, and Death—are convincingly frightful figures, and the fleeting pictures of them galloping through the clouds in stormy sky are decidedly impressive. Usually, when movie directors attempt to introduce an allegorical note, the result is little more than laughable.

Comparisons are necessarily odious, but we cannot help looking back over the brief history of the cinema, and trying to find something that can be compared with "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." The films which first come to mind are "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," and "Joan the Woman"; but the grandiose posturings of David Wark Griffith and Cecil B. De Mille appear pale and artificial in the light of this new production, made by a company which has never been rated very high. Nor does the legitimate stage itself come out entirely unscathed in the test of comparison, for this mere movie easily surpasses the noisy claptrap which passes off as art in the box office of the Belasco Theatre.

It is our belief that the film will not be an unqualified success in the United States, where the entire war now resolves itself into terms of Liberty Loan Drives and George Creel.* But in France, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" will be hailed as a great achievement; one which deserves—more than any other picture play that the war inspired—to be handed down to generations yet unborn, that they may see the horror and the futility of the whole bloody mess. Ingram has recorded the martyrdom of France as no writer could have done.

Praise is difficult to compose, for it is always easier to be harsh than it is to be ecstatic. The reviewer's task would be much simpler if every movie was of the caliber of "Man-Woman-Marriage," for instance. Nevertheless, we have told our story, and we shall stick to it.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is a living breathing answer to those who still refuse to take motion pictures seriously. Its production lifts the silent drama to an artistic plane it has never touched before.

* Head of the U.S. Committee on Public Information during WWI

THE PASSING *of* JUNE MATHIS

excerpted from
Hollywood Vagabond
August 11, 1927

When June Mathis cast Rudolph Valentino in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* in 1921, the pioneering producer and screenwriter was the most powerful woman in Hollywood. As the head of Metro's scenario department, she was one of the first department heads at any studio, and Metro's only female executive.

Mathis began her career as an actress in vaudeville, writing for female impersonator Julian Eltinge before getting a job at Astoria Studios in New York as a scenario writer. She moved to Hollywood in 1919 to work for Metro, where she also had a hand in casting, editing, and overseeing production of the films she wrote. Mathis urged the studio to buy the rights to the novel *The Four Horsemen* and chose Valentino for the lead, guiding his career for several years.

When Valentino left Metro for Famous Players-Lasky so did Mathis. She worked on several of Valentino's films, but after he married Natacha Rambova, Mathis's influence on the star waned. In 1923, Mathis accepted the Goldwyn studio's offer of autonomous control of her productions and a big salary hike. It proved to be a mixed blessing. Her productions of *Ben-Hur* and Erich von Stroheim's *Greed* were troubled, and Mathis was blamed. When the studio was sold, Mathis was fired.

Although her friendship with Valentino had cooled, Mathis was devastated by his sudden death in 1926 and offered her family plot in a Hollywood cemetery for temporary burial while his family decided on a permanent solution. Less than a year later, Mathis collapsed and died of a heart attack at age 40. She was buried next to Valentino, and the two still lie side by side.

Jesse Lasky eulogized Mathis, saying "When the history of motion pictures is finally written June Mathis' name will be recorded as one of the most brilliant craftsmen ever associated with the screen." Nearly 90 years later, June Mathis is forgotten, and that history is still to be written.

June Mathis, declared the highest-paid scenarist in the industry and, certainly, one of its most brilliant intellects, has been taken from our midst by a sudden and dramatic death.

Brief tributes have been paid by the newspapers; the customary honors are paid at the bier by filmdom; requiem; and June Mathis is gathering unto memory.

How long will her name be cherished?

It is almost a year now since Rudolph Valentino, probably the greatest personality ever brought forth by the motion picture industry, has passed on. And yet how rarely his name is recalled in that forgetful world we now call Hollywood!

June Mathis, while always a fascinating personality, aroused none of the widespread interest accorded Valentino. Yet the motion picture industry owes a great debt of gratitude to June Mathis that was never fully realized during the span of her career.

It was primarily June Mathis, with the courage of a visionary, who assumed a new perspective on romance in the silent drama and who had the courage to depict a Latin as a lover rather than as a villain. Before the advent of Valentino, the status of the Latin in the silent drama was not exactly complimentary. They were always cast as despicable characters, as evil plotters lacking moral finesse, philanderers, roustabouts, black-hands and such.

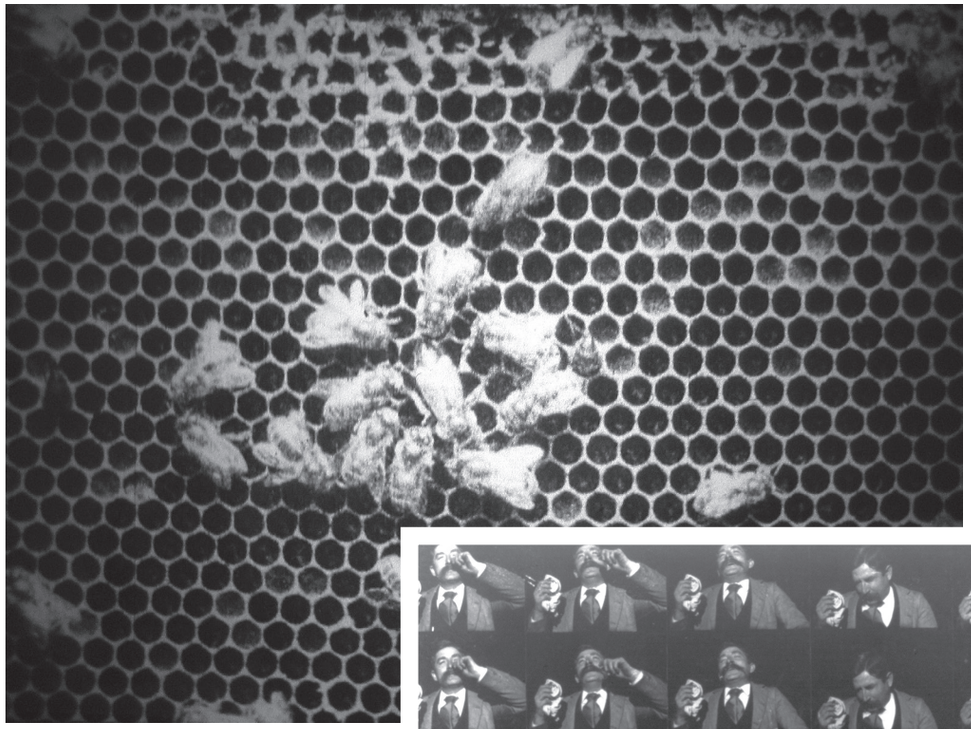
June Mathis visualized "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" as a great motion picture. Regardless of what may be said, the bulk of credit for this photoplay's success must always rest with the name of June Mathis. It was June Mathis who had created, in her own mind, the struggling young Valentino as the incarnation of Julio Desnoyers. It was the influence and persuasion of June Mathis that gave Rex Ingram, seeking his place in the sun, the chance to direct the Ibáñez story and reach the heights of fame. The spectacular success of "The Four Horsemen," Valentino and Ingram, overshadowed the popular acclaim for June Mathis. But it could never detract from the credit that was justly due her.

Those among us who were privileged to meet and to know June Mathis, will always picture her as a woman of keen intelligence and an eternal smile.

June Mathis always radiated a spirit of kindliness, generosity, sympathy and patience. All of her lovable qualities were exemplified in that ever-present smile that animate her whole being. If a person ever walked into the presence of June Mathis with a spirit of despondence hovering about him, it was quickly dispelled by the radiance and optimism of her smile. That is the mute testimonial that is paid to her memory by many an unknown actor and actress in Hollywood who had received a word of encouragement from June Mathis.

It is one of the inconsistences of life that this truly illustrious artist should work in the shadow of applause and then pass away with little more than a word of sorrow from this great industry.

If we are a people who recognize the immortality of great achievements, as we claim to do, and, further, pledge ourselves to perpetuate the memories of their creators, as we also have done, then the name of June Mathis must live among us for many years to come.



Above:
J.C. Bee-Mason's
Life of a Honey Bee, 1911

Right:
Edison kinetoscope
Fred Ott's Sneeze, 1894

Amazing!

AMAZING TALES FROM THE ARCHIVES

A New Look at an Old Sneeze

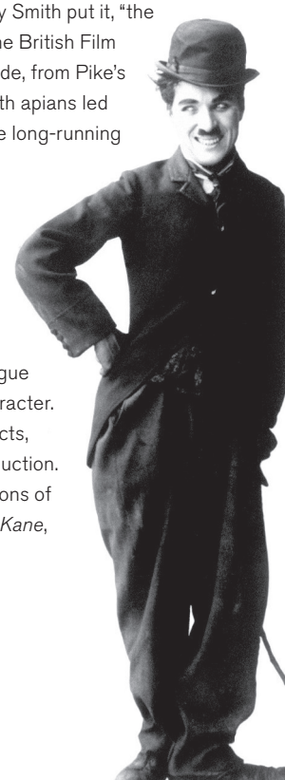
Fred Ott's Sneeze was shot in Edison's Black Maria in January 1894 and its frames published as a series of photographs in *Harper's Weekly* in March. Inventor and Edison employee W.K.L. Dickson had about half the frames printed on card stock and deposited them as a composite photograph at the U.S. Copyright Office. His recording was never viewed as a moving picture until some 60 years after its creation, but even then only as a 16mm print made from the shorter number of frames. Only in 2013 did the Library of Congress make an extended 35mm print of this work using all the available frames, nearly doubling the film's duration. New York University's **Dan Streible** will present the different versions of this work and discuss its curious life as a film, photograph, and digital file. Organizer of the biennial Orphan Film Symposium, Streible is also the author of the forthcoming *Orphan Films: Saving, Studying, and Screening Neglected Cinema*, for which he was named an Academy Film Scholar by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

The Birds and the Bees

Oliver Pike, Percy Smith, J.C. Bee-Mason, and F. Martin Duncan had long and fascinating careers as filmmakers, effectively launching a natural history film genre that eventually led to the great wildlife documentaries such as David Attenborough's *Planet Earth*. What set these early pioneers apart was a genius for inventing devices to capture tiny microscopic creatures or animals in the wild or the unfurling petals of flowers. Through a solidly scientific approach they eschewed anthropomorphism but also knew how to supply, as Percy Smith put it, "the powder of instruction in the jam of entertainment." **Bryony Dixon**, curator of silent film for the British Film Institute National Archive, will show samples of these amazing works and how they were made, from Pike's stealth wildlife camera and Duncan's microphotography to Bee-Mason, whose obsession with apians led him to change his name, and F. Percy Smith, who went from hobbyist to professional with the long-running Secrets of Nature series.

Chaplin's Use of Technology

Using rare behind-the-scenes photos and film clips, visual effects supervisor **Craig Barron** and sound designer **Ben Burtt** will examine the use of matte shots, process shots, miniatures, and rear projection to complement real-life settings in Charlie Chaplin's *City Lights* and *Modern Times*. Burtt will also discuss Chaplin's selective use of sound effects and dialogue in what were the last two and perhaps greatest appearances of Chaplin's Little Tramp character. Oscar-winners Barron and Burtt hawve been celebrated innovators in visual and sound effects, respectively, since the first *Star Wars* feature in 1977 through the latest prequel now in production. Together, Barron and Burtt have researched and presented programs on the cinematic illusions of *Wings*, *The Adventures of Robin Hood, Forbidden Planet*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and *Citizen Kane*, among others.



Wang Renmei

SONG OF THE FISHERMEN

Musical Accompaniment by Donald Sosin

Directed by Cai Chusheng, China, 1934
Cast Wang Renmei (Xu Xiaomao, "Little Cat") Han Langen (Xu Xiaohou, "Little Monkey") Yuan Congmei (He Renzhai, "The Fishing King") Luo Peng (He Ziying, his son) Tan Ying (Xue Qiyun) Tang Guanwu (He Shunwen) Pei Yiwei (The uncle) **Original Language Title** Yu Guang Qu **Production** Lianhua Studios **Print Source** China Film Archive

Wang Renmei's star was rising fast. Her first film appearance in 1931 had ended up on the cutting room floor. But within the next two years she triumphed in two films: *Wild Rose* (1932) and *The Morning of a Metropolis* (1933). Her next film turned out to be a motion picture with international implications.

This new project, developed specifically for her by director Cai Chusheng, depicts life among fishermen eking out an existence on the north coast of China. Cai asked composer Nie Er, whose "March of the Volunteers" became China's national anthem, to write a song for the film that would embody the suffering of these impoverished people. Cai, who had already directed Wang twice before, had confidence that the budding actress and accomplished singer could convey their misery. (The film was shot silent with music synched in later by the country's first sound company.)

Her next film turned out to be a motion picture with international implications.

Thirty cast and crew traveled from Shanghai's Lianhua Studios to Shipu Village in Xiangshan County in eastern Zhejing Province. Shipu was a fishing village in decline, far from any cosmopolitan comforts. The group settled into two inns that did not have electricity and were infested with large insects. Originally, the plan was to film there for one week, but shooting ended up lasting more than a month.

The location presented many other problems. Cai could only procure a small fishing boat, which, because of its size, bumped and jolted in the water. Many actors had motion sickness and the cameraman vomited so much that he could not work. It rained most days and the inn that housed the cast had thatched roofs that leaked, worsening the already fetid living conditions. Some scenes had to be shot despite pouring rain.

The group was also bullied by the town's ruling elite. Shortly after the film crew arrived, local officials from Chiang Kai-shek's Guomindang held a reception, inviting the town's gentry as well. When it became clear that the real purpose of the gathering was for the troupe to entertain the local swells, the actors had no choice but to perform. Some of the "big shots" made it clear that they had come for the actresses.

Wang Renmei, who was 19 and in excellent physical condition, was able to endure the discomforts of the experience because of her natural resilience and training. Daughter of a math professor who had taught a young Mao Zedong in Hunan province, Wang excelled in sports and, beginning at age 14, trained as a singer and dancer, enrolling first at the Meimei School for performing arts. After traveling with the Bright Moon troupe on a tour of southeast Asia, she was cast in her first film, *Double Stars Shining in the Milky Way* (1931). Luo Mingyou, head of Lianhua, had seen the group perform and incorporated it into his motion picture studio, changing its name to the Lianhua Singing and Dancing Troupe.

Even though her part was cut from the final release, Wang Renmei had made an impression on one of the studio's leading directors, Sun Yu, who later cast her as the headstrong girl full of vigor in *Wild Rose*.

As Little Cat in *Song of the Fishermen*, Wang Renmei plays twin sister to a boy named Xu Xiaohou, or "Little Monkey." These are the nicknames of the children of a fisherman who dies at sea after being forced to pay rent to the village's "Fishing King." The twins' mother is forced to become a wet nurse to the Fishing King's son and the children all grow up together. When the seaside village is pillaged by pirates, the Xu children and their now-blind mother end up in Shanghai, singing for money on the docks. The Fishing King's son also goes to Shanghai to study, and the film follows the children as their lives diverge because of class differences.

In preparation for her role, Wang Renmei learned to paddle a boat, practicing until her arms were sore and swollen. She saw firsthand how the local gentry bullied the locals and her fellow cast members. What she experienced helped her understand the inner world of Little Cat. She said that living among the fishermen and observing their lives, she developed a more complete understanding of their condition. In her previous role in Wild Rose, she basically played herself, but for *Song of the Fishermen* she created a new character.

Cai Chusheng and composer Nie Er, who had gone along for songwriting inspiration, had to keep the production team together through all the hardships. The cast and crew bonded with the local fishermen and had long conversations with them. The fishermen recounted how the town's officials lowered the price of fish and how poverty cost the lives of their children. Wang Renmei recalled in her memoir that she was moved to tears. Nie Er also played a small role as a fisherman in the film, performing despite being ill with a high fever. He even insisted on a retake of his first scene, and his work ethic inspired the cast and crew to give their best despite the difficulties on location.

When Wang Renmei performed the title song for the Shipu villagers, they were deeply moved. Nie Er also taught the villagers the theme song from another of his films, *The Big Road*, in production at the same time, with Wang's beau, film star Jin Yan, in the leading role. Nie went on to work with several villagers to form a troupe called "Big Road." Three members of that group later followed the Communists and played a role in the propaganda campaign against the Japanese who had invaded Manchuria in 1931, provoking a protracted war with China.

Wang Renmei and Han Langen

Back in Shanghai during the final production phase of *Song of the Fishermen* and *Big Road*, Wang and Jin Yan decided to marry, and, later, the couple's films were both commercial successes. Wang became recognized on the street, her fans giving her the affectionate nickname "Wildcat." She was uncomfortable with the publicity and tried to keep a low profile. The civil strife between the Communists and Guomindang as well as the ongoing conflict with Japan had a devastating impact on the couple's lives and careers. She and Jin costarred in a play written by their radical friend Tian Han. Arrested by the Guomindang and sent to Nanjing, Tian was held until Jin and Wang traveled there and were able to secure his release. By this time, most of the studios in Shanghai had closed down and these movie stars were forced into an itinerant kind of life, fleeing to Hong Kong on one occasion. Their marriage did not last and they divorced after a long separation. Wang Renmei appeared in 18 other films after Song, and her career ups and downs included a stint as an English-language typist at a U.S. military base.

Song of the Fishermen, however, ensured Wang Renmei's place in Chinese cinema. The studio entered the film into competition at the 1935 Moscow International Film Festival, where it won an honorary prize, the first Chinese production to garner an international award.

—Richard J. Meyer

Song cast on location

MIDNIGHT MADNESS

Musical Accompaniment by Stephen Horne

Directed by F. Harmon Weight, USA, 1928
Cast Jacqueline Logan (Norma Forbes) Clive Brook (Richard Bream) Walter McGrail (Arthur Childers) James Bradbury (John Forbes) Sidney Bracey (Butler) Oscar Smith (Manubo) Vadim Uraneff (Joe) Louis Natheaux (Masher) Clarence Burton (A sailor) Virginia Sale (Childers's secretary, The Gargoyle) Frank Hagney (Harris) Emmett King (Robert Strong) Production DeMille Pictures Corporation **Producer** Hector Turnbull **Adaptation** Robert N. Lee, from the play *The Lion Trap* by Daniel Rubin **Titles** Edwin Justus Mayer **Photography** David Abel **Art Direction** Stephen Goosson **Costumes** Adrian **Editor** Harold McLernon **Print Source** UCLA Film and Television Archive

The title *Midnight Madness* might conjure images of frothy, sophisticated high comedy, but the Cecil B. DeMille production is part of a cycle of city-woman-in-the-wilderness films released in the late silent era. Of Paramount's *The Canadian* (1926) and *Mantrap* (1926), DeMille Pictures' *White Gold* (1927), MGM's *The Wind* (1928), and Fox's *City Girl* (1929/30), *The Canadian* may be the best of the cycle—*Midnight Madness* may well be its nadir. It is an entertaining if somewhat far-fetched melodrama that is typical of the fare 1920s moviegoers experienced when they went to their neighborhood theaters to see whatever happened to be on the bill that week.

...an entertaining if somewhat far-fetched melodrama...

By the time *Midnight Madness* premiered on March 25, 1928, DeMille Pictures—the independent studio established by producer-director Cecil B. DeMille in 1925 —was on its last legs, and talkies were fast pushing silents out of first-run theaters. Even though DeMille's personal productions *The Volga Boatman* (1926) and *The King of Kings* (1927) were major hits, the expense of a large studio and staff as well as high star salaries proved too costly for the fledgling studio. Its bread-and-butter programmers, including *Midnight Madness*, were a nearly unbroken chain of box-office flops, 51 in all. DeMille Pictures soon came to an end, but DeMille's career was far from over.

Cecil B. DeMille grew up in a theatrical family. His father, Henry C. deMille, and older brother, William C. deMille, were established Broadway playwrights. His mother, Beatrice Samuel deMille, became a successful play broker, or agent (deMille was the family name, but Cecil used a capital "D" in professional life). After his graduation from the American Academy of Dramatic Art in 1902, Cecil embarked on his own career in the theater. As an actor, producer, and writer he found only modest success, and, by 1913, the possibility of making a living in the theater seemed more elusive than ever. That year he decided to take a flyer in the picture business, joining forces with his friend, and sometime-collaborator, vaudeville producer Jesse Lasky and Lasky's brother-in-law, Samuel Goldfish (later Goldwyn), to form the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company.

Over the next decade, no director in Hollywood could match Cecil B. DeMille's box-office record. However, when he went heavily over budget on his 1923 version of *The Ten Commandments*, Famous Players-Lasky/Paramount head Adolph Zukor sought to clip DeMille's wings. Although *The Ten Commandments* proved to be one of the biggest grossers of the silent era, when it came time to renegotiate terms in 1925, Zukor deliberately dictated provisions

Clive Brook and Jacqueline Logan

unacceptable to DeMille and the director's contract was not renewed.

Financier Jeremiah Milbank, who had recently acquired Producers Distributing Corporation, teamed up with DeMille to establish Cecil B. DeMille Pictures Inc. The filmmaker purchased the former Thomas H. Ince Studio in Culver City, California, and became responsible for a slate of modestly budgeted program pictures and bigger budget personal productions for DeMille to direct himself.

Financially strapped DeMille Pictures could not afford to shell out top dollar for story properties. *The Lion Trap*, the Daniel Nathan Rubin play on which *Midnight Madness* is said to be based, appears to have been unproduced when it was acquired by the studio. The film adaptation was first announced in May 1927 as a vehicle for Jetta Goudal. The former Broadway actress had been signed by DeMille with great fanfare in April 1925 after being dropped from the cast of the Rudolph Valentino vehicle *A Sainted Devil.* She subsequently sued Famous Players-Lasky for breach of contract, complaining she was fired because Valentino's wife, Natacha Rambova, thought her performance as the "vamp" opposite "the sheik" was "too realistic." No doubt Goudal's problems with Famous Players-Lasky added to her attractiveness as a potential star for the still bitter DeMille. A syndicated United Press story on May 18, 1925, quoted the director as saying, "Jetta Goudal is a cocktail of emotions. She has color and a wide range of interpretive power. I am planning to use her in a series of parts that will exploit to the limit her splendid Gallic vivacity."

Goudal's "vivacity" may have been "splendid," but it wasn't Gallic. She claimed to have been born at Versailles, France, in 1901, but she first saw the light of day in Amsterdam on July 12, 1891, the daughter of a well-to-do Jewish diamond cutter. Although Goudal later costarred in *The Road to Yesterday*, DeMille's first personal production for his company, and a half dozen of the studio's program releases, the director soon came to regret his decision to promote the stormy actress to stardom. Stories began to circulate that Goudal had "walked off her sets innumerable times in fits of temperament" and as early as January 1927 newspapers carried rumors that Lya De Putti, another European refugee at Famous Players-Lasky, was to replace Goudal on the studio's contract roster. By July 1927, Jacqueline Logan was chosen to assume the lead in *Midnight Madness*.

Photofest

Cecil B. DeMille's office circa 1920s

Logan had a modest ten-year film career as a leading lady but gained screen immortality as a scantily-clad Mary Magdalene in DeMille's 1927 religious epic, *The King of Kings*, ordering her slaves, "Harness my Zebras—gift of the Nubian King!," as she set out by chariot to tempt Judas from the influence of Jesus of Nazareth. Although *The King of Kings* was a major box-office hit and remains one of the few silent films to be widely screened to this day, it was not enough to save DeMille and Milbank's short-lived studio.

Logan's costar, the British-born Clive Brook, may take the stiff-upper-lip routine a bit too far in *Midnight Madness*, but he fit right in among a mystifying cadre of rather stolid middle-aged leading men in the silent and early sound eras that included actors like Elliott Dexter, Percy Marmont, Eugene O'Brien, and Milton Sills. He began his film career in Britain in 1920 and by mid-decade moved to Hollywood and became a major star opposite the likes of Clara Bow and Marlene Dietrich. He later returned to England, where his best known film was the comedy On Approval (1944), costarring Beatrice Lillie and Googie Withers. His final screen role was in John Huston's *The List of Adrian Messenger* (1963).

F. Harmon Weight directed 16 feature films in the 1920s but seems to have spent much of his career as an uncredited second-unit director. Little is known about him, but he handles the action in *Midnight Madness* efficiently and keeps the story moving. The film barely recouped its production costs, and it was one of the last films produced by DeMille Pictures. In 1928, after Milbank's enterprise merged with several other companies, DeMille sold his stock and signed a three-picture contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, ending his brief career as a studio head. MGM did not renew his contract, and, in 1931, DeMille returned to Paramount, where he spent the rest of his career flourishing as a producer-director.

—Robert S. Birchard

Edited by
WELFORD BEATON

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Has the screen become a stagnant art?

Pictures need a few people who'll take a chance

The Spectator comments on its second birthday

Reviews by the Editor

MIDNIGHT MADNESS
HONEYMOON FLATS
ONE MAD HOUR
SECRET HOUR
SKYSCRAPER
WEST POINT
LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT
CZARINA'S SECRET
FOREIGN LEGION
SPRING FEVER
WINGS
LOVE

Reviews by Donald Beaton

WEST POINT
SPRING FEVER
FEEL MY PULSE
MIDNIGHT MADNESS
PRINCE OF PEANUTS
BABY MINE
SKYSCRAPER
ONE MAD HOUR
DRUMS OF LOVE
HONEYMOON FLATS

Harmon Weight Shows Progress

Harmon Weight is a young director who gives definite promise of becoming an important one. I've seen two of his pictures, **The Symphony,** which I gave a place on my list of ten best pictures of 1927, and **Midnight Madness**, which he recently completed for DeMille. I was fortunate enough to see the first production before Universal gave it the final massage which no doubt squeezed out of it all the quality that made me enthusiastic about it, including the name which has been changed to **Burning Cocktails**, or something else so ridiculous that I can not recall it. Perhaps the public will not give **Symphony** the same rating that I did, but the public will not see the picture as I saw it. **Midnight Madness** will cause no excitement. It is a little thing that will pass unnoticed by all except those who have some knowledge of screen technic. It interested me primarily as an example of intelligent direction. Weight was given a story written originally by Shakespeare, and which attracted some attention under the name **Taming of the Shrew**. Robert N. Lee gave the theme modern treatment, but did not have enough to go on to provide the director with a script that left nothing to his originality. Clive Brook, a wealthy man, asks Jacqueline Logan, Walter McGrail's secretary, to marry him. She agrees, and later Brook overhears her telling McGrail that she is marrying for money. Brook does not back out. He marries her, poses as a poor man, and makes Jackie like it. There's the whole story. Weight tells it in a way that makes it interesting. It is not smeared with close-ups. He has two and three characters on the screen at the same time speaking titles and there is no doubt about which one is speaking. Directors have defended close-ups on the ground that they were necessary to distinguish the origin of spoken titles. There is one shot showing Brook kissing Miss Logan while they are seated at a table in a crowded restaurant. You often see such shots. They are ridiculous, as well bred people do their kissing with more privacy. No doubt the **Midnight Madness** script called for the action, but Weight takes the curse off it by making both characters look silly and confused after the deed has been committed. Most directors shoot it in a matter-of-a-fact way as if a restaurant were run as much for making love as for serving soup. In handling his characters the director shows a marked sense of dramatic values. The three leading characters give adequate and intelligent performances. Brook is particularly good. He is one of the most accomplished actors we have, and even in such a little picture as this one makes his part stand out as a fine example of intellectual characterization. I never have seen Jacqueline photographed as well and I do not think she ever gave such a good performance before. McGrail is a heavy with a sense of humor, quite a refreshing departure. When he is putting over something on the girl he does not sneer at her in the approved manner of villains; he laughs heartily and seems to be enjoying himself hugely. We should have more heavies who do not take themselves seriously. In his scenes with Brook he is easy-going and gentlemanly, and there is nothing in his demeanor to suggest that his motives are not lofty. In one sequence Frank Hagney does creditable work as a heavy of a rougher type. But the picture is Weight's. If given a chance with something bigger, I am quite sure that he would do it justice. I believe he has something new to offer, and heaven knows we can do with a few directors who will wander from the beaten path and reveal fresh angles of screen art.

This issue of *Film Spectator*, released on the publication's second anniversary, includes reviews of *London After Midnight*, *Love*, and *Wings*.

THE PARSON'S WIDOW

Musical Accompaniment by Matti Bye

Directed by Carl-Theodor Dreyer, Sweden, 1920
Cast Hildur Carlberg (Margarete Pedersdotter) Einar Rød (Söfren) Greta Almroth (Mari, his fiancée) Olav Aukrust (Skinny parson candidate) Kurt Welin (Fat parson candidate) Mathilde Nielsen (Gunvor) Emil Helsengreen (Steinar) Lorentz Thyholt (The sexton) **Original Language Title** *Prästänken* Production AB Svensk Filmindustri Scenario Carl-Theodor Dreyer, based on a short story by Kristofer Janson **Photography** George Schnéevoigt Advisor Anders Sandvig **Print Source** Film Preservation Associates

Called his first "real film" by historian Tom Milne, Carl-Theodor Dreyer's *The Parson's Widow* announced the arrival of an artist. An uncompromising stickler for authenticity in settings and genuineness in performance, he spent weeks and months in libraries poring over research for his sets and costumes. He searched high and low for suitable landscapes and for types and expressive faces from outside the profession, using older actors for older parts and shunning makeup at a time when it was ubiquitous before all other cameras. Some say he tortured actors until he got just the right emotional tone. He wrote (or rewrote) all his scripts. Dreyer's qualities befit an artist, but they are rarely prized by those in charge of movie studios. His quest for authenticity became his hallmark and propelled him on a perennial search for an artistic home.

"My work is too dear to me and too seriously meant for me to be bothered by listening to two different and unimportant opinions."

The young Danish journalist got his first opportunity to direct by asking for it. A script writer, title writer, and literary consultant since 1912 at Nordisk, he laid it out for the Danish studio's producer Harald Frost in a letter in 1917: "when a man has been in one post for five years, one must either advance him or get rid of him." Dreyer had already purchased the rights to *The President* in his previous position at the studio and began adapting the novel himself. When the film was completed, the first-time director refused to attend a screening for producers. "My work is too dear to me," he protested in another letter, "and too seriously meant for me to be bothered by listening to two different and unimportant opinions."

After three months of preparation on his second feature, the episodic *Leaves from Satan's Book*, Dreyer appealed to the studio manager for a budget increase: "Did you tell him that the black pigs, the guinea fowl, and the monkeys which I shall use sometime in July had already been reserved in January? Have you told the General Manager that I have searched all over town in order to find original Southern Europeans as extras in my Spanish story and that I have gotten everybody moving to find Finns for my Finnish story?" He eventually backed down but not before warning studio head Ole Olsen: "I solemnly deny any responsibility for the finished film."

Dreyer turned to Svensk Filmindustri, where Mauritz Stiller and Victor Sjöstrom made films that Dreyer had reviewed as a journalist and admired. Nordisk still hadn't recovered the market share it—and the rest of Europe—had ceded to American imports during World War I and was hemorrhaging most of its leading talent. The Swedish outfit had recently purchased Nordisk's Hellerup studio and hired Dreyer and fellow Dane Benjamin Christensen away.

Hildur Carlberg

Only Dreyer's third film, *The Parson's Widow* is adapted from a 1879 short story by Kristofer Janson, a Norwegian writer equal in stature to Ibsen. The tale of a young theologian who is granted a parsonage but must marry the elderly widow still living there is based on the legend of a parson's wife in the mid-1600s who survived three vicars. According to film historian Casper Tybjerg, the film followed the Swedish model: "It is set in the past, based on a literary source by a well-known writer and exploits a backdrop of majestic Nordic landscapes, while the characters are not just heroes or villains but people struggling with difficult moral or psychological quandaries."

In the summer of 1920, director, cast, and crew retreated to Lillehammer, Norway, where Dreyer had discovered a ready-made set with props—an open-air museum that dentist Anders Sandvig had carefully assembled: "a stave church, parsonage, scattered farms, houses and buildings with furnishings and folk art," all dating from the 17th century. Local writer Olav Aukrust, who also plays one of the young theologians competing for the parsonage, drove Dreyer around culling the neighboring peasantry for extras, including 80 or so men with full beards.

"Camera placement was complicated by the walls of the houses being immovable," writes Tybjerg, "while the possibility of placing the camera anywhere, all around the characters, was an advantage." Tybjerg goes on to say that Dreyer continued this practice in subsequent productions so he could "film his characters from all sides." Extra cables had to be extended from the local power plant in order to light the tight, dark spaces, and the actors had to be treated for the intense exposure to their eyes.

Greta Almroth, Einar Rød, and Hildur Carlberg

Hildur Carlberg

Reviews of *The Parson's Widow* were mixed. One Danish paper called it "quite thin and rather uninteresting; there is a lack of action: nothing h a p p e n s." *Berlingske Tidende*, where Dreyer himself once worked as journalist, pointed out the humor: "Otherwise full of amusing moments, this film evokes both tears and laughter. With applause we greet Mathilde Nielsen and Emil Helsengreen as two ancient servants." A Swedish critic called it the best Swedish film of the season: "There is life in the portrayals, the people appear more real, there is stronger dramatic cohesion." Many singled out the understated performance of the 76-year-old Hildur Carlberg in the title role. The veteran stage actress had already appeared in films by Stiller and Sjöström and died shortly after the shoot, never seeing the final film.

In 1921, Svensk, like its Danish neighbor, also found it necessary to downsize, and both Christensen and Dreyer left next for Berlin. Dreyer made *Love One Another* (*Die Gezeichneten*, 1921), featuring a cast of Russian émigrés who brought in their own belongings, carried out on their Bolshevik-driven exodus, as set dressing. Italian-born critic Ricciotto Canudo saw the film in France, calling it: "one of those polyrhythmic frescoes that the artisans of the screen must soon create." After returning to Denmark to direct *Once Upon a Time* for a small outfit, Dreyer went back to Berlin, this time to Ufa's prestige production unit to adapt Hermann Bang's novel *Michael* under producer Erich Pommer who had indulged the excesses of Murnau and Lang. When Pommer changed the ending without Dreyer's consent, the director once again found himself in need of a studio.

In *The Films of Carl-Theodor Dreyer*, David Bordwell describes how the Dane spent the bulk of the silent era, "on a whole isolated, hopscotching from country to country, working free-lance." After the artistic triumph and financial failure of *The Passion of Joan of Arc* in France, Dreyer directed his first sound film, *Vampyr*, financed by a baron who wanted a part. Another box-office disappointment to his credit and he became, as Bordwell says, "marginal to world film production." He managed, however, to make twice as many features in a single decade of the silent era than he was able to complete for the next four.

The details he worked so hard on endure. Joan of Arc stripped bare of all makeup and pretense, face tilted up in reverence and torment. The illicit lovers in *Days of Wrath* tucked into the bow of an oak-wood boat as it cuts through the river's flora, reflective and real. The young parson considering the depression in the seat cushion of the widow's well-worn parlor chair. Even amid all the plenty, it's hard not to feel deprived of the images he could have created but was denied. The un-shot market scene from the lavish Danish fairy tale *Once Upon a Time*; his Somali film, *Mudundu*, finished by someone else; his unrealized British project, *Mary Stuart*. And perhaps most poignantly, a film he carried around with him for 18 years, hoping for his magnum opus, *Jesus of Nazareth*. It never made it out of preproduction, financing came through only a few days before his death in 1968.

—Shari Kizirian

Warner Baxter and Dolores del Río

RAMONA

Musical Accompaniment by the Mont Alto Motion Picture Orchestra

Directed by Edwin Carewe, USA, 1928
Cast Dolores del Río, as Dolores Del Rio (Ramona) Warner Baxter (Alessandro) Roland Drew (Felipe) Vera Lewis (Señora Moreno) Michael Visaroff (Juan Canito) John T. Prince (Father Salvierderra) Mathilde Comont (Marda) Carlos Amor (Sheepherder) Jess Cavin (Bandit leader) Jean (A dog) Rita Carewe (Baby) **Production** Inspiration Pictures **Scenario and Titles** Finis Fox **Photography** Robert B. Kurrle **Art Director** Al D'Agostino **Settings** Tec-Art Studios **Editor** Jeanne Spencer **Print Source** Library of Congress

Helen Hunt Jackson wrote her 1884 novel *Ramona* as a beacon against racism and injustice, the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for the Native American. Jackson, a writer and U.S. Interior Department agent, became radicalized after attending a lecture given by Ponca Chief Standing Bear, who told harrowing tales of forced removal from their lands in Nebraska and mistreatment by government agents. When her 1881 nonfiction work *A Century of Dishonor* and a later government report on the Mission Indians of Southern California failed to effect change, she decided to mobilize public opinion with a novel to detail the prejudice, displacement, and outright murder Native Americans suffered at the hands of intolerant whites and Mexican Americans. She created Ramona, a half-caste Indian adopted by a wealthy Mexican-American widow, who falls in love with and marries a Native American sheep shearer, only to suffer great hardship, including the death of a child after a white doctor refuses her treatment. *Ramona*, however, failed to accomplish its author's mission. Instead, it became a best-seller on the strength of its central romance and picturesque rendering of Southern California.

Nonetheless, the atmospheric, authentic story Jackson wrote from her experiences among the Mission Indians struck a lasting chord with the public. *Ramona* has never been out of print and was adapted for the screen four times: a 1910 short directed by D.W. Griffith with Mary Pickford in the title role; a 1916 feature film (now lost) directed by Donald Crisp and starring Adda Gleason; a 1936 feature directed by Henry King with Loretta Young; and the 1928 version directed by Edwin Carewe, starring Dolores del Río.

Jackson's story dovetails with the heritages of both the star and director of the 1928 version. Del Río grew up in privileged circumstances in Mexico City and married Jaime Martinez del Río, a British-educated lawyer from a wealthy Mexican family. Carewe, born Jay Fox and of Chickasaw ancestry, was a well-established director for First National, MGM, Universal, and Paramount. Carewe met del Río at a party in Mexico City and induced her and her husband, an aspiring screenwriter, to come to Hollywood. "He told me I was the female Valentino," del Río recalled in a 1981 interview, a label that was picked up by the entertainment press of her time. Under the auspices of Edwin Carewe Productions and Inspiration Pictures, Carewe and his screenwriter brother Finis Fox developed properties for del Río to capitalize on her beauty and exoticism, among them an adaptation of Leo Tolstoy's *Resurrection* (1927), in which she played a Russian peasant girl.

"He told me I was the female Valentino"

At a time when "exotics" were played almost exclusively by Anglo actors and actresses, del Río won acceptance through careful image management by Carewe. He not only directed her in many of her early films but also acted as her manager, developing her

on-screen persona and guiding her toward stardom. Del Río was the antithesis of Hollywood glamour when she first arrived in the United States, beautiful, but old-fashioned in her modest dress and appearance. Del Río's public image became the responsibility of publicist Harry D. Wilson, whom Carewe hired to give her a makeover into a fashionable woman of, alternately, Mexican, Spanish, or Castilian heritage. Fashion designer Peggy Hamilton, whose most famous client was fashion plate Gloria Swanson, created a wardrobe for del Río that ranged from traditional Spanish lace to haute couture and ensured that del Río fashion spreads appeared in women's magazines and newspapers. Del Río's contract with Carewe specified that all her pictures would be made with "first-class scenarios and produced in a high class and artistic manner."

Del Río made a rapid climb to stardom, usually playing innocents battered by fate or love (or both) into compromised circumstances. In only her fourth film, she played the coveted part of Charmaine de la Cognac in Raoul Walsh's 1926 version of *What Price Glory?* She was ultimately unable to avoid stereotyped roles altogether—*Photoplay* described her in the Bizet-opera-inspired *The Loves of Carmen* (1927) as "raven-haired, olive-skinned sinuous-limbed Carmen"—but she escaped the fate of her her less-well-connected compatriot, Lupe Vélez, who was irretrievably typecast as a Latina sex kitten.

The dramatic lighting of cinematographer Robert D. Kurrie almost beatifies del Río

Ramona came to typify del Río's early screen image. The title character is beautiful, carefree, happy, and innocent as she plays with her adopted brother Felipe. Her (wicked) stepmother pampers Felipe and openly scorns Ramona, strenuously opposing her wish to marry Alessandro, a match that would disgrace the Moreno name. Learning that she is actually half-Indian reveals the source of her stepmother's contempt yet frees her to marry. The hardships and cruelty piled on Ramona arouse pity in the audience. The dramatic lighting of cinematographer Robert D. Kurrle almost beatifies del Río and lends dignity to a character who might just as easily have aroused prejudice. Del Río is utterly convincing as a tragic, romantic figure despite the mawkish device of amnesia she had to negotiate.

Dolores del Río

Del Río had a hit with *Ramona* and with the title song, which the public loved even before the movie opened. The song, performed by del Río for RCA Victor, was synched with a scene in the otherwise silent film; her version was reused for the 1936 *Ramona*. Del Río's relationship with Carewe became strained as the director suggested they were romantically involved, a deception the popular press helped to spread. Carewe and Finis Fox both made claims that they were the sole reason for the actress's success. Fox told the *Los Angeles Times*, "I feel that I understand Miss Del Rio better than she does herself. She has said, indeed, that she is happiest when acting in stories by me, directed by my brother. Together we contrive characterizations exactly suited to her abilities and her limitations."

Following *Ramona*, del Río searched for appropriate roles to dignify her heritage. The sound era, however, saw her fortunes and those of her benefactor, Edwin Carewe, wane. Carewe did not make the transition and his career ended in 1934. He died six years later. Del Río's second marriage to MGM art director Cedric Gibbons helped secure her as a member of the Hollywood elite, but her thick accent consigned her to ethnic roles in melodramas and a number of Busby Berkeley musical comedies. *Journey into Fear* (1942) was her swan song to both her lover Orson Welles (the film's producer and uncredited director) and Hollywood. She headed back to Mexico where, over the next 30 years, she helped put the burgeoning Mexican national cinema on the map, most notably with the Cannes Film Festival Grand Prix winner *María Candelaria* (1943), one of five collaborations she made with director Emilio Fernández, writer Mauricio Magdaleno, cinematographer Gabriel Figueroa, and actor Pedro Armendáriz.

Del Río's successes in Mexico were of little help to her as she tried to make a re-entry into Hollywood, then in the grip of McCarthyism. The star was denied a work permit to appear in 20th Century Fox's *Broken Lance* (1954) because she had aided anti-Franco refugees of the Spanish Civil War. After she passionately defended herself in a letter to the House Un-American Activities Committee, she regained her U.S. work privileges. She took television and movie roles in the United States (including playing Elvis Presley's mother in 1960's *Flaming Star*), Italy, and Mexico until 1978, when she made her last film, *The Children of Sanchez*, an American production with fellow Mexicans Anthony Quinn and Katy Jurado. Dolores del Río died in 1983 in Newport Beach, California, leaving behind a legacy of integrity and excellence for future Latina actresses to emulate.

—Marilyn Ferdinand

Courtesy of Filmmuseum München

COSMIC VOYAGE

Musical Accompaniment by the Silent Movie Music Company

Directed by Vasili Zhuravlyov, USSR, 1936
Cast Sergei Komarov (Academician Sedykh) Vassili Kovrigin (Professor Karin) Nikolai Feoktistov (Viktor Orlov) Viktor Gaponenko (Andriusha, Orlov's brother) Kseniya Moskalenko (Marina) Sergei Stoliarov (Launch commander) **Original Language Title** *Kosmicheskiy Reys: Fantasticheskaya Novella* **Production** Mosfilm **Scenario** Aleksandr Filimonov **Photography** Aleksandr Galperin **Sets** Aleksei Utkin, Yuri Shvets, and Mikhail Tiunov **Special Effects** Fodor Krasne **Print Source** Filmmuseum München

Cinema, as it ages, does not remain merely art and entertainment but also evolves into a panoply of unique cultural qualities—captured time, shared memory, social evidence, cured history sliced for sandwiches, sociopolitical realities fermented into nostalgic headtrips. The range of organic possibilities comes alive when you're watching Vasili Zhuravlyov's *Cosmic Voyage* (1936), a genuinely obscure silent-Soviet artifact that appears to not have been mentioned in any film history book known to the English-speaking world. This is hardly just an old silent—it's a dream retrieved from the long-lost collective consciousness as well as an important progenitor of many of science-fiction film's integral genre tropes. Not incidentally, Zhuravlyov's almost unbearably quaint proto-space-age lark is the only film to which pioneering rocket scientist Konstantin Tsiolkovsky lent technical assistance. (The story's futuristic space agency is prominently titled, the Tsiolkovsky Institute of Interplanetary Communication.) A groundbreaking amateur rocket engineer and physicist idolized after his death (in 1935) by Soviet culture, Tsiolkovsky made sure that astronautic considerations like landing shock and oxygen supplies were key to the scenario, making it the first semi-accurate cinematic depiction of space travel (and ahead in several ways of the H.G. Wells-derived British epic *Things to Come*, released that same year).

...it's a dream retreived from the long-lost collective consciousness...

As a primal genre text, the film is, of course, beguilingly naïve but also enthusiastically serious about wanderlust, space exploration, and Soviet pride. The film's credits and full title, *Kosmicheskiy Reys: Fantasticheskaya Novella*, explicitly suggest that the narrative was adapted from Tsiolkovsky's 1893 speculative novel *On the Moon*, but it's more accurate to note how much the tale is derived and/or cadged from Fritz Lang's *Woman on the Moon* (1929), down to the who's-boarding-the-rocket intrigue and the makeup of the resulting ensemble (an old scientist, a blonde, and a precocious young stowaway). But at roughly one-third the length of the Lang film, Zhuravlyov's bouncy launch is by far the breezier affair, as much a result of the sheer daydreaminess of Soviet cinema (relative to the monolithic, depressive moralism of pre-Nazi German film) as of its running time.

The movie's visual essence is unforgettable, both for what is prototypical about it (the Soviet way with monumental framing, especially heroic close-ups, is quite unlike any other national tendency and remained so through the films of Mikhail Kalatozov in the '50s and '60s), and what is entrancingly par-

Kseniya Moskalenko

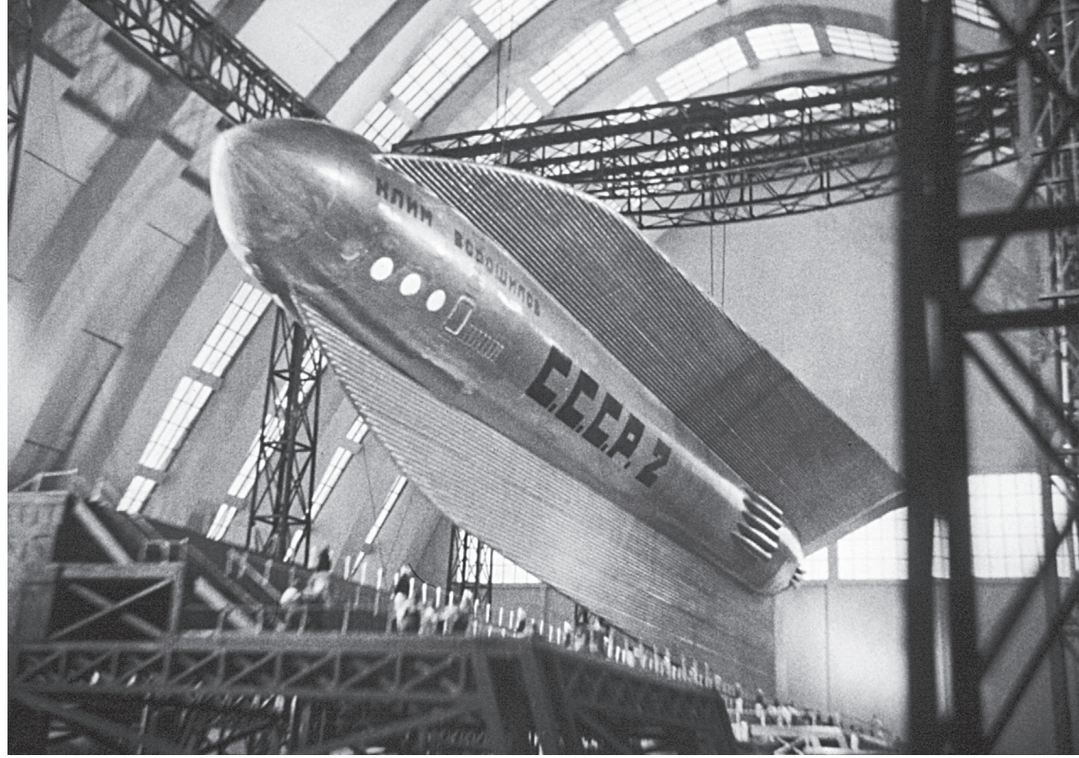
ticular—a steam-punky design arsenal that includes Rodchenko-esque diagonals, Futurist set design, spellbinding miniature effects, and the stop-motion animation work, reminiscent of Ladislaw Starewicz, of *The New Gulliver* vet Fodor Krasne, which has tiny animated cosmonauts running and leaping weightlessly across a rocky tabletop Moon surface. (Such eye-popping moments make movies like these feel closest to embodying the imaginative play of children—and closest to reminding us that "pretend" is cinema at its most elemental. In one breath-holding early sequence, the camera dollies through a hangar loaded with rockets and tiny animated workers, making the film at that instance as much a toy as a movie.) In fact, production on *Cosmic Voyage* was initiated after a request by the Komsomol, the USSR's Communist youth league, for more movies to be made for kids. Soviet youngsters could hardly have helped being delighted with the frantic, vividly imagined alt-world conjured in *Cosmic Voyage*; the clearest indication anyone could need for its success as a matinee crowd-pleaser among the underage hoi polloi is the objection made by the Soviet censors who complained about the animated cosmonauts' frivolous "bouncing" on the Moon and had Krasne's name struck from the credits.

...the delicate Soviet hopefulness, the culture's teary, exuberant utopianism.

Frivolities abound—no film has ever enjoyed the spectacle of spaceship weightlessness so much, even if the wires are clearly, endearingly visible. What's delivered most liberally today in Zhuravlyov's tale of zesty exploration and subsequent scramble for survival and rescue in the lunar canyons is the delicate esprit of Soviet hopefulness, the culture's teary, exuberant utopianism. The nation's singular propagandistic personality, whether issuing out of films or poetry or art or music, always seemed on the verge of an emotional breakdown, with the insistence on noble sacrifice and natural greatness covering up a fragile and heartbroken hysteria. Soviet films in general, from Eisenstein to Chukrai, could be seen as naïve and vulnerable children, quick to be overwhelmed with righteousness or rage but most often so besotted with either joyful optimism and swooning grief, often both in turn, that you can worry for the health of their unstable psyche. At the very least, it's easy to be terribly moved by the films' naked emotionalism, particularly since it expresses not necessarily a filmmaker's aesthetic, but an entire horn-swoggled country's rueful agony and fantasized ecstasy.

Sergei Komarov

The key to *Cosmic Voyage*'s vibe is the way it expresses a society stricken with mandatory radiance, and therefore in need of a fantastical escape from the fantasy of its official life. Twentieth-century Russians always had a special relationship with science fiction because everything authorized in the Soviet Union was science fiction—ideological



Courtesy of Filmmuseum München

fantasies of progress, improvement, empowerment, and technological glory. In the USSR, a poster for tractors was science fiction. In turn, the outright science-fiction science fiction, like *Cosmic Voyage*, were among the most euphoric and fetishistic genre texts made anywhere on Earth. What was intended as sky-high propaganda comes off now—and maybe scanned in the mid-century for natives, too—as feverish playground deliriums, struck deep with a chord of pervasive elegiac melancholy.

In any case, the preponderance of evidence suggests that the population of the USSR didn't buy into the films' pulpy propaganda so much as put up with it and maybe even enjoyed it for its simple escapist chicanery. *Cosmic Voyage* was almost certainly more fun than it was politically inspirational. But however built for audience accessibility—the film was made silent in 1936 in order to maximize its viewership in the outer republics, to which sound projection equipment was still slow in coming—*Cosmic Voyage* proved too escapist for the needs of the Soviet planners and was quickly pulled from theaters. Today, it's a message lost for decades in space, poignantly brimming with needful Soviet daydreams we know never came true.

—Michael Atkinson

THE GOOD BAD MAN

Musical Accompaniment by Donald Sosin

Directed by Allan Dwan, USA, 1916
Cast Douglas Fairbanks ("Passin' Through") Mary Alden (Nan Wilson, his mother) George Beranger (Wilson, his father) Sam de Grasse (Bud Frazer, later "The Wolf") Pomeroy "Doc" Cannon (Bob Evans, U.S. Marshal) Joseph Singleton ("Pap") Bessie Love (The Girl, Pap's daughter), Fred Burns (Sheriff) **Production** Fine Arts Film Company **Supervision** D.W. Griffith **Story** Douglas Fairbanks **Photography** Victor Fleming **Print Source** The Silent Film Festival Collection at the Library of Congress

Made early in Douglas Fairbanks's film career, *The Good Bad Man* is the fifth of his 12 feature-length films made for the Fine Arts division of the Triangle Film Corporation, and the second of ten collaborations between Fairbanks and director Allan Dwan. It is also among his earliest films to explore themes and ideas that recurred throughout his work—including issues of identity and a passion for the history of the American West. In *The Good Bad Man*, Fairbanks plays the cheerful and aimless outlaw "Passin' Through," whose holdups include robbing a train conductor of his ticket punch and stealing food from the town store and giving it to a friendless orphan. Passin' Through has a special affinity for orphans. Underneath his happy-go-lucky nature, he hides the sorrow and anxiety of not knowing his own parentage.

Passin' Through has a run-in with the leader of a gang of outlaws called The Wolf, played by Triangle's regular heavy Sam de Grasse. He also meets and falls in love with the daughter of one of the outlaws (Bessie Love). When Passin' Through shoots up a saloon, he is arrested by a United States Marshal (Pomeroy Cannon) who happens to know his history. The Marshal uses the opportunity to console the good-hearted bandit with the information that his father and mother were legitimately married and he was born in wedlock. Learning the truth of his parentage gives him the courage to escape captivity and face the villainous Wolf.

Passin' Through's unresolved relationship with an absent father and concerns of illegitimacy were also central to the identity of the offscreen Fairbanks, born Douglas Ulman. His mother, Ella Fairbanks (née Marsh), had been twice married before meeting attorney H. Charles Ulman, the son of German-Jewish immigrants. An alcoholic and bigamist, Ulman abandoned his new family when Douglas was five years old. At that time, Douglas's mother changed the family's surname to that of her deceased first husband, "Fairbanks." H. Charles Ulman died in 1915 and was undoubtedly in Fairbanks's thoughts in early 1916 when he developed the story of *The Good Bad Man*. The personal concerns and anxieties Fairbanks felt toward his identity were deeply concealed, which makes their exploration with his film's restless hero fascinating to watch.

Fairbanks's predilection for stories concerning lineage throughout his career suggests the actor's preoccupation with recasting himself in light of his celebrity. Whether in this early effort or in later films like *His Majesty, the American* (1919), *The Mollycoddle* (1920), *Don Q, Son of Zorro* (1925), or *The Black Pirate* (1926), Fairbanks attempted to reconcile the contradictions within himself between the self-made man and the artistocrat. Another common thread in Fairbanks's stories was the American West, its history, literature, and art. His great hero was Theodore Roosevelt and he embraced Roosevelt's philosophy of the physically strenuous life. He adored the adventure fiction of Richard Harding Davis, who had covered the Spanish American War and helped build

the myth of the Rough Riders. Fairbanks also was an enthusiastic collector of paintings of the American West by Charles M. Russell and Frederic Remington.

The Good Bad Man skillfully weaves the comic and the dramatic with Fairbanks's sympathetic and dynamic performance as the film's foundation. A "good bad man" was a term current in the 1910s and best illustrated in cinema of the time with the westerns of William S. Hart, including the classic *Hell's Hinges*, which came out the same year.

The Good Bad Man was filmed at the Fine Arts Studio in Hollywood and on various locations (trade paper accounts suggest southeastern California) over four weeks. Dwan's picturesque compositions of western landscapes and a fine shoot-out climax add to the film's appeal. Victor Fleming (the future director of the 1939 Hollywood classics *Gone With the Wind* and *The Wizard of Oz*) was the film's cinematographer. Fleming was one of the crew members whose career Fairbanks nurtured. He took Fleming with him when he left Triangle in 1917 to form his own production unit and entrusted the young cinematographer with directing the technically complex *When the Clouds Roll By* (1919), Fleming's directing debut.

Fleming proved his abilities on *The Good Bad Man* when he cleverly employed a make-shift matte and double exposure to give Fairbanks's horse jump over a wide ravine the illusion of possibility and, more importantly, effortlessness. Allan Dwan remembered to Peter Bogdanovich, "Stunts *per se* were of no interest to [Fairbanks] or to me. The one thing that could possibly interest either one of us was a swift, graceful move—the thing a kid visualizes in his hero."

Passin' Through's love interest, the teenaged Bessie Love, was chosen by Fairbanks's then-wife, Beth Fairbanks (neé Sully), as his new leading lady. That same year, she also appeared opposite Fairbanks in two other films, *Reggie Mixes In* and the bizarre two-reel comedy *The Mystery of the Leaping Fish*, in which Fairbanks played a cocaine-addicted detective. Love later recalled of Beth Fairbanks, "It was no secret that she was not exactly wearing the pants, but [was] the manager. She was a little bit stern, a little bit the manageress. But never mind, she was a good one." The angel-faced, diminutive Love, who went on to a successful career as a leading lady that lasted through the early sound era, wrote in her 1977 autobiography, "Nothing was ever accidentally good about Fairbanks's work. Everything was carefully planned."

"His expressive face, radiant, toothsome smile, immense activity, and apparent disposition to romp all over the map make him a treasure to the cinema."

Cinema impresario S.L. "Roxy" Rothapfel chose *The Good Bad Man* to open his new 1,900-seat Rialto Theatre in New York City on April 21, 1916. The reviews of the film were uniformly excellent. The *New York Dramatic Mirror* extolled, "*The Good Bad Man* has the charm of being unique ... Furthermore, it has the added charm of introducing Douglas Fairbanks in a brand new screen role, that of a typical westerner of the old days … We had supposed that Douglas Fairbanks would be satisfied with his well-earned laurels as a first class comedian, but lo and behold, he must now set out and endeavor to take those of William S. Hart and Frank Keenan." The industry trade paper *Variety* took special note of Fairbanks's original story, "In his writing for the screen Mr. Fairbanks discloses a fine sense of what the public wants in pictures and gives it to them." The *New York Times* praised Fairbanks the actor: "His expressive face, radiant, toothsome smile, immense activity, and apparent disposition to romp all over the map make him a treasure to the cinema. No deserter from the spoken drama is more engaging in the new work than Douglas Fairbanks."

Fairbanks did not hold his Triangle-Fine Arts productions in high regard and they were altered and reissued without his involvement. *The Good Bad Man* has been available for decades in a pictorially sharp 35mm exhibition print, but the intertitles and narrative order were compromised by alterations from the Tri-Stone Pictures reissue of 1923 as well as later revisions made by film distributor Raymond Rohauer. This new restoration of the 1923 version enhances our appreciation of this early Fairbanks effort. As for Fairbanks and Dwan, their greatest collaborations were to come in the 1920s: *Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood* (1922) and *The Iron Mask* (1929).

—Jeffrey Vance

Bessie Love and Douglas Fairbanks

RESTORING THE GOOD BAD MAN

On January 12, 1923, VARIETY magazine reported that Harry Aitken, one-time president of Triangle Film Corporation, had taken possession of "2,000 subjects made by Mutual and Triangle" through liquidation of his former company. Six months later, Aitken's newly formed Tri-Stone Pictures announced plans to release 24 revised editions of Triangle's biggest successes, including THE GOOD BAD MAN. Subsequently released October 19, 1923, Douglas Fairbanks's fifth feature was reedited and outfitted with new intertitles, written by John Emerson and Anita Loos.

THE GOOD BAD MAN was produced by the Fine Arts Corporation and released May 7, 1916. Unfortunately, no film or script materials are known to survive. However, contemporary newspaper reviews and trade press synopses confirm that the plot, storyline, characters, and relationships remained fairly consistent across the two versions. Tri-Stone promoted the film as updated and undoubtedly the revised titling went further than renaming the characters. Mary Alden's character changed from Jane Stuart to Nan Wilson, Bessie Love's character Amy became Sarah May, or simply "The Girl," and Joseph Singleton's "Pap," uncredited in 1923, was originally named "The Weasel."

In addition to rewritten titles, the 1923 release also modified the editing, though to what extent is impossible to determine. For example, Passin' Through's recurring bit with the train conductor's hole punch is never explained, which, in turn, leads to the assumption that the segment depicting the train robbery was excised. Likewise, Pap and Passin' Through's father may have been deemphasized in the later release as their parts seem underdeveloped and neither is named in the 1923 screen credits.

This new restoration of THE GOOD BAD MAN is based on a 35mm copy of the 1923 Tri-Stone release preserved in the collection of the Cinémathèque française and is the result of a collaborative partnership of the San Francisco Silent Film Festival, the Film Preservation Society, and Cinémathèque française.

—Robert Byrne

Miss Peter Pan,

The Screen Star Who Refuses To Grow Up is Bessie Love

Photo-Play Journal, July, 1917

Bessie Love ("A Bundle of Love," they call her at the Triangle-Ince studios) is the little girl who has climbed to stardom in a year, and is still an unspoiled child. Refusing to have her level head turned by success, she makes moving pictures the business of life. But outside of working hours Bessie does not sew socks for soldiers, or string ribbons in her lingerie. She lets naturalness take its course, and the wholesome boyish spirit, her dominant characteristic, bubbles over. Bessie's mother has long since given up trying to persuade her daughter to wear fashionable clothes such as famous screen stars are supposed to effect. Gingham frocks, a Tam o' Shanter and heavy ribbed boy's stockings are not only Bessie's choice for apparel, but are the only garments which do not succumb to the wear and tear of baseball and kindred sports that Bessie holds dear to her heart.

A little more than a year ago Miss Love astonished her parents by announcing it was a waste of time for her to continue going to school, and that she determined to become an opera singer. This from an ordinary child would have called forth a spanking, and parents would have let it go at that. But the only child of the house of Love is far removed from the ordinary. Her one talent pointed to a musical career, and, despite youth, and the outward appearance of a fragile physique, she is blessed with a voice of lovely quality. But musical education cost money, and Mr. and Mrs. Love had never even entertained that their daughter could develop her talent. Not so with Bessie. When she determined to become a singer, she also planned the means to attain the end.

The young people of her neighborhood had responded to the lure of moving pictures work, and the near-by Triangle studios stood forth as a beacon of hope to Bessie. Gaining a reluctant consent from her parents she joined the long line of young and old who daily congregate to apply for extra work. The story has been circulated that Bessie immediately caught the eye of a famous director, and that forthwith her fortune was made. This is not true. At that time the now famous young star was at the gawky period, with scarcely a modicum of good looks, and the serviceable clothes she wore were far from picturesque. There were many days of long but persistent waiting before the child was taken on as an "extra," and it was some time afterwards before she got her first chance to play a bit. This was a "Slavey" part, and she made good. Pretty soon the pictures got into Bessie's blood, and she began to find herself. The rest of the story is best told by the long list of photoplays in which Miss Love stands out as a clever actress.

In addition to her success in pictures, she is nearing the coveted goal of singer. This was attested by her appearance in a gala concert in Los Angeles, where the others on the program were well-known opera singers. The critics were enthusiastic about the promise Miss Love displayed.

But life is not all work and no play for Bessie, and her playing is a physical demonstration of husky youth and untrammelled spirits. Miss Love is an excellent swimmer, and is also a first-class performer on the horizontal bars.

These are not fads with her. She goes in for them out of sheer love, and as a natural outlet of the youth which refuses to contemplate merging into the debutante period, which, as Miss Love expresses it, is all "horrid fuss and feathers, and no fun at all."

Miss Love is the youngest of Triangle Fine Arts stars. Twelve months ago she was an unknown "super" working on the Fine Arts lot in Los Angeles Saturday afternoons and school holidays to earn pocket money for herself. Today she is one of the most widely admired favorites of the silent drama with a vogue that causes many a high-salaried rival anxious moments at times.

She explains her career in this simple, characteristic statement: "It was fate and Mr. Griffith. He saw me on the Fine Arts lot one day and put me to work."

Bessie modestly refrains from adding, however, the she "made good" at once. Her first part was as the Swedish servant girl with John Emerson in "The Flying Torpedo." Her excellent handling of this role led to her being featured, in rapid succession, with W.S. Hart in "The Aryan," with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Good Bad Man," and with Wilfred Lucas in "'Hell-to-Pay' Austin." Last winter she made her debut as a star in "A Sister of Six," one of the most appealing stories ever released on the Triangle program. Her next starring vehicle was "The Heiress at Coffee Dan's," in which she returned to her original part of a Swedish culinary mechanic. Then came "Nina, the Flower Girl," "A Daughter of the Poor," and "Cheerful Givers."

When the reorganization took place in Triangle production interests, Bessie Love came under the personal supervision of Thomas H. Ince, and henceforth will be starred in Triangle-Ince productions.

In appearance Miss Love is five feet one and a half inches in height, weighs one hundred pounds, and is blond. Her screen success has been made in the portrayal of forlorn wistful types, but in reality the young star is very far removed from that kind of girl. She's a most boyish, girlish individual, this Bessie Love.

SERGE BROMBERG'S TREASURE TROVE

featuring the recently discovered alternative version of Buster Keaton's THE BLACKSMITH, the World Premiere of the complete two-reel version of Roscoe Arbuckle's THE WAITER'S BALL, a work-in-progress look at A NIGHT IN THE SHOW with Charles Chaplin, and more!

World-famous preservationist and entertainer Serge Bromberg has long been a collector of celluloid images and has regularly organized cine-shows he calls Retour de Flamme where he presents rare and often unique footage. With the recent discovery of Buster Keaton's THE BLACKSMITH as a cornerstone for this show, we asked Serge to reach into his treasure trove to present a show to delight and amaze us! Bromberg will introduce each treasure and accompany the films on piano. Vive le cinéphile!

THE BLACKSMITH

Often ranked by silent film historians as one of Buster Keaton's lesser efforts when compared to his other two-reel shorts such as *One Week* (1920) or Cops (1922), *The Blacksmith* (1922) is now enjoying a major critical reassessment because of a remarkable turn of events. Film collector Fernando Peña, who, in 2008, uncovered the original, uncut version of Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* in the archives of the Museo del Cine in Argentina, discovered a remarkably different version of *The Blacksmith* that same year through fellow collector Fabio Manes, who purchased a 9.5mm print of it online. Released by the Pathé company in France in 1922 with French intertitles, this previously undiscovered version includes missing material totaling more than four minutes of sight gags, settings, and characters not featured in what was considered the original American version of *The Blacksmith*.

Peña reported his find to French film archivist Serge Bromberg, who decided to restore the Pathé print of *The Blacksmith* through his company Lobster Films. During his restoration research, Bromberg discovered that a 35mm print of the short he had previously deposited in France's CNC (Centre national du cinéma et de l'image animée) included another additional minute of footage not seen in years. As a result, the new restoration of *The Blacksmith* constitutes a major rediscovery. What was once considered a string of amusing but stand alone vignettes now has a fluid storyline with richer character development and a more plausible resolution to a romantic subplot that, in the American version, seemed like a hasty last-minute addition.

Why two different versions of *The Blacksmith* exist is a mystery that still hasn't been completely solved. Various sources have speculated that Keaton decided to shoot new scenes and revise it for general release after unfavorable reactions to early screenings. Film historian and author John Bengtson has conducted several scene-by-scene comparisons of the two versions and tried to pinpoint the exact dates of production, which range between September 1921 (when the film was first reported as being completed) and July 1922 (when it went into general release). His unraveling of the film's erratic production history is fascinating and confirms that actor James Mason discovered the pre-release version in 1952. Mason had purchased Keaton's former home and found several films in a private vault, many of them 35mm nitrate prints in a decomposing state. He donated them to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in 1956, and Raymond Rohauer secured the distribution rights to these films. Bengtson suspects that Keaton's revised 1922 version was

the one that was intended for general release but was lost over time and didn't resurface until Peña's recent discovery.

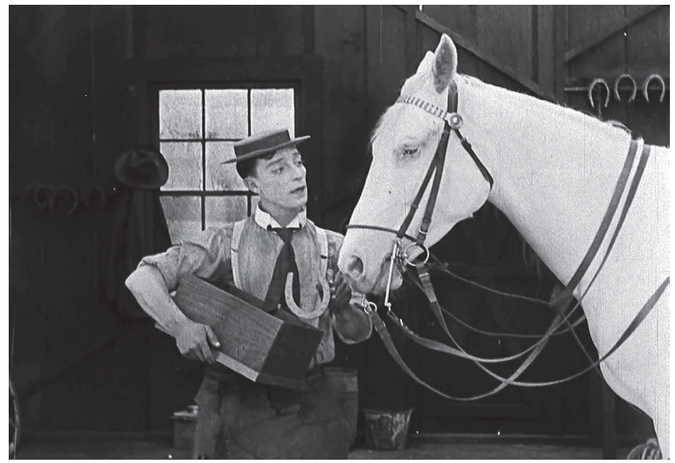
The 14th of the 19 two-reelers Keaton made in the early 1920s that were produced by Joseph M. Schenck, *The Blacksmith* depicts a day in the life of a small-town blacksmith's assistant (Keaton) at a time when that occupation also entailed equipment and automobile repairs. What begins as a satire of the first stanza of the poem "The Village Blacksmith" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow quickly escalates into a series of gags in which Keaton's bumbling hero makes a mess out of almost everything he touches. Yet, in classic underdog fashion, his ingenuity and perseverance save the day in the end.

Keaton's comic timing and pacing in *The Blacksmith* has the precision of a beautifully crafted Swiss watch. But beyond the synchronized mechanics of the acrobatic stunts and sight gags is an affectionate portrait of small-town life with a wry awareness of class differences. There are also unexpected touches of surrealism such as Keaton's porkpie-like hat doing a double take and flipping in the air in reaction to his boss's unexpected return from jail or a child's balloon being used to hold up the frame of a Model T under repair.

One sequence that displays Keaton's well-known affinity for animals is a delightful pantomime of a shoe-store clerk's ritual of offering the latest fashions to a customer who, in this case, happens to be a white mare (the same horse, incidentally, that Keaton used in *Cops*, *Three Ages*, and *Our Hospitality*). More elaborate and detailed in execution is the almost gleefully anarchic destruction of a pristine Rolls-Royce brought into the shop for a very minor fix. The humor lies in watching Keaton's completely illogical approach to prioritizing work flow and its consequences; instead of making an easy repair to the Rolls whose owner expects a quick turnaround, he throws

Buster Keaton, Joe Roberts, Virginia Fox

Buster Keaton and friend



himself into rebuilding a broken-down Model T next to it with such myopic compulsiveness that he doesn't even notice his systematic trashing of the more expensive luxury car. Audiences at the time, many of whom couldn't even afford the Tin Lizzie, reputedly sat aghast that someone would wreck a Rolls-Royce for a gag. (There has been speculation that the destroyed car was a wedding present from Keaton's in-laws).

The newly restored and expanded version of *The Blacksmith* includes all the previously mentioned sequences from the American version, although some shots have been replaced with alternates made the following year. Joe Roberts, who appeared as Keaton's nemesis in many shorts, becomes more central to the plot of *The Blacksmith*, and his comic ferociousness reaches operatic proportions here with Keaton inciting him to further violence by accidentally running him down in a car. The romantic attraction between Keaton and Virginia Fox (as the posh, upper-class owner of the white mare) is also developed more fully and introduces Fox's father as a potential obstacle to their match. Keaton's intentions toward Fox are also more explicit as he attempts to propose to her several times while being chased around a hut by his irate boss. Other delightful but previously unseen gags include Keaton attempting to commandeer a roadster that turns out to be an advertising prop and a sequence in which Roberts's pursuit of Keaton comes to a brief halt as both men are distracted by the silhouette of a woman undressing behind a window shade.

The Blacksmith was not well received by American critics nor was it a popular success during its initial release. A review in *Photoplay* magazine from January 1922 stated, "It's a sad day when one of our comedians fails us. Buster Keaton is guilty this month. There is hardly a smile in his latest comedy, if such it can be called. The situations are forced and his work laborious." Even Keaton dismissed *The Blacksmith* as "that dud." But often an artist is not the best judge of his own work and Lobster Films' restoration of *The Blacksmith* should help place this once underrated film among the ranks of Keaton's better silent shorts.

—Jeff Stafford

THE EPIC OF EVEREST

Musical Accompaniment by Stephen Horne and Frank Bockius

Directed by John Noel, UK, 1924
Production Explorers' Films **Producer** John Noel **Photography** John Noel **Photographic Lab Assistant** Arthur Pereira **Print Source** BFI

The idea of the filmmaker as a modern-day explorer is as old as cinema itself. As soon as the Lumière brothers introduced their lightweight motion picture cameras in 1895, operators began setting out around the globe to produce actuality films. Within 20 years, enterprising filmmakers like Herbert Ponting (*The Great White Silence*), Edward Curtis (*In the Land of the Head Hunters*), Frank Hurley (*Pearls and Savages*), and Robert Flaherty (*Nanook of the North*) expanded on those early actualities by yoking ethnographic subjects to dramatic staging and editing. *Epic of Everest* filmmaker Captain John Noel was one of these forebears of "documentary"—the coinage dates to John Grierson's 1926 review of Flaherty's *Moana*—though today his name is not so well remembered.

Noel's feat became overshadowed by the ill-fated 1924 Mount Everest expedition, which claimed the lives of two celebrated climbers, George Mallory and Andrew "Sandy" Irvine. Their deaths at the top of the world provided England with a saving grace of courage and valor following the countless ignominies suffered in the trenches of World War I. Noel's film helped establish a redemptive vision of the failed expedition. Astonishing purely as a technological achievement, *The Epic of Everest*'s larger significance lies in its power as a national myth.

1924 was not Noel's first time up the mountain. He initially approached the Himalayas secretly, in 1913, donning a disguise to slip through a Tibetan embargo on British exploration. His service during the Great War was marked by similar daring. Taken prisoner in the Battle of Le Cateau, he made it back to the British side after a ten-day trek, only to be sent back to combat in time for the Second Battle of Ypres when the Germans first deployed poison gas on the Western Front. He was later diagnosed with neurasthenia—"shell shock," as it was soon to be called.

Noel remained fixated on Everest throughout the war, and, in 1919, he delivered a rousing speech to the Royal Geographic Society often credited with inspiring the expeditions of 1921, 1922, and 1924. He was as far from the "disinterested observer" as you could imagine—not that passivity was an option on Everest. The Mount Everest Committee selected Noel to accompany the 1922 expedition in order to make *Climbing with Everest* (1922); the film was well received, but Noel, like the rest of the expedition, was eager for another crack at greatness. His preparations for the subsequent 1924 expedition involved numerous technological innovations: a newly constructed film lab in Darjeeling; special camera motors permitting time-lapse exposures; and powerful telephoto lenses to film action at three thousand yards. Everest dictated the terms, but Noel wrangled the effects: time-lapse shots conveying capricious weather systems swirling around the mountain's peak and long-range cinematography detailing the heroic attempt in fittingly existential scale. Noel's obsession with capturing splendid natural effects even extended to the film's color tinting, done by hand in accordance with values carefully recorded on location and brilliantly bold in the new British Film Institute restoration.

Everest dictated the terms, but Noel wrangled the effects.

The film was no less innovative in its financial packaging. With the Everest Committee struggling to secure adequate funds after the disappointing 1922 trek, Noel stepped in with a guarantee of 8,000£, made with the understanding that his production company, Explorers' Films, was to own the rights to all photographic and film documentation of the expedition. As Wade Davis writes in *Into the Silence: The Great War, Mallory, and the Conquest of Everest*, "The quest for the highest summit slipped from imperial venture to commercial opportunity." It was nevertheless a tremendous gamble—a successful run at the summit would mean a smashing success. In the event, Mallory and Irvine's deaths all but assured that *The Epic of Everest* was to become the focus of an unprecedented outpouring of grief.

Editing the film, Noel struggled for a sense of novelty to balance the tragedy waiting at the end, a problem he tried to address by adding "large doses of local colour." Noel certainly wasn't alone among his peers in blending ethnography and entertainment, though his treatment of Tibetan culture remains especially unnerving. The deaths of two porters—Darjeeling cobbler Manbahadur and Gurkha Lance Corporal Shamsherpun—do not even merit a full intertitle, while the treatment of daily life and rituals hovers between superciliousness and derision. Early screenings were accompanied by fanciful set design and a full-bore performance of religious rites by a group of seven Tibetan monks. Needless to say, the authorities in Lhasa, already skeptical of the British expeditions, were not pleased by this circus. Davis logs several levels of diplomatic protest: the maharaja of Sikkim barred Noel from reentering the country, the Dalai Lama called for the arrest of the seven traveling monks, and the Tibetans prohibited additional British expeditions (another attempt wasn't made until 1933). It is difficult to think of another documentary of this or any other era having such tangible consequences on international relationships.

Watching *The Epic of Everest* today, the condescension of Noel's narration smacks not only of cultural insensitivity but also of a desperate effort to master the narrative of yet another failed British expedition. The telescopic views of the climbers attempting to scale the peaks are technological marvels, to be sure, but as we watch these tiny figures moving across the landscape, the shots also come to express the overpowering desire on the part of the British audience to see something in Mallory and Irvine's doomed attempt. The intimate address of the film's final title card—"If you had lived, as they had lived and died in the heart of nature, would you, yourself, wish for any better grave than a grave of pure white snow?"—makes it clear that the real subject of *The Epic of Everest* is not Mallory and Irvine but rather their hold on the British imagination.

—Max Goldberg

This review of *The Epic of Everest* appeared in *Variety* on December 24, 1924. The writer, credited simply as "Gore," saw the film at a London screening attended by the British royals earlier that month.

Very few pictures have had the good and bad luck of this one on their first presentation to the public. Good, because the screening was in the presence of members of the Royal family, and a very distinguished array of arts, letters, and social lions; bad, because the elements conspired to fill the Scala, where the picture is running, with a thick fog which at times almost rendered the screen invisible. A previous run had, however, proved the beauty of the photography, the greater part of which was acquired through the medium of powerful telephoto lenses.

There are no preliminaries to the picture which starts right off with the expedition in Thibet. Here a Lama warned Captain Noel, leader of the expedition, they would never reach their objective and disaster would overtake them, a prophecy which proved only too true when Mallory and Irvine died within a few hundred feet of the mountain top.

Among the Thibetan scenes are many of real value but it is not until the party approaches the mountain that the real beauty of the feature is apparent. Such scenery and awesome grandeur have never before been "shot" by a cameraman. The loss of the two men is not used as a morbid adjunct to showmanship but the audience watches them climb away with their breathing apparatus and vanish round a corner, the last mortal eyes ever saw of them. Later the search parties are shown and the signal that all hope had to be abandoned, the laying of six blankets in the form of a cross on a snowy slope. There is a remarkable grip in these final scenes.

Prior to the screening General Sir Francis Younghusband, who 20 years ago led a military expedition into the heart of Thibet, introduced H.R.H. Prince Henry to the audience, who in his turn introduced the picture. An added attraction rests in the appearance of a party of Lamas who contributed strange music for about half an hour, after which the chief blessed the audience.

Made by Explorers, Ltd., this picture deserves success but it is doubtful whether the general public will realize and appreciate its value.

BFI: AN APPRECIATION

by Monica Nolan

The British Film Institute is a behemoth. It is the MGM of arts organizations, an entity involved in such a broad range of activities that were it indeed a studio, the anti-monopolists of the '50s who forced the Hollywood moguls to sell off their theater chains would be eyeing it with suspicion. If the AFI, the Library of Congress's Moving Image Collection, MoMA, and maybe even the Pacific Film Archive merged, they still wouldn't match the BFI's depth and breadth.

Since its founding in 1933, the BFI has preserved film, promoted it, published about it, and even dabbled in film production. It puts out the international film magazine *Sight & Sound* and produces two film festivals, the London Film Festival and the London Lesbian and Gay Film Festival. The BFI's publishing efforts began in the 1970s and recently, in partnership with Palgrave MacMillan, it matched writers with classic films for a series of book-length studies–Thomas Elsaesser on *Metropolis* and Laura Mulvey on *Citizen Kane*, for example. The BFI runs two repertory theaters, administers multiple funds for filmmakers, operates a Film Academy for teenagers, and, this year, inaugurated the Reuben Library, a new space for its collection of film-related books, papers, and periodicals. From 1989 to 1999, the BFI also operated a film museum, the Museum of the Moving Image. Even its failures are big.

The BFI's achievements are all the more impressive considering the organization's bureaucratic beginnings: a governmental report on "Film in National Life" led to its founding. Its early organizers, most of whom came from the British Institute of Adult Education, seemed to have only a vague idea about what the new organization might actually do to "promote film culture." For years the BFI ran on a shoestring, viewed with suspicion by the UK's film industry, which also paid for the fledgling organization through a cinema tax. Charged with creating "a repository of films of permanent value," the BFI's National Film Library (now the National Archive) lacked the funds to fulfill its directive. In 1939, the NFL's director, Ernest Lindgren, had to turn down nine pristine film prints; he didn't have the 500 pounds the seller asked.

Yet they dreamed big. Writing in 1948, Lindgren was remarkably prescient as he envisioned an ideal future, complete with repertory theaters, traveling exhibitions, collections of film stills, books, and film music; he wanted a lecture hall and facilities for film researchers. And when it came to preservation, he really let himself go, imagining "specially constructed storage vaults erected on a country site of several acres. The temperature and humidity of the vaults are carefully controlled, and the films are subjected to chemical tests at regular intervals." Lindgren was still at the archive in 1968 when the BFI opened its preservation center in Berkhamsted, accelerating its task of copying millions of feet of fragile nitrate prints each year. The archive was also one of the earliest to embrace television, adding the problems of rapidly changing video formats to the familiar issues of decomposing nitrate and acetate's vinegar syndrome.

Under Lindgren, the archive had a reputation for preferring to keep its prints under lock and key rather than screening them. Lindgren was stereotyped as a bureaucratic fuddy-duddy, a sharp contrast to the flamboyant Henri Langlois of the Cinémathèque française, whose famous repertory screenings launched the French New Wave. As Penelope Houston writes in her history of European archives, *Keepers of the Frame*, "preservation is the costly and least visible part of the exercise." Today, when consciousness of celluloid's fragility has permeated popular culture and Martin Scorsese sounds the alarm about formerly obscure issues like color-fading, the BFI's archival standards have earned the respect due to them.

In any case, the institute has long since embarked on its own program of repertory screenings and has expanded access by making many of its films available online. The BFI's content-rich website returns the institute to its educational roots with a vengeance, offering (among other things) downloadable teaching materials and an online database of film and clips. Most recently the BFI launched a video on-demand initiative. If you have the good fortune to live in the UK, you can watch *The Epic of Everest* online for 3.50£; even better, you can watch the *entirety* of the archive's Mitchell and Kenyon collection–28 hours of rare actualities from the turn of the century–for free.

Today, the BFI National Archive preserves video games as well as Hitchcock's *Blackmail* and has added a second preservation site, in Gaydon, where its master film collection is held. It has grown from a library of 300 films in 1937 to one of the world's largest archives, including 275,000 features and shorts and 210,000 television programs. The archive is, perhaps, the beating heart of the BFI, undertaking what Lindgren called its fundamental activity, that which drives its exhibition, publishing, and production efforts, "namely, the permanent preservation of films."

Accepting the Silent Film Festival Award on behalf of the BFI National Archive is **Bryony Dixon**, curator of silent film. She has been the lead curator on a number of the archive's recent silent film restorations, including *The Great White Silence* (1924), *The Epic of Everest* (1924), *Underground (*1928), and the nine surviving Hitchcock silent films, all of which have been selected for screening at the San Francisco Silent Film Festival. She codirects the annual British Silent Film Festival and is the author of the 2011 BFI Screen Guide, *100 Silent Films*.

Past Silent Film Festival Award Recipients

2003 La Fédération Internationale des Archives du Film (FIAF)

2004 George Eastman House

2005 National Film Preservation Foundation

2006 Library of Congress and Melissa Chittick

2007 Turner Classic Movies

2008 David Shepard of Film Preservation Associates

2009 China Film Archive

2010 Kevin Brownlow and Patrick Stanbury of Photoplay Productions

2011 UCLA Film and Television Archive

2012 Telluride Film Festival

2013 Cinémathèque française

The award was sponsored by Haghefilm from 2003 to 2006.

Norah Baring and Brian Aherne

UNDERGROUND

Musical Accompaniment by Stephen Horne

Directed by Anthony Asquith, Britain, 1928
Cast Elissa Landi (Nell) Brian Aherne (Bill) Cyril McLaglen (Bert) Norah Baring (Kate) **Production** British Instructional Films **Producer** H. Bruce Woolf **Scenario** Anthony Asquith **Photography** Stanley Rodwell **Lighting** Karl Fischer Art Direction Ian Campbell-gray **Print Source** BFI

A dot of light appears in the corner of the black screen, swelling and growing. Soon it's large enough to be identified: it's a subterranean train station and it's not moving, we are, perched with the camera at the front of a train, rushing toward the lit platform from the darkness of a tunnel.

Thirty-three years after the Lumière brothers first stunned audiences with train travel, the train is again arriving in the station, this time with the visual dazzle of a medium at the peak of its silent-era power. The film's production company, British Instructional Films, billed *Underground* as "a British picture of modern day London," and director Anthony Asquith, who also wrote the scenario, makes ample use of 1928 London's modern machinery. The film's British-ness, however, was debated. Asquith frames, lights, and shoots *Underground* with the style and verve of a young cinephile drunk on German cinema's expressionistic mise-en-scène and Soviet cinema's rapid-fire cutting.

A title card announces that this is a story of "ordinary workaday people." Ladies' man Bert falls for shopgirl Nell, but so does porter Bill, while seamstress Kate pines after Bert. The tale of romantic rivalry darkens into a violent melodrama, played out against the busy London backdrop. The film's quartet lives in a world of crowds, where privacy is nonexistent and constant bumping and jostling is the norm. Even when the young couple retreats to a park, an urchin tries to steal their sandwiches. The film reflects England's changing society. By the late 1920s, class divisions were, if not disappearing, at least blurring, and the *Underground* was a factor. Peter Ackroyd writes in *London Under* that when the Stockwell line got rid of the distinction between first- and second-class tickets in 1890, "the *Railway Times* complained that lords and ladies would now be travelling with Billingsgate fishwives and Smithfield porters."

> **"lords and ladies would now be travelling with Billingsgate fishwives and Smithfield porters"**

On the surface, Asquith seems an unlikely choice to depict this new reality. The son of a former prime minister and a Scottish heiress with artistic tastes, Asquith was educated at Oxford, rubbed elbows with cabinet ministers and members of the peerage, and was indulged by his parents in his passion first for music, then film. When the budding cinephile went to Hollywood, it was as the guest of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Not yet 20, he visited film sets, dined with Lillian Gish, and argued with Charlie Chaplin about camera technique.

Asquith was no aristocratic playboy, but a tireless student of film. He joined the London Film Society, founded in 1925 by a group of frustrated cinephiles who had formed the organization in order to see innovative and experimental work that failed to find commercial distribution in England. Under the auspices of this early cine-club, Asquith was exposed to films by Paul Leni, Robert Wiene, Fritz Lang, and Vsevolod Pudovkin. When Asquith joined British Instructional Films in 1926, he was, writes Rachael

Low in her *History of British Film*, one of "the new generation of well-connected, well-educated young men who, unlike their parents, were prepared to take films seriously."

Asquith rose with enviable speed at the studio. In 1926 he was stunt-doubling for the actress Phyllis Nelson-Terry as Queen Boadicea (Asquith wore a blond wig and rode in a chariot), and the next year he was making the very successful *Shooting Stars* Although he was originally credited as veteran director A.V. Bramble's assistant, the film is widely regarded as Asquith's. In *Underground*, directing on his own for the first time, Asquith let loose with all the visual and technical ideas he had soaked up in his years of filmgoing. With German lighting designer Karl Fischer he created the ominous angles and exaggerated stair-rail shadows that frame the seduced and abandoned Kate, while the film's mobile camera and rapid pacing are clearly an homage to German and Soviet cinema. Asquith's camera rides up an escalator as well as atop a train and takes a punch during a pub fight. In the climactic chase sequence, there are 40 shots in perhaps two minutes, as pursuer and pursued burst from the *Metropolis*-like power plant, clamber over rooftops, down a crane, and take a dunk in the river before disappearing into the Underground tunnel.

The *Chicago Tribune* got comic mileage out of Asquith's supposed difficulties shooting on location. In "British Bobby is Agin Making Movies," the paper informs readers that London police told the director to "'op it" as he was setting up a shot outside Westminster Abbey. The reporter waxes indignant that such treatment was given to "the man who, in Shooting Stars, provided patriotic Britishers with practically their sole example of British cinema technique to which they might justifiably point with pride."

This sort of dig at British film was fairly standard for the time, and not just in America or on the Continent; English critics were perhaps the loudest in their complaints about the poor quality of domestic films. Briton Paul Rotha, describing the state of British film in 1930 wrote: "it rests on a structure of false prestige, supported by the flatulent flapdoodle of newspaper writers and the indifferent goodwill of the English people." Part of the problem was the quota system, which went into effect in 1928, the year *Underground* was released, setting minimums on British-made films for both exhibitors and distributors. The quota succeeded in increasing Britain's output from 41 films in 1927 to 92 in 1928, but it also led to the rise of the notorious "quota quickies," cheap films made solely to meet this new legal requirement. On March 24, 1929, the *New York Times* reported that "English films seem to have gotten a reputation for inferiority."

Underground came in for its share of criticism. Low writes that the general public complained about the "distorted" angles and "murky" lighting, while highbrows criticized Asquith as unequipped to understand the common people (an ironic accusation in light of the director's later trade union activism). Rotha wrote sternly that Asquith "has studied the Soviet and German cinema, but has failed to search deep enough." One *Variety* reviewer mocked Asquith's visit to Hollywood: "Asquith … is credited with having studied American production methods in Hollywood … None of it shows in this film." In the same publication, another praises the film because it is better than the average British picture and "it never attempts to ape Hollywood."

This reception seems unfathomable today. Perhaps it was provoked in part by resentment of Asquith's privileged position and rapid rise. Maybe it's that Asquith never had the knack of pleasing critics, particularly not his countrymen. In his *Biographical Dictionary of Cinema*, David Thomson calls Asquith "a dull journeyman supervisor … of proven theatrical properties," referring to Asquith's brilliant adaptations of *Pygmalion* (1938) and *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1952). Certainly Hollywood's commercial ascendancy and Britain's filmic inferiority complex were factors in this critical assessment. Or, maybe it's just that everyone likes to make fun of Britain—the weather, the food, and, back in the 1920s, the films. Léon Moussinac, a French filmmaker and critic, quipped in 1929, "England has never produced a real English film." If Asquith's *Underground* isn't a real English film, whatever that is, it is a thoroughly entertaining one, made by a perennially underrated Englishman, giving us a glimpse of a vanished English world.

—Monica Nolan

Cyril McLaglen and Brian Aherne

Hubert von Meyerinck and Lissy Arna

UNDER THE LANTERN

Musical Accompaniment by the Donald Sosin Ensemble

Directed by Gerhard Lamprecht, Germany, 1928
Cast Lissy Arna (Else Riedel) Gerhard Dammann (Her father) Mathias Wieman (Hans Grothe) Paul Heidemann (Max Thiele) Hubert von Meyerinck (Nevin) Carla Bartheel (Zora) Max Maximilian (Louis) Käte Haack (The Madam) Hilda Schewior (Frieda) Sybil Morel (The old woman) Karl Hannemann (Dance teacher) **Original Language Title** *Unter der Laterne* **Production** Gerhard Lamprecht Production **Scenario** Gerhard Lamprecht and Luise Heilborn-Körbitz **Photography** Karl Hasselmann **Sets** Otto Moldenhauer **Print Source** Deutsche Kinemathek

A study in passion and compassion, filmmaker Gerhard Lamprecht

was a prolific pillar of mainstream German cinema from the 1920s through the 1950s. His unique ability to sustain a career before, during, and after the Third Reich can be attributed to an exceptional talent for telling lucid, rousing screen stories suffused with genuine empathy. A steadfast naturalist who eschewed social criticism, Lamprecht depicted the world as he saw it, but without an overriding desire to stimulate improvement or transformation. He was, more than anything, a dedicated craftsman with a bottomless enthusiasm for filmmaking *and* cinema's potential for gripping, emotional entertainment.

Born in Berlin in 1897, Lamprecht became obsessed at an early age with the revolutionary medium. He began collecting (and cataloging) films at around ten years old and soon became a projectionist, amassing a collection of prints and related materials. When he was 17, he sold his first script. (For a two-reeler, but still an impressive display of writing *and* initiative.) Lamprecht studied acting and appeared onstage, augmenting his formal education in theater and art history with performance experience.

The next step in Lamprecht's career—a job as writer and editor at a production company—was derailed by the Great War, and the wounds he suffered in uniform. Laid up in the hospital, he filled the hours and his notebooks with screenplays. Several were turned into short films after the war, providing Lamprecht with speedy entrée to the movie business. Wasting no time, he made his debut behind the camera in 1920 with one of his scripts, *Es bleibt in der Familie* (*It Runs in the Family*).

A quick study in the grammar of writing, shooting, and editing motion pictures, Lamprecht was more interested in plot than poetry. He wasn't drawn to the expressionist movement and the stylish innovations of Fritz Lang and F.W. Murnau. Lamprecht didn't see himself as an auteur, but as the linchpin of a team working in sync. It was on those terms that he scored a hit with a deft adaptation of Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* (1923).

Lamprecht's respect for craft and story found its symbiosis in Mann's richly textured chronicle of a middle-class family over several generations. Naturally empathetic to the small details, everyday struggles, and dramatic dilemmas of ordinary people, Lamprecht embarked on a trilogy inspired by the working-class Berlin milieu and characters depicted by illustrator and photographer Heinrich Zille.

Simplistically described by critics of the time as "social problem" films, *The Slums of Berlin* (1925), *Children of No Importance* (1926), and T*he Folks*

Upstairs (a.k.a. *People Among Each Other*, 1926) vividly conveyed Lamprecht's compassion for the poorest members of society. His goal was to provoke the audience's sympathy, not to advocate for change. Years later he said that he made films "the way I really was, and didn't force myself in order to get the effect: 'Aha, he's attacking society.'"

Lamprecht didn't need to scapegoat bureaucrats and tar manufactured villains to impact audiences with the Zille trilogy. No one was immune from unemployment, inflation, and insecurity in 1920s Germany, and the formerly stable middle class was acutely aware that very little stood between them and a slide down society's rungs into poverty and misery.

His movies offered moving evidence of the inequality, suffering, and humiliation the German people endured. But in the years to come, perhaps because he was an observer and a storyteller who didn't traffic in agendas, Lamprecht retained his dignity, avoided recruitment as a propagandist for the Third Reich, and continued to make films with barely a hiccup straight through to 1946. We may glean some insight into his temperament from this, and some idea of the way his films were received by audiences.

Under the Lantern extended the writer-director's fascination with Berlin's powerless, preyed-upon, and feverishly scrambling citizens. Released in 1928, the film's use of nonprofessional actors and commitment to shooting on location evoke a documentary-style immediacy that presages neorealism. Although remaining emotionally detached from the plight of his characters proves impossible, Lamprecht lays on the sentiment with a trowel just to be sure.

The film follows a nice young woman, Else, from her ultra-strict father's house to her boyfriend's flat, and eventually to the stage in search of success and its comforts. The cabaret world has its own pitfalls. Reflecting the reality that survival in Berlin was increasingly a matter of working angles and cutting corners—while avoiding those who were more skilled and less ethical than you—Else becomes vulnerable to the manipulations of a venal agent. The loss of self-respect, and the need to eat, pushes her into prostitution. And once a good citizen has fallen to the lower depths, there is only one way out.

Lamprecht's ensuing films included the utterly delightful *Emil and the Detectives* (1931), adapted from Erich Kästner's children's book by screenwriters Billie Wilder (before he fled Germany and Americanized his name) and an uncredited Emeric Pressburger. One of the first talkies produced in Germany, and a masterful bridge between the sound and silent eras, it became an international hit.

As this most fraught of decades progressed, his reputation and commercial success allowed Lamprecht a measure of independence but not absolute autonomy. He made the melodramas *Barcarole* (1935) and *Die Geliebte* (1939), at the behest of the regime, sandwiched around *Madame Bovary* (1937, starring a 40-year-old Pola Negri) and a French-language comic drama *Le joueur* (1938, codirected with French helmer Louis Daquin).

Lamprecht got through the war years in Berlin, shooting films from other people's screenplays. At the end of the war, his beloved city a pile of rubble, Lamprecht was the right man in the right place to write and direct *Somewhere in Berlin* for the newly created Deutsche Film-Aktiengesellschaft (DEFA). Released at the end of 1946, the powerful story centered on a boy who passes the time playing in the ruins with his friends, waiting for his POW father to return. The drama contained the hallmarks of Lamprecht's artfully honed approach: characters grounded in their environment and piercing empathy.

In the mid-1950s, Lamprecht stepped away from filmmaking to focus on his activities as a film historian and archivist. Still a figure of renown in film circles, he sat on the jury for the 1958 Berlin Film Festival with, among others, Frank Capra and Jean Marais. In 1962 Lamprecht accepted the post of founding director of the Deutsche Kinemathek, where his extensive collection of films, documents, and equipment from the early years of German cinema found a home. After five years as head of the museum, Lamprecht was feted with an honorary German Film Award and embarked on another writing project, *Deutsche Stummfilme*, a ten-volume catalog of German silent films spanning 1903 to 1931, which remains the go-to reference on work of the period.

Lamprecht died in 1974, and with the passing decades his array of accomplishments faded from memory, at least outside of Germany. In spite of his devoted efforts to preserve the work and legacy of countless pioneering directors, writers, actors, and cameramen, his own contributions were primarily known only to film scholars and visitors to the Deutsche Kinemathek. Thankfully, the museum's recent 50th anniversary provided an impetus to commission restorations of his Zille trilogy in addition to *Under the Lantern*. The pleasure of rediscovery is all ours.

—Michael Fox

Hubert von Meyerinck, Lissy Arna, Mathias Wieman, and Paul Heidemann

CHOPIN IN THE DARK:

An Interview with Donald Sosin

by Steven Jenkins

By any estimation, Donald Sosin has a pretty terrific job. "It beats selling vacuum cleaners," he joyfully admits. As one of the most accomplished, in-demand, and highly respected composers and performers of silent film scores, his fingers have danced over the piano's 88 keys in ideal accompaniment to beloved classics and obscure gems alike at international venues and festivals. He also frequently collaborates with a host of gifted musicians, including his wife, singer Joanna Seaton, and has written, recorded, and performed more than a thousand scores for silent films. This year, in addition to playing for *Song of the Fishermen*, *The Good Bad Man*, *Seven Years Bad Luck*, and *The Sign of Four*, he joins fellow musicians Günter Buchwald, Frank Bockius, and Sascha Jacobsen to accompany *Under the Lantern*.

What is your earliest musical memory? My mother and grandmother singing Russian and Yiddish lullabies, as well as the children's songs that my father and uncle wrote, which my wife and I still sing to our children. My parents were not professional musicians but were very fond of all kinds of music. I grew up steeped in it, taking piano lessons for many years and listening to everything from chamber and folk to theater and choral.

When I was 14, my family moved to Germany and I was exposed to classical and Gilbert and Sullivan, then Donovan, Ravi Shankar, and all kinds of other things that expanded my musical horizons. I joined a German rock band and continued to study music theory and composition.

Were you a film buff from early on as well? Television and theater were more formative than film in my early years. It wasn't until I arrived at the University of Michigan that I began to see classic silent films. One night in my dorm room a friend brought over a Laurel and Hardy film and, just for fun, I began to play along, improvising some rags. I enjoyed it and told my composition teacher about it. He asked me to step in for him on a job playing along to *The Phantom of the Opera*, and that's really how it all began.

In those early days, did you compose scores ahead of time or rely on your improvisational skills? I didn't write out any full scores but kept notebooks filled with musical themes and continued to improvise on them. I was inspired at that time by William Perry, who wrote music for the PBS series The Silent Years. I wrote to him and we became friends and learned a lot by listening to his treatments of films like *Broken Blossoms*, *Orphans of the Storm*, and *The General*. He had a job playing along with silent films at the Museum of Modern Art and asked me one time if I wanted to sub for him. Of course, I said yes and, when Perry moved on to do other things, I took on the permanent job. In a very short time, I went from being a student musician to being at the top of what you could do with silent films in the late 1970s. It was quite fortuitous.

Is the creative process relatively easy for you, or do you labor intensely over every score and performance? Before, it was like a faucet with just a little drip that I couldn't get any water out of but, when I started meditating, whatever stress was in the way of the flow of musical creativity was unblocked, and suddenly the faucet was wide open. I still meditate twice daily, and when you spend that amount of time basking in silence and in the depth of unboundedness that is the core of that experience, then you can go in any direction. I'm able to play music that is stylistically appropriate for the 1920s or the 1600s, or for science-fiction films.

Considering that type of range, do you approach each project differently? My approach always depends on the specific film. *Under the Lantern* is the third Lamprecht film that I've been commissioned to score by Deutsche Kinemathek. A famous German drinking song runs through the film, and I knew that I had to use it as the basis for different themes, to create various moods. Sometimes I play it straight, and sometimes as if the characters in the singing and dancing scenes are drunk. I spend a lot of time counting beats, watching the dancers' feet, trying to match the music style, tempo, and rhythm to the action as much as possible and not just provide wallpaper music.

The films I score are generally very traditional, so they demand traditional sounds. As a composer and performer, you might choose to go in another direction. Say you add weird ambient music to something like *Broken Blossoms*, you're putting the music ahead of the film. Everyone has his or her own opinion about these things. I always try to be in service to the director, with the music being part of the film along with lighting, costume design, and all other elements. I think about the film much more than trying to impress audiences with, "Look at what nice music I can make."

How aware of the audience are you while performing? It depends on the venue and the film. For comedies, if there's a lot of laughter, my tendency is to play less, but if they're not laughing, I feel like I have to be a tour guide, helping them get the comedy. With very dramatic films, where the emotional level is very high and you can feel there's a lot of silence in the audience, I play quietly and let the film speak for itself. For many scenes in *Under the Lantern*, when the characters are just looking at each other in a room, there's no need for music.

How do you deal with the often unpredictable variables of silent film? I like the challenge and pressure of working in a live situation. Frame rates vary from theater to theater and print to print. In the old days at MoMA, I had a telephone next to the piano and could call the projectionist and ask for the film to be speeded up or slowed down. With digital projection, you can't do anything. If the DCP gets stuck, I try to keep the audience entertained with a bit of Chopin in the dark, or Beatles songs in the styles of different composers. The pianist, now as in the old days, has to be prepared for any contingency. Anything is possible in the world of silent film.

Donald Sosin takes a bow.

THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF MR. WEST IN THE LAND OF THE BOLSHEVIKS

Musical Accompaniment by the Matti Bye Ensemble

Directed by Lev Kuleshov, USSR, 1924
Cast Porfiri Podobed (Mr. John S. West) Boris Barnet (Jeddy, the cowboy) Aleksandra Khokhlova (Countess von Saks) Vsevolod Pudovkin (Zhban) Sergei Komarov (The One-Eyed Man) Leonid Obolensky (The Dandy) Vera Lopatina (Ellie, the American girl) G. Kharlampiev (Senka Svishch) Pyotr Galadzhev (Crook) S. Sletov (Crook) V. Latyshevski (Crook) Andrei Gorchilin (Policeman) **Original Language Title** *Neobychaynyye priklyucheniya Mistera Vesta v strane bol'shevikov* **Production** Goskino **Scenario** Nikolai Aseyev and Vsevolod Pudovkin **Photography** Aleksandr Levitsky **Print Source** Lobster Films

It's 1924 and the kindly, well-meaning Mr. West, a director of the YMCA, decides to undertake an international mission to civilize the Bolsheviks whom he has been told are a pack of wild savages who dress up in animal skins and arm themselves with hammers and sickles. For protection, he brings along his faithful companion, the chaps-wearing cowboy Jeddy and his trusty six-gun.

The noble Christian will win the war against Bolshevism with kindness and a gentle spirit. Upon arriving in Moscow, Mr. West has his valuables stolen by a mysterious gang. The evil leader Zhban declares, "We'll squeeze every last dollar out of him!" Joining in the shakedown are the One-Eyed Man, the Dandy, the Countess, and a few unsavory toughs-for-hire.

Lev Kuleshov took as his point of departure for *Mr. West* the over-the-top calumnies that appeared in the newspapers of Western countries at the time calling the Bolsheviks "savages." Like Jon Stewart watching Fox News for comic inspiration, Kuleshov had the newspapers of the Western powers to draw on. Considering the nature of the source, exaggeration for comic effect seems unnecessary.

Like Jon Stewart watching Fox News for comic inspiration, Kuleshov had the newspapers of the Western powers to draw on.

A dispatch from the London *Times* published in 1919 quotes a British officer as saying that the Bolsheviks are performing unspeakable tortures on their victims, rounding up young girls to place them "at the mercy of the soldiery" and are on the verge of "letting loose the Chinese." "They have declared war on Christianity," he said and, by way of explanation, adds, "Eighty to 90 percent of the commissaries [commissars] are Jews."

In addition to taking a dig at the counterrevolutionaries, Kuleshov used *Mr. West* as an opportunity to implement the cinematic ideas that he had been preparing for years. Kuleshov was one of many young artists inspired by radical art movements like constructivism and Futurism who threw their lot in with the revolution, seeing it as the way for Russia to climb out of centuries of backwardness and oppression.

Vsevolod Pudovkin, Leonid Obolensky, Aleksandra Khokhlova, and Sergei Komarov

For this tongue-in-cheek action film, Kuleshov cleverly used the techniques he first saw in the American films he so admired, especially the quick cutting of Mack Sennett's comedies and the cross-cutting of D.W. Griffith's adventures. The character of Mr. West himself, with his nerdy glasses and five pens in his suit pocket, seems to have been inspired by the screen persona created by Harold Lloyd.

But Kuleshov also sought to invent a new film language with his daring brand of montage, as he cut between different threads in the story often on close-ups, rather than the traditional use of an establishing shot. "It was one of the first Soviet films shot on a level with foreign ones," wrote Kuleshov. "It owed them nothing in terms of its technical and artistic expressiveness."

The Bolsheviks called for cinema to become revolutionary in both form and content. Cameras in hand, youth answered the call. In 1917, Kuleshov was 18, Sergei Eisenstein 19, Dziga Vertov 21, Alexander Dovzhenko 23, Esfir Shub 23, Vsevolod Pudovkin 24. Their aim was nothing less than to change the world.

Although he was among the youngest of the group, Kuleshov proved to be a leading thinker and he became a mentor to the others. Shortly after the 1917 revolution, Kuleshov set up an experimental film workshop at the State Film School. With little film stock to do actual filming, they instead took old film prints and recut them to test different effects.

In the most famous of his experiments, which has become known as the Kuleshov Effect, Kuleshov took a shot of the famous actor Ivan Mosjoukine wearing a blank expression. He then cut this shot with an image of a plate of soup, a girl in a coffin, and a woman on a divan. Audiences marveled at the subtle changes in the actor's face as Mosjoukine reacted with different emotions to the diverse images. In fact, Mosjoukine's expression never changed, it was actually the same shot of him, repeated three times. The Kuleshov Effect demonstrates that the audience draws meaning from any given film image by subconsciously comparing it with the images that come before and after it. The theory of montage was born.

By being able to provide a somewhat scientific basis to explain this aspect of perception, Kuleshov's ideas about montage profoundly influenced Soviet and world cinema, reaching far beyond the influence of his films. The pragmatic Americans used montage instinctively to obtain results; Kuleshov, the Russian theorist, explained how montage works and how the audience participates in the creation of a film's meaning. He concluded, "Film art begins the moment the director begins to combine and join together the various pieces of film."

The farcical MR. WEST seemed an appropriate pain reliever for the times.

Kuleshov was born in 1899 in the town of Tambov southeast of Moscow. After his father's death in 1910, he and his mother moved to Moscow where he studied at the School of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture and began designing sets for the Khanzhonkov Film Studio. In his first film, *The Project of Engineer Prite* (1917), he experimented with editing and the use of the close-up. In 1920, he continued his experiments by combining documentary footage he took in war zones with acted sequences for *On the Red Front*.

In 1920, Kuleshov also formed his Cinema Workshop, which became the group of collaborators with whom he made *Mr. West*. The workshop included Vsevelod Pudovkin, Leonid Obolensky, and Aleksandra Khokhlova (whom Kuleshov later married), all of whom play major roles in *Mr. West*, as did another great Soviet director, Boris Barnet.

When *Mr. West* was released, the young Soviet republic was still recovering from the devastation of the Civil War (1918–20) piled upon the catastrophe of World War I (1914–18). *Mr. West*, with its farcical humor and its lampooning of the capitalist world, seemed an appropriate pain reliever for the times.

The leader of the revolution, Vladimir Lenin, died in January of that year, and subsequent changes to the government were to have a profound effect on Soviet films as a growing conservatism led to the rise of Stalin. State organs of cinema constantly criticized the innovations of Kuleshov and other filmmakers in order to restrain the artistic freedom that had previously been allowed to flourish.

Kuleshov's next film after *Mr. West*, *Death Ray* (1925), was a science-fiction thriller with a screenplay by Pudovkin, based on a story by Tolstoy. Predictably, it, too, was attacked for not being political enough. After *Death Ray* came *By the Law* (1926), a gritty drama of fortune seekers in the Klondike Gold Rush, from a story by Jack London. It was criticized as reflecting a negative view of human nature.

By the early 1930s, Stalin's bureaucracy, now in full control, officially declared all forms of avant-garde art to be bourgeois. Filmmakers like Pudovkin, Vertov, Eisenstein, and Dovzhenko played along with the demands of the new art paradigm that became known as socialist realism, so they could continue to work. But the excitement and innovation of the early days was gone forever.

Kuleshov was able to make another 15 or so films in spite of falling into official disfavor. After being censured in 1935, he stopped directing for several years to devote himself exclusively to teaching and writing. His final film, *We the Urals*, a documentary codirected with Khokhlova, came out in 1943. At this point Kuleshov had made his peace with the bureaucracy as well, and he was trusted enough to be appointed academic rector of the Gerasimov Institute of Cinematography. In 1969, only months before his death, he was awarded the highest honor in the Soviet Union, the Order of Lenin.

Kuleshov was well aware of what he had accomplished in his career, and so were his colleagues and comrades. In a foreword to one of their mentor's early writings, members of his experimental workshop wrote, "We make films. Kuleshov made cinematography."

—Miguel Pendás

Aleksandra Khokhlova and Vsevolod Pudovkin

Photofest

Max Linder

SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK

Musical Accompaniment by Donald Sosin and Frank Bockius

Directed by Max Linder, USA, 1921
Cast Max Linder (Max) Alta Allen (Betty, his fiancée) Ralph McCullough (John, his valet) Betty Peterson (Mary, his maid) F.B. Crayne (His false friend) Chance Ward (The conductor) Hugh Sazon (The station master) Thelma Percy (The station master's daughter) Cap Anderson (A jail bird) **Production** Max Linder Productions **Scenario** Max Linder **Photography** Charles J. Van Enger **Print Source** Lobster Films

Gabriel-Maximilien Leuvielle, better known as Max Linder, began his movie career in 1905. Working for France's Pathé-Frères until 1914, he made more than 400 films, quickly becoming *the* studio's major star, portraying a French dandy, always elegant and usually desperately in trouble while trying to keep his dignity. According to film historian Richard Abel, "Linder's idea was to impersonate a normal man in situations whose comic force arose from annoyances. The situation, not gestures or acrobatic feats, became the source of laughter."

Just as his celebrity peaked at the beginning of World War I, Linder left for the battlefront, where he suffered injuries from poison gas attacks. When he returned from the war in 1915, France's film industry had been reduced to almost nothing and he turned to the U.S. to continue his career. In 1916, Linder accepted an offer from George K. Spoor of the Chicago-based film company Essanay, which was scrambling to make up for the recent loss of its most popular star, Charlie Chaplin. Linder was able to make films on both sides of the Atlantic for the next ten years.

Max plays a French dandy, always elegant and usually desperately in trouble while trying to keep his dignity.

Then, on October 31, 1925, his life ended tragically. Linder had taken an intentional overdose of barbiturates in Vienna the year before and, the following fall, killed his young wife, then himself, in an apparent suicide pact. The untimely death of the French superstar cast a shadow over 20 years of success and left behind only his one-year-old daughter, Maud, who did not know of her parentage until she was 21. A few years after Linder's death, sound cinema arrived, and silent films were all but forgotten.

Early Pathé productions have been preserved by the company, which owned the negatives, and by the French film archives of the CNC (Centre national du cinéma et de l'image animée). Linder's name survived as one of the first comic stars of cinema because some of his French films were distributed widely by Pathé in 28mm, 16mm, and 9.5mm, gauges designed for home viewing that came into use in the late teens and 1920s. Even as cinema converted to sound, home projection remained mostly silent. Linder's films could still be shown to children, who later remembered and kept the legend alive.

In his second sojourn in the States, from 1921 to 1922, Linder made three American feature films under the banner of his own production company. *Seven Years Bad Luck*, *Be My Wife*, and *The Three Must-Get Theres* suffered an even worse fate than his French films. Released in the U.S. as five-reelers, they were abridged for release in Europe. When the American rights to the films expired in 1933, the executor of the Linder estate, who unfortunately knew nothing of cinema, asked for the U.S negatives

to be destroyed (he had the European ones already). In 1953, the executor sold the rights back to Maud Linder.

Portions of these American-made films resurfaced in the '50s, which allowed Linder's daughter to release *Pop Goes the Cork*, a compilation film that included the complete *Seven Years Bad Luck* along with two clips from the other two features. Unfortunately, the images were cropped and projected at sound speed. *Be My Wife* was later found to survive in two incomplete prints—one at Milan's Cineteca Italiana and one at France's Lobster—that completed each other. The two prints were reassembled and restored digitally.

The Three Must-Get-Theres, a sendup of Douglas Fairbanks's *The Three Musketeers*, is considered Linder's American masterpiece. Bombing during World War II destroyed the original nitrate source and the film was long thought to survive only as a condensed 16mm print that had been duplicated from the Gerhard Lamprecht Collection by Germany's Reichsfilmsarchiv in 1942. Its restoration began with a reconstruction from incomplete German, Dutch, and Russian prints, all deriving from the European four-reel negative—the original five-reel version seems lost forever. It was cleaned up at Lobster Films in 2010, and the only original surviving titles, in German, have been readapted to English based on the style of the day and other related documentation.

Seven Years Bad Luck, Linder's first American feature, survived in an original 1925 nitrate print discovered in the René Charles collection at Lobster Films. It was enhanced by a few shots taken from a 16mm original Kodascope print produced for home use, which is why brief scenes are in softer focus. Unfortunately, nothing else survives. No complete original print of any of these three American comedies has yet been found in the States.

Despite these flaws, *Seven Years Bad Luck* is a jewel of comedy. Linder plays his usual "Max" character, trying to convince his girlfriend he is faithful, but, of course, the harder he tries, the less he succeeds. Imaginative, with never a dull moment, it mixes visual art and classic slapstick comedy with surrealistic moments and a special "French touch." It features an extended "human mirror" gag early in the film that the Marx Brothers later made famous in *Duck Soup*.

In the early '20s, Linder was living in Los Angeles and had access to the gagmen working for the likes of Chaplin and Keaton. He had a staff and a leisurely production timeline compared to his rapid-fire schedule in France. He once wrote of making films in the U.S.: "I never fully realized how unimportant is the amount of film used and the number of times a scene is shot. In France, we count the number of meters shot as if there was some set relation to the length of the finished film." With this newfound insight, he sharpened his scripts as never before. In turn, Linder influenced Chaplin, who once inscribed a photo to the French star, "To the Professor, from his Disciple."

—Serge Bromberg

Max Linder

It Reminded Him of the Battle-fields

by Max Linder

From the September 1917 issue of Motion Picture magazine's "Stories That Are True" feature, which included production tales by Douglas Fairbanks, Fanny Ward, George Larkin, and others. A news item earlier in the same issue reported on Linder's skillful horsemanship and adept piloting but also revealed that "owing to complications which developed from a wound suffered in the war, [Linder] will abandon for the time being, the rigorous program to which he subjected himself."

War, Monsieur, is not so terrifying as one who has not been in it may conceive. Pardon me if I remind you that I have had the experience—two long years of it. But, as a motor dispatch-bearer for France, I felt no horror, particularly, at what fate might be hovering over me, preparing to strike the next moment. The Great Divine, it seems, has provided at least one single solace in this game of life and death. He has made the bullets, the shrapnel and the tremendous bombs to fly so quickly at us that we cannot see them. And what we cannot see, we do not fear so much.

In truth, I have had some experiences in the production of my cinema-plays which have filled me with more terror, momentarily, than battlefield ventures. I shall mention the last of such, for it is the most vivid now in my mind. I had conceived what you might call a "thriller" as a scene in my third Essanay comedy, "Max in a Taxi." Having been disinherited by my wealthy father, the scenario directed that I lie down in front of an onrushing express-train, thus to doff my life-burdens. The train was to rush down upon me; all would be over—but no! Within ten feet of where I lay was to be a switch, which the audience has not perceived. And even as the engine's pilot stretched forth to snuff out my life, the train suddenly was to strike the switch, swerve to a side-track and whizz past, leaving me and my life-burden intact.

The scene was filmed without a flaw. I lay down upon the track; the huge express-train rushed up to within ten feet of me. The switch opened and it swung to the left and past. Yet during the fleet second of the action, the terrible horror almost paralyzed me—What if by some unforeseen accident the switch refused to open? Here was death which I could see hurtling directly at me. I could not escape it.

As I said before, all went well. But as I arose from that track, I felt almost a craving, Monsieur, for the battlefields again. There, at least, I did not have to look at the death as it rushed at me or I rushed at it.

Kinuyo Tanaka and Joji Oka

DRAGNET GIRL

Piano Accompaniment by Günter Buchwald

Directed by Yasujiro Ozu, Japan, 1933
Cast Kinuyo Tanaka (Tokiko) Joji Oka (Joji) Sumiko Mizukubo (Kazuko) Koji Mitsui, as Hideo Mitsui (Hiroshi, Kazuko's brother) **Original Language Title** *Hijosen no onna* **Production** Shochiku Kamata **Scenario** Tadao Ikeda, based on an idea by Ozu, as James Maki **Photography** Hideo Mohara **Editing** Kazuo Ishikawa and Minoru Kuribayashi **Art Direction** Yoneichi Wakita **Print Source** Janus Films

Yasujiro Ozu has a reputation as one of the greatest filmmakers in history. His legacy was forged almost exclusively from a series of films he made in the years between Japan's defeat in World War II and the director's death in 1963, at age 60. Fifteen films in as many years, virtually all minimalist contemplations of domestic life: *Late Spring* (1949), *Early Summer* (1951), *Early Spring* (1956), *Tokyo Twilight* (1957), *Good Morning* (1959), *Late Autumn* (1960), and *The End of Summer* (1961), among them. His 1953 masterpiece, *Tokyo Story*, was rated by critics third in the most recent British Film Institute poll of the greatest films of all time.

Reverential supporters declare Ozu the "most Japanese" of directors, a notion predicated on his penchant for placing the camera in a perfectly chosen spot—typically at a level simulating the eyeline of someone kneeling on a tatami mat—and photographing the scripted scenes with virtually no "technique." Paul Schrader once notably called the result "transcendental style," a meditative, nonintrusive approach to storytelling that was Ozu's artistic signature. His commitment to it was so profound his gravestone is marked with the single Japanese character representing "nothingness."

Dragnet Girl, made in 1933, was not unearthed until the mid-1970s—after the critical establishment had anointed Ozu the most sincere and serene of cinema artists, elevating him above his fellow countrymen Kenji Mizoguchi and Akira Kurosawa. *Dragnet Girl* is a movie filled with unexpected pleasures and inspired thrills—perhaps the greatest (for me) being the slack-jawed incredulity it induces when you discover that Ozu—His Serene Highness—once directed a Warner Bros. gangster picture.

Of course, *Dragnet Girl* wasn't made in Hollywood. It was made at the Shochiku studios in Tokyo, where ten years earlier Ozu had begun his movie career as an assistant cameraman. He'd spent most of the days and nights of his childhood watching American movies in local Japanese cinemas—something evident in the silent films (35 in all, mostly comedies and melodramas) that he directed for Shochiku. His love of Hollywood culminated in the creation of this peculiar Japanese-American netherworld, one that could only blossom within a darkened movie theater. We're familiar with the trans-Atlantic variety of this Hollywood love affair, having seen it manifested in Godard, Truffaut, and Melville … but to see it appear 25 years before the *nouvelle vague*—in an *Ozu* film? This film is truly revelatory.

This film is truly revelatory.

Joji, a former boxer who's now a gang leader, played by stunningly handsome Joji Oka, is a role that would have fit Cagney like a snappy fedora. His devoted moll Tokiko (Kinuyo Tanaka) is a feisty working girl Joan Blondell would have played to a fare-thee-well. The seedy demimonde of cramped tenements, smoky pool halls, and sweaty boxing gyms is recognizable from dozens of Depression-era

potboilers made on the Warner lot. To create his own trans-Pacific gangland fantasia, Ozu went so far as to dress the sets with imported American signage. (Who knew that Jack Dempsey was boxing in Japan!)

The material may feel familiar, but Ozu handles it in his unique fashion. Considering that long, static takes later became his trademark, it's a kick to witness the delight he takes in moving the camera. It studiously swirls around inanimate objects, floats surreptitiously down hallways, prowls like a cat after striding feet, gazes at a street streaking past in the reflection of a speeding roadster's headlamp. Ozu's devotion to cinematic possibility is palpable, at times even delirious—and to contemporary eyes, remarkably progressive.

Ozu's innovations weren't limited to camerawork. He made provocative use of *sound*—even though Japan hadn't fully transitioned to talkies. Characters react to offscreen sounds and Ozu occasionally uses dialogue as a transition between scenes—in a *silent* film! The man was clearly anxious for the technical aspects of filmmaking to catch up with his creativity.

Some of the director's notions could be off-putting, such as his disregard for the spatial logic of eyelines. Keeping the camera on one side of the action, not breaking the sacrosanct 180-degree barrier—it's a basic rule of moviemaking. Ozu often blithely ignored it. Such weirdness is evident in the scene between Joji and "good girl" Kazuko (Sumiko Mizukubo)—they talk to each other, looking into each other's eyes—while both face the same direction! To dismiss this as a young director "learning his craft" would be wrong—it's a stylistic quirk that persisted through all Ozu's films.

Something equally revelatory about *Dragnet Girl* is its unmistakable homosexual subtext. When Tokiko confronts Kazuko in a classic "stay away from my man" showdown—Ozu throws a twist by suggesting—in his typically elliptical manner—that the meeting ends not with a bang, but with a kiss. In subsequent scenes, Tokiko giddily reveals that she now shares Joji's infatuation with Kazuko.

Hanging heavily over this otherwise lightweight melodrama is the story of Hiroshi (Koji Mitsui), Kazuko's brother, who longs to be a boxer and yakuza—because he's in thrall to the dashing Joji. Ozu comes daringly close to abandoning his usual obliqueness when depicting Hiroshi's ardor for male companionship and camaraderie. It's clear Kazuko isn't trying to save her brother from a criminal life, but from a different "deviant" lifestyle.

The camera studiously swirls around inanimate objects, floats surreptitiously down hallways, prowls like a cat after striding feet.

In this regard, Ozu was himself a mystery. Speculation that he was gay is largely based on his being a lifelong bachelor who spent his entire civilian life with his mother (other than military service, where he suffered six months in a British POW camp). In his teens, he reportedly was expelled from school for writing a love letter to a male student. What significance, if any, Ozu's sexual orientation had on his art is debatable—but it's fascinating to find, among the artifice of this early genre film, the director's most thinly veiled depiction of homosexuality.

But wait … this film is not all about Yasujiro Ozu. Praise is also due the *Dragnet Girl* herself, Kinuyo Tanaka. The easiest way to explain her place in history is to call her "the Japanese Ida Lupino"—she was performing in musicals and light opera by the age of 11, working as a film actress by 14, became one of the biggest stars in Japan—adept at musicals, comedies, or dramas—in her early 20s. As she matured, Tanaka became *the* essential actress for Japan's greatest directors. Besides performing in ten films for Ozu, she worked dozens of times with Hiroshi Shimizu, Yasujiro Shimazu, Heinosuke Gosho, Mikio Naruse, and Keisuke Kinoshita. She made 15 films with Kenji Mizoguchi, including three masterpieces in a row—*The Life of Oharu* (1952), *Ugetsu* (1953), and *Sansho the Bailiff* (1954).

That would be enough for any career, but Tanaka had much more to offer, making her directorial debut in 1953 with the film *Love Letters*. Her next, *The Moon Has Risen* (1955), was coscripted by Ozu himself. She went on to direct four more features, while maintaining her status as one of the nation's most esteemed actresses, working up until her death in 1977, at age 66. The unpredictably expressive young woman we see in *Dragnet Girl* was already on her way to becoming the leading lady of Japanese cinema.

—Eddie Muller

Kinuyo Tanaka and Joji Oka

Magda Holm and Einar Axelsson

THE GIRL IN TAILS

Musical Accompaniment by the Mont Alto Motion Picture Orchestra

Directed by Karin Swanström, Sweden, 1926
Cast Einar Axelsson (Ludwig von Battwhyl) Magda Holm (Katja Kock) Nils Arehn (Carl Axel Kock, Katja and Curry's father) Georg Blomstedt (Starck, the headmaster) Karin Swanström (Widow Hyltenius) Erik Zetterström (Curry, Katja's brother) Carina May (Eva Björck, Curry's girlfriend) Lotten Olsson (Karolina Willman, doctor) Anna-Lisa Baude-Hansen (Lotten Brenner, doctor) Gösta Gustafson (Björner, lawyer) **Original Language Title** *Flickan i frack* **Production** AB Biografernas Filmdepôt **Scenario** Hjalmar Bergman, based on his novel, and Ivar Johansson **Photography** Ragnar Westfelt Editor Ivar Johansson **Title Design** Alva Lundin **Print Source** Swedish Film Institute

Between the late 1910s and the mid-1920s, Swedish films earned worldwide acclaim for their artistic production values, epic or literary themes, and spectacular imagery. Made by directors such as Mauritz Stiller and Victor Sjöström, these big-budget prestige pictures are the reason that the era became known as the "Golden Age of Swedish Cinema." During the same period, Swedish studios also produced smaller films with modern settings and stories, often comedies or domestic dramas aimed at local audiences. *The Girl in Tails* is one of those "everyday" movies. It is one of four feature films directed by Karin Swanström in the 1920s, only two of which survive, along with a fragment of a third.

A satire of small-town life, it makes some serious feminist points in the guise of a lighthearted comedy.

The Girl in Tails is based on a comic novel by Hjalmar Bergman, one of several he wrote about the denizens of Wadköping, a fictional town in central Sweden based on the writer's hometown of Örebro. Critics have compared the detailed universe Bergman creates in the Wadköping stories—a prosperous small city with precise social strata—to the works of Balzac. Bergman, a tortured soul addicted to both drugs and alcohol, was one of Sweden's leading novelists, and also a playwright and screenwriter who had collaborated on several films with Victor Sjöström. In 1924, he followed Sjöström to Hollywood, where he became involved in developing a new lighting technology, but returned home after less than four months. Bergman adapted his own novel for *Girl in Tails*. Perhaps reflecting its literary source, the movie is more dependent than most silent films on intertitles to deliver some of its zingers, such as referring to a group of female relatives living at a country estate as "a wild herd of learned women."

But there is also plenty of physical comedy in the satire of small-town life, which makes some serious feminist points in the guise of a lightheartened comedy. Katja, played by Magda Holm, is the daughter of a widowed inventor who relies on her to run his household but pays little attention to her needs. Both Katja and her brother Curry are graduating, and there will be a dance to celebrate. Curry has a new tuxedo for the occasion, but their father sees no need to give his daughter money for a new dress. So Katja dresses up in Curry's tux and attends the dance, smoking cigars, drinking brandy, and shocking the locals. Director Swanström gives herself a juicy role as the widow of a prominent minister, an imperious battle-ax who is the town's social arbiter.

Director Swanström was called "the most beautiful middle-aged lady with acting ability one could hope to find."

Today, Swanström is a footnote in film history, a Swedish studio talent scout who is credited with discovering Ingrid Bergman. But during the 1920s and '30s, Swanström—a character actress, director, and studio executive—was one of the most powerful people in the Swedish film industry.

She entered films relatively late in life. Born in 1873, she graduated from the Royal Dramatic Theater School in 1892 and spent the next seven years with various theater companies before moving to Helsinki to develop the performing arts program at the Swedish Theater. Five years later, she returned to Sweden and formed her own touring company, which lasted into the 1920s. Swanström made her film acting debut in Mauritz Stiller's *De landsflyktige* (*In Self-Defense*, 1921). One critic called her "the most beautiful middle-aged lady with acting ability one could hope to find." In 1923, she became the production manager of the new film studio Bonnierfilm, launched by the publishing company Albert Bonniers Förlag primarily to make film versions of their literary properties. That first year, the studio produced four films, including Swanström's directing debut, *Boman på utställningen* (*Boman at the Exhibition*), in which she played the female lead. She also acted in two others and oversaw all four of the studio's productions.

The following year, Bonnierfilm released only one picture, and Swanström played a supporting role in it. She also had a supporting role in Mauritz Stiller's *Gösta Berlings saga*, a Svensk Filmindustri production that brought Greta Garbo to the world's attention. Bonnierfilm's only 1925 production was *Kalle Utter*, directed by Swanström and adapted once again by Hjalmar Bergman. Even though the movie was a hit, Bonnierfilm went out of business. Swanström's next directorial effort was *Flygande höllarden* (*The Flying Dutchman*, 1925), not the classic myth, but a romantic comedy, and it was a flop. Her final film as director was *The Girl in Tails*. Swedish critics called it "a sparkling comedy" and praised Swanström's direction as "resourceful and effective." Film critic for the London *Daily Mail* Iris Barry (the future founder of the film department of New York's Museum of Modern Art) wrote, "Karin Swanström has directed a singularly human and sincere picture."

In the 1920s and '30s, Swanström remained busy as an actress, appearing in nearly 50 films. In 1933, she became artistic director and head of film production at Svensk Filmindustri, Sweden's major studio, a position she held until shortly before her death in 1942. During that period, the studio was at its height of prestige and influence, and Swanström became one of the most powerful women in the Swedish film industry and is credited with discovering several future stars.

Several sources have told the story of Swanström's discovery of Ingrid Bergman, including Bergman herself in her memoirs: how Swanström bought her flowers from a friend of Bergman's late father, how the florist introduced the two women, and how Swanström urged director Gustav Molander to give Bergman a screen test. The two women acted together in the film that really launched Bergman's career, *Swedenhielms* (1935), also based on a Hjalmar Bergman play. By then, the writer was dead of an overdose of morphine and alcohol. Swanström gave one of her best performances in that film as the good-hearted housekeeper. The two actresses made two more films together, including *Juninatten* (*A Night in June*, 1939), Bergman's final Svensk Filmindustri picture before leaving for Hollywood.

It's not clear what ended Swanström's tenure at the studio in 1941. One source says she was forced to resign, "possibly because of some screenplay plagiarism." Others refer to the memoirs of actress Birgit Tengroth, with its negative portrayal of Swanström as a "Machiavellian power figure." For whatever reason, her career was over, and she died soon after leaving the studio. Swanström's achievement as the first woman in a major leadership role in the Swedish film industry is little known outside of Sweden, and even there she is largely forgotten. No biographies have been written about her.

Over the years, several other Swedish actresses have become directors, from Mai Zetterling in the 1960s to Pernilla August in the 2010s. Today, about 20 percent of all feature films made in Sweden are by women directors, and the Swedish Film Institute has a policy that half of the feature films it funds will be directed by women. In 2014, Frida Westerberg became the chief operating officer at Svensk Filmindustri. Westerberg has another historical connection to Karin Swanström: she previously held leadership positions at the Bonnier Group. Sweden's international media conglomerate and part owner of Svensk Filmindustri, Bonnier Group traces its history back 200 years and includes that short-lived film studio that put Swanström in charge.

—Margarita Landazuri

Einar Axelsson and Magda Holm

Eille Norwood

THE SIGN OF FOUR

Musical Accompaniment by Donald Sosin and Guenter Buchwald

Directed by Maurice Elvey, Great Britain, 1923
Cast Eille Norwood (Sherlock Holmes) Arthur Cullin (Dr. Watson) Isobel Elsom (The Girl, Mary Morstan) Norman Page (The man with the withered leg, Jonathan Small) Arthur Bell (The Police Inspector, Inspector Athelney Jones) Henry Wilson (The Pygmy, Tonga) Humberston Wright (The Thief, Dr. Thaddeus Sholto) Frederick Raynham (The Prince, Abdullah Khan) Madame D'Esterre (The Housekeeper, Mrs. Hudson) **Production** Stoll Film Company **Scenario** Maurice Elvey, based on the novel by Arthur Conan Doyle **Photography** John J. Cox and Alfred H. Moises **Set Design** Walter W. Murton **Print Source** BFI, courtesy of Austin Shaw

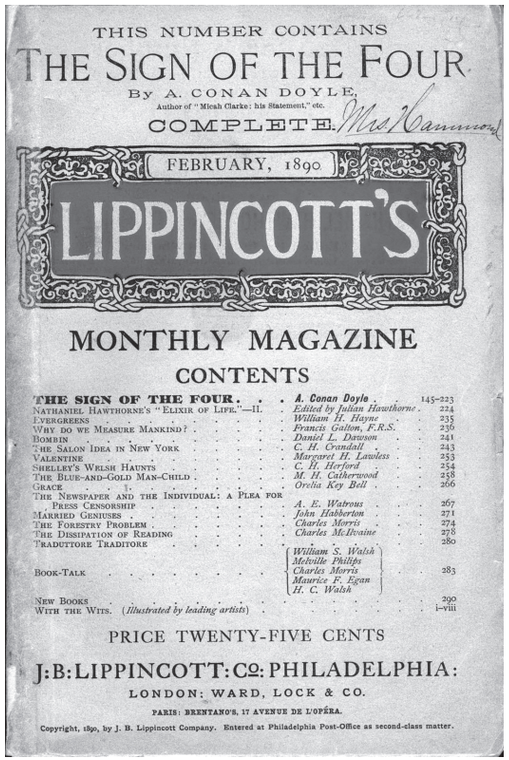
Each generation has its own screen Sherlock Holmes. Today it is Benedict Cumberbatch; in the '80s Jeremy Brett; in the '40s (and for all time) Basil Rathbone—Holmeses who define the look and manner of the master detective. For the silent era, the great cinematic Holmes was Eille Norwood. Although by no means the first Sherlock Holmes on the screen (Holmes had been appearing in movies since the Mutoscope era), he was the first iconic Holmes. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was impressed enough with Norwood to say of him, "He has that rare quality which can only be described as glamour, which compels you to watch an actor eagerly when he is doing nothing. He has a brooding eye which excites expectation and he has a quite unrivaled power of disguise."

> **"He has that rare quality which can only be described as glamour, which compels you to watch an actor eagerly when he is doing nothing."**

Norwood still holds the record for having appeared in more Sherlock Holmes films than any other actor—no fewer than 45 two-reelers, virtually all the Holmes stories Sir Arthur had written up to that time, and in two of the four novels: *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and, the jewel in the crown, *The Sign of Four.* He was successful enough that a play was written for him, *The Return of Sherlock Holmes,* which, with Conan Doyle's blessing, opened on the West End and toured the United Kingdom. Only William Gillette, America's legendary stage actor who had made a career portraying Holmes since his theatrical version of *Sherlock Holmes* opened in 1899, surpassed him in popularity and critical acclaim.

That rivalry helps explain why you might not have heard of Norwood. Although his Sherlock Holmes career lasted through the better part of the 1920s, only a small fraction of his one-reelers appeared over here, and they came and went in record time. Of his two features, only the greatly inferior *The Hound of the Baskervilles* was exhibited and, competing with the Goldwyn version of *Sherlock Holmes* starring John Barrymore, sank without a trace. What kept the rest of Norwood's output off American screens, however, was the circumstance of their production.

The films were caught up in an ongoing feud between Goldwyn and Sir Oswald Stoll, the man who produced the Norwood series for his new company, Stoll Picture Productions. That feud began in 1919, when Stoll was principally a film exhibitor, and became entangled in a contract dispute over screening



THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "Micah Clarke: his Statement," etc.

COMPLETE.

FEBRUARY, 1890

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Goldwyn's A-line features. And by 1923 when Stoll's Picture Production company had established itself as Britain's foremost studio, the feud was still festering, fueled by a separate disagreement that pitted Conan Doyle against William Gillette. At stake was who owned the theatrical and film rights to the title *Sherlock Holmes*: the author of the original stories, or the author of the world-famous play. Gillette had sold Goldwyn rights to his famous play a year after Conan Doyle had sold film rights to the stories to Stoll. So Goldwyn, as was his wont, sued to have the rival series suppressed. And although he lost the lawsuit, it had achieved its purpose. Feeling American distribution was not worth the candle (Stoll was also having difficulty with his American distributor, Educational Pictures), Stoll withdrew the films from the U.S. and focused on the extremely lucrative markets in Europe, Australia, and Japan.

Americans until recently had no idea what they were missing: beautifully produced films with a flair for pace and local color, often shot on actual locations where the original stories took place. *The Sign of Four* was the last in the series, the culmination of three years experience with movies about the great detective. The Stoll *Sign* cannot be called a faithful adaptation, but it shows off Maurice Elvey's skills not just as Stoll's leading director, but also as a writer reworking the novel in an imaginative way, especially sensitive to melodramatic thrills. Enough of the original story has been retained to make it recognizable: an escaped convict from the Andaman Islands with his faithful pygmy companion pursues a stolen treasure chest in London, swearing revenge on the men who cheated him. But great liberties have been taken in order to streamline the story.

The convict, one-legged Jonathan Small in the original, and his deadly friend have been demoted to incidental characters, semi-innocent bystanders, meaning that they no longer take part in the brilliant chase down the Thames. The Four mentioned in the original title are, in fact, no longer Small and his loyal Sikh confederates, but a backstabbing set of scoundrels out to cheat each other. The new villain, the swarthy Abdullah Khan, introduced in a scene carved out of Conan Doyle's Holmes short story "A Scandal in Bohemia," heads an original gang of cutthroats who murder and kidnap as they go along.

If Elvey plays fast and loose with Sir Arthur's original story, Norwood is a stickler for portraying the detective as Conan Doyle wrote him. As we might expect of a serious actor, he studied the stories and used Sidney Paget's *Strand* illustrations for clues about costume and posture. But more than that, he worked through the stories to give the detective a fresh, distinctive inner life.

In a May 1921 edition of *Stoll's Editorial News*, he wrote, "My idea of Holmes is that he is absolutely quiet. Nothing ruffles him, but he is a man who intuitively seizes on points without revealing that he has done so, and nurses them with complete inaction until the moment when he is called upon to exercise his wonderful detective powers. Then he is like a cat—the person he is after is the only person in all the world, and he is oblivious of everything else till his quarry is run to earth. The last thing in the world that he looks like is a detective. There is nothing of the hawk-eyed sleuth about him. His powers of observation are but the servant of his powers of deduction, which enable him, as it were, to see around corners, and cause him, incidentally, to be constantly amused at the blindness of his faithful Watson, who is never able to understand his methods."

"His powers of observation are but the servant of his powers of deduction"—a remarkable insight. We might have expected the opposite from an actor working in a visual medium that favors visual data over logical exercises. Norwood gives himself interesting challenges by finding ways to dramatize how his thought processes work.

Watson, as ever in the silent Holmes films, is the Achilles heel. In these pre-Nigel Bruce days, he barely registers as Holmes's partner, and the theme of a famous friendship, so important in all post-Rathbone films, is, here, all but ignored. The Stoll films were, in fact, unusual in including Watson at all. Customarily, in the silent era his part was omitted altogether. In *Sign of Four* he is little more than room furniture, so bland that he seems dull even when being tortured. True to the original story, he falls in love with Mary Morstan and we end with him abandoning Holmes to his violin and briar. The inside joke is that even his sweetheart has been borrowed. In real life, Isobel Elsom, the actress playing Mary, was married to Eille Norwood.

—Russell Merritt

Eille Norwood

Lissy Arna and Siegfried Arno

HARBOR DRIFT

Musical Accompaniment by Stephen Horne and Frank Bockius

Directed by Leo Mittler, Germany, 1929
Cast Lissy Arna (The Prostitute) Paul Rehkopf (The Beggar) Fritz Genschow (The Unemployed Man) Siegfried Arno (The Fence) Friedrich Gnas (The Sailor) Margarethe Kupfer (The Landlady), with Jean Toulout **Original Language Title** *Jenseits der Strasse* **Production** Prometheus-Film **Producer** Willi Münzenberg **Scenario** Jan Fethke and Willy Döll **Photography** Friedl Behn-Grund **Sets** Robert Scharfenberg and Carl P. Haacker **Special Effects** Eugen Schüfftan and Fritz Maurischat **Artistic Advisor** Willy Döll **Print Source** Bundesarchiv-Filmarchiv, Berlin

The worldwide call for the proletariat to lose its collective chains was answered not just by the Russian people. The German communists, too, shed blood on their country's streets and scaffolds, mostly the highly politicized vanguard, fighting for ideals and bread on behalf of workers too deeply impoverished and worn out by World War I and its chaotic aftermath to act for the greater good. That movies could be a tool in that struggle occurred first to the Soviets, whose leader famously declared cinema the most important of arts and, at first, gave free rein to its boldest and brightest so they could create a new visual stimulus to motivate, mobilize, *move* the masses. German communists (and socialists) kept things small in the beginning, making their version of agitprop in the form of short informational documentaries to help fundraise for the global workers struggle.

...the best of German cinema's unchained camera and chiaroscuro shadows...

Communist honcho and Weimar-era would-be media mogul Willi Münzenberg was head of Workers International Relief when it produced and distributed films to raise awareness and money for victims of the Russian famine in 1921. He later orchestrated the successful (and controversial) premiere of Sergei Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin* in Berlin and injected capital into Soviet film production. Incubator of the other-worldly Marxist fantasy *Aelita*, Boris Barnet's joyful *Girl with the Hatbox*, and three by Pudovkin, including *The End of St. Petersburg*, Mezhrabpom-Rus recognized the obvious benefits of exporting to a large, appreciative movie audience such as the Germans, especially after the upstart Bolsheviks had been spurned by the world's markets. When the Weimar government (heavily lobbied, one can presume, by the conservative uber-studio Ufa) required foreign distributors to also produce domestically, Münzenberg pooled resources and radicals to form a Berlin-based studio, Prometheus-Films. According to film historian Marc Silberman, Prometheus released "as many as 15 films a year between 1927 and 1930" before going bankrupt in 1932. *Harbor Drift* was one of those films.

Using the best of German cinema's unchained camera and chiaroscuro shadows as well as Soviet perspective-bending camera angles, *Harbor Drift* meant to capitalize on the popularity of *strassefilm* to convey the plight of the downtrodden. A hooker, a beggar, an out-of-work longshoreman, and a fence all dream of deliverance through one purloined pearl necklace. Documentary footage shot of unemployed dockworkers, which film historian Anton Kaes says is attributed to the film's original director, Albrecht Viktor Blum, lent a gritty authenticity. When Blum fell ill, Mittler, a theater director from Vienna with a couple films to his credit, took over. Its artful, concise

storytelling creates a longing for the silent era to continue so more such films could be made and, simultaneously, a resignation that the era must have reached its natural end, as there could be nothing more poetic and true than this particular cinematic expression.

Harbor Drift hasn't the upbeat—if strident—optimism of its sister productions in Russia. Soviet characters were liberating Mars, toppling tsars, and finding love as self-sufficient and magnanimous hatmakers. The Germans, forced to endure the entire Great War and bear the burden of reparations, were stuck with the namby-pamby Weimar, trying to toe a moderate line between the increasingly murderous right and the incessantly bickering left. Their pessimism showed. Besides its gloomy *strassefilme* aesthetics, *Harbor Drift*'s narrative arc circles back to the same bad news from the opening and the grim reality that only fat cats still have the leisure to leer at a pair of pretty legs (or is it the boots?). The title character from Piel Jutzi's Mother Krause's *Journey to Happiness*, another Prometheus masterpiece, doesn't wrest the means of production from the oppressor's hand but reaches for the gas line as a one-way ticket out. Fyodor Otsep's *The Living Corpse*, based on Tolstoy's popular play about a bad marriage, also ends with suicide. The German Reds, it seemed, were there to remind that times were hard. And, in 1929, they were about to get harder.

Cinema as a tool to unite us in revolution might seem a laughable idea now. Its language has become standardized and digestible, inciting emotion, sometimes awe, rarely action. But before cynicism takes hold remember that not so long ago the internet, the microchip, and their technological offspring, our precious handheld devices, promised to democratize media—a kind of potential Prometheus-Film founder Münzenberg might foster. "We are no utopians," he wrote in answer to his critics who accused him of playing a capitalist's game. "We do not consider it possible to defeat capitalism with economic endeavors . But we also believe that it is a punishable crime to allow bourgeois … concerns to monopolize the media for influencing public opinion without a struggle. We believe that everything must be done to break this monopoly whether in the daily press, the illustrated journals, or wherever."

For almost a century, Prometheus-made films have been overshadowed by commercial fare like *Metropolis*, whose communism-tainted titles were edited by censors. Ufa, originally started as a propaganda tool at the tail end of Kaiser's regime and taken over in 1927 by National Socialist Alfred Hugenberg, released 47 films in 1925 alone, the same year Prometheus began operating. The coming of sound, the worldwide depression, the rapidly changing political climate conspired to crush the dream of Prometheus in the end. There wasn't going to be a revolution, and no more movies either. According to archivist Jan-Christopher Horak, in its final year, "the collective had to limit itself to educational shorts and to importing a few Soviet features." In January 1932, before the studio could finish its first sound film, an adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Kuhle Wampe*, it went bust and the filmmakers turned to the Swiss for financing to finish.

Münzenberg spent his last decade denouncing Stalin's purges, fleeing Nazis, and, finally, was found dead in a field in Saint-Marcellin, France. A few of the players left for Hollywood: Lissy Arna, rather unsuccessfully, Sig Arno, as a memorable supporting actor. When war broke out, Leo Mittler cast about Europe, directing alternative language versions at Joinville and a couple well-received musicals at Ealing, eventually ending up on the fringes of Hollywood filmmaking, where he provided the stories for the Val Lewton-produced *Ghost Ship* and the pro-Soviet *Song of Russia* (whose writers' credits include fellow travelers, in one sense or another, Paul Jarrico and Edgar Ulmer). Produced at a time when the U.S. and USSR were allied against Fascists, the MGM movie featuring name-namer Robert Taylor was dragged out by HUAC as un-American. Mittler must have sensed the world going mad again. He returned to Germany where he worked in television until 1956. As for the German and Russian proletariat, after finding so much common ground during the interwar period, they met again as enemies on the bitter battlefields of the Eastern Front.

—Shari Kizirian

Lissy Arna

THE NAVIGATOR

Musical Accompaniment by the Matti Bye Ensemble

Directed by Donald Crisp and Buster Keaton, USA, 1924
Cast Buster Keaton (Rollo Treadway) Kathryn McGuire (Betsy O'Brien) Frederick Vroom (John O'Brien) Noble Johnson (Cannibal chief) **Production** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer **Producer** Joseph M. Schenck **Story** Clyde Bruckman, Joseph Mitchell, and Jean Havez **Photography** Elgin Lessley and Byron Houck **Technical Director** Fred Gabourie **Print Source** Cohen Media

While Buster Keaton was winding up production on his second feature film, *Our Hospitality*, in the summer of 1923, his technical director, Fred Gabourie, was loaned out to First National Pictures to look for suitable sailing ships for the studio's upcoming production *The Sea Hawk (1*924). During his search, Gabourie came across a steamship that seemed perfect for Keaton as a prop for a new film. The China Mail Steamship Company had gone bankrupt after authorities found smuggled opium, cocaine, and morphine onboard their ships, and the *Nanking*, their flagship, was to be sold at auction. When Gabourie reported his find, Keaton and his writers quickly saw the potential.

But first, *Our Hospitality* needed to be finished, and *The Misfit*, soon to be renamed *Sherlock Jr.*, was next in the pipeline, scheduled to begin shooting just after New Year's Day. By the time Sherlock Jr. was ready for release in April 1924, the situation had changed. The *Nanking* had been sold to the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, overhauled, and was back in service as a passenger ship. It was no longer available to Keaton and company. The idea for the film was still too good to pass up, so they chartered the 370-foot liner *SS Buford* for three months at a cost of $25,000 from the Alaskan Siberian Navigation Company.

The *Buford* arrived in San Francisco on April 17 from a 60-day round-trip voyage to Tahiti with 200 passengers and a cargo of 500 tons of sugar, which had been loaded in Honolulu on the return leg. The captain of the ship, John O'Brien, a 58-year veteran of the sea, oversaw the ship for the duration of filming. Following arrangements, the *Buford* steamed out of San Francisco on April 28 headed for San Pedro, where film equipment, props, and personnel were loaded onboard for a trip to Catalina Island.

Buster Keaton

An announcement in the *Los Angeles Times* on May 11 boasted: "In addition to a crew of 110 men the 'Buford' has room for 500 actors and artisans in the first-class section of the ship, 300 in the second-class and 150 in the steerage." In fact, only two people, Keaton and actress Kathryn McGuire were to occupy this enormous ship, at least on-screen. Behind the scenes, the support crew onboard totaled 60 people, half of them the production crew, the rest running the steamer.

Kathryn McGuire had recently costarred with Keaton in *Sherlock Jr.* and became his only leading lady to work more than once on any of his features. At only 20 years old, she had already appeared in films for five years, starting in short subjects with Mack Sennett before moving onto features. Most of her later feature work was in westerns until her retirement from film in 1930.

Keaton announced to Crisp that the film was finished but then resumed filming at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios water tank.

Keaton spent most of May filming at Catalina, anchored near Two Harbors, with two other films in production nearby. Cecil B. DeMille was directing *Feet of Clay* (1924) for Paramount at the St. Catherine Hotel in Avalon, and Jack Conway was directing *The Roughneck* (1924) for Fox Film. The island, popular not only for film production but also as a leisure location, was visited one weekend by comedy film producer Hal Roach and western star Tom Mix, who just happened to sail in on their own boats.

While in Catalina, Keaton and company attempted to film the underwater scenes in the harbor, but the water was too cloudy from silt kicked up by Keaton as he moved on the ocean bottom. They tried an alternative location in the ultra-pure waters of the Elliotta Plunge swimming pool in Riverside, California, but it proved too small to hold the 12-foot mock-up of the ship's keel, so the film company extended the nine-foot walls up to 20 feet. When they filled the pool, the bottom blew out and the water percolated away. While the pool was being rebuilt, Keaton moved the company to Lake Tahoe, near Meek's Bay, to try again. Despite July's summer heat, the glacial water was ice-cold, and Keaton could only stay down in the water for a limited time before having to be hauled up and thawed out. The cameramen fared no better; their body heat fogged up the glass windows of the diving box and ice had to be packed in to keep the windows clear. Added to that, the water pressure caused leaks at least five times. It took most of the month to film what was eventually edited down to just a few minutes of screen time.

Keaton had hired Donald Crisp to direct the dramatic scenes in *The Navigator*. Although Crisp is more recognized as an actor, starting with D.W. Griffith in 1909 and ending with the title role in 1963's *Spencer's Mountain*, Crisp directed more than 70 films in his long career. However, Keaton and Crisp clashed over the course of filming. Keaton wasn't happy with the Crisp-directed dramatic scenes, which are particularly evident at the beginning of the film when the spies set out to destroy the ship. Crisp was more interested in helping with the comedy bits but objected to the underwater scenes, which he felt were unnecessary. By the end, Crisp was simply sitting on the sidelines, watching the progress of the film. Finally, Keaton announced to Crisp that the film was finished, but, after Crisp left, Keaton resumed filming at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios water tank.

Keaton became obsessed with the underwater work and was especially proud of an underwater scene with a school of fish made out of rubber and attached to an elaborate metal frame that gave a very realistic effect. In the sequence, he pins a starfish to his suit, stops the school of fish like a traffic cop, and lets a lone fish cross their path before allowing the group to continue on. In a 1925 *Ladies Home Journal* article, Keaton claimed the stunt cost $10,000 to produce but noted that after several preview audiences watched the fish-crossing scene in stone-cold silence, he had to remove it from the film. The scene survives today because Keaton used it in the trailer promoting the film.

The Navigator premiered at the Capitol Theater in New York on October 13, 1924, and was an immediate hit, critically and financially. Several reviews called *The Navigator* Keaton's best picture yet, and it broke the single day's receipts record at the Capitol, the Warfield in San Francisco, and the State in Los Angeles. It was his biggest moneymaker until *Battling Butler* topped it in 1926. In later years, Keaton counted *The Navigator* and *The General* as his favorite films. He had an obvious affection for all his silent film work, which he reminisced about in dozens of interviews to the end of his life. Taking a look at any of those films today, whatever film he might have picked as a favorite, it was hard to go wrong.

—David Kiehn

The short animated masterpiece* POCHTA *will precede* THE NAVIGATOR. *See following page for description.

POCHTA

Directed by Mikhail Tsekhanovsky, USSR, 1929

Print Source: Gosfilmofond

Today it's hard to find a Russian who doesn't know at least several lines from Samuil Marshak's poem "Pochta," which explains how a letter follows an addressee who keeps moving from one country to another. Published as a children's book in 1927, it was illustrated by Mikhail Tsekhanovsky, who between 1926 and 1928, provided the images for no fewer than 20 children's books, becoming one of the most established masters of book design in Russia. *Pochta* is considered his masterwork, with 13 editions released over the course of ten years.

Relatively late in life, at age 38, he embarked on a film career with a movie version of *Pochta*. In those days Tsekhanovsky (1889–1965) referred to animation as "dynamic graphics." The book itself was based on the principle of movement. Postmen, trains, automobiles, buses, airships, and steamships—everything moves from left to right as if entering into resonance with the direction of the reader's eyeline. All four postmen (Russian, German, British, and Brazilian) have their steps set very precisely according to the locale and to the rhythm of Marshak's respective lines.

To increase the motion, Tsekhanovsky added the story of a caterpillar that is sent in the letter. After a journey around the world, it emerges as a butterfly. Unfortunately the very last shots of the film are missing, but we can catch a glimpse of this butterfly if we pay careful attention. Tsekhanovsky applied all his invention and knowledge of book graphic design to cinema. The Russian favorite "flat-figure marionettes" were combined with stop-motion animation and traditional hand-drawn shots; highly stylized characters hold real postal envelopes. This was certainly one of the most textured animation films of the 1920s. And more than that: "The content, the essence of a picture is pure movement," wrote Tsekhanovsky. "In other words, *Pochta* is an absolute film, as long as movement is the essence of the motion-picture art"—which is practically a manifesto of abstract cinema. And there are indeed several shots that give the impression of pure abstraction, such as the tunnel as seen by the main character.

Tsekhanovsky took more than a year to finish the film, and soon after completing it in black-and white, tinted it (a process practically abandoned in Russia by 1929). A year later, he added sound with music by the avant-garde composer Vladimir Deshevov and added another reel with an ingenious explanation of sound-film technique by Daniil Kharms, one the greatest Russian absurdist poets. This complex sound avant-garde film (now lost) was received exceptionally well in the USSR and in the West. Animation films were rarely noticed by Soviet critics; however, *Pochta* was considered by some the most interesting Russian sound picture to date. As for the Western reaction, Sir Stephen Tallents describes one of his inspirations for creating Britain's GPO Film Unit as "an amusing cartoon film, produced by the Russian Post Office—the story of a caterpillar that was redirected in a postal packet all over the world, and finally hopped out as a butterfly." It's curious that for years neither Russian nor British film historians identified the film Sir Stephen had in mind.

—Peter Bagrov

Program note adapted from the 2013 catalog of Pordenone, Italy's Giornate del Cinema Muto

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DAVID KIEHN is the author of BRONCHO BILLY AND THE ESSANAY FILM COMPANY and historian for the Niles Essanay Silent Film Museum in Fremont, California.

RUSSELL MERRITT teaches film history at UC-Berkeley, cowrote the award-winning WALT IN WONDERLAND: THE SILENT FILMS OF WALT DISNEY, and is a member of the Baker Street Irregulars.

RICHARD J. MEYER is the former president of the board of directors of the San Francisco Silent Film Festival. His books on Chinese cinema include WANG RENMEI: THE WILDCAT OF SHANGHAI. He teaches film at Seattle University.

A writer and cinema historian, **EDDIE MULLER** is the author of three books on film noir, as well as the president of the Film Noir Foundation and producer-host of its annual film festival, Noir City.

MONICA NOLAN is a novelist who has written about film and culture for the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, RELEASE PRINT, BITCH magazine, Frameline, and the San Francisco Film Society.

MIGUEL PENDÁS is a film historian and freelance writer and editor. He is a board member of the San Francisco Museum and Historical Society.

JEFF STAFFORD is a freelance writer and former managing editor of the Turner Classic Movies website and their official blog, Movie Morlocks.

DAVID THOMSON is a critic and author of many books on cinema, including THE NEW BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF CINEMA as well as the recently published THE BIG SCREEN AND THE MOMENTS THAT MADE THE MOVIES.

JEFFREY VANCE is the author of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, CHAPLIN: GENIUS OF THE CINEMA, and HAROLD LLOYD: MASTER COMEDIAN. He is currently writing a biography of Mary Pickford.

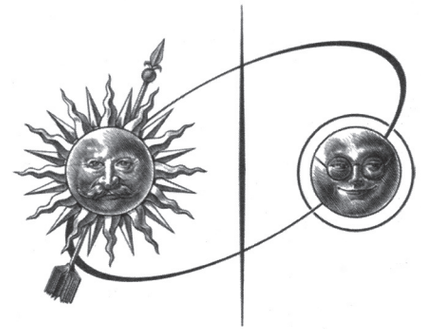
FILMMAKER'S PICK
CRAIG BALDWIN

A bit of a mad scientist himself, underground filmmaker, film collector, and curator Craig Baldwin has excavated alternative histories out of a personally amassed collection of 16mm industrial, educational, and science-fiction films to create masterworks of collage that include *Tribulation 99: Alien Anomalies Under America* (1991), which casts the U.S. intervention in Latin America as way stranger than fiction, *Spectres of the Spectrum* (1999), about the technological takeover of information, and 2008's *Mock Up on Mu*, about California's post-WWII crazy-quilt culture of rocket-ship pioneers, religious kooks, and beatniks. Mining new meanings defined by the juxtaposition of seemingly disparate shots, he shares a deep kinship with the Soviet makers of the silent era and their dream of shifting reality through the magic of cinema. From reels others have discarded, Baldwin shapes erudite narratives that manage to both provoke and entertain. Fitting then that he will introduce the Soviet proto-science-fiction film *Cosmic Voyage*, Vasili Zhuravlyov's hopeful imagining of a future that puts our highest aspirations within our grasp.

EXTRA!

The return of the ORPHANS

Newsreels, outtakes, amateur films, test reels, kinescopes, trailers, promotional and experimental films, early silent narratives, as well as random fragments with no discernable origin. These are examples of what film archivists now refer to as "orphans." Dan Streible, organizer of the biennial Orphan Film Symposium presents a sampling of recent rescues: **ITALIAN SCENIC** (Friday, 1:00pm) Stencil-colored fragments of travelogues shot in the Umbria region of Italy that might be parts of Perugia (1911) and Assisi (1912), released by the Rome-based producer-distributor Cines. From the University of South Carolina Moving Image Research Collections: **JOSEPHINE BAKER VISITS VOLENDAM** (Friday, 3:00pm) Entertainer Josephine Baker tries to dance in traditional Dutch clogs and otherwise goofs around on a visit to northwestern Holland. Shot on August 24, 1928, for Fox News, the original Fox Company silent newsreel. From the University of South Carolina Moving Image Research Collections/**NIEMEYER PIJPTABAK** (Friday, 10:00pm) A live-action hand creates a knockoff of animation pioneer Max Fleischer's Koko the Clown, who introduces a cheeky cat named Felix, who then inks a series of smokers representing eight professions, all in the service of selling Niemeyer brand Red Star tobacco to movie audiences in 1923. Directed by illustrator George Debels, who created films under the pseudonym Mac Djorski. From EYE Film Institute Netherlands: **FRAGMENT OF MARKET STREET, AFTER THE FIRE, 1906** (Saturday, 10:00am). From the Library of Congress: **TRAILER FOR VSEVOLOD PUDOVKIN'S *MOTHER*** (Saturday, 10:00pm) "The movie of all movies!" Recently discovered animation trailer made by Austrian film pioneer Hans-Otto Löwenstein to promote the opening of the Soviet filmmaker's revolutionary adaptaton of the 1906 Maxim Gorky novel, called *Die Mutter* in German. From the Austrian Film Museum.



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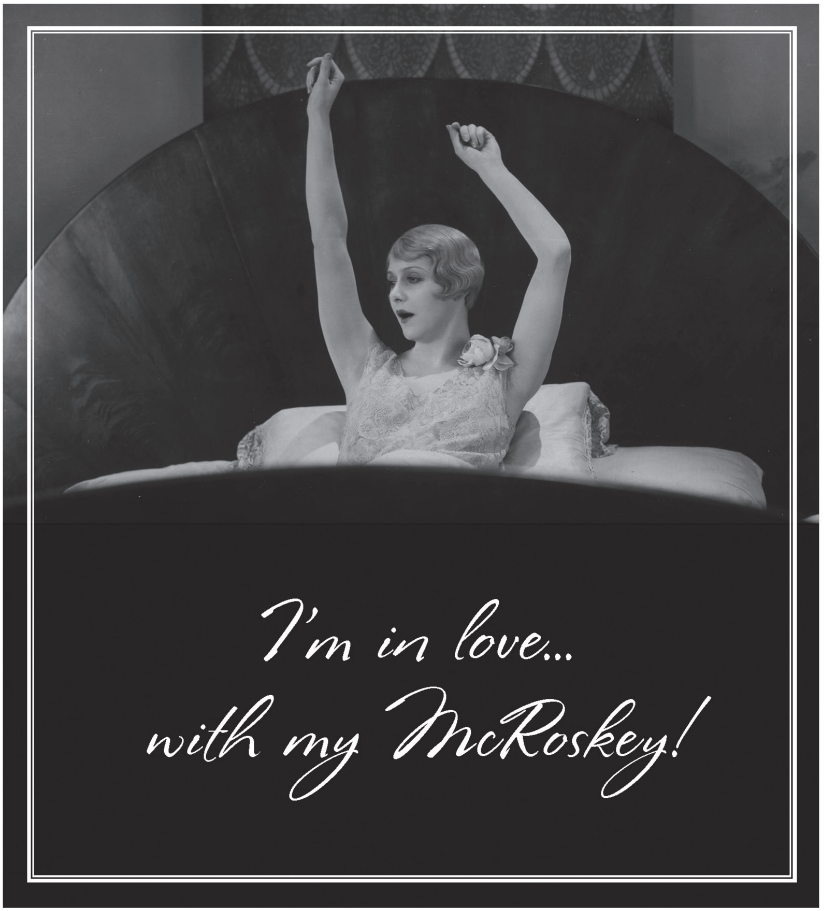

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