STARS

of the

SILENTS

EDWARD

WAGENKNECHT
W. Taylor Hudson
1987
FILMMAKERS SERIES

WRITTEN BY
ANThony MAcK

4. Wedding, A Weekend by Wally Tuite, 1963
6. Face of Denis, by a Friend Now, 1961
8. Miss Saigon and Michael Gershon, by Michael White, 1961
9. Franklin, a Family, by Dean Kep, 1968
12. The Mantle, by John Cleese, a Book, by Benjamin Storey, 1966
13. Sue Hermanowicz, by Sue Hermanowicz, 1966
15. Anera King's Adventure, by Walter Bransford, 1964
17. The Filmmakers, by Roger Ebert, 1967
18. The Filmmakers on the Run: Craft as Commentary, by Anna Kate Stevens, 1967
19. A Day of the Sar, by Edward A. Wintemute, 1967

In Preparation

AL Schemer, by Sam 1968
Martin and Osa Johnson, by Pascal, and Frances W. Johnson?
FILMMAKERS SERIES

edited by

ANTHONY SLIDE

2. Cinema Stylists, by John Belton. 1983
7. J. Stuart Blackton, by Marian Blackton Trimble. 1985
8. Martin Scorsese and Michael Cimino, by Michael Bliss. 1985
9. Franklin J. Schaffner, by Erwin Kim. 1985
11. Some Day We’ll Laugh: An Autobiography, by Esther Ralston. 1985
12. The Memoirs of Alice Guy Blaché, trans. by Roberta and Simone Blaché. 1986
13. Leni Riefenstahl and Olympia, by Cooper C. Graham, 1986
15. Henry King’s America, by Walter Coppedge. 1986
17. Five Cinematographers, by Scott Eyman. 1987
18. Cinematographers on the Art and Craft of Cinematography, by Anna Kate Sterling. 1987

In Preparation

Al Christie, by Sam Gill
Martin and Osa Johnson, by Pascal J. and Eleanor M. Imperato
PLANNING SERIES

By ANTHONY SHIDE

1. An Austerity Policy for the Country, 1945
2. A New/Planned Economy, 1945
3. The Politics of Distribution, 1945
4. The Politics of Production, 1945
5. The Politics of Consumption, 1945

In Preparation

An Economic Plan for the Country, 1946
A New Plan for the Country, 1946
A Better Plan for the Country, 1946
A Superior Plan for the Country, 1946
A Great Plan for the Country, 1946
A Plan for the Country, 1946
STARS
of the
SILENTS
by
EDWARD
WAGENKNECHT
Filmmakers, No. 19

The Scarecrow Press, Inc.
Metuchen, N.J., & London
1987
Stars of the silents

Edward Wagenknecht, 1900-

Bibliography: p.
Includes indexes.


Copyright © 1987 by Edward Wagenknecht
Manufactured in the United States of America
It would have been more logical if silent pictures had grown out of the talkie instead of the other way around.

Mary Pickford
## CONTENTS

Editor's Foreword ........................................ vii

In the Beginning ... ........................................ 1

Mary Pickford ........................................... 7

Lillian Gish ............................................. 33

Clarine Seymour .......................................... 43

Geraldine Farrar ........................................ 48

May McAvoy ............................................. 64

The Duncan Sisters .................................... 76

Clara Bow ............................................... 83

Charles Chaplin ........................................ 92

L'Envoi .................................................... 140

Index of Names ........................................ 143

Index of Film Titles ................................... 149
In 1962, Edward Wagenknecht published The Movies in the Age of Innocence, which I, personally, consider to be the best book ever written on the American silent film. It is not the definitive volume—no one has or ever will write a definitive book on the subject—but The Movies in the Age of Innocence captures the essence of the subject so perfectly and with such perception. Above all, it illustrates what it was like to grow up during the era of silent films. With profundity, it documents what appealed to a filmgoer and what did not. The silent cinema is lucky in that it had such an energetic supporter as Edward Wagenknecht, who has the intelligence and knowledge to write of it with scholarship and enthusiasm. No other period of film history has had the benefit of such a firsthand account as given in The Movies in the Age of Innocence.

I remember after my first book, Early American Cinema, was published in 1970, how thrilled I was to receive a letter from Edward Wagenknecht. Since then, Edward and I have become good friends; I have visited with him and his wife, Dorothy, on many occasions at their home in West Newton, Massachusetts; I have had the honor to co-author two books with him, The Films of D.W. Griffith and Fifty Great American Silent Films: 1912-1920; graciously, he contributed a foreword to my 1978 Scarecrow Press publication, Aspects of American Film History prior to 1920.

As the number of volumes in the Filmmakers series has grown, I thought to ask Edward to prepare a book collecting together some of his essays and articles on various silent film personalities. The Movies in the Age of Innocence is currently unavailable, and it occurred to me that some of the chapters from that book might well be revised and expanded for inclusion here. Through the years I have seen, or at
least heard mention of, a number of pieces which Edward had written, but which had long been out of print or available only from esoteric sources. These also deserve a wider circulation, which this book will provide.

I am pleased that Edward Wagenknecht was agreeable to the publication of this book of essays. They vary considerably in length and often reflect a particular moment in screen history. Some of the essays have a documentary quality, whereas others analyze a subject's career with affection. All are major contributions to the study of the silent actor or actress in American film history.

Anthony Slide
In the beginning there were no stars in the silent sky. It was "the pictures" we went to see, pictures that moved. Nobody had ever seen a picture move before, but we could see people on the street every day. Sometimes, as with "Hale's Tours," which were travel pictures, photographed from a moving train, and better cinema, being better adapted to the medium, than many more pretentious productions afterwards, there were no people at all. When the films were foreign, as they often were in the days when Pathé dominated the world film trade, the people were there all right, but they were too remote from us in America to register as individuals, and in the comparatively long shots that then prevailed, they all looked pretty much alike anyway. I have myself recorded elsewhere how startled I was when watching Maurice Costello, one day as a small boy, I suddenly became aware that I had seen that face before, and I first encountered the (abbreviated) name of a film player in a hand-lettered sign before a nickelodeon which, having first given the name of the film, added, as an afterthought, in smaller type, "Miss Lawrence in the Leading Role."

Anybody who has ever seen any of the now valuable posters that have survived from the early days must have been impressed by the realization that the effort of the producers was concentrated not upon the players, hardly even upon the individual film, but rather upon the firm name. This was what dominated the poster, often spread across the top in type considerably larger than any employed elsewhere. The trade-mark too was ubiquitous--Biograph's circled AB, Vitagraph's eagle, clutching or supporting a shield decorated with a big V, Essanay's Indian head, Kalem's sunburst, Pathé's beautiful red rooster and all the rest--not only on the posters but on the titles and captions and sometimes even on the sets. I think G. M. Anderson was the real pioneer when he put his
name on the posters for his "Broncho Billy" films. He was the "A" of Essanay, as George K. Spoor was the "S"; he was therefore running his own show, and his vanity as an actor must have got the better of his caution as a producer. We had all seen him on the screen in The Great Train Robbery in 1903, but nobody knew who he was then, and all he had a chance to do was to get himself shot trying to run away from the bandits. Now, however, he could put a little circled halftone photograph of himself in the corner of the poster with his name under it.

It cannot have been long after this that Vitagraph sometimes put "Bunny" into the titles of some of the comedies John Bunny made for them. In the early days Vitagraph cannily differentiated their posters from those of all their competitors. Instead of the lithographed one-sheet, with one picture in glaring color, that everybody else was using, they employed a variety of often beautiful art nouveau colored backgrounds, with several scenes from the film inset in the form of black-and-white halftones; a little later they took a leaf from Anderson's book and added small circled portraits of some of their leading players.

The motivation behind the de-emphasis upon the actors seems to have been the fear that if they became aware of their value they would demand more money, a fear which later turned out to have been well founded. They were "employees"; they "worked" for the "company"; they were paid "wages" comparable to those received by other "employees" in other lines of work at the time. In 1911 Claire McDowell was taking home fifty dollars, presumably for a week's work, from Biograph; her husband, Charles Hill Mailes, got only forty, as did that fine actor Alfred Paget, and poor old W. Chrystie Miller had to get along with thirty-five. Biograph was the longest holdout on the anonymity of players; in the early days, the "Answer Man" of the Motion Picture Story Magazine was telling his correspondents with wearisome iteration that he could not answer questions about Biograph players. At the same time, his publication, the first fan magazine, which began in February 1911, was exercising an incalculable influence upon establishing the importance of the player and along with it the star system. Biograph did not surrender until 1913, and I well remember the day I came across the elegant sheet they then issued, posted before my favorite nickelodeon. It carried the portraits of twenty-six players and would strike
you today as an astonishing mixture of actors still famous and actors long since forgotten. I never expected to see it again, but Kemp R. Niver has now accommodated me with a reproduction of it in the end-papers of one of his very valuable books about early American films. The independents of course had given in long before; there would not have been much point in Carl Laemmle's advertising that "The Biograph Girl is Now an IMP," after luring Florence Lawrence away from Griffith, if he had planned to keep her under wraps.

The personality cult was flourishing in those days in all branches of the theater business, except perhaps the circus. At the Metropolitan Opera House, only Enrico Caruso and Geraldine Farrar could be sure that they would always sing to sold-out houses; one Saturday night when Farrar was a last-minute replacement for the ailing Emmy Destinn in Madama Butterfly, the theater was half empty. Charles Frohman supplied his stars with a new play every autumn, and Maxine Elliott casually remarked that a good actress was more important than any play. As late as the early 1920s, I can remember, Powers' Theater, the sanctum sanctorum of the legitimate drama in Chicago, did not bother to put the name of the play on the electric sign. The name of the star was enough; the "vehicle" was immaterial.

Quite as interesting as all this however is the fact that even well-informed film historians may well encounter some surprises in running over the successes and failures of the early days. In 1912 the Motion Picture Story Magazine issued "twelve beautiful portraits of motion picture players" in color, to be supplied to subscribers only, and they were beautiful portraits (I wish I still had my set). This is the list as it appeared in the announcement:

1. Alice Joyce
2. Maurice Costello
3. Arthur Johnson
4. Mary Fuller
5. Carlyle Blackwell
6. G. M. Anderson
7. Mildred Bracken
8. Francis X. Bushman
9. Florence Lawrence
10. Marion Leonard
11. Gwendolen Pates
12. Florence Turner

It is reasonable to suppose that the editors considered all of these very prominent, popular players. The following still appear in The Film Encyclopedia, by Emphraim Katz (Perigree-Putnam, 1979): 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 12; David Ragan's Who's Who in Hollywood (Arlington House, 1976) also includes 10. But none appear in the much more select and less actor-oriented Biographical Dictionary of Film by David Thomson (Morrow, 1976).

Reflections on the vagaries of fame may also reasonably be inspired by the popularity contests conducted by the same magazine. In the October issue 1913 the winners of a contest in which more than seven million votes were cast was announced. Nine persons polled more than 200,000 votes each. They were in order:

1. Romaine Fielding
2. Earle Williams
3. J. Warren Kerrigan
4. Alice Joyce
5. Carlyle Blackwell
6. Francis X. Bushman
7. G. M. Anderson
8. Muriel Ostriche
9. Arthur Johnson

Fielding, now completely forgotten, was an easy winner—1,311,018 votes, as compared to 739,893 for Williams, his closest runner-up. No other woman came within hailing distance of Alice Joyce with 462,380. Muriel Ostriche, the only other woman among the big winners, polled only 212,276, and Mary Pickford, way down in fifteenth place, had 108,641.

Just one year later the results of the "Great Artist Contest" were announced. The big winners were now Earle Williams (487,295) and Clara Kimball Young (442,340), yet Williams had polled far fewer votes than in 1913, when he had finished second, and Romaine Fielding, the big winner in 1912, had dropped down into Mary Pickford's old place, the fifteenth. Mary, meanwhile, had moved up to third place, obviously the result of her triumphs in Hearts Adrift and Tess of the Storm Country. She was followed in order by
J. Warren Kerrigan, Mary Fuller, Marguerite Clayton (who remembers her?), Arthur Johnson, Alice Joyce, Carlyle Blackwell, and Francis X. Bushman.

It is interesting to ask how much of this cult of personality survives today. There are still big "names" in filmdom, and financially they are far more handsomely rewarded than anybody was in the old days. But there seems to be an increasing tendency for each film to stand or fall on its own, and my own impression is that the stars awaken less personal and less intense reactions now than they did then. In this connection, I recall myself, about eleven or twelve years old, asking a classmate whether he "liked" Florence Lawrence. Being an odd little boy, he asked carefully, "Do you mean like her acting or do I have an affection for her?" to which, being very austere in those days, I replied very properly, "Her acting, of course." Whereupon my friend, suddenly throwing away the careful distinction he had painfully set up, came back with "Yes, I do, but I have an affection for her too."

I suppose it is possible that somewhere in America two small boys may today be asking each other such questions about Meryl Streep or Jessica Lange, but I am inclined to doubt it.

In any case, this book is dedicated to the cult of personality and to the film past. It remains only to add by way of prolegomenon that it owes its existence to the editor of the Filmmakers series, Anthony Slide, my collaborator in The Films of D. W. Griffith (Crown Publishers, 1975) and Fifty Great American Silent Films, 1912-1920 (Dover Publications, 1980), who wanted me to collect the pieces that, at one time or another, I had written about various silent stars. The amount, if any, of commentary and revision to which these materials have been subjected is indicated, where relevant, hereinafter.

NOTES

1. See the excellent reproductions of early trade-marks on the endpapers of Fred J. Balshofer and Arthur C. Miller, One Reel a Week (University of California Press, 1967).
I cannot remember when I first saw Mary Pickford on the screen, though I could tell you when and where I first encountered such late Biographs as *A Beast at Bay*, *Friends*, *Lena and the Geese*, and *The Informer*, which latter was part of my Thanksgiving Day in 1912. I never saw *The New York Hat* until the Museum of Modern Art began reviving it after I was grown up. At one time, heaven only knows how, I even got it into my head that *Lena and the Geese* was Mary's first film.

Of her Imps I remember best *Science* and *In the Sultan's Garden*. I own an 8mm print of *Artful Kate* as reissued by Blackhawk, and when I was about twenty, I saw a revival of *Going Straight*, in which I remember Mary as behaving with taste and restraint while everybody around her was "acting" his head off. I have sometimes wondered whether I may be the only person left alive who remembers seeing her in the Majestic *Little Red Riding Hood*, in which she dreamed the whole adventure, just as Dorothy dreamed her trip to Oz in the M-G-M version of L. Frank Baum's masterpiece, to my displeasure in both instances.

*Science*, in which King Baggott also appeared, was an unacknowledged steal from "A Dog's Tale" by Mark Twain, and, as I remember it, was on the same reel with something called *Hector*, in which a dog appeared along with the feet of a number of human beings. I assume this was based on a contemporary short-lived comic strip of the same name which was similarly designed, but since no such title is indexed in Maurice Horn's definitive *World Encyclopedia of Comics* (Chelsea House, 1976), I cannot find out anything about it. Mary spoke of all her Imps with extreme contempt, and certainly the few stills I have of various Imp productions look pretty amateurish. I have no reason to believe that
Sultan's Garden was notably better than the others, but one can never tell what will stimulate a child's imagination, and for me it had all the wonder of The Arabian Nights. I long thought of it affectionately, and it came back to my mind when, in 1917, I delighted in the Ali Baba insert in The Little Princess. The real distinction of In the Sultan's Garden however is that it nearly finished off Mary. In her autobiography she relates how she was sewed into a sack and cast into the Hudson River, masquerading as the Bosphorus, with a knife to cut her way out and how an uninvited motor boat cut its own way into the fantasy world and came close to cutting her to pieces. This must have indicated a high water mark of directorial folly even in the reckless history of motion picture production.

What surprises me most however in view of what Mary Pickford later meant to me is that though I was perfectly familiar with her in my early movie-going days, she did not then stand out from many others; at this time I am sure I was more interested in Florence Turner or Florence LaBadie or Gwendolen Pates. There was a curious hiatus in my movie-going around the beginning of World War I, and I did not see Mary in any of her Famous Players features until after we moved from Chicago to Oak Park in the spring of 1915. Then I went one night to the Oak Park Theater to see Fanchon the Cricket, not so much because she was in it as because I had seen the play at the People's Theater as a very small child. This was my first visit to one of the four Oak Park institutions that were most important to me during my ten years residence there, the others being Oak Park High School, the Oak Park Public Library, and the First Congregational Church. And this too was the night I capitulated completely to Mary Pickford. Thereafter I missed none of her pictures, though it took me a while to catch up on all the Famous Players items I had missed (except for A Good Little Devil, which I have never seen), for I had to wait for some of them to be reissued by Paramount in 1918 or 1919, and from 1917 on I went to see all her films as often as I got the chance.

The earliest letter from her in my files is dated 1918, and in 1919 she sent me the handsome sepia print, personally inscribed, which I reproduced in The Movies in the Age of Innocence. We first met when she stopped off in Chicago on her way to the East and Europe on her honeymoon trip with
Douglas Fairbanks. Thirteen years later, when I myself was honeymooning, my bride and I visited her at the United Artists studio, and before we left, she took the girl aside, while New York waited on the long distance telephone, to tell her that if we should have a child, she wished very much to be his godmother. I remember all this made Douglas Fairbanks very nervous; in 1932, it seems, transcontinental telephone calls were still exciting even to movie stars.

I always wanted to write about her, but for many years I resisted the impulse to do so at any length; I cannot account for this block except by the assumption that I must have feared my ability to do the subject justice. Finally, however, I turned out the following, which I here reprint without substantial alteration from The Movies in the Age of Innocence, copyright © 1962 by the University of Oklahoma Press.

"AMERICA'S SWEETHEART"

When Mary Pickford published her autobiography, Sunshine and Shadow, through Doubleday in 1955, I reviewed it by writing her an open letter on the front page of the Chicago Sunday Tribune Magazine of Books:

Dear Mary Pickford:

When I reviewed Mary Garden's autobiography for the Tribune, Fanny Butcher accused me of writing a love letter to Miss Garden. I didn't, really; I was saving that for you.

Much of my writing career has been devoted to trying to capture in words the people and the ideas by which my youth was molded. But I have always found great difficulty in writing about you. Partly this may be because you have not given me a chance to see you on the screen for twenty years. I have never quite forgiven you for that, and, as I have told you, I much regret that my children have had to grow up without seeing you every week or every month as I did when we were both much younger.

As Mr. DeMille says in his introduction to your book, there has been no other career like yours. Alistair Cooke has called Garbo "every man's harmless
fantasy mistress." Well, she was never mine. And neither were you, though for a very different reason. I should have felt it blasphemous to think of you thus. You speak of your appreciation of your title "America's Sweetheart," but I am sure you know we always read it with a difference.

We who loved you were, in general, much simpler people than the sophisticates who go to the movies nowadays, and you meant more to us than anybody can mean to them. We accepted you without question or analysis; we adored you in the honest simplicity of our hearts. And, paradoxically, your appeal was the more complicated on that account. Your own personality cast a Madonna-like exaltation about you, and the roles you often played made you our mischievous child. Neither Garbo nor any other actress in these latter days has commanded your range.

In giving us this book, Mary, you give us a chance to renew our youth. I know much more of you than most of your fans, but even I have learned much. Do you remember when you told me that you couldn't write your autobiography yet because you could not yet tell the truth about some of the people whose lives had touched yours? Though you did not say so, we both knew that you were thinking of Owen Moore and Douglas Fairbanks. I think you have done it in this book, with perfect charity and perfect candor.

It seems odd that you should have been so little a part of your own public. Did we, perhaps, interpret you to yourself, and is "Our Mary" our creation as well as yours? I agree with you that Less Than the Dust (or, as the lady misremembered the title, "Cheaper Than the Dirt") was a terrible film, but The Pride of the Clan was much better than you thought it. (Thirty years after it was made at Marblehead, Mass., I found production shots of it still on exhibition there.) I cannot understand why you thought Pollyanna goody-goody as you played it, nor how not only you but all your advisers thought A Poor Little Rich Girl unsuccessful until your public had informed you otherwise. Of all your films, this is the one I should most like to see again.
Good luck with your book, Mary, and all God's best to you.

Yours sincerely, as ever,
Edward Wagenknecht

Doubleday followed up on this review with a "Dear Mary Pickford" display advertisement in the book-review journals--"We got the idea of sending you a love letter from the unabashed mash note the man wrote on the front page of the Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books"--and Miss Pickford herself wrote me that she had read my article "at least ten times."

By the time this book is published, babies born after Mary Pickford made her last film will have reached the age of thirty. Now that motion pictures are no longer very important to American young people, it must be very difficult for any such person to realize what she meant to America when she really was "America's sweetheart"--not only the undisputed queen of the movies but, by all odds, the most famous woman in America. For though the "America's Sweetheart" tag, invented by "Pop" Grauman, was sedulously cultivated by her press agents, and though her career was intelligently geared and self-directed toward the success which she had deliberately set for herself as a goal (when she went to Belasco in 1907, she told him that she was the father of her family and that she must achieve a substantial success before she was twenty), none of this would have sufficed without an enthusiastic public response, and nobody who lived through the years of her fame can doubt that that response was spontaneous, enthusiastic, and impassioned--the kind that cannot be manufactured or bought.

The Pickford career was not built overnight, and Mary herself never had any real confidence that it would last. In her eyes it was "a temporary and freakish phenomenon," and just as some singers live in perpetual fear of losing their voices, so she braced herself with the thought "that every year might be my last in pictures." When she was told, on one occasion, that she had drawn a larger crowd than the President, she could not help thinking "that a white elephant taking a morning stroll ... would draw a much larger and more curious throng than either of us."
Stars of the Silents

As early as 1909 a trade-journal review of To Save Her Soul remarked that "the young woman of the Biograph stock who takes the leading character plays it with fine expression and charming innocence." In 1912 a reviewer of Friends found "exquisite grace and charm ... displayed by the little woman who essays the heroine of this truly interesting episode of the West during the period of the seventies." Yet Mary won none of the popularity contests which the fan magazines conducted in the early days, and though even then I knew people who loved her and regarded her as a being apart, it was not until after she had gone with Famous Players and made Hearts Adrift and Tess of the Storm Country that it really became clear that she who had hitherto been one among many charming actresses was destined to soar in public favor until she occupied a crag all her own. In March, 1917, she polled 1,147,550 votes in a popularity contest conducted by The Ladies' World, outdistancing her closest competitor, Alice Joyce, by a cool half-million. Vachel Lindsay reviewed A Romance of the Redwoods in The New Republic under the caption "Queen of My People." "To reject this girl in haste," he wrote, "is high treason to the national heart."² Photoplay once published her picture without a name-tag; if any reader did not recognize her, he was invited to write in. When she had recovered from a serious bout with influenza in the spring of 1919, the Chicago Tribune printed her photograph with this caption:

The most beloved face in the world--Mary Pickford's thousands of ardent admirers followed the news of her illness as devotedly and sympathetically as if it were a personal sorrow.

The Tribune knew: their film critic, Mae Tinee, had done nothing but answer the telephone all day, assuring Mary's devotees that she was getting better. In 1926, Dorothy Gish came back from England with the shocking news that a London schoolgirl, asked what "M.P." stood for, had replied "Mary Pickford." More shocking--and more touching--still was the story of the congressman's daughter who came home from Sunday school one day with "Mamma, they asked us today who we wanted to be like." "And?" queried her mother. "Oh," sighed the child, "I told them the Lord, but I meant Mary Pickford."

We all idealized Mary in those days, much as that girl
Reading Schiller's *Die Jungfrau von Orleans* in school, I came across Dunois' great tribute to Joan of Arc:

\[
\text{Wenn die Wahrheit Verkörpern will in sichtbarer Gestalt,}
\text{So muss sie ihre Züge an sich tragen!}
\text{Wenn Unschuld, Treue, Herzensreinigkeit,}
\text{Auf Erden irgend wohnt--auf ihren Lippen,}
\text{In ihren klaren Augen muss sie wohnen!}
\]

I am willing to give the reader three guesses whom I was immediately reminded of! Nor was this a wholly idiosyncratic reaction. "There is a radiance about her," wrote Gerald D. McDonald of Miss Pickford in his review of *Sunshine and Shadow,* and audiences never doubted that even without the make-believe she was kind, noble and true." And James Card added that "there is something heavenly about Mary Pickford. It is a quality, we must admit, most uncommon in motion pictures."

This of course is why she caused such agonizing throughout the length and breadth of America when, in March, 1920, she divorced Owen Moore and married Douglas Fairbanks. We knew that she had lived miserably with--and apart from--Moore for many years; we knew, too, that Fairbanks' former wife had already remarried after their divorce. No matter! We could not bear the thought that "Our Mary" could, in any way, have even put herself in the way of being suspected of doing wrong. And the Reverend J. Whitcomb Brougher, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church in Los Angeles, had to come out with a long statement, which was solemnly syndicated throughout America, and in which he assured us that the Pickford-Fairbanks marriage was "Scriptural," and that he had agreed to perform the ceremony only after he had investigated all the circumstances and satisfied himself that there was no Christian or Biblical impediment.

For all this, Miss Pickford has been much neglected, both by film historians and by modern film aficionados. Her films were, for the most part, long unavailable for rescreening, and for some time most of those which had survived could be seen only at the George Eastman House in Rochester. But I think the basic reason is that, more than any other great star, Mary Pickford really did belong to the Age of Innocence. Her films encourage, and submit to, little analysis.
Thus while it is quite as easy to be enthralled by Mary's antics in, say, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* as by Griffith's heroics in, say, *The Birth of a Nation*, it is more difficult to write about them.

Mary Pickford was born Gladys Smith in Toronto, on April 8, 1893. Her family was Irish Catholic on her mother's side, English and Methodist on her father's—a situation which led, absurdly, to her being baptized twice, once by a Catholic priest and once by a Protestant minister. Pickford was her Irish great-grandmother's maiden name. Her Grandmother Faely was an excellent storyteller and mimic. Her childhood was poverty-stricken and filled with hardship. As a small child she used to worry about God and the devil and sin—and how she had got here—and how she could get back to the place she had come from, which was much nicer. She was also greatly interested in money—so that on one occasion she was narrowly restrained from breaking the keys of the piano to retrieve a five-cent piece that had been dropped between them—and in beauty, since she not only bought rosebuds from the florist but also begged wilted roses of him, which she carefully ate to possess herself of their desirable properties.

She made her stage debut as a small child in a stock company production of *The Silver King*, from which she went on to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *East Lynne*, *The Little Red Schoolhouse*, and *The Fatal Wedding*. ("Baby Gladys Is a Wonder," said the playbills.) It was a great day when she, her mother, her sister Lottie, and her brother Jack all got jobs with Chauncey Olcott in *Edmund Burke*; not only were they now all together but they got out of the fleabitten theaters in which they generally played. She assumed the name Mary Pickford at David Belasco's suggestion in 1907, when she played for him in *The Warrents of Virginia*.

The first motion pictures she ever saw were "Hale's Tours" in Chicago, while she was playing there in *The Warrents*. She was violently carsick. In the spring of 1909, at her mother's suggestion, and against her own better judgment, she made a second, and this time successful, try to get work with Biograph. (She had also flirted vainly with both Kalem and Essanay.) Her first impression of D. W. Griffith was that he was "a pompous and insufferable creature," and the word "studio" frightened her and made her
think of Stanford White and Evelyn Nesbit. The first film in which she worked was What Drink Did, but her scene was cut out. She appeared briefly in Her First Biscuits; but her earliest real part was in The Violin Maker of Cremona. She was a member of the first Biograph company which went to California, producing Ramona and other films. In 1911, Laemmle lured her from Biograph to Imp by offering her $175 per week, but she found the Imp standards of production distressingly low, was unhappy, and left after nine months. Much briefer was her stay, that same year, with Majestic. In 1912, Miss Pickford returned to Griffith and Biograph and stayed there until Belasco offered her the leading role in his production of Madame Rostand's play A Good Little Devil in 1913, when she left the screen, as she believed, forever.

Zukor brought her back by making a screen version of A Good Little Devil while the play was still running. Edwin S. Porter directed, and Belasco supervised, but the actors were required to go through their lines just as if they had been on stage. Apparently Zukor at once realized both that A Good Little Devil was a very bad picture and that Mary Pickford was a star who gave much richer promise of establishing his new Famous Players Film Company on a firm foundation than any of the cinematically inexperienced great personages whom he was bringing in from the stage. Although it was made in May, 1913, the picture was not released until March, 1914, after three other Pickford Famous Players features had been shown. The first was Porter's and J. Searle Dawley's production of Miriam Nicholson's novel In the Bishop's Carriage, released in September, 1913. In November, Dawley followed with Caprice, the play in which Mrs. Fiske made one of her early successes, and in which the song "In the Gloaming" was first sung. If these pictures left any questions in anybody's mind about Mary's success, all doubts were removed when Porter's Hearts Adrift, from Cyrus Townsend Brady's story, "As the Sparks Fly Upward," was released in February, 1914. In this innocent but touching little romance, Mary played a Spanish girl shipwrecked on a deserted island, and later joined by a man (Harold Lockwood), also the survivor of a wreck. They marry each other and have a child, after which, of course, the man's family arrives with a rescue party, and Nina throws herself and her baby into a volcano.4
Encouraged by the success of *Hearts Adrift*, Famous Players ventured unloading *A Good Little Devil*; hard on its heels (March, 1914), they released Porter's production of Grace Miller White's story *Tess of the Storm Country*. If any one film can be said to have "made" Mary Pickford, it was *Tess*—I can still remember how stock companies used to advertise their stage productions of it as "Mary Pickford's Great Success"—and this may now seem a little hard to explain, for though Mary works hard in *Tess*, she gets little help from anybody, and none whatever from Porter, whose direction quite lacks emphasis or definition of any kind. Moreover, there is not a single close-up in the film. But it did present her as a violent, warm-hearted squatter girl in a variety of appealing situations. When she gets religion from her high-toned, Divinity School-student lover, she "cribs" a Bible from the mission and devotes herself industriously to learning—and practicing—its teachings, and when her lover's sister bears a child out of wedlock to his best friend, she not only takes both mother and child into her shack but protects the girl by telling her brother that she herself is the child's mother. When she is punished for stealing milk for the child from its own grandfather's icebox, she says, "I have been beaten. Now am I to have the milk?" When the baby is dying, she marches into the church with it and herself baptizes it before the congregation after the clergyman has refused to do so. And when, at last, all confusions are ironed out, and she gets her proposal of marriage, she replies, "I air Daddy's brat, but [after the proper interval] I air your squatter." The materials were there all right, and if Porter would not sort them out for us, we were quite intelligent enough to do it ourselves. I remembered *Tess* affectionately for years, and it was not until I saw it again for this book that I realized how much superior the 1922 remake, directed by John S. Robertson, was. (*Tess*, of course, was the only film Miss Pickford ever remade.)

The year 1914 was filled out with four lesser films: *The Eagle's Mate*, a Southern mountain story, from the novel by Anna Alice Chapin (July); *Such a Little Queen*, from the play by Channing Pollock in which Elsie Ferguson had starred (September); *Behind the Scenes*, which opposed a career to domesticity and in which domesticity won (October); and finally *Cinderella* (December), which I remember most fondly as a radiant, springlike thing, but of which unfortunately I cannot renew my impressions.
In 1915 there was a heavy reliance on screen adaptations of stage successes: 

- **Mistress Nell** in February (the most innocent of all conceptions of Nell Gwyn, from the George C. Hazelton play which had been acted by Henrietta Crosman);
- **Fanchon the Cricket** in May (which goes back ultimately to George Sand, and which as acted for so many years by Maggie Mitchell had been one of the great successes of the American theater); two Frances Hodgson Burnett pieces—**The Dawn of a Tomorrow** in June and **Esmeralda** in September, and, in November, a **Madame Butterfly**, directed by Sidney Olcott, but announced as having been adapted from the John Luther Long story rather than from either the Puccini opera or the Long-Belasco play. I loved both *Mistress Nell* and *Fanchon*, and *The Dawn of a Tomorrow* gave Mary Pickford an excellent opportunity to express the religious feeling of which at her best she was capable. Since Geraldine Farrar was now a Lasky star, it seems odd that *Butterfly* should have been assigned to Mary. When it was released the *Dramatic Mirror* found it a triumph "photographically and technically" but thought that the tragedy had been "so softened that it is practically eliminated" and Cio-Cio-San's emotions "so rigorously suppressed that it was hard to realize that they existed." With this Miss Pickford must have agreed, since Samuel Goldwyn quotes her as having complained that the picture had no action whatever and ought to have been called "Madame Snail." It seems to me much better, however, than what I remember of *Little Pal* (July), an original story for the screen, in which she played a half-blood Alaska Indian girl who seldom had even an opportunity to smile. *A Girl of Yesterday* (October), directed by Allan Dwan, was a very light comedy about an old-fashioned girl brought up to date, from a story by Miss Pickford herself. But probably the most successful Pickford film of 1915 was a lively and entertaining waif story called *Rags* (August), from the pen of Edith Barnard Delano.

At the beginning of 1916 it was announced that Miss Pickford would receive half a million dollars during 1916 and that she would also have a larger voice in the selection and production of her films. The first four pictures released in 1916 were still under the Famous Players trade-mark: *The Foundling* (January); *Poor Little Peppina*, a Kate Jordan story (March); *The Eternal Grind* (April); and *Hulda from Holland* (July). *Peppina* was directed by Sidney Olcott, the others by John B. O'Brien. The first two are both waif
stories, though the child is not an orphan but merely one who has become separated from her parents. Reviewing Peppina in 1961, I did not think it nearly as good a picture as I had considered it in 1916, and it may be that if I could review Hulda, I should have the same experience with it; on the other hand, since it was another Edith Barnard Delano story, it might very well hold up as successfully as Rags does. The Eternal Grind was a somewhat depressing sweatshop yarn, with Mary as the high-minded girl, contrasted to her sister, who goes astray. There is (literally) a shotgun wedding for the sister, with Mary holding the gun behind a curtain. The Chicago censor board "pink-slipped" The Eternal Grind, which meant that it could be shown only to adults. The Oak Park Theater did not run it, and I had to go in to Austin to see it at the Plaisance.

There was no Pickford film between July and November; then came the first Artcraft, Less Than the Dust, a story of India, directed by John Emerson, in which Miss Pickford played a girl of the bazaars. The trade journals had announced with great fanfare that from now on Miss Pickford would produce her own pictures; Artcraft exchanges were opened in various cities to handle them; and the general public did not know until later that Zukor was behind the whole enterprise. Miss Pickford was promised a larger measure of control than ever materialized--this was the basic reason why she finally left Zukor for First National in 1918--and when, after the production of A Poor Little Rich Girl, the imagined failure was used to discipline her and bring her into line. In May, 1917, it was announced that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, as it had now become, had "acquired" Artcraft, and afterward for a few years this organization used both the Paramount and Artcraft trademarks and even issued "A Paramount-Artcraft Special" at quite regular intervals.

The year 1917 was possibly the greatest in Mary's career; if we stretch it to include January, 1918, when Stella Maris (which was, of course, produced during 1917) came out, I think there can be no doubt of this. She worked all the year with top-notch directors. First came The Pride of the Clan (January) and A Poor Little Rich Girl (March), both directed by Maurice Tourneur. There followed two Cecil B. DeMille films: A Romance of the Redwoods (May) and The Little American (July). A Poor Little
Rich Girl was the last film Miss Pickford was ever to make in the East; with A Romance of the Redwoods she transferred her producing activities permanently to California. In September, with Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, she found one of her best directors in Marshall Neilan, who directed all her pictures from Rebecca through M’liss in 1918, and returned to her for Daddy Long Legs in 1919 and Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall in 1924. They closed the year together with The Little Princess (November), and, as I have already said, they opened 1918 with William J. Locke’s Stella Maris. There is not a poor picture in the series.

When in the summer of 1961 I was re-examining all the Pickfords I could find at Eastman House, I purposely avoided Mary’s "patriotic" wartime picture, The Little American, having no desire to relive wartime hysteria. It is the story of an American girl with a German lover who is maneuvered into the war zone (after being torpedoed on the way), only to find her lover transformed into a "Hun," who first comes close to raping her, and then, upon discovering her identity, is so quickly redeemed that he defies the whole German high command for her sake. Since then I have seen The Little American again, and though I have not changed my feelings about it, I must admit that it is still a well-made and absorbing film.

For the others, no reservations need be taken. A Poor Little Rich Girl, made from the Eleanor Gates novel and play, has always been one of my favorite films: a rich, yet somehow not inharmonious, combination of Mary's gift for mischief with Tourneur's fine pictorial sense, which is seen at its best in the dream sequences in which the delirious child relives all the joys and sorrows of her life in fresh nightmare patterns. I have been told that Kate Douglas Wiggin did not care much for Mary's Rebecca, and I can understand why this might be the case, for the book is a minor masterpiece, unsurpassed in its kind in American literature, and the film makes changes in the story and adds many irrelevant pranks; yet, for all that, I think its spirit has been miraculously preserved. Certainly Mary never made a happier picture, nor one that sparkles more brightly or offers a faster succession of entertaining situations. The Little Princess was more somber and wistful, and therefore less popular, but audiences of imagination did not love it less.
Stella Maris is often called Miss Pickford's greatest film. I should hate to have to choose between it and two or three others, but there can be no doubt that it is the most unusual thing she ever did. She was very lovely as the crippled rich girl Stella Maris, protected from all the evil and sorrow of the world by her enforced isolation and painfully shocked into awareness by the contacts which follow her recovery after an operation; and she was more than startling as the twisted slavey Unity Blake, who adored Stella and the man who adored her, and finally committed murder and suicide that they might be happy together. Stella Maris had, too, a quite extraordinary performance by Marcia Manon as the sadistic, drunken wife of John Risca, whom Unity finally liquidated.

It was her last really first-rate Artcraft. There followed Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley (March, 1918), a Belle K. Maniates story about a girl of the lower class who learns that "you can't mix pickles and ice cream"; Bret Harte's M'liss (May, 1918); and then three quite trifling comedies—How Could You, Jean? (June, 1918); Johanna Enlists (September, 1918), and Captain Kidd, Jr. (April, 1919), all expertly directed by the ill-starred William Desmond Taylor.

During 1919, First National released three Pickford films. The first, Jean Webster's Daddy Long Legs (May), is one of her most famous and successful pictures. Both of the others were directed by Sidney Franklin. The Hoodlum (September) is a somewhat inconsequential slum comedy. Heart o' the Hills (December) is a John Fox, Jr., story, very good of its kind. In the spring of 1919, Miss Pickford joined with D. W. Griffith, Charles Chaplin, and Douglas Fairbanks to form the United Artists Corporation, through which all the rest of her films were released.

Her United Artist offerings began auspiciously in January, 1920, with Eleanor H. Porter's Pollyanna, directed by Paul Powell. Her only other 1920 film was Suds (June), directed by Jack Dillon, a screen version of the play 'Op o' Me Thumb, by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, in which Maude Adams had starred. For this startling departure Miss Pickford was perhaps fortified by the success of Stella Maris; but Suds was more daring, not only because it lacked the carrying emotional force of the earlier story, but because Stella Maris had permitted Mary to play the ugly little drudge and at the same time give the audience a chance to enjoy
"America's Sweetheart" with her golden curls in a more conventional kind of role. Here the little slavey who worked in a London laundry had to carry the whole picture, and we never saw the golden curls at all except in the brief interlude in which she told of her life not as it was but as it ought to be, an excellent burlesque of popular chivalric literature. (They used Gothic type for the subtitles of this portion of the film, but the fine ladies and gentlemen all talked cockney dialect. They also had Pickford curls on Lavender, the broken-down horse!) Why have the people who cherish Chaplin, Keaton, and the Sennett films overlooked *Suds*? Perhaps the only adequate answer is Dr. Johnson's to the lady who asked him why he had defined "pastern" as "the knee of a horse." "Ignorance, Madame," said the doctor, "pure ignorance."

The year 1921 saw three films; it was the last in which she was to give us so much. *The Love Light* (January) and *Through the Back Door* (May) were comparatively unimportant, though *The Love Light*, in which Mary played an Italian girl who is married, unknowingly, to a German spy, was an interesting attempt to experiment with grown-up roles. The year ended on one of the high points of her career with her final return to Mrs. Burnett for one of her most elaborate films, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (September), in which she played both the boy and Dearest, his mother. Frances Marion, who had done so many of Miss Pickford's scenarios, directed *The Love Light*, in which her husband Fred Thomson was the leading man. This is the only time Mary was ever directed by a woman. The other two films were credited jointly to Jack Pickford and Alfred E. Green, but it has been generally agreed that Jack Pickford's contribution was nominal.

In 1922 came the remake of *Tess of the Storm Country*, already mentioned. In 1923 and 1924, with *Rosita*, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, Miss Pickford made two more attempts to break away, in different directions, from the child roles with which she had so long been associated. *Rosita* was one of a number of screen versions which have been made of the old play *Don Caesar de Bazan*, and *Dorothy Vernon*, of course, was a Tudor costume picture, gorgeously mounted, of another novel by Charles Major, who wrote *When Knighthood Was in Flower*.

Both these films had their merits, *Dorothy Vernon*
being, for my taste, the better of the two; but her own, or her public's, lack of enthusiasm for them, or a combination of both, left Miss Pickford with the feeling that she should return to child roles. She did so with Little Annie Rooney (1925), directed by William Beaudine, a good deal of which was given over to kid gang-fighting and the solution of a murder mystery. To my way of thinking, it was the poorest film she had made in some time, but it proved popular. Beaudine also directed its successor Sparrows (1926), a somewhat Dickensian piece about greed and loyalty on a baby farm in the swamps. Sparrows is Dickensian in its preoccupation with children, in its background of crime and mystery, and above all in the Squeers-like creature of murderous instincts (Gustav von Seyffertitz) who runs the farm. It was beautifully photographed--some of the scenes looked almost like paintings--but I do not see how anyone could speak of it as a great story of intense dramatic vitality. About half of it was devoted to tracing Mary's escape through the swamps with her ten little protégés, sometimes in close proximity to huge, vicious crocodiles, who would have liked nothing better than to devour them all.

Sparrows was followed in November, 1927, by an entertaining love story, My Best Girl, in which she played with Charles B. ("Buddy") Rogers, and which turned out to be her last silent film. With it, too, Miss Pickford acquired Sam Taylor, who directed all the rest of her pictures except the last, Secrets, which was directed by Frank Borzage. She received an Oscar for Coquette (March, 1929), the play by Ann Bridges and George Abbott in which Helen Hayes had been so successful on the stage. It was her first talking picture and the first (except for Kiki it was also the last) in which she was to capitalize on the screen on her newly bobbed hair. Her Katherine in The Taming of the Shrew (October, 1929), the only film she ever made with Douglas Fairbanks (she says he was so difficult during its production that he permanently destroyed her faith in her ability to make pictures), lacked the physical stamina traditionally associated with the role; it assumed (non-Shakespeareanly), as Sothern and Marlowe used to do, that Katherine "caught on" to what Petruchio was doing and "played along" with him. (In the film this was conveyed by having Petruchio speak the "Thus have I politely begun my reign" soliloquy to his dog, and be overheard by Katherine from a balcony.) If the Pickford-Fairbanks Taming of the Shrew was a less successful screen
adaptation of Shakespeare than those which Laurence Olivier was later to achieve, it was still probably the best that had been accomplished up to its time. The picture which followed, the French farce Kiki, which David Belasco had adapted for Lenore Ulric, and in which she had given such a blockbuster of a performance, was not a bad picture, but Mary seemed out of place in it. I regretted her decision to retire from the screen with Secrets (1933), but she could hardly have ended her career with a finer film. Her scenes with Leslie Howard, when their baby dies without his being aware of what is happening, while he is defending their cabin against an Indian attack, were surely among the finest sequences she ever played.

Nobody has ever questioned Miss Pickford's great skill and knowledge in all matters relating to motion-picture technique, but there is a tendency among those who do not know her films well to identify her exclusively with the portrayal of children and young girls.

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet.

If this were true, I should not think it necessary to apologize for it in any terms of abjectness. Most actors specialize in one thing or another, and if you are going to specialize, it seems to me that children and young girls afford a very good field. I can think of highly regarded actresses who have specialized in prostitutes, and I do not believe that prostitutes are more important than young girls or that they are more varied in their motivations or more difficult to portray. "A woman of moral depravity," said Julia Marlowe, "offers the modern playwright greater scope than a good woman because her life is full of incidents that are dramatic." But, she added, rightly, that "it takes a greater artist to make a good woman interesting than to make a base woman sympathetic and thrilling."

As a matter of fact, however, it was not until after the beginning of the feature era that Miss Pickford became definitely associated with ingenue roles, and it was not until A Poor Little Rich Girl that she appeared all through a feature film as a child. As we have already seen, the public preference for seeing her in youthful roles became an ever-increasing problem to her as she grew older, and she made
a number of attempts to break away. "Through my professional creations," she says, "I became, in a sense, my own baby," and I think there can be no doubt that her cutting her curls (an act which she later questioned her right to have performed) was an attempt to destroy the persona standing in the way of her future development. Nevertheless, Mary's children and girls were not undifferentiated; of course there was a family relationship between them, but is not this also true of the types favored by certain other actresses? Gwen in A Poor Little Rich Girl, for example, is a very different girl from either Rebecca or Pollyanna--more helpless and less resourceful and considerably more wistful. She also gives the impression of being considerably younger. Her movements, her reactions are all those of a small child; so too is her fright when she is told by a lazy servant that she cannot be taken to her father's office because the place is full of bears. When she asks another girl, "Are you scared of BEARS?" she reads the line like a small child, and it is no exaggeration to speak of her "reading" such lines, though the film is silent, and we cannot hear what she says except in the mind's ear. Her tantrums are a small child's tantrums too, entirely lacking the elements of calculation and self-satisfaction of which Rebecca is capable or the sense of compulsion which sometimes possesses Polyanna.

What I am saying of course is that the composite Pickford character was considerably less simple than she is generally supposed to have been. As I have already said, if she was "America's Sweetheart," she was also America's--and the world's--darling child, sometimes even problem child. But she was also the Madonna in The Foundling and again, briefly, in Douglas Fairbanks' production of The Gaucho in 1927.

She was, to be sure, in general, "good," and if you do not like good women in art--or if you subscribe to the juvenile and idiotic nonsense that bad women are more "interesting"--then she is not for you; but if you reject her on this ground, I fear you will have to reject most of Shakespeare's heroines with her. What you will have to learn, however, before you can approach her intelligently, is that "good" and "saccharine" are not synonymous terms. I have already spoken of Mary's high jinks. Her repertoire in this kind was as rich and varied as that of the slapstick artists who did nothing else, and sometimes, as when, in Through the Back Door, she tied
scrubbing brushes on her feet and turned the kitchen into a skating rink, she achieved a ballet-like ecstasy.

In *Rags*, *Tess of the Storm Country*, and several other films, she was a captivating and innocent young virago, with what you would have called outrageous conduct in anybody else accepted as endearing in her because of the disarming air of innocence that went along with it; and in *Daddy Long Legs* she was a devil toward all who were in authority over her at the orphan asylum but a tower of strength to every abused younger child. In *Rags* she made her first appearance riding on a goat. Overalls-clad, she charged head-on into a gang of boys who were abusing a dog, disciplined her drunken father in a saloon, and compelled him to return the money he had stolen; then she went into a temper tantrum, culminating in free-swinging a chair about her head after one of the habitués of the place had ventured to rumple her hair. In *The Pride of the Clan* she used equally violent methods to get the fishermen into church. In *The Foundling* she fed Mrs. Grimes's birthday cakes to the puppies, and when the dogcatcher tried to seize her own dog, she not only resisted him but unlocked the back of his wagon and set every animal imprisoned in it loose in the streets. She also made a statuette of the cruel Mrs. Grimes and then punished it; probably she did not know that she was practicing witchcraft, but the impulse was there. In *Poor Little Peppina* she and her brother Beppo (Jack Pickford) attacked a servant and kicked him in the shin in order to get in to see the duchess when Peppina needed her help to avoid an unwelcome marriage, and from there went on to more violence, culminating in an escape for Peppina in Beppo's clothes. But perhaps she was more vigorous in *Tess* than anywhere else. She jumped on Dan Jordan's back when he tried to put out the squatters' fire, made impudent faces at Elias Graves and did a mocking dance step to tease him, and rushed into a tug of war when the warden was taking a net from a fisherwoman so that she got pulled along the ground on her bottom.

In *Rags*, again, Mary prepares to entertain an admirer (Marshall Neilan) at a miserable little lunch in her poor hut. She gets everything arranged to her satisfaction, but when she steps out for a moment, her drunken father and his companions come in and wolf the food. Mary, returning, arranges the few remaining scraps on Neilan's plate and greets him with a disarming "I was so hungry I jes' couldn't wait
for you." James Card has rightly compared this with the famous scene in *The Gold Rush* in which Chaplin waits for the girl who never comes, and Iris Barry long ago pointed out the Chaplinesque elements in her arrangement of her hat and gloves before she sets out for church in *The New York Hat*. These are no isolated instances, and since Mary was doing this kind of thing before Chaplin came to the movies, there can be no question of indebtedness on her part.

Unity Blake's pantomime with John Risca's coat in *Stella Maris*, which culminates when she makes him put his arm about her—perhaps the best thing about Mary's characterization of Unity is that she holds our sympathy for the girl even when she quite fails to keep her "place"—is Chaplin to the life. And *Rebecca* is full of this kind of thing: consider the dance-step movement Rebecca performs backward during her embarrassment while selling soap to Mr. Aladdin, or her recitations at school; consider her battle with the divided door when she arrives at the brick house (so like Keaton's never-ending war with gadgets). In closing the upper half she knocks the bottom half open again, and when she stoops back under to remedy this, the upper half knocks her hat off. Finally, consider the wonderful running and jumping from one piece of oilcloth to another, trying not to step on Aunt Miranda's carpets, culminating in a run down the final strip close to the camera, ending in a dead stop and jerk which brings her hat down over her eyes and inspires her to remark that she is sure she is going to like it here.

In *Hulda from Holland* she falls through a skylight onto a young man's bed. In the way of gadgetry again, she has regular Rube Goldberg contraptions on her bed curtains and fishing tackle in *Tess*, and when she arrives in England in *Less Than the Dust*, she makes a floral offering to a suit of armor.

It must not be supposed that even in her feature pictures, made when she had become such a valuable theatrical property that she could do virtually nothing without considering its probable effect upon millions of admirers, did she ever give the impression of having wrapped herself in cotton wool or of not understanding the world she lived in. In *Madame Butterfly* she killed herself for love (not by the traditional hara-kiri method, to be sure, but more genteelly by wading out into the water). In *Hearts Adrift* she cast herself and her child into a volcano. In *Stella Maris* she committed both murder and suicide. She was a girl thief in both *Less Than*
the Dust and In the Bishop's Carriage. As a messenger boy in Poor Little Peppina she choked on a cigar; in M'liss she picked up a five-foot snake. In A Romance of the Redwoods she saved Elliott Dexter, as a reformed road agent to whom she was not married, by pretending that she was pregnant by him, using doll clothes as garments which she had prepared for the expected baby. The sheriff married them on the spot, and not until after they had got away did he understand that she had tricked him. The Moving Picture World thought this situation very daring and speculated on how the public would take it, though stipulating that "it is hardly necessary to add that the acting and personality of Mary Pickford make the situation without actual offence."

If the reviewer had remembered his Biographs, he might have been less shocked. Miss Pickford has denied that she got good parts at Biograph from the beginning. "I got what no one else wanted, and I took anything that came my way because I early decided that if I could get into as many pictures as possible, I'd become known and there would be a demand for my work." It is certainly true that in many of the Biographs I have seen she is shown briefly and ineffectively. Nevertheless, Griffith gave her a wider range of roles at Biograph than she was ever to have again, and if she could have continued on this basis, the misunderstandings concerning her which I have been opposing here would never have arisen. Look at the scene in which she "vamps" the British sentry in the otherwise comparatively ineffective 1776; or, The Hessian Renegades (1909) if you want to see how early the fetching manners so eagerly exploited in her later films were beginning to develop. On the other hand, there is hardly a trace of them in the many pictures in which she was cast as an Indian, and, as she says, she played mother to people who were only a few years younger than herself. When she acted Glory Quayle in To Save Her Soul, Griffith's one-reel adaptation of Hall Caine's The Christian, she could not give Griffith what he wanted from her because she was too young to understand the emotions she was supposed to express.

In Fate's Interception (1912), with Mary as a Mexican Indian girl, we have the Madame Butterfly situation without a mock marriage and without any imputation of innocence to the woman in the case. Not only has she been living with her American lover without benefit of clergy, but after she
has been jilted, she sends her Mexican admirer to kill him; through a fluke, the Mexican is killed instead, and she goes back to the American! "Who shall blame?" asks a subtitle. One might expect there would be a good many takers.

A much better—and better known—picture of the same year, *Friends*, goes in for more ambivalence, ending with the question "Which shall she choose?"—Walthall or Lionel Barrymore. But the amazing thing is that the girl, elegantly dressed in an 1890's gown with balloon sleeves (it had belonged to Mrs. Pickford), lives alone and receives her admirers in a room over the village tavern, where much of the action takes place. How much we are intended to read into this is doubtful, but it is safe to say that if the director and the players were conscious of all the implications, many of their 1912 customers must have missed them (I am very well acquainted with one who did).

Finally, what shall be said of yet another 1912 film, *The Female of the Species*? Oddly enough, Griffith called it "A Psychological Tragedy," yet it has a happy ending. Claire McDowell, her husband Charles West, her sister Mary, and a lone girl played by Dorothy Bernard wander through a wind-swept desert as the sole survivors of a massacre. The husband makes up to Bernard and shortly thereafter dies. Although the girl is entirely innocent, the wife suspects her and treats her cruelly, and the climax comes when, for what seemed in 1912 an interminable time, she stands over her sleeping form with a hatchet, "half mad with brooding," trying to make up her mind whether to kill her or not. The girl is saved when the woman is distracted by the cry of an abandoned Indian baby nearby, and reconciliation ensues. The psychological motivation here is none too clear; otherwise *The Female of the Species* is a stark and powerful film, with a grim natural background much like that Sjöström was later to use in *The Wind*. But the interesting thing is that Griffith did not cast Miss Pickford as the wronged girl and proceed to exploit a sentimental, Little Nell kind of helplessness, as almost any later director would have done. Instead he gave this role to Dorothy Bernard, who did not play it in anything approaching a sentimental manner, and he made Mary the wife's bitter and abetting sister, who went through the whole film with a frown between her eyes and a sneer on her lips, encouraging Claire McDowell's murderous desires and exuding venom toward her potential victim.
The Female of the Species was an interesting film, and I am glad to have seen Mary in this aspect, yet I doubt very much that anybody would really have preferred to have her career develop along The Female of the Species lines rather than Tess of the Storm Country lines. I well remember myself, aged twelve, coming home from The Female of the Species at the Victoria and announcing that I had seen a perfectly horrible picture! I even told the manager so afterward, and he agreed with me, or said he did, despite his general enthusiasm for Biograph films. All our naiveté notwithstanding, I cannot help believing that in the larger view the Age of Innocence did pretty well by Mary Pickford—and by us.

Benjamin Hampton points out that Mary "is the only member of her sex who ever became the focal point of an entire industry." Her rivalry with Chaplin changed the salary pattern for the whole film business, so that Zukor actually tried to keep her from going to his competitors by offering to pay her a large salary every week for a number of years not to make motion pictures—there is devotion to the film medium for you, and to Mary, too. Make whatever qualifications and reservations you like, for us Mary was sweetness and light, and this was more important to us than any possible characterization. If we made her up, this was all the more credit to ourselves. If there are no girls in the world like those she portrayed, then, since life imitates art quite as much as art imitates life, it was all the more important that such girls should appear on the screen, where their influence would extend farther and among more susceptible people than in any other medium. Whatever history makes of her, and whichever of her films may survive, no other generation will ever have her as we had her. If you say that you do not understand how we were able to read such ineffable meanings into her, I can only remind you of the painter and the lady who could not see the effects of which he had spoken in the great painting. ("Don't you wish you could, Madame?" he asked her. "Don't you wish you could?") But none of that is very important. The important thing is that we did it. And because we did it, we shall cherish her in our hearts as long as we live, along with the memories of our own youth, and be grateful in troubled times for the joy she brought us.
NOTES


4. Hearts Adrift was the first Pickford feature film ever made in California. In his book, written with Dale Kramer, The Public Is Never Wrong (Putnam, 1953), Adolph Zukor reports, amazingly, that it "flopped," thus proving that, as historians, producers may be quite unreliable.

5. All of Miss Pickford's films between The Eagle's Mate and Esmeralda (both inclusive) were directed by James Kirkwood, except Such a Little Queen, which was directed by Hugh Ford.

6. Although Miss Pickford turned out many scenarios in the Biograph days, this was apparently the only feature film for which she ever wrote the story. According to her cameraman Charles Rosher, she had a very important share in the direction of all the films on which he worked with her except Rosita, which was wholly in
charge of Ernst Lubitsch. She calls Rosita "the worst picture I ever made, bar none," thus usurping a distinction which, I think, clearly belongs to *Less Than the Dust*.

7. Compare the tribute Harvey O'Higgins pays Mary's acting in this film in his article "To What Green Altar?" *New Republic*, Vol. XVIII (1919), 80-81. He is speaking of the scene in which a wounded French soldier, carried past her, salutes. "There came over her face the look of a mother who sees a dying child reach for a toy from her hands. Pitiful and apologetic, with a halting, awkward, painful gesture, she returned his salute ... and her face was all purely human maternal tenderness; and she tried even to smile encouragingly, but with a certain heart-broken blindness as if she could not quite see him for the mist of tears in her eyes; and then the struggling smile achieved complete expression in a conflict of emotion that mirrored the most subtle aspects of reality as only a great imagination could conceive them.

"There was nothing theatrical about it. There was nothing stereotyped.... But you might go a long way and see a great deal of famous acting without meeting the expression of an emotion so true, so poignant, and so beautiful."


9. The last years of Miss Pickford's once happy marriage to Douglas Fairbanks were clouded by his infidelity. She received her final decree of divorce from him on January 10, 1935. On June 26, 1937, she made her third, very fortunate and happy, marriage to "Buddy" Rogers.

10. It seems odd that Norma Talmadge had anticipated Miss Pickford's production of both of her last films—*Kiki* and *Secrets*. As a matter of fact, Miss Pickford filmed *Secrets* twice but disliked the first production and decided not to release it.

11. In her autobiography she writes of being overwhelmed by the avalanche of public criticism which followed her act. "You would have thought I had murdered someone, and perhaps I had, but only to give her successor a
chance to live." In 1929 bobbed hair was still a moral issue in America; it marked the difference between the old-fashioned "womanly" woman and her "emancipated" successor, between the Victorian maiden and the "flapper." When Mary Pickford, who had been the symbol of excellence of all the cherished old values, cut her hair, it seemed to many as though the citadel had been betrayed from within. When, as late as 1925, Miss Pickford had appealed through Photoplay for letters telling her what she should play, the 25,000 people who responded were overwhelmingly in favor of the youthful roles, the gist of the argument being that other actresses could portray emotional maturity but that what Mary was doing could be done by her alone. The stories most frequently asked for were "Cinderella" (which she had already done), Anne of Green Gables (which Mary Miles Minter had done), Alice in Wonderland, The Little Colonel, and Sara Crewe (which she had done as The Little Princess). Disney is said once to have considered a production of Alice with Mary as the human child and cartoons for the fairyland characters.

12. Miss Pickford was not one of her own fans. In her autobiography she declares that she never made a film which she liked in its entirety, and in her 1923 articles in the Ladies' Home Journal she went even further: "Of all the films that I have made I do not believe that there is one that is even half-way right or one that I would care to have brought out twenty years from now except as a curiosity, as a family album might be brought out." Once--horrible thought!--she even planned to buy up her films and destroy them. I am sure, therefore, that she would not mind my saying that while it never troubled me greatly, I do know what people mean when they object to a certain stock "cuteness" at times in her characterizations of children and young people, though I should prefer to describe this as a tendency to apply, at times, just a shade too much pressure. This seems to me her only fault as an actress within her range (I speak here of faults, not limitations), and I must take care not to over-stress it, for she was, in general, an extremely restrained actress.

I first met Lillian Gish at the Blackstone Hotel in December 1920, when she came to Chicago for the local opening of Way Down East at the Woods Theater. I did not meet Dorothy until January 1922, when both she and Lillian came for the opening of Orphans of the Storm and occupied the box just behind mine at the Great Northern Theater. After I moved to New England we met more frequently, and my friendship with both sisters, which was extended to embrace my family as soon as I had acquired one has been a blessing for which I shall always be thankful. It chanced that when I came to New York in 1961 to work on The Movies in the Age of Innocence at the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, Dorothy was out of town, and she graciously placed her rooms in the Elysée Hotel at the disposal of my wife and myself.

The essay that follows first appeared in 1927 as Number Seven in the series of University of Washington Chapbooks edited by my late, lamented friend Glenn Hughes, who thereby became my first publisher. It was revised very slightly for its reappearance in The Movies in the Age of Innocence, and this version was reprinted in 1980 in the very handsome booklet which the Museum of Modern Art brought out to commemorate its Gish retrospective, on which occasion Charles Silver generously described it as "the classic critical appreciation of Miss Gish's early work." However this may be, it reappears here without further change.

The meeting in Chicago referred to at the end of my discussion occurred, again at the Blackstone and later at the railroad station, when Lillian and her mother stopped off between trains when she was on her way to the Coast to take up her M-G-M contract. It is interesting to reflect that of the roles I mention in my penultimate paragraph as being
naturals for her, Ophelia is the only one she ever had a chance to play. This was in the famous 1936 New York stage production, directed by Guthrie McClintic, in which John Gielgud was the Hamlet and Judith Anderson the Queen. As early as 1936 however, Edward Steichen had taken a marvelous portrait of her as Ophelia, which is handsomely reproduced as #116 in his autobiography, A Life in Photography (Double-day, 1963), where it is strangely mislabeled "Romola." The news about the film of that title, to which I refer at some length, is better however. Long considered a lost film, it has now been recovered and is currently (1986) available in cassette form for the VCR from Danny Burk, 2316 Mishawaka Avenue, South Bend, Indiana, 46615.

LILLIAN GISH: AN INTERPRETATION*

Just what it is that makes a fine artist in the theater is a subject on which probably no final decision will ever be reached, but at least it is now clear that the popular impression of the great actor as a chameleon-like creature who wholly sinks his own individuality in the role that he plays, who nightly reduces himself to putty and then proceeds to construct a new and alien character from its foundations, is an excellent definition of what such an artist is not. Without great personality, great art simply cannot exist, and this truth has long been recognized in connection with the other arts. The individuality of the great painter is evident in all his canvases: a Corot cannot be mistaken for a Millet or a Van Dyck for a Frans Hals. In literature too it is only the second- and third-rate stuff that might have been written by anybody: Chaucer and Fielding and Conrad are "there," visibly and incontrovertibly "there," in every line that they wrote. It is so also in the theater, for the creative process is essentially one in all the arts. An actor may, according as his experience of life has been wide or narrow, according as he himself is simple or complex, single- or many-sided, work in a wide field or he may specialize within a comparatively narrow range. What is worth remembering, however, of a really versatile player like David Garrick, as against the

limited portrayer of a type, is not that Garrick has submerged his personality, but rather that, through sympathetic comprehension and intelligence, he has enlarged it to embrace a much wider segment of life. Zola conceived of art as a corner of nature seen through a personality. If acting is in any sense among the arts, why should we not grant to the actor this same privilege—to re-character his material in terms of his own personality—which we impose upon the poet as a duty? We may grant it or not as we choose; we may even justify our obtuseness by the cant that acting is not "creative" but merely "interpretative." Still the actor will continue to do it, as he has always done it, because it creates the only condition under which acting can exist at all.

I admit that this is dangerous doctrine, but I do not happen to know any true doctrine that is not dangerous. I am not trying to absolve the actor from "faithfulness" to the author whose plays he presents; I am simply suggesting that in acting itself there is a larger creative element than is commonly supposed. The plain truth of the matter is that unless a play is purely a "closet-drama"—and therefore devoid of all essential dramatic quality—it is not finished at the time it is printed: it does not really come alive until some man or woman of genius makes it live upon the stage. The very great plays—Hamlet, for example—are never completed. Hamlet is no longer Shakespeare's exclusively but the world's, and it will not be really finished until the last great actor has presented his conception of it.

In short, I believe that the actor, like the poet, cannot possibly create anything greater than his own soul. It is precisely this experiential quality that marks the difference between mere vulgar impersonation—which is of no significance—and genuine portrayal of character—which is of value because it assists in the understanding of life. That which the actor does not understand, and which has not been passed through his own alembic, may indeed startle for the moment through technical brilliance; but in the long run it is ineffective, like the famous legendary sermon which the devil once delivered with great energy against all the hosts of darkness, and which won no converts, simply because the preacher himself did not believe in it.

The bearing of all this upon my subject is, I trust,
fairly obvious. Miss Gish is not, in the usual sense, a versatile actress. Her temperament is not naturally and obviously "dramatic," and she always claims the right to make her roles over to suit Lillian Gish. Yet she has come to be accepted as the outstanding serious artist of the screen, the authentic, incomparable interpreter of the drama of the shadows. As far back as 1920, John Barrymore called her an American artist worthy to rank with Duse and Bernhardt, an American girl who had equaled if not surpassed the finest traditions of the theater.

I hope I may not be misunderstood. I am not saying what the unenlightened so often say: that "Lillian Gish is always the same." Each of her portraits is an individual achievement: he who feels or who pretends to feel that her Mimi and her Hester Prynne are the same person, or that her Angela Chiaromonte is not an essentially different girl from her Henriette Girard, is surely completely blind to other than very elementary and wholly obvious distinctions: fine shadings in art are not for him. Versatility, in the usual sense, is comparatively easy for the character actor: he presents, one after another, wholly different types, and he has all the resources of makeup to sustain the illusion. But Miss Gish is not a character actress. She has played only sensitive young women, most of them about the same age, many of them facing not wholly dissimilar problems. The business of differentiation for such a player is ten thousand times more difficult than it is for the character actor; I think hardly any careful student of acting will deny that she has triumphantly met the test.

But what is more to the point for my argument is that in and through all her carefully differentiated characterizations, she has expressed also her own point of view, a distinctive something which is Lillian Gish and nobody else on earth. Her Hester Prynne is not precisely Hawthorne's Hester: she is Lillian's Hester. This point has sometimes been cited against her; as a matter of fact, it is the highest praise that could be given. Hawthorne's Hester Prynne exists in Hawthorne's pages: why should Lillian Gish seek to create her over again? Is it not better to begin under Hawthorne's spell but to go on from there independently to work out her own conception as he did his?--a conception which, precisely because it does represent the reaction of another individuality, will help us better to understand not
only Hawthorne but the life experience which both artists, and which all artists, seek to interpret?

This, I believe, is the essentially "poetic" note in the work of Lillian Gish—a thing to which so many have referred but which hardly anybody has understood. The girl's work seems "poetic" because she is a poet, that is because she is a creator. She is like the poets in that there is something distinctive in the way she apprehends life, and she uses her roles as the poet uses words and the musician tones—not to reproduce what somebody else has done but to express directly her own authentic impression. Hence also the marvelous sense of completeness, of perfection that she gives you. The part and the actress are one: there is nothing extraneous. In a very deep and very true sense, she is the profoundest kind of actress: that is to say she does not "act" at all; she is.

This is not of course what most people mean when they refer to Lillian as "poetic." Usually, I am afraid, they mean that she is pretty. Sometimes—God forgive them!—they are even trying to say that she is weak. The novelist Joseph Hergesheimer was one of Lillian's most ardent admirers, yet he would seem to have been blind to some of her most important qualities. Hergesheimer objected strenuously to The White Sister, for example, which he claimed he never went to see. "I had no wish to see Lillian's pale charm against the rigid whiteness of a nun's headdress." But it was precisely the qualities which repelled Hergesheimer in The White Sister that attracted Lillian: she wanted to do the story, as she once told me, most of all for the privilege of filming the assumption of the veil, a ritual which she considered one of the most beautiful things in modern civilization.

I do not, however, wish to convey the impression that I am in any sense unmoved by Lillian's beauty. She is completely a being of lyric loveliness, even to her very name. The affinity between her given name and her spirit is a commonplace; if there were only one thing in the world by which to symbolize her, one would instinctively choose the lily. To most persons I suppose her surname means nothing, but this is their misfortune. It should mean romance, the pathos of distance and of faraway perfect things; it should carry them back to buried Babylon, to the Gilgamesh epic and the marvelous adventures of Gish.
Lillian's physical frailness—her Dresden china quality—connects here, and it is this which is commonly regarded as her most serious limitation. Actually it is nothing of the kind. It is true that it bars her from playing coarse types—which make up the most of life—and that it limits her capacity for heroic expression. It is hardly conceivable that any other producer than D. W. Griffith could have discerned her gifts at the time she entered pictures: to anyone else, the pale child she was then must have seemed, as a dramatic actress, the world's worst bet. Griffith, with his passion for delicacy and his uncanny knowledge of his craft, perceived at once that what might have handicapped her on the stage was precisely what would make her on the screen. In a large auditorium, physical coarseness of feature is no handicap; it may even be an advantage. But the merciless camera, with its magnified features and its enormous close-ups, brings the actor almost on top of his audience, registering every movement, showing up inevitably the most trifling defect. Except Mary Pickford, there is nobody whose contour quite suits the camera, quite stands the test, as does Lillian's. And it would be difficult to find two actresses who appear in more radically different lights. Mary photographs always with cameolike precision: she stands out against her backgrounds with crystal clarity, like Lucrezia Bori at the opera. Lillian's outlines, on the other hand, are dreamlike, subdued; she seems to float on the screen like a remembered vision of Botticelli's women.

This lyrical coloring in Lillian seems immensely precious: doubly so because she lives in an age when most girls have definitely outlawed overtones, when everything must be frank and open, everything ruthlessly displayed, no matter how ugly it may be. Something of the lyrical goes into whatever she does, glorifies it with the interpenetrating quality of the imagination, makes it impossible for her to be drably realistic, no matter what her role. Frequently she plays what are called in the movies "cotton stocking" parts. But what she gives you of poverty in these instances is never its drabness and hardness but only its singleness and sweet humility. The star example is the scene in Way Down East in which Anna Moore, her mind oppressed by the dread dogma of infant damnation, herself baptized her dying child. Miss Gish played the scene with utter realism—her walk, her expressions, the very arrangement of her clothes all suggesting the strain of recent childbirth. Many an actress could have done
that, but I do not know who could have followed her in the next step she took, who could have lifted the whole scene, as she did, away from squalor, beyond the physical, who could so beautifully have suggested the age-old miracle of the girl become mother.

But Lillian's lyricism could never have served to win her present place for her had it not been coupled with a dramatic intensity all the more striking because the body through which she expresses it seems so frail. The effect is virtually to blot out the flesh: when she really lets herself go, she is like nothing so much as a pure white flame. Though she has done finer things since, her closet scene in Broken Blossoms, the helpless child's pitiful terror of the brutal father who was hammering against the door, trying to get in and kill her, will remain in the memory of all her audiences as the best single expression of her wonderful capacity for utter surrender to emotion. It was hysterics photographed, yet it was fine art; hysterics are not naturally beautiful.

I have already touched on the exaltation, the profound mysticism of Miss Gish's playing. Even her beauty is not a thing in itself: you never think of her as a "beauty" in the sense in which you think thus of many women of the theater. She is essentially the Puritan in art: there are many phases of experience that she does not care to touch. It is indeed because of her own sensitiveness, because through all these years in the theater she has, in a sense, kept herself in a world apart, that she has become so incomparable an interpreter of the experience of sensitive women. In the ordinary, vulgar sense of the term, there is no more sex in her screen manifestations than there was for Dante in the Beatrice of the Commedia.

Miss Gish's work on the screen is pure emotion: there is no suggestion of mind in it, and here, as always, she is profoundly right, for the visible presence of intellect in acting can only rob it of spontaneity, make it labored and self-conscious. But all who have watched Lillian's development know that the mind is there notwithstanding: nothing could be farther from the truth than to imagine that the lovely things she has created came into being spontaneously, as mere emanations of herself. And she is still growing, for each appearance marks, in some respect, an advance. Twelve
years ago, in *The Birth of a Nation*, I did not indeed find her extraordinarily effective; of all her more important characterizations, this of Elsie Stoneman seems to me the least. But as Annie Lee in *Enoch Arden*, released that same year, she did immensely fine work, running the whole gamut from youth to age, and doing it with splendid sincerity and with poignant, touching sweetness. As the French girl Marie in *Hearts of the World* she went even deeper, and after I saw her in *Broken Blossoms* in 1919, I told her, out of my ignorance, that I did not see how she could ever equal the performance she had given here. Yet Lillian has gone far, far beyond what then seemed unutterable perfection.

In four of her recent pictures, Miss Gish has been engaged in a profound and beautiful study—the study of woman's attitude toward her love. In *La Bohème* it was the love which gives blindly, eagerly, in answer to desire. In *Romola* it was the austere love which, precisely because it loves, will accept nothing from the beloved except the best. In *The White Sister* love and God were in conflict, and God won. And in *The Scarlet Letter* the love was tainted with sin and worked its way out, through suffering, to salvation.

Of these four characterizations, it is difficult to make a choice, but I think the one which moved me most was precisely the one which has been the least popular—*Romola*. This film surely did not earn very much money for its sponsors, for it was enormously expensive, and it wholly lacked the melodramatic appeal which a great costume film must have if it is to capture the movie public. Lillian's own role, too, was not essentially dramatic, there was no furniture broken, and the general public could not do other than remain comparatively indifferent to her quiet, gently incisive baring of a woman's soul. Lillian herself—the artist's divine dissatisfaction upon her—did not quite share my enthusiasm for this picture. "I hope you will like *Romola* when you see it," she had written me. "It caused me so much trouble and there are so many things in it that I would have different from what they are that I can never think of it now without a great feeling of sadness for what we might have done with that beautiful story." Nevertheless, it is here that she has given us a characterization worthy, in its perfections, to rank with Mary Garden's portrait of Mélisande in Debussy's ultimate opera. For the first time, as I watched *Romola*, I felt that I was really beginning to understand what supreme
devotion, what never-failing effort it must have cost Lillian Gish to develop her art to the point to which she had brought it here. The old-time violence, the occasionally hysterical quality that was the hangover from her Griffith days, was gone, but the dramatic intenseness that had accompanied it and saved it and made it beautiful remained—repressed, quivering with life. A twitch of her expressive mouth, a shift of expression in her eyes, and she had accomplished what in the old days it took all the resources of her body to achieve less perfectly. The finest example of all this in Romola comes at that moment in the house of Tessa when Romola first realizes that Tito has been unfaithful to her. Actually Lillian did nothing in that moment save look at Tito and then back at Tessa's baby which she was holding in her arms. Slowly the realization dawned that her husband was the father of this child, and the tears welled up in her eyes, but they did not overflow. Amazement, incredulous wonder, wounded pride, and the pure woman's instinctive recoil from an unchaste man—they were all there in that look; yet beneath and above them all were love and pity—for Tito, and for Tessa, and for the child.

In Romola, Lillian appeared to be turning inward—more self-contained than she used to be—an entity complete. In a measure this may have been due to the accident of material. But in a deeper sense I do not believe it was, for Lillian is growing daily, broadening, developing, shifting the stream of her life to deeper channels. If this tendency continues she will in the future be less of an "actress" than now; she will be rather a symbolist, an "essentialist"—if there is such a word—and her screen images will be not so much characterizations as projections, pictures, embodiments (I know not how to name them) of the varied aspects of the spiritual life. One shudders to think what effect such a process might have upon Lillian's box-office popularity, but what a sense of wonder she could bring to our souls, what deepening and beautifying of this amazing mystery we call life. And Lillian could do it if her managers would give her the chance, could leave behind her "pictures of the floating world" which might well live as long in the imaginations of men as Homer's portrait of Nausicaā.

Indeed, I believe Miss Gish to be capable of much greater roles than any she has yet played. She has etched a precious number of lyrical and dramatic moments, but
frequently the stuff from which she has wrought has been the veriest melodrama. Imagine what she might be in Lancelot and Elaine or as Mélisande or Francesca da Rimini. Imagine what she might do with Ophelia or with any of the later spiritualized heroines of Shakespeare—with Miranda or Perdita, for example. She is not easy to fit with roles that shall be at once adaptable to the screen and suited to her genius: for the mere clash of earthly passion—the quality most frequently and most picturesquely exploited by "emotional" actresses—is simply not for her.

Sometimes I am inclined to be a little impatient about these things: I suppose everybody, now and then, feels that the careers of his favorite artists are being less intelligently managed than he himself could manage them. Yet the last time I saw Lillian, one night in Chicago, when she and her delightful mother left for California, it came over me suddenly that all such fretting was futile. What difference does it make what Lillian plays so long as she is Lillian? That at least no casting director can ever take away from us. Here is the source of the impression she makes, for she herself is among the poets. She may bring us art and literature from the treasure houses of Europe, or she may float on an ice cake down some river of her native land. Whatever she does, she will always be beauty—emotionalized beauty, through which one catches sudden, radiant glimmerings of the wonder of life.
Before Clarine Seymour passed into D. W. Griffith's employ, she had been briefly involved with the Thanhouser company, whose studio was in New Rochelle, New York, where she lived with her family, and with Pathé in nearby New Jersey and had spent two unhappy years in California, whither she had been sent to work for a Pathé subsidiary.

She appeared in four Griffith films: The Girl Who Stayed at Home (released March 23, 1919), with Robert Harron, Richard Barthelmess, and Carol Dempsten; True Heart Susie (June 1, 1919), with Harron, Miss Dempster, and Lillian Gish; Scarlet Days (November 10, 1919), with Barthelmess, Ralph Graves, Miss Dempster, and Eugenie Besserer; and The Idol Dancer (March 22, 1920), with Barthelmess and Creighton Hale. She was still alive when The Idol Dancer, which afforded her much the best showcase for her gifts and charms that she had yet had, was released, but it was still in general circulation when she died, at the age of twenty-one, in New Rochelle, on Sunday evening, April 25, after an emergency operation for strangulation of the intestines. At the time of her death, on the verge of signing a lucrative new contract, she was working as Kate Brewster, the role afterwards assigned to Mary Hay, in Griffith's Way Down East, and, according to Lillian Gish, who loved and admired her, she may still be glimpsed at a distance in some of the long shots of that famous film.

Her death seemed to me a particularly poignant example of the tragedy of unfulfillment and frustrated hopes by which human beings have been tortured from time out of mind and of which agony Tennyson's In Memoriam remains one of the great monuments. It chanced that on August 8, 1920, I was asked to speak at the Sunday evening service of the Frances E. Willard Methodist Episcopal Church, in Oak Park, Illinois,
where I then lived, and knowing, as I did, that the Seymours were Methodists, it seemed to me not inappropriate to include some of the thoughts that had come to me in connection with this matter in a discourse not otherwise concerned with Clarine. (I remember that one neighbor woman, not otherwise distinguished for piety, was deeply shocked that I should have dared to mention a motion picture actress in church.) I sent a transcript of my remarks to the Seymours, and this brought me from Clarine's father what was probably the most moving as it was certainly the saddest as well as one of the longest letters I have ever received. Not long afterwards, when his business brought him to Chicago, we met and dined together, when I heard much more about Clarine.

Albert V. Seymour worshipped his daughter, and he was as much crushed by her death as a man can be if he is to go on living. Nevertheless he declared that both he and his wife had been helped and strengthened by what I had written to a far greater extent than, as I read my poor words over now, nearer seventy than sixty years after having uttered them, seems easily credible. "What you did for us, you will never know." Nobody else, among all the hundreds they had heard from, he declared, had helped anything like so much. A friend had had my remarks set up in type and, as I remember it, Mr. Seymour told me that some ten copies had been struck off, of which half had been elegantly bound in tooled leather and the others enclosed in plain gray wrappers. I have one of these latter, which must be by all odds the rarest of my sixty-odd productions, antedating by a cool seven years my first true publication, _Lillian Gish, An Interpretation._

Though I had something to say of Clarine Seymour in _The Films of D. W. Griffith_, what follows hereinafter has never before been reprinted. I have made one cut at the end and minutely retouched the style throughout, for, like Henry James and Walter de la Mare, I seem to be constitutionally incapable of reprinting anything without tinkering with it; this is probably the only quality I share with these great writers. Of at least all the earlier pieces included in this volume I should probably have to say that if I were writing them today I should put some things rather differently. Nevertheless, in view of the comfort my words gave the Seymours I have always been both glad and grateful that I said what I did in 1920.
For life is a profoundly wonderful thing, and death, which sometimes cuts it off so cruelly, has no power to change its character. The Grim Reaper can call a halt to our bodily functions, but his power ends there. A few months ago a young girl died, her feet on the very threshold of what promised to be a brilliant career in motion pictures. She was beautiful; she was talented; she was good. She was an adherent of your own Methodist Church, the kind of girl whose labors in the theater have already done much to remove the traditional hostility between the pulpit and the stage and to make it increasingly possible for both to work together for the common welfare. Her work was not finished; it was just begun. Only recently the foremost director of motion pictures in the world had rescued her from obscurity and given her an important place in his company. She lived only long enough to justify his faith in her, and then, suddenly and without warning, just when it seemed that the hour was at hand for which all the rest of Clarine Seymour's life had been lived, the golden thread was snapped.

There is something particularly baffling about such a death that compels us to revise many of our easy-going theories of optimism. Not even Pollyanna could find anything to be glad about in this. There is a sense of incompleteness, of unfairness about it that tempts us to doubt the very foundations of justice. Somehow or other we feel that this girl has been cheated, that life was not quite fair to her. One could hardly blame those who loved and who knew her intimately if in her death their faith and their philosophy should desert them. Indeed, I myself, who never knew her in life, felt something of this when I came out from my first view of The Idol Dancer, in which Clarine Seymour's potential first shone forth in its full suggestiveness.

Our attitude toward such an event must, I suspect, be largely determined by whether we regard death as an enemy or a friend. Surely it is not only the life-weary who have learned to regard him in the latter aspect. It was that radiant spirit Saint Francis of Assisi who said that because he had loved life, he must also love life's sister, death. Only the view of the centuries can be adequate if we are to achieve any sane view of the great things of the spirit; we can never hope to understand them unless we are able to rise above the
small concerns of this little hour. And in the light of the centuries it does not matter very much whether we live nineteen years or ninety; what does count finally and everlastingly is the kind of life we live while we are here. Did not the Greeks comprehend something of this when they framed their fine saying that "whom the gods love die young"? Those sweet and delicate flowers whose blooming delights our precious gardens for a brief space, and who all too soon for our happiness are transplanted to the gardens of God, there to bloom forever in ineffable beauty and splendor, leaving behind them only the sweet, poignant fragrance that will linger with us forever--these have no small nor contemptible part to play in the economy of God. These who were born not for a lifetime of labor but for the radiant glory of an hour, who shall say that they give us less than the millions of their toiling and striving fellows? Joan of Arc died at nineteen, Stevenson at forty-four. Jesus, in thirty-three years, did more for mankind than all the rest of us in untotalled millions of years. Shakespeare represented Romeo and Juliet as perishing miserably after a few harried, glorious hours of love, but the memory of that love, preserved in his imperishable verse, has made the love of all high-minded men and women a better and grander thing for all time. It is a heart-breaking thing to lay the young away, and we have a right to spurn those who, with hearts untouched by grief, would persuade us that what has happened is not so bad after all, but there are worse things in the world than the death of the young. The spirit that goes back to the Father pure and strong, the glorious idealism of youth still a full-blown and glorious blossom, the vital powers of life undepleted and life's integrity untarnished--such a spirit is not the least fortunate among the sons and daughters of men. There are parents of living children who might well find it in their hearts to envy those who have lost this girl. Somewhere along the path of life, death lies in wait for all of us, and none of us shall escape him. The real tragedy is not that people die but that millions of them never really live.

What right, after all, have we who are still upon this earth to speak of those who have left it as "dead"? Doubtless if the unborn child could be given a glimpse of the larger world upon which he is soon to enter, he would shrink from the experience as we, the "living," shrink from the experience that we call death. But we are all in the womb of time, and life is a succession of births. Suppose that what
we call death is simply one of them, an entrance into a larger
world. Certainly this world in which we live does not belong
to us. The sceptre of power is held in the hands of dead
men. The lives we live were conditioned long ago by those
who have gone before us. The ideals, the principles, the
habits by which we live are not our own but were established
by those who died ages ago. Surely it is impossible for any¬
one who has ever felt anything of the glory and splendor of
human life to think of Shakespeare or to think of Lincoln as
dead. Is anyone dead who was ever fit to be alive?

Finally, let no man seek to undercut our comfort by
pointing out that we do not know we are immortal. In the
last analysis we cannot prove anything that really matters to
us. As Browning says, "you must mix some uncertainty with
faith if you would have faith be"; demonstration belongs to
the realm of mathematics and never gets very far outside it.
But unless the girl whose life and death has inspired these
remarks receives somewhere, somehow, the chance for life
that was denied her here, there is something wrong with the
universe. It would be impertinent to pity her; it is more
reasonable to believe that her eyes see much that is hidden
from us, that for her death was what Peter Pan expected it
to be, "an awfully big adventure." And for those who loved
her here the mantle of life as we know it will always be in-
vested with a sweeter, finer sanctity because for a little
while it clothed her.
GERALDINE FARRAR

Geraldine Farrar has the distinction of having been the only prima donna who ever built herself a secondary career as a silent film star. She was the first great singer I ever heard, and I have heard none since that I liked quite so well. How I came to know her and to write about her and the relationship between what is printed here and my other writing and living are sufficiently indicated in the piece itself as to call for no further commentary here. The following article first appeared in Films in Review in January 1977 (Vol. XXVII, pp. 23-39), where it was accompanied by a filmography by Anthony Slide and was copyrighted © by the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, Inc. Except for such mechanical alterations as were necessary to make the FIR style conform to that employed in this book, it is reprinted without alteration.

GERALDINE FARRAR'S FILM CAREER*

Geraldine Farrar was one of the famous women of the century (in the 1920s The New York Times included her name in a list of the ten greatest women in America), and motion pictures were only an interlude in her spectacular international career. All fourteen of her films were made between 1915 and 1920 and then only as a means of furnishing her with summer employment, when she was not occupied in the opera house and concert hall. She was the first celebrated diva to condescend to grace the still fairly lowly screen, and her condescension was considered almost as important from the point of view of enhancing its prestige as had been Sarah Bernhardt's appearance in the first Famous Players film, Queen Elizabeth, in 1912. Moreover she so quickly acclimated

herself to the new medium that she was soon under no need to rely on a carry-over from her operatic glamour. When in 1919 the Strand booked Shadows, one of her least significant films, the line extended for a block down Broadway.

Miss Farrar was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, on February 28, 1882, the adored only child of Sidney Farrar, store-keeper and baseball player and his wife, Henrietta Barnes Farrar. Her ancestry was English (not, as has often been stated, Irish); her surname is accented on the first syllable, not the second; the well-known Victorian cleric F. W. Farrar belonged to the same family.

Both her parents sang in the local Unitarian church. The child manifested unusual musical sensitiveness almost from babyhood, and there was never any question in her mind about what she wished to do. She studied first in Boston and New York; then, in 1899, she and her parents went to Europe on borrowed funds to fit her for an operatic career. She found an ideal teacher in Lilli Lehmann, and on October 15, 1901, made her debut as Marguerite in Faust at the Royal Opera in Berlin, where she soon became the idol of both the public and the Royal Family. After almost equally successful appearances in other European musical centers, she came to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York as Juliette on November 26, 1906, and here she remained until her retirement from opera, her final appearance being in Leoncavallo's Zaza on the afternoon of April 22, 1922. She left the opera when she did because she had long ago made up her mind that her operatic career would end when she was forty and not, as the gossips of the time would have it, because she was offended over Maria Jeritza's being permitted to sing Tosca. She was always a lady who knew her own mind, and once she had made it up, nobody could change it. As the director of the Metropolitan, Gatti-Casazza, was himself to observe, he found some difficulty in learning "that with you 'no' means 'no.'" Though she had firmly rejected any arranged tribute at her farewell performance, the spontaneous demonstration which was set off was something that the opera house had never witnessed before nor was ever to see again. Incidentally one of the "Gerry-flappers," as she herself told me many years later, was a young lady not herself wholly unknown to fame, named Dorothy Gish.
Following her retirement from the opera, Miss Farrar made an extensive tour in a condensed version of *Carmen*. In the fall of 1925 she was preparing to appear in New York in Lehár's *Frasquita* when she was taken sick; recovering, she wrote me that she regarded her illness as providential since the Broadway sponsors of her vehicle had so altered its *opéra comique* character that she would have felt hopelessly out of place in what they managed to evolve. She rested until 1927, then reemerged, white-haired, as a lieder singer to warm appreciation among the cognoscenti and continued in this aspect until she gave up singing altogether in 1932. Thereafter the public heard her only in a lecture tour and as radio commentator at the Saturday afternoon Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. She died of a heart ailment, on March 11, 1967, at her home in Ridgefield, Connecticut; New York radio programs were interrupted to note her passing.

Miss Farrar's motion picture debut came about through Morris Gest. Knowing of the singer's interest in the medium, Gest took Jesse L. Lasky to a performance of *Madama Butterfly*, and when Lasky expressed the proper enthusiasm, he asked him what he would say if he were to be told that he might secure Miss Farrar to appear in Lasky films. Lasky is said to have replied, "I should say that you were crazy," but once he was convinced that Gest was in earnest and knew what he was talking about, a firm offer was soon made and accepted.

Because the war was now making it impossible for her to spend her summers in Europe, the offer reached the singer at an opportune time. In her autobiography, *Such Sweet Compulsion* (Greystone Press, 1938), she says that she welcomed it also because she was having trouble with her voice, but it is hard to see how this factor can have been importantly involved, for the 1915 contract called for three pictures to be made during eight summer weeks when she would not have been singing anyway, and though she did not make the first of her ten appearances at the Metropolitan during the 1915-16 season until February 15, 1916 (it was by far the shortest of her sixteen seasons there), she did start out on a concert tour in October 1915, and also sang in opera in Chicago from November to January.

The amount of money she received for her eight weeks
work has been variously stated, but there can be no doubt that, by the standards of the time, it was large. Moreover there were numerous "fringe benefits"—transportation to and from the coast in her private car, a house and a studio bungalow dressing room in Hollywood, music on the set, etc. When she arrived, the mayor of Los Angeles turned out to greet her in the company of cowboys and schoolchildren, and there was a great dinner the next night at the Hollywood Hotel. She was the first star to receive what was afterwards known as the "full treatment."

Interesting people are often victimized by the malicious tongues of smaller persons who endeavor to cut them down to a size they can comfortably comprehend. This had first happened to Miss Farrar in Berlin, where it involved no less a personage than the Crown Prince, "whereupon my father ... retaliated by a physical reminder to one editor that such slanders are not circulated with impunity about young American women." It seems a pity that Sidney Farrar was not still around to take care of the author of a recent very bad book about one of Miss Farrar's Hollywood associates who saw fit to regale his readers with stories about how Miss Farrar traveled to Hollywood with a gigolo and entertained herself by dancing wildly to jazz music on board the train. After she arrived, moreover, she is said to have got on very badly with both DeMille and the lady whom she herself refers to as "the amiable Jeanie Macpherson" so that Carmen's battle in the cigarette factory became a knock-down fight in good earnest.

The truth of the matter is that Miss Farrar traveled to California in the company of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Gest, and her personal entourage; as for her dancing en route, she did amuse herself and the company by putting on a burlesque of the Russian ballet to music by Rimsky-Korsakoff. Jazz in 1915 had hardly emerged far enough from the brothels in which it was born to find employment in such a connection. Miss Farrar always detested it; in fact she disliked even more respectable popular music. Almost alone among the great singers of her time, she refused to end her concerts with the ballads which were then almost the rule in this connection, though I have known her to finish with "Annie Laurie," sung to her own accompaniment. Once John McCormack, whose art she admired and respected highly, remarked that, through a long singing career, he had learned
that "it's the last group that gets them," to which she replied tartly that that might well be true but if you were going to put it upon that basis you could hardly call yourself an artist. She also disappointed the Victor Company by recording far fewer such numbers than any other Red Seal artist with her sales potential, and in spite of her great admiration for Fritz Kreisler, she told me that she disliked her charming record of "Star of Love" from his Apple Blossoms.

Her relations with DeMille, who directed all her Lasky pictures, were nearly ideal. Both persons spoke of each other with the highest respect, for the only thing they ever disagreed about was the merits of Lou Tellegen, and about that, as Miss Farrar lived to learn, in the most painful possible way, DeMille was right. The book to which I refer could have exposed its author and publishers to a suit for libel if she had still been alive when it appeared, but she would not have brought it, for she believed that to be capable of such things was in itself sufficient punishment, and she would have felt degraded if she had dignified them by paying attention to them. Once indeed she told her distressed mother that if it made people happy to think her a prostitute, she would let them think it. "What difference can it make so long as I don't have to be one?"

The three films made at Lasky in the summer of 1915 were Maria Rosa, Carmen, and Temptation, in that order. It had been understood from the beginning that Carmen was to be the pièce de résistance, but DeMille insisted on doing Maria Rosa first to give the star a chance to become accustomed to the cinematic style, so far removed from the operatic type of acting to which she was accustomed. Oddly enough, Tellegen, whom she was not to marry until February 8, 1916, had recently appeared in Maria Rosa with Dorothy Donnelly on the New York stage.

DeMille's decision was a sensible one, though as it turned out, his caution was unnecessary, for Miss Farrar adapted herself to both the camera technique and to studio conditions with perfect ease, and at once found herself adored by the prop boys as she had always been by the stagehands at the opera house. The only problem at the outset was that her eyes were such a light grey that, under the harsh lights of 1915, her first closeups showed her
with the sightless orbs of a statue; she says she nearly fainted when she saw them. This was overcome by hanging black velvet before her and having her gaze steadily at it to enlarge her pupils. Nevertheless Maria Rosa was a useful rehearsal for Carmen. A love story of old Spain, it appealed to some of the same emotions, but the prominence of the revenge-motif in it would probably have made it less palatable to the general public than the more familiar story had it been released first.

In his autobiography, Hollywood Saga (Dutton, 1939), William C. deMille, who did the scenarios for both Carmen and Maria Rosa, declared that Carmen, which they had all considered a great film in 1915, looked completely outmoded now. I am afraid that when deMille made this statement he was rather too firmly committed to the thesis that "movies are better than ever," for when, in 1974, I saw again the beautifully tinted Eastman House original exhibition print of Carmen, it did not seem to me to have lost much. My only real surprise was that Miss Farrar's Carmen was considerably tougher than I had remembered it, and much more so than her operatic Carmen, which, as Francis Robinson has remarked, remained firmly in the French operatic tradition. This interested me especially in view of Miss Farrar's having made her first appearance in Bizet's opera in 1908, singing Micaela to the Carmen of Maria Gay and Caruso's Don Jose (her record of Micaela's air, recorded at that time, is still one of the most touching souvenirs we have of the lovely purity of her early voice), and when I asked her whether Gay's Carmen was good, she replied, "Yes, it was good, but you wouldn't have liked it because it was a very coarse Carmen." Certainly there can be no question as to the success of the film at the time, the critics and the public being equally ecstatic, though Julian Johnson complained that deMille's scenario gave Carmen a chance to be sincere "at no point." The scenario, it should be remembered, followed Prosper Mérimée's story, not the opera libretto, to avoid the payment of ruinous copyright fees.

Carmen had all the exploitation that 1915 could devise for it. It was first exhibited, at Miss Farrar's suggestion, in Boston's Symphony Hall on October 1, and Lasky took a four-page advertisement in the Moving Picture World for October 30, elegantly set up in script, with quotations from the reviewers. I have a book in my library, published as a part
of the film's exploitation, which is a bibliographical curiosity. Both the cover and the spine are lettered: "GERALDINE FARRAR Photo-Drama Edition of CARMEN," with a past-on picture on the cover of Carmen dancing on the table between Escamillo and Don Jose. The title-page reads "CARMEN/ Based/on Prosper Mérimée's story, illustrated/from the Jesse L. Lasky Photoplay released/through the Paramount Picture Corporation/Produced under the direction of/Cecil B. DeMille and/acted by/GERALDINE FARRAR/By arrangement with/ Morris Gest/A. L. Burt Company, Publishers/114-120 East Twenty-third Street/New York." But turn the page, and you will read: "Copyright, 1915, by Houghton Mifflin Com¬pany/All Rights Reserved/Published November 1915," and at the end of the volume, as was customary in Houghton Mifflin books of the period, one reads: "The Riverside Press/Cam¬bridge Massachusetts/U.S.A." At first I supposed this was simply a reprint edition of what had been originally a Houghton Mifflin book, but the publishers assure me that this was not the case; though prepared and copyrighted by Houghton Mifflin Company and printed at The Riverside Press, the volume was never published except by Burt. Note that no author is anywhere named.

Temptation was a "quickie" of which neither the star nor the director thought highly; perhaps the most interesting thing in it was the shots it contained showing Miss Farrar in various operatic costumes. She herself has described it as the type of story "that has since served anybody who can lay claim to a vocal chirp--how the little home-town girl makes good in grand opera, upon merit and virtue." But The New York Times proclaimed it "as good [as] if not better than Carmen," and the New York Dramatic Mirror thought it brought out the star's "wonderful personality," "magnetism," and "inimitable histrionic power" more strongly. If Miss Farrar had not been herself, she might well have left Holly¬wood at the end of her first sojourn there feeling that in the eyes of the movie moguls, critics, and public, she could do no wrong. Fortunately for her, and for us, she had been spoiled by experts, and it had affected her not at all.

In the phenomenally hot summer of 1916, she returned to the coast, this time to make only one film. DeMille's first super-spectacle, Joan the Woman, which was of course the story of Joan of Arc. A lifelong Joan idolater, Miss Farrar welcomed the assignment with enthusiasm, in spite of her fear
of horses, the uncomfortable armor she was obliged to wear, and the danger to which she was exposed in the battle scenes and in Rouen marketplace. She had to stand in water up to her waist; DeMille was desperately afraid she would come down with laryngitis; she didn't, but he did! She did not mind doing the scene in prison in which rats ran over her, for they were really "charming little white mice" disguised and following trails of sugar, but she had to have her skin, hair, and clothing treated to prevent scorching in the scene at the stake and hold saturated cotton in her nostrils and mouth. One particularly unbearable day, when everybody else was wilting while she bloomed, a minor actress asked her, "Won't you tell me how you do it, Miss Farrar? Don't you ever mind anything; the heat or the long waits or anything?" She threw back her head and laughed. "Not a bit of it," she replied. "I'm too much interested all the time to know what's happening on the outside of me."

There was never any question in Miss Farrar's mind that Joan the Woman was her best film; I think it was the only screen characterization that she valued on a level with her work in the opera house. "I spent as much thought and energy in making her live again—-if only on the shadow stage—-the blessed Maid of Orleans, as upon any of my opera creations." I was still in high school when this film appeared, and I remember how one of my classmates and I tried to persuade one of our teachers to go to see it and how she refused "because I cannot imagine Geraldine Farrar in a spiritual role." She would not have needed much imagination, but a little more knowledge of Miss Farrar's achievements might have been in order. If it was the Carmen-Zaza side of her art which attracted the widest public, this showed more about them than it did about her. She cared much more for her Elisabeth in Tannhäuser and for the Goose Girl in Humperdinck's lovely fairy opera, Koenigskinder, which she created at the Metropolitan on December 28, 1910. She even calls Gatti-Casazza "stupid" because he would not permit her to revive this cherished work toward the end of her operatic career.

Though both Vachel Lindsay and Alexander Woollcott were comparatively unimpressed by Miss Farrar's Joan (Woollcott would have preferred Mae Marsh, and Julian Johnson talked about Edith Storey), actually the only real fault that can be found with her performance is that, at thirty-four,
she was a bit mature for the part; if she could have come to it a decade earlier, she would have been perfect. According to DeMille, the film was called *Joan the Woman* because Miss Macpherson wished "to emphasize the humanity of Joan of Arc rather than project the conventional, and so frequently false, image of a saint. We portrayed Joan as a strong peasant girl, with a sense of humor and human sympathy, ever faithful to her Voices, but tempted and fearful too—a woman of flesh and blood, whose heroism was as much in her victory over herself as in her victory over the English. That is what real saints are like, I think."

There was some pioneering color work in the film as well as some marvelous lighting and photographic effects, though some of the sets now seem overcrowded. Though it was less popular than *Carmen*, it was at once regarded as one of the "big" pictures of its time. Its most serious weakness, as DeMille himself later believed, was the attempt made to link it all up with World War I through introducing Eric Trent (Wallace Reid) as the reincarnation of an English soldier who had (unhistorically) loved Joan and been involved in her downfall and who must atone for his fault by dying for France in World War I. *Joan the Woman* was long unavailable and at one time believed to have been lost, but Eastman House now has a print. I can think of no picture which might better be made available to collectors.

The summer of 1917 was Miss Farrar's last on the Lasky lot; this time she made two pictures—*The Woman God Forgot* and *The Devil Stone*. The first of these, a highly theatrical piece involving Cortez, Montezuma, and the Aztecs, and partly filmed at Yellowstone Park, shows DeMille carrying on the super-spectacle tradition which he had begun to establish in *Joan*, and though it can hardly be necessary to say that it lacked the authenticity of *Joan*, it was extremely picturesque, gorgeously mounted and photographed, and made very good entertainment; I remember going to see it at the Oak Park Theater two nights handrunning when it appeared. *The Devil Stone* was more modern, but its Breton background, making good use of the California coastline, its overtones of superstition and the supernatural, and the interlude in which Miss Farrar appeared as a Viking queen with vicious wolf-hounds at her feet made it a much headier mixture than *Temptation* had been in 1915 as well as a more imaginative work.
Miss Farrar's break with Lasky and her hearkening to the siren song of Samuel Goldwyn, who had been part of the Paramount organization but had now established Goldwyn Pictures, was unfortunate, for Goldwyn had not yet found the secret which was to make his later productions so outstanding, and the material he gave her, as well as most of his other stars (notably Mary Garden) was inferior to what she had had under DeMille. Sadly enough, the break was occasioned by the one serious mistake she ever made during her lifetime, her marriage to the handsome, charming (on occasion), but petulant, selfish, and amoral Lou Tellegen, who had been brought to this country as Sarah Bernhardt's leading man, for the quarrel was over the inability of the Lasky organization to view Tellegen's abilities through Miss Farrar's eyes. Her divorce from Tellegen, which was preceded by much misery and long-drawn-out, expensive litigation, was not handed down until 1923, but DeMille thought he had begun to take his toll of her even while she was making Joan the Woman. During the preliminaries, Tellegen talked big and foolishly about the revelations he was going to make concerning Miss Farrar, but when finally it was all over and a reporter called his bluff, the mountain labored and failed to produce even a mouse. "You may say," he replied, "that Miss Farrar still has my warmest admiration, as an artist and as a woman. She is a great artist, a great woman, a pure woman."

When, in the early 1930s, having run through two more marriages and heaven only knows how many "affairs," sick and poor and down on his luck, Tellegen committed a horrible, messy suicide in Los Angeles, a reporter roused Miss Farrar one night to ask her for a comment. She was reported to have replied, "Why should that interest me?" but this has no significance save as a rebuke to the bad manners of the reporter. What she wrote me in a letter soon afterwards was very different in tone, and in her autobiography she dismissed the tragedy with "May those tormented ashes rest in peace" and "I would not wish any human soul the task of working out such a Karma."

All seven of Miss Farrar's Goldwyn pictures except The World and Its Woman (Frank Lloyd) were directed by Reginald Barker, The Turn of the Wheel, The Hell Cat, Shadows, and The Stronger Vow in 1918 (The Hell Cat at Cody, Wyoming, the others at Fort Lee, New Jersey), The
World and Its Woman, Flame of the Desert, and The Woman and the Puppet at Goldwyn's new Culver City studio in 1919. With both her directors and with her fellow-actors Miss Farrar continued to enjoy a smooth working relationship, but the films themselves brought her little satisfaction. The Turn of the Wheel she describes as "a tale of Monte Carlo that allowed me to walk through many scenes in priceless jewels, furs and Bird of Paradise hats." The Hell Cat and Shadows were both Willard Mack stories (Mack being the current husband of Pauline Frederick, then also a Goldwyn star). Shadows ("my first role picturing mother-love") was built around the agonies suffered by a respectable society woman when a blackmailer turns up from her past as an Alaskan dance-hall girl. The plot was very similar to what Griffith had used in the one-reel Confidence in which Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson had appeared in 1909, but I can still see Miss Farrar, with a long train on her dress, sweeping confidently through the halls of her palatial home to receive the telephone call which is to shatter her world. As Mack first conceived The Hell Cat, she thought it a Perils of Pauline "brainstorm"; as filmed it made her the half-Irish half-Spanish daughter of a sheep-herder, plunged into a war with the cattlemen, and wearing a costume which, it seems safe to say, was unknown to the frontier. She thought the film well named, but the comfortless conditions under which it was made, in sizzling heat and with the near proximity of rattlesnakes constituted the real ordeal. If The Stronger Vow, which had a Spanish background, was no masterpiece either, its materials were more congenial to her, and she liked it better, as did I.

The World and Its Woman, a senselessly titled opus, which brought an opera singer into the Russian revolution, was something of a mishmash, but it had its moments, of which Frank Lloyd, as always, made the best that could have been made, and it remains Goldwyn's most ambitious attempt to match the "big" pictures of the Lasky years. Flame of the Desert, filmed partly in the desert at Oxnard, involved an Egyptian uprising and a love affair between a sheik and an English noblewoman, thus bringing Miss Farrar within hailing distance of the emergent Valentino. The Woman and the Puppet, about a Spanish dance hall girl, the sexiest film in which Miss Farrar ever appeared, had a solid literary foundation in the novel of the same name by Pierre Louys. It was to be filmed again, less discreetly, by both Marlene
An interesting incident occurred during the filming of The World and Its Woman. Clarence Bull, at the beginning of his career, was photographing a processional court scene, when his camera bounced off its tripod and fell smack into the middle of Farrar's long train, pulling her up so sharply that she might have had a bad fall if her husband had not caught her. The youngster thought his job was gone, but before anybody else had a chance to move, Miss Farrar came over to him to assure him that everything was all right. This action was completely in character. A good many people are ready to do the kind and considerate thing when they think of it, but Miss Farrar always thought of it in time to activate the impulse effectively. She once cued Charles Hackett through a whole performance of La Bohème (he knew the music but had never sung the role on the stage), and one night, when Martinelli's suspenders broke in Zaza, so that he could not budge from the couch where he was sitting, she improvised new business for the whole scene on the spur of the moment, and nobody in the audience ever found out that anything had been wrong.

In his autobiography, Behind the Screen (George H. Doran, 1923), Samuel Goldwyn complains rather wistfully that Miss Farrar seemed less satisfied when she was working for him than she had been in her Lasky days, but he neglects to mention that Lasky had given her much better material. Even so their only acrimonious difference was over Tellegen, who played with her, and often against her, in her last three Goldwyn pictures, upstaging her at every turn, and demanding more prominent billing than his stature at the time warranted, a demand foolishly seconded by his wife. But if Miss Farrar gave Goldwyn some bad moments over this, she atoned for it handsomely, as he himself acknowledged, when he came to her in New York with the news that her last pictures were not yielding the return that had been expected and the suggestion that she take a vacation from the screen. She at once offered to relieve him of all further obligations to her and suggested that they then and there tear up the contract which still had two years to run. This gallant gesture, which cost her a quarter of a million dollars, was unique in Sam Goldwyn's experience, but she could never understand why he had been so much impressed by it.
later, after her singing days were long behind her, he ran into her in Boston and suggested that, now that sound was available, she return to Hollywood and do Carmen over again. He thought it would be "a great show." It would indeed, she replied, if she were fool enough to do it; only she was not.

Before that, however, there was one more, unimportant picture. It was The Riddle: Woman, from the play by Carl Jacoby, in which Bertha Kalich had starred, and it was made for Pathé, who had offered her "a staggering sum" for two films, but after she saw the first, she refused to make another. Though I saw The Riddle: Woman, I remember only one sensitively played scene with Madge Bellamy.

Thus Lou Tellegen, who was the curse of Miss Farrar's private life, came close to jinxing her motion picture career as well. It was indeed a bitter piece of irony that a woman of her almost fantastic fidelity should have had to suffer a broken marriage. She was the most faithful of daughters, and her mother's sudden death, at the beginning of 1923, in the midst of the divorce squabbles and while Geraldine was away on a concert tour, was the great sorrow of her life. "She was like a member of my body and she worshipped me. I was everything that she had conceived. She lived to see everything for which she had existed borne out in most beautiful fashion. But with her went half my interest in singing." Sidney Farrar lived on until 1935, with his daughter's loving care and thought never far from him, and then died at the same time as my mother. "We must be worthy of our parents," she wrote me, "and of ourselves."

Miss Farrar's word was as good as her bond, and once she had admitted you to her friendship, you could count on her forever. During World War I she was sometimes under fire because, though she sold Liberty Bonds, she remained aloof from the current campaign of hate and refused to think of her friend Kaiser Wilhelm II as "the Beast of Berlin," which was the currently favored appellation. Noting a signed photograph of him on her piano at Fairhaven in 1946, I remarked, "I see you have restored the Kaiser." "'Restored'!" she replied indignantly. "He has never been away. He stood there all through World War I." During Miss Farrar's later years, her admirers showered her every February 28 with birthday greetings. As she grew older, I began to wonder
whether we were not killing her with kindness, for her sense of the fitness of things required that all these greetings must be acknowledged with a letter, and the labor thus imposed upon her was great.

In such a matter as this, one can perhaps best speak for oneself. In 1924, while I was still a graduate student at The University of Chicago, I wrote an article about Miss Farrar, "Singer of Singers," which was published in The Circle, a campus magazine. Of course I sent her a copy. It reached her in Buffalo, where she was touring her abbreviated Carmen; she telegraphed her thanks, following her telegram with a long letter, and our correspondence remained unbroken to her death. In later years I sent her my books as they were published, and she read and commented on them. The last I was able to send her, Merely Players (1966), arrived during her final illness, but even this had to be acknowledged, and she had her housekeeper-companion, Miss Sylvia Blein, write to thank me for it.

In 1929, meanwhile, I had published through the University of Washington Book Store my Geraldine Farrar: An Authorized Record of Her Career, in a limited edition which she signed. During the writing of this book, I was often obliged to appeal to her for odds and ends of information which I could not find elsewhere. Though she was on tour at the time, all such letters were answered upon receipt. I was greatly amused when one day I received a letter in which she said she was too much pressed to give me what I needed at once but that I should hear from her very shortly. When I woke up next morning, there was a special delivery letter in my mailbox. In July 1957 I had an article about her records in High Fidelity, which pleased her, though, like me, she was annoyed by the silly title which the editor had clapped upon it, "Geraldine the Great." What I had to say about her in my semiautobiography, As Far As Yesterday (1968), was, however, written just after her death, so that she never saw it.

In conclusion I cannot help raising the question whether Miss Farrar's movie career, considered as a whole, deserves to be rated as a credit or a debit in her record. The answer must be qualified. From the standpoint of strictly aesthetic judgment, I should unhesitatingly place both Carmen and Joan the Woman on the credit side; the other items are more
doubtful. Her films did of course notably swell her pocketbook, and they brought her before hundreds of thousands of people who never heard her in opera or concert. It seems safe to say that some of these were drawn into both the opera house and, to a larger extent, because opportunities were available over a much wider area, the concert hall, and I should think too that many of these must have gone on to buy her records, to their lasting enrichment as well as hers. As a matter of fact, I myself was interested in Miss Farrar long before I became seriously interested in music, and I feel deeply indebted to her, among other things, for what became one of the lasting joys and comforts of my life.

On the other hand, I should have to say that though Miss Farrar never did anything on the screen that was unworthy of her morally (The Woman and the Puppet came closest), she did do much that was unworthy of her artistic endowment. Such films as Maria Rosa, The Stronger Vow, and The Woman and the Puppet accentuated the Carmen-Zaza side of her art, at the expense of the Elisabeth-Goose Girl side, which, as I have already indicated, both she and those who cared most for her, valued more, and I think encouraged misconceptions about her among those who did not know her well. (Personally I would say that, even among the ladies of questionable morality in her repertoire, Manon was, if not more congenial to her temperament, at least better qualified to bring out the more delicate shadings in her art than the broader, perhaps stronger roles; as Carl Van Vechten anticipated me by observing, she was, especially during her early years, generally charming in what are called ingenue roles.) Perhaps it is not possible here to strike a balance that will satisfy everybody; hence I must content myself by saying that I am glad Miss Farrar had her fling in the movies if only because it gave me a chance to see more of her, and she was one of those artists rare in any generation of whom one does not wish to miss anything they may have to give.

Miss Farrar was no cheerful idiot, and there was little about how the world has wagged during these latter days that was to her liking, but boredom, whining, cynicism, and cheap disillusionment were as impossible to her temperament as to that of her great contemporary, Mary Garden. We have her word for it that "the realized dreams of my young girlhood" seemed "every bit as desirable" in her maturity "as they were in the dream-days." But she was not so foolish as to suppose
that anything worth having in this world can be had without a price. In Geraldine Farrar: The Story of an American Singer, the brief account of her career which she published through Houghton Mifflin Company in 1916, long before writing her longer autobiography, she said:

I have been asked, in summing up these experiences of my artistic career, so far, if it has all been worth while? From my point of view, yes. That is, what you believe to be the most complete fulfillment of yourself and the gratification of your ambitions is always worth while....

It is, however, distinctly not worth while, to my mind, unless Fortune smiles upon you in abundance, for art is not the medium stratum of life, but its flowered inspiration and emotional poetry; it demands and obtains its sacrifices and sorrows which modify and chasten its glory, and your own soul best knows the toll you pay.
The best account of May McAvoy's career is in DeWitt Bodeen's article in Films in Review for December 1968 (Vol. XIX, pp. 482-96). She was born in New York City on September 18, 1901, to a Scottish father, who died while she was very young, and an Irish mother. The family business was a large livery stable for the carriage trade which stood on the site later occupied by the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The film that made her famous and in which she was first noticed by most of her later admirers (including this one), John S. Robertson's production of Barrie's Sentimental Tommy (1921), was not her first; in fact I was shocked to observe that it is no less than the fifteenth entry in Mr. Bodeen's filmography. The first was something inauspiciously entitled Hate (1917), but the second, To Hell with the Kaiser (1918), has real value as providing materials for a still much needed day of national humiliation, for it illustrates the stupidity, vulgarity, and banality to which patriots can descend in wartime. Surely every civilized American must find it both painful and salutary to remember that the contemporaneous German idea of war propaganda was embodied in such films as Madame Du Barry and Anna Boleyn; when they were released over here after the war, we called them Passion and Deception.

The only film in which Miss McAvoy appeared for Paramount before Sentimental Tommy was the version of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (1919) which starred Marguerite Clark, whom she admired, as Lovey Mary, with Mary Carr, of Over the Hill fame, as Mrs. Wiggs, directed by Hugh Ford. May played "Australy," one of the Wiggs brood, and apparently neither Ford nor Paramount was greatly impressed by her, for she was not signed up for anything else. What now surprises me more is that evidently she did not greatly impress me either, for I cannot remember her in this film,
which stands in sharp contrast to the impact with which she struck me, as a then to me quite unknown actress, in Sentimental Tommy. Carl Sandburg, at that time motion picture critic for the Chicago Daily News, once described her as "a star-eyed goddess," and the tribute was richly deserved, but beautiful though she was, her beauty always took second place compared to the moral and spiritual sensitivity in which she seemed to me to outrank nearly all her cinematic contemporaries.

The Paramount contract followed all right after Sentimental Tommy, for though the film was not a box office success, it had every critic in the land singing her praises. She became a star in a series of films for Realart, a Paramount subsidiary (the first, believe it or not, was called A Private Scandal), and when the anti-trust laws put Realart out of business, she appeared under the Paramount banner, where she might have continued longer if, in an encounter described in Mr. Bodeen's article, which both parties seem to have managed badly, she had not mortally offended Cecil B. DeMille. And at this point we had better turn to the article about her which I published in Vanity Fair in December 1924. Except for three pieces which I had done in my teens for the now forgotten Photo-Play Journal, this was my first contribution to a magazine of national circulation, and it set me up accordingly.

THE NEGLECTED GENIUS OF THE MOVIES*

Sometimes a good thing does come out of Nazareth—or even out of Hollywood. I am quite aware that it is dangerous to use the word "genius" in connection with the movies; like all superlative and absolute expressions, it has been enormously misapplied. Yet sometimes, I am persuaded, the miracle will occur, and, in such a contingency, it is highly important that it shall not perish for lack of appreciation.

It seems to be the rule, in this craft, that picturesque charlatans shall have immediate recognition, while the few sin-

*Courtesy VANITY FAIR. Copyright © 1924 (renewed) 1952, 1980 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.
cere and earnest artists struggle long with public neglect. The case of Lillian Gish is perfectly in point. Thanks to the popular success of such films as *Way Down East* and *The White Sister*, she is just now beginning to enter into her own. Yet she was a great actress in *Enoch Arden* ten years ago. Mae Marsh, Henry Walthall, Emily Fitzroy—it would be easy to multiply examples. Even Mr. Griffith has, in general, been most successful with his least significant pictures. *The Birth of a Nation* is only an apparent exception, for it owed its tremendous vogue to its bad melodrama, its appeal to prejudice and passion, rather than to some of the really superb things it contained. And it is undeniable that the first adequate appreciation of Charlie Chaplin came from the outside. To the producers he was, at the outset, simply a great clown, a happy accident, whose enormous popularity was to be joyfully—not thankfully—accepted, but need not, for any reason, be analyzed. So far as I recall, it was Mrs. Fiske who, in an article in *The Independent*, first dared suggest that Chaplin was an artist.

Seen by this light, our neglect of May McAvoy remains regrettable but ceases to be surprising. Over three years have gone by since she appeared on the screen as Grizel in John Robertson's production of *Sentimental Tommy*. Since then we have made Gloria Swanson rich, put Barbara LaMarr on the front page, vastly overestimated such good actresses as Beatrice Joy, and made utter fools of ourselves over such utter catastrophes as Rudolph Valentino. But what about May?

It is useless to try to tell anybody who did not see her as Grizel how good she was. What can I say here save that she presented a beautifully-shaded, finely sensitive, utterly finished characterization? And what can that mean to those who have no memories? Beauty and pity were the great elements in it, and all welled up, as it were spontaneously, from the depths of a seemingly incalculable sensibility. You could not analyze her appeal, but you could say definitely that it was the appeal of art. It is possible, of course, to be a great actress without being a great artist or, indeed, without being an artist at all. Power, passion, sensibility—every other quality which makes for a striking performance—may well exist in one who is quite innocent of the nice adaptation of means to end, the wholly conscious creation of beauty, the ability to isolate a case or a fragment of life and
build it up into a perfect unit, which qualities are the very essence of art. But May was, from the outset, not a happy windfall; she was visibly marked by the passion for perfection. You knew at once that she would not "register," that she would not "act," that she was one of the gifted few who could put soul, the impress of personality, upon the screen. Grizel was her first important part—(I did not even remember her in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch)—and that, naturally, did not diminish the marvel of her dexterity. Most really good players must actually grow up with the camera, gradually learning its technique, slowly and by dint of much bungling coming to adapt themselves to it. But May was a star born full-orbed. No need for her to learn the tricks of the camera: she seemed to have been born with them in her blood. Rather, perhaps, so great was her sincerity, that mere tricks were things to be dispensed with.

Sentimental Tommy was an utter failure at the box office. At the Randolph Theatre in Chicago, where it had its local première, it was quietly taken off after two or three days to make room for the late Mr. Arbuckle. Yet, despite the fact that the film had nothing like the circulation it deserved, there were a few of us who had seen it. They were still making stars in those days, and for the time May's name was in electric lights under the banner of the Realart (God save the mark!) Film Company. For them she made several pictures, some of which were worse than others, but no one of which was suited to Grizel.

For it was Barrie who, at the outset, had struck exactly the right note for her, a fact of which the producers, insensible of overtones, were, of course, serenely unconscious. What she needed was a rôle which called for deep sensibility, a delicate, fragile thing which nobody else could play, a thing touched with fantasy, brooded over, perhaps, by a sense of that Mystery into which everything that is human shades off. The producers failed when, with customary obtuseness, they tried to make a genius into an ordinary pretty girl star. In the first part of Morals, she inhabited a Turkish harem; once she was A Homespun Vamp. She was not extraordinary in either manifestation, for there was nothing to challenge her endowments. To this day, indeed, she depends, to a degree, upon imaginative stimulus. If, for instance, somebody unfamiliar with her work were to saunter out, after reading my article, to see her in William deMille's
mystery melodrama, *The Bedroom Window*, he would surely conclude that I was either mad or infatuated: he would see a charming presence but little more. Similarly, in her latest manifestation, in Lubitsch's exceedingly bad melodrama, *Three Women*, she plays her tasteless role no better and no worse than any young woman of intelligence might play it.

Three times, since *Sentimental Tommy*, she has met the challenge, and twice at least—in *Clarence* and in *Only 38*—she revealed herself in a delightfully new phase of comedy. In the latter, as an infant puritan, firmly bent on compelling her mother to conform to the standards of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, she was excellent; she revealed a sense of humour, the existence of which I, for one, should not have suspected. Her work was uncontaminated by the spirit of farce; it was marked by the exalted earnestness which is so eminently characteristic of her, and it was, therefore, excruciatingly funny. But the real opportunities of which I am thinking were furnished by *Kick In*, *West of the Water Tower*, and *The Enchanted Cottage*.

It was *Kick In* which probably saved her artistic life: it came a long, long time after *Sentimental Tommy*, but it gave her the first opportunity she had had to demonstrate to the sceptics that her success on that earlier occasion had not been fortuitous. Here she was the girl-wife of a young thief, a lovely flower blooming in the midst of corruption, and she carried out the idea by setting three lovely bits, fine as cameos, in the midst of a film otherwise wholly vile. One was that moment of unutterable tenderness in which, entirely without the use of sub-titles, she told Gareth Hughes, here playing opposite her just as splendidly as he did in *Sentimental Tommy*, that she was going to have a baby. I don't know what to say about that moment, but it contained the pure gold of the cinema, a bit of pantomime as great as anything Chaplin ever did. (The thing was repeated, much less effectively, in *West of the Water Tower.*) In another scene of *Kick In*, she came down a rickety stairs from an upper chamber in which she had looked upon the dead face of her husband, laughing and chatting gaily to throw the police off the scent, and the look in her eyes as she did it was unforgettable. Finally, in another flash, she threw herself into the night of the river. As I watched her, it came over me suddenly that Dickens, so perfectly suited to the screen, so
wretchedly neglected or distorted by the screen, would offer an incomparable field for her.

The other two instances are recent, and need not be discussed at length. I do not forget, as I name West of the Water Tower, that the motion picture version of that strong and honest story was an emasculated thing; but for me at least May and Glenn Hunter put it over triumphantly, in spite of every obstacle in their way. It was beautiful acting, absolutely perfect teamwork: their love scenes were of the very essence of youthful ardour. In the end they made strange and moving use of that most hackneyed of all melodramatic devices—reconciliation through the child.

The Enchanted Cottage, again a fantastic thing be it noted, and again a John Robertson production, brought an even greater opportunity. The idea—the transformation of ugliness into beauty through the power of love—is not new: it occurs both in The Tale of the Wyf of Bath and Ricky of the Tuft, and it has roots which run deep in world-literature. For Miss McAvoy it brought the opportunity to enter the field of character-acting, but that was not its prime significance. More wonderful than the make-up—wholly strange, yet wholly natural, and never approaching caricature—was the magnificent way in which the lyric note was consistently sustained through agony and ugliness; more wonderful still was the inerrant projection, with Richard Barthelmess, of the profound poetry of the parable. Of all screen characterizations, only Mary Pickford's in Stella Maris was comparable with Miss McAvoy's here, and the note of fantasy was lacking in Stella Maris.

So today May is quite awaiting further opportunities. She is ready for a spectacular career if only the producers may be given wit enough to see it. I am completely willing to admit that she has her own limitations: I don't think she will ever have the power to wring, almost to break, the heart, which is Lillian Gish's greatest gift. But in her field she is incomparable, and I have already shown that the complaint sometimes made—that she is suited only to one type of part—is wholly unjust. Even if it were true, it would hardly constitute a criticism. The artist is rare who can do more than one thing perfectly, and the deliberate attempt to be versatile at any cost probably does more than anything else to foster insincerity in American acting.
It was odd that May should have made one of her earliest appearances in a Marguerite Clark picture, for the fortuity united momentarily the only two screen exponents of the fairy spirit. Miss Clark was not perhaps a wholly exceptional artist, but this she did have, and it is precisely here, on a higher plane, that Miss McAvoy's greatest gift lies. I think hardly any close student of her work can deny that she is perfectly capable, if her career is properly managed, of introducing a renascence of fantasy upon the screen. Nobody now living could play the heroines of Perrault as she could play them. Here she is quite alone: Lillian Gish is too emotional for this work, and the sense of humanity is too pervasive in Mary Pickford. But May's temperament is exactly right: she has the crisp coolness, the sensitiveness, the childlike earnestness. Fantasy is, of course, the one field in which the screen is incomparable, the field in which no other medium can touch it, and I believe that May has come to the Kingdom for just such a time as this. Maurice Tourneur should direct, for he is as good with fairy tales as he is bad with melodrama.

In calling Miss McAvoy the neglected genius of the movies, I do not mean that she is without her followers. They exist; they are fairly numerous. But aesthetically, as a factor in her development, they mean almost nothing. I have heard plenty of talk about her "starry eyes," but of true appreciation of what she really is, of genuine understanding of her elusive genius, I have seen very little. Of course, she has grown in America in defiance of everything we could do. We do not deserve such a gift as hers; we do not know how to foster it, how to appreciate it. And so, at a time when she should be in the hands of some great teacher of acting, this divine girl drifts from director to director, and most of them are idiots who will do all in their power to stifle her art.

Yet, as I said at the outset, miracles do occur. Genius has a strange way of thriving to bless us, despite everything we do to kill it. May has already, on several occasions, shown herself something of a miracle woman. Let us hope that someday she will feed the five thousand starving moving picture enthusiasts and more.

*   *   *
Thus it was in 1924, and if all this now sounds rather high-and-mighty, not to say "snippy," for a youngster of twenty-four, the explanation may be that he was showing the influence of Carl Van Vechten and other "advanced" critics whom he admired at the time. Perhaps even he thought that *Vanity Fair* rather favored a "sophisticated" and authoritative tone. But it may be also that it is characteristic of twenty-four-year-old writers to attempt to be as high-and-mighty as possible.

What seems more to the point however is to inquire what if anything needs to be modified in my article in the light of Miss McAvoy's later career. The last entry in Mr. Bodeen's filmography is dated 1929, and most, though by no means all, of her later pictures were made for Warner Bros. In the 1940s and 1950s she worked as an unbilled contract player for M-G-M. I never saw her without pleasure, and I often found fine, sensitive acting in unexpected places, for example in the scene in *Tarnish* (1924), where, heartbroken just after having discovered the infidelity of her lover, she is surrounded in the street by a crowd of New Year's revelers who will not let her go until she has said "Happy New Year." But I am sadly obliged to add that I do not believe she ever found another opportunity to match those that had come her way in *Sentimental Tommy* and *The Enchanted Cottage*.

When I arrived in Boston in the summer of 1926 for my first visit to that city, four downtown theaters were playing McAvoy films. The best by all means was Laurence Trimble's *My Old Dutch* at the Columbia, a remake of a play he had previously filmed in 1915 when he and Florence Turner were working together in England. The Exeter Street had a farce called *The Savage*, in which May was teamed with Ben Lyon, and I do not even remember what the other two were.

Two brief digressions seem in order here. Laurence Trimble, who married J. Stuart Blackton's daughter Marion, was a remarkable man who seems to have had an almost Saint Francis of Assisi-like way with animals. He came into pictures in 1910 because Vitagraph wanted his remarkable collie, who became "Jean, the Vitagraph Dog," the first canine star. Jean is still remembered lovingly by old-time movie fans, and I have her in an 8mm print of a little thing called *A Tin-Type Romance* with Florence Turner and Leo Delaney. Trimble
later owned an even more famous movie dog, Strongheart, and became a gifted trainer of Seeing Eye dogs.

The Exeter Street Theater was at one time the oldest motion picture theater in Boston in continuous operation. The building it inhabited, the First Spiritual Temple, which William Dean Howells thought one of the most beautiful in the city, dated back to the days when Boston was a great center of the American interest in spiritualism. I believe they began showing pictures about 1915, and the theater was operated by the church for its benefit. It was in its glory when I came to Boston to live in 1947. This was when the J. Arthur Rank Organization was turning out one fine English film after another; most of them played the Exeter Street, which drew upon the whole Boston area for its clientele. I became acquainted with its manager, the late Miss A. Viola Berlin, and two of my three sons worked for her while in college. The building, handsomely renovated, now houses a department store. But there has been nothing new in Boston to take the place of the old Exeter Street Theater.

By all means the best known of Miss McAvoy's later films were Lady Windermere's Fan (Warner Bros., 1925), which was Ernst Lubitsch's production of the Oscar Wilde play; the M-G-M 1926 Ben Hur; and The Jazz Singer (Warner Bros., 1927), which has the bad distinction of having murdered the silents. Lady Windermere's Fan, which really featured Irene Rich, a then popular Warners star, rather than May, was a good film of its kind, and May was good in it, but her role was too suave, too sophisticated, too conventional to afford scope for her special quality; in her later years she was inclined to regret that people who did not know her other work had seen her in this. Ben Hur of course was one of the great achievements of the dying silents, but May herself said about everything that needed to be said as to her part in it: save for one or two bits any competent young actress could have done everything she was called upon to do. And in The Jazz Singer, which was silent so far as she was concerned, even the bits were lacking, though she remained as always lovely to look upon.

Before leaving the subject of Miss McAvoy's career however, something must be said of a great role she desperately wanted and never had a chance to play: I mean of course Peter Pan. When the 1924 Paramount production was
in contemplation, more actresses coveted this role than were probably ever again to compete for another with the single exception of that of Scarlett O'Hara in Gone With the Wind, including a number who would have been quite dreadful in it and who ought to have thanked God devoutly that they were disappointed. At that time the motion picture editor of the Chicago Tribune, whose not precisely subtle nom de plume, inherited by her successors, was Mae Tinée, had a gift for stimulating her readers to write letters, and I was not too obscurely involved in this correspondence on behalf of May McAvoy, who had already proved her skill as an interpreter of Barrie and who seemed to me more likely to capture the fairy spirit than any other possible contender. Along with a good many others, she had hoped that Peter Pan would be directed by John S. Robertson, who had guided her through Sentimental Tommy, but it went instead to Herbert Brenon. I do not know what authority if any she had in later life for thinking Brenon responsible for choosing the seventeen-year-old, then unknown Betty Bronson for Peter, but the truth seems to be that Barrie had the final choice and that he chose Miss Bronson from the tests submitted to him.

Barrie himself seems to have been disappointed in the film both because its producers used hardly any of the suggestions he had carefully drawn up for them and because he thought they had merely filmed the play instead of using the resources of the camera to create something the stage could not achieve.¹ This latter criticism is at least partially sound; there are certainly too many scenes in the Darling nursery, just as, two years later, when Brenon and Bronson turned out another Barrie play, A Kiss for Cinderella, the scenes between Cinderella and her policeman were allowed to run too long. I must confess, however, that since everybody knew the film version of Peter Pan would be shown in many places to many people who would never have a chance to see the play, a pretty good argument could be made for keeping as close to the latter as possible, and personally I could forgive Brenon for much more than the shortcomings I have suggested here for the wonderful scene in A Kiss for Cinderella showing the transformation of household articles into Cinderella's coach and attendants, a moment of cinema magic that has never been surpassed. And surely no valid criticism of any importance can be entered concerning Betty Bronson's own performance as Peter. It must go without saying that she did not play the role quite as May McAvoy would have played it, nor
would it have been wise for her to try. And obviously her performance lacked something that May's would have had. But upon its own terms it was exquisite, amazingly so for so young and inexperienced a performer; there was no suggestion of amateurishness about it. Her youth was enchanting, and she was probably more successful than May could have been in suggesting a certain boyish—or girl-boyish—insouciance. She played the role with her feet and legs bare, and her grace of movement never faltered. It was evident at once that there was a new personality on the screen, quite different from May's, but like hers as definitely out of the usual mold, and something with which Hollywood would have to reckon.

Hollywood met that challenge in the same way it had met May's, which is to say that it did not face up to it at all. There are indeed interesting resemblances between the McAvoy and Bronson careers. Both arrived in Barrie vehicles. Both supported Al Jolson, May in The Jazz Singer, Betty in The Singing Fool (Warner Bros., 1928), during whose filming she said he treated her very badly. Both lived lives completely untouched by any whisper of scandal or indiscretion. Each married only once and bore one child, in each case a son. There was also, to be sure, one contrast. Betty died on October 21, 1971, nearly a month short of her sixty-fifth birthday, and May lived until April 26, 1984; she would have been eighty-three in September. But, alas, both careers petered out. We have already seen what happened to May McAvoy. Paramount followed Betty's Peter Pan with a modern comedy, Are Parents People? and then turned to more picturesque material in Not So Long Ago and The Golden Princess; all three films were released in 1925. She was lent to M-G-M to appear as the Madonna in Ben Hur, where she did the little she had to do perfectly. I thought The Cat's Pajamas and Everybody's Acting, both 1926 and the latter a Marshall Neilan production, charming trifles; then at Christmas time came A Kiss for Cinderella. But of what I saw after that I should have to say what I said of the later McAvoy films: the star was always charming and as good an actress as the material she was supplied with allowed her to be. (With her later work on the stage, mostly in southern California, including a Viola in Twelfth Night at the Pasadena Playhouse, and her television appearances we naturally have nothing to do here.) In short, both these young ladies (and how many others?) went through the paces of the familiar
Hollywood story: the movies were always good at recognizing unusual talent but much less successful in nourishing and developing it.

NOTE

Since Topsy and Eva (United Artists, 1927), which had been freely derived from their musical comedy success of the same title, was the only silent film in which the Duncan Sisters ever appeared, their place in this book must necessarily be marginal. The film's direction was officially credited to Del Lord, but its production was obviously not all clear sailing, for at one point no less a person than D. W. Griffith was called in to straighten things out, and Vivian Duncan told me she thought his contribution to what finally emerged an important one.

It seems reasonable nevertheless that the girls should be here, for their presence indicates an important point about early screen history. Though pictures would then hardly yet seem to have been in existence long enough to have grown stale, as a matter of fact producers were forever reaching out for novelties in every direction, and any human being who became either famous or notorious in any line of activity might fairly safely expect to be dragged in. Essanay even tagged the young woman whom H. L. Mencken called "the Butte Bashkirtseff," who, quite without Marie Bashkirtseff's talent, had tastelessly exploited her own idiosyncrasies in I, Mary MacLane, and would die forlornly at last in a Chicago slum, and put her in something called Men Who Have Made Love to Me. But a better example would be Evelyn Nesbit, who, though she had authentic experience in show business, was thought of as having primarily interested the public through her demented husband's murder of the great architect Stanford White, and whom, around World War I, William Fox attempted to make into a star by some of the same methods he had used on Theda Bara. This enterprise might well have been more successful than it was (Willie Hammerstein did develop Miss Nesbit into a vaudeville headliner) if it had been managed with some taste and judgment.
It must be remembered that if Fox created Theda Bara, he also destroyed her; as D. W. Griffith once observed, not even Sarah Bernhardt could have long survived in the kind of junk Fox dealt out to her.

Vivian Duncan died in Los Angeles on September 19, 1986.

In its original form, what I had to say about the Duncan Sisters was written some time in the 1920s. As related hereinafter, the sisters read it and liked it when I met them in Seattle in 1928, but it was never published until I made it a chapter in my semi-autobiography, As Far as Yesterday. It is here reprinted, with no changes whatever from that publication, which was copyrighted in 1968 by the University of Oklahoma Press.

* * *

For some reason or other, my tastes have always tended to be rather more "highbrow" in music than in some other areas where I might be supposed to be better informed. Consequently I have never cared much for that form of entertainment which, for want of a better term, is called "musical comedy." As a child I was taken to such shows of the period as The Time, The Place, and the Girl; The Girl Question; and A Knight for a Day, which starred the then-popular Mabel Hite. Later I saw the Dolly Sisters in Oh, Look! after which one of my parlor tricks was a pretty good imitation of Harry Fox singing "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows." When the old-fashioned musical comedy began to transform itself into whatever takes its place now, I got in on the ground floor by seeing Blossom Time and The Student Prince, but I did not very industriously pursue my explorations. The dominant tendencies in modern serious drama do not greatly charm me, and I have sometimes suspected that if the true spirit of the theater lingers anywhere in our world, it is in the musicals that it must be looked for (George Jean Nathan once pointed out that when people stopped building theaters that looked like theaters and began to build theaters that looked like undertaking parlors instead, what was presented on the stage also began to alter itself to correspond), but I am now inclined to leave the documentation of this impression to the investigations of others.
Of course I was taken to see Montgomery and Stone in *The Wizard of Oz*, and I fancy this was my first musical. Naturally I was charmed, though I recall being vaguely troubled by the show's departures from the book I knew by heart. (If I had been a child when the M-G-M film was made, in which the whole Oz adventure became a dream of Dorothy's in delirium, I am sure I should have stalked out of the theater in indignation.) But I think more magic clings for me, though only with the vaguest pegs to hang it on, to two other musicals of the early 1900's which seem largely to have disappeared from theatrical history.

The first was an extravaganza called *The Top of the World*, whose scene was laid at the North Pole and in which I believe Santa Claus was one of the characters. That is nearly all I remember about it except a general atmosphere of white glitter and one buxom lady in white tights whom I did not think at all pretty, yet the very vagueness contributes to the atmosphere of wonder which lingers with me to remind me of an occasion when I escaped from the world of actuality into a better world of the mind. As a matter of fact, the transition was gracefully prepared for. *The Top of the World* was presented at the lovely Studebaker Theater, which is on Michigan Avenue, always for me the most enchanted part of Chicago, and before the show began my mother and I stopped off to see a relative by marriage who kept a floral shop in Van Buren Street, between Michigan and Wabash, where the atmosphere seemed almost as romantic to me as on the stage itself, and where the kind lady gave me a flower so that I might carry the flavor of her establishment away with me.

My other early memory is even vaguer, for I cannot even remember the name of the show. All I know is that I saw it at the Great Northern, that it had a Chinese or Japanese setting, and that in the last act a good part of the stage was occupied by an enormous grinning Billiken. Now Billiken was a benevolent-looking Oriental idol, a kind of good-luck symbol, of whom miniature reproductions soon flooded the novelty shops of America, so that he became as omnipresent as whatever people fastened to the radiator caps of motor cars at a later period, and if, as I assume, he originated in this show (I cannot recall ever having seen him before, and he endured for years afterwards), then it must have exercised considerable influence, yet I have never been able to identify it. I once asked the late Charles Collins of the
Chicago Tribune, whom I had reason to believe well-nigh omniscient in such matters, about it, but he did not know any more than I did. There are fairy tales in which children go to a land where they find all the toys they have ever lost; perhaps there is also a land where we can refurbish our lost memories. Or perhaps not, for if I could see this show again, I might not enjoy it nearly as much as I did then unless I could also be the boy who saw it, and that, I fear, I can never be.

Once, however, during my adult years, I was enthralled by a musical comedy, and this was Topsy and Eva, with the Duncan Sisters. The book was by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, and the music was credited to the girls themselves, who had previously done "kid" acts in a number of big musicals, including Fred Stone's Tip Top. Topsy and Eva, which put Rosetta into the blackface she never got off again, opened in 1923 in Los Angeles, but its greatest success was in Chicago, where it played for over a year at the Selwyn Theater. I do not know how many times I saw it, but I was present on the last night, when, in imitation of the "Tom-shows" of days gone by, all the characters were doubled.

I expected the Duncan Sisters to go on to other big musicals (my pet project for them was an Alice in Wonderland with Vivian as Alice and Rosetta as the White Rabbit), but this did not happen. Though the success of Topsy and Eva in New York did not match its acclaim in Chicago, they found themselves "stuck" with the name characters much as Joe Jef ferson was "stuck" with Rip Van Winkle or Rose Melville with Sis Hopkins, and they went on playing them in vaudeville and, later, nightclub engagements across the world until Rosetta was killed in an automobile accident late in 1959.

I had met Vivian once, very briefly, in Chicago, but I became better acquainted with the sisters when they came to Seattle, where I was then living, in 1928, to play the Pantages circuit. Or perhaps I should say I became better acquainted with Vivian, for although Rosetta was never other than charming to me, she had the habit of disappearing into her dressing room between the grueling four-a-day schedule they were playing and leaving her sister to entertain their visitors. It was obvious that Rosetta was a temperamental young lady whose spirits alternated between the heights and the depths, but this is no wonder, for her energy on the stage (and I
Vivian, on the other hand, was a gorgeous peaches-and-cream kind of girl, right off the candy box, and with a disposition to match. She was pretty enough so that not even her heavy stage make-up (it was about the heaviest I have ever seen on anybody and it would have been quite out of the question to take it off between shows) could make her other than very well worth looking at. One night we dined together at a neighboring cafeteria (she still in make-up), and I cannot honestly say that we did not attract attention. I often suspected that she was considerably bored with us all, but she never ceased to be the gracious hostess, and the atmosphere backstage was as decorous as in church.

Structurally Topsy and Eva was an old-fashioned musical comedy, in which no excuse was too flimsy to stop the story for a song-and-dance number. For all that, the storyline was important. "Tom-shows" had been a part of the American theatrical picture since the 1850's, and their fascination was in the American blood. The Duncan Sisters gathered the last great Uncle Tom harvest because they had the wit to see that theatrical taste had not changed so much as "smart" people supposed, and that all that was needed to give Topsy and Eva a new lease on life was to apply a modern veneer.

None of the countless Little Evas of the past can possibly have been prettier than Vivian Duncan, and none can have undertaken the character more determined to project the last essence of its sweetness. What made her acceptable in a day when most of them would have been rejected out of hand was that whenever her role was in danger of turning uncomfortably saccharine, she would turn about and "kid" it. Either she would wickedly sham fainting in order to get something she wanted, or offer plain aid and encouragement to the enemy of all things sentimental, present on the scene in the person of Miss Topsy, or else she would break out with spirit, doing funny, jazzy things with her voice. Thus she was at once romantic and realist, a fairy child and a hard-headed little girl of earth.

Topsy was a rather more complicated matter, for Topsy
was an outrageous person even in Mrs. Stowe's novel, and she certainly did not grow more demure in Rosetta Duncan's tender hands. As Eva inherited the stage tradition of the angel child, so the mantle of the long inexhaustible blackface comedian fell on Topsy's shoulders, and her remark that Al Jolson was her "mammy" was no idle jest. Now blackface comedians are traditionally men. To give the role instead to a young and attractive girl and then have her beat her predecessors at their own game, marshalling six or seven times as much exuberance as any of them were ever able to command—all this may not seem like a very long step to take. But it is the kind of step that makes history in the theater.

Outrageousness was by no means all Topsy had however, nor could it alone have accounted for her reception. She added charm to incongruity, and the combination proved irresistible. Whether or not one liked all the things she said and did--she ad-libbed freely, and, like all such players, she was not always the same--it was impossible not to like her. The tiny, half-naked little figure of the first act, so inadequately enclosed in somber rags, so essentially helpless for all her impudence, made an immediate appeal, and the effect thus gained was never forfeited.

Many spectators, of course, were under the impression that she was the dominant figure. In a way this was true, but it was only half true. The Duncan stage partnership was not a rivalry; both sisters were necessary to the effect that was created, and neither could have done without the other. Vivian had no such prolonged "scene" as fell to her sister with "Topsy's Prayer," or, later, in vaudeville, with the remarkable "Curbstone Blues," and she always did much less, but what she was, was tremendously important. Even very great actors sometimes do their best work when they seem to be doing nothing, for it is cruelly difficult to do nothing on the stage, and it is even more difficult to make nothing into something. Certainly Rosetta's dynamism gained much from having Vivian's lovely restfulness as a background. Repose is as necessary in life as action, and as necessary in art as in life, and two Topsies would have destroyed each other and the audience with them. When Vivian was called upon to take the center of the stage she never had any difficulty in doing so, and when she stretched out her arms in the calcium glare and cried, "O Topsy, don't go!" she awakened more emotion than it was altogether reasonable to
expect the situation to generate. Often, however, she seemed to be merely observing what Rosetta was doing, with sympathy, yet with a certain detachment too, much as she viewed her visitors backstage.

The Duncan Sisters suggested a fresh wholesomeness which was not the quality most frequently encountered in the musical-comedy stars of their time, but they also had a good deal of tart commentary on hypocrisy and pretension, much of which was no less effective for being implicit rather than explicit. One does not often associate this with attractive girls, and at one time I thought Rosetta might develop along the lines later laid down by Elaine May. Their mockery of our musical aspirations in "Vocalizing" was delightful; so too was their burlesque of our sentimentality in "In Sweet Onion Time." I have never heard anybody sing the Negro spiritual "Heav'n, Heav'n" better than they did, and they brought art worthy of much better music to such numbers as "Baby Feet Go Pitter Patter Cross My Floor." I am not sure whether they could have sung H ä n s e l und G r e t e l or not, but I should have liked to see them try. Their career was a record of splendid generosity; they always gave freely of their means and of themselves, and I am sure many theatergoers must remember them, as I do, with great affection.
According to Rudy Behlmer, who did the career article on Clara Bow for *Films in Review*, she was born in Brooklyn on July 29, 1907. Lois W. Banner's piece in *Notable American Women* puts the date exactly two years earlier. Both the Katz and Thomson film encyclopedias also opt for the 1905 date, but according to Katz the event occurred on August 25.¹

She made her first contact with films by winning a "Fame and Fortune" contest sponsored by the Eugene V. Brewster publications, but her role in the film in which she appeared, *Beyond the Rainbow* (Robertson-Cole, 1926), ended up on the cutting-room floor, leaving her to be rediscovered by one of Griffith's old henchmen, Elmer Clifton (Phil Stone-man in *The Birth of a Nation* and the Rhapsode in *Intolerance*), who gave her a tomboyish role in *Down to the Sea in Ships* (W. W. Hodkinson, 1923), which I saw and liked. But I did not see her again before Victor Fleming's *Mantrap* (1926), based upon the Sinclair Lewis novel, and there had been thirty-two others in between! I later caught up on her first Paramount, Herbert Brenon's *Dancing Mothers*, and thereafter I saw everything she did.

Her career took a nosedive after the bad publicity that attended her difficulties with a secretary at the end of the twenties (the secretary went to jail), and her Paramount contract was cancelled at her own request after a sound version of *Kick In* (1931). She liked only a very few of her films. "It wasn't like I thought it was going to be," she later said of her career. "It was always a disappointment." And again, more reflectively, "A sex symbol is always a heavy load to carry, especially when one is very tired, hurt and bewildered." Between 1923 and 1931 she had appeared in fifty-three films, fourteen in 1925 alone, eight each in 1924 and
1926, six in 1927, and four each in 1928 and 1930. Of all her films my own favorite is the circus picture *Dangerous Curves* (1929), directed by Luther Mendes, in which she was supported by Richard Arlen, Kay Francis, and Joyce Compton, a charming actress who never received the recognition she deserved. Though it was one of her sound films, I have chosen one of my stills from *Dangerous Curves* because the photograph catches so well the wistful sadness that underlay all Clara Bow's high spirits.

After leaving Paramount, Clara made two pictures for Fox—*Call Her Savage* and *Hoopla* (1932-33), of which the former was much the more successful, though *Hoopla* had an outstanding director in Frank Lloyd. In 1931 she married Rex Bell, one of the few people who had stood by her during her ordeal, to whom she bore two sons. They moved to his ranch in Nevada, where Bell became lieutenant governor in 1954, but in later years the mental illness which plagued her, as it had plagued her mother before her, made it necessary for them to live apart. She wanted much to play Cleopatra and Scarlett O'Hara, but the closest she came to a comeback was to become the mystery voice, Mrs. Hush, on 1947 radio programs. Bell died in 1962, and she followed him, of a heart ailment, on September 27, 1965.

The piece which follows was written during her later Paramount days and sent out by Arch Reeve, then Paramount's publicity chief, as a press release to American newspapers. In Seattle, where I was then living, and where the newspapers avidly seized upon anything that had to do with anyone connected with the university, especially if they could read sensationalism into it, it rated feature stories; what happened to it in other cities I never inquired. As I stated in the article itself, it was less a defense of Clara Bow than an attack upon the vultures who, as I saw it, were sweeping down upon her. I never met her, either before or after the event, but she wrote me a touching letter, in which she declared that what I did had importantly helped her not to lose her courage at a very difficult time and that she only hoped that some time she might be able to do something similar for some other human being. She could not have been more charming about it, nor did she ever forget. I heard from her again in 1947, and her tone was still the same. As for the article, though slightly shortened here, it has been subjected to no important alterations.
I rise to a point of order.

We have a new indoor sport among us. Many enjoy it more than miniature golf. It is a very easy game to play because there are no rules connected with it. The only requirement is that the player shall lack a certain sense of fairness and decency.

The game is played around a girl. She is a girl who has never done any of the players any harm, who has indeed given many of them a good deal of innocent pleasure. The object of the game is to discredit her, to humiliate her, and ultimately to deprive her of her employment. To this end any tactics may be used. One may circulate gossip and slander about her. One may repeat stories one has heard others tell, even though one may have no evidence that they are true. One may watch her comings and goings, day in and day out, and every time she makes a false step employ newspaper headlines to make the whole world know about it. One may use even her illnesses and misfortunes, to say nothing of the wrongs she suffers at the hands of others, and twist them into weapons to be employed against her. One may make a matter of public discussion out of intimately personal matters that could not, by any stretch of the imagination concern anybody except the girl herself. One may write open letters to her, reading her moral lectures in public, discourses in which one professes to have only her own best interests at heart, but which, at the same time, one takes pains to fill with sly, covert, underhanded insinuations concerning her private life. One may make her a whipping post for the sins of a whole community. One may tacitly assume that she is a person of no consideration whatever, that everything she thinks and says and does must necessarily be wrong, that nothing about her could possibly be right.

The game goes off rather expeditiously if the girl has red hair. And there is one other little thing: her name should be Clara Bow.

Now it is not necessary to like Clara Bow. De gustibus non disputandum est. It would be stupid to pretend that she has made no mistakes. Nobody—least of all Clara Bow her-
self—would claim that she has never done anything that it would not have been better to leave undone. This is no time to idealize her or to get romantic over her. But it is time—and it is high time, to insist that she be treated with common decency, that she receive the ordinary courtesy to which every human being is entitled.

She has not had that. She has never had it. In the spring of 1926 she created a sensation as Alice Joyce's flapper daughter in Herbert Brenon's film production of Edgar Selwyn's play, *Dancing Mothers*. Her vividness, her pert ways, her seemingly inexhaustible vitality, her warm human friendliness seemed to bring a new vitality to the screen, and thousands of picture-goers at once took her to their hearts. But simply because she was such a vivid personality she also inspired violent partisanship. It was evident at once that it was going to be difficult for people to be neutral about her. In itself this was all to the good, for it is only insignificant, namby-pamby people who never inspire partisanship. Dante's Limbo was occupied by those who were pleasing neither to God nor to His enemies. For nearly five years now Miss Bow has held her place as one of the most sensational figures on the screen, and for nearly that same length of time those who did not care for her have been as narrow- and as mean-minded toward her as they could possibly manage. Long before there was any gossip about her, they proclaimed that she was common, that she was coarse and vulgar, and that no intelligent human being could possibly take an interest in her. But it does not always seem to work out that way. Emil Jannings, Walter Huston, Ludwig Berger, Frank Tuttle, and Ruth Chatterton are, none of them, exactly illiterates in the field of dramatic art. All have expressed admiration for Clara Bow's work on the screen, and Victor Fleming called her death scene in *Children of Divorce* (1927) the finest he had ever seen.

But why were so many people shocked by Clara Bow in the first place? The answer, I believe, is simple. People were not shocked by Clara Bow so much as they were shocked by the "flapper." Miss Bow made her first great success in a flapper role; she was typed; she was identified in the public mind with that kind of personality; she became the Great American Flapper par excellence; people felt that in rejecting her they were rejecting everything that was cheapening and degrading young girls. Nobody, to be sure, knew just what
a flapper was, but that only made things that much easier. For it is undeniable that for the bulk of the movie public an actress is just what she plays.

Yet, so far as my observation has extended, Clara Bow never appeared in an unworthy picture. She appeared in poor pictures and stupid pictures, but she never appeared in a film that could reasonably have been called immoral. That is more than you can say for some of the cultivated ladies and gentlemen who invaded the screen with the advent of sound and whom Clara's enemies welcomed with open arms as ministers of culture to the lowly movie! Dancing Mothers contained unpleasant sequences, but it was as moral a drama in its outlook as any that has ever appeared. Nor was there anything among Clara's succeeding vehicles that was not innocence itself compared to what the screen offered after the sophisticates got hold of it. Generally she played good, though undeniably lively, girls, and when she did not she was generally reformed in the course of the action. It was once said of O. Henry that though quick to don the guise of modernity he was impervious to its spirit, and the same might well be said of her. Poor though they have been in many ways, her films have consistently glorified the old-fashioned virtues of romantic love, honesty, and fidelity.

Came 1927. Flappers somehow were not quite so shocking as they had been. Clara Bow now began her career as a star in a picture called It. The film swept the nation. Nobody was sure what "it" was, any more than anybody had quite known how to define the flapper. But what else could it be than what you thought it was? Again the stigma of vulgarity was fastened upon her.

Yet obviously no human being ever became the idol of thousands upon the basis of sex appeal alone. Sex appeal is far too omnipresent for that; nobody has a monopoly of it. Frankie Bailey's legs in another generation, Ann Pennington's "dimpled knees" were famous. But why these particular legs or these knees? Obviously there must have been something else there. Nobody has ever denied that Clara Bow has sex appeal. She is not the Witch of Endor. She is chock full of sex appeal. It is honest and healthy and unashamed. It is splendidly normal; there is not the slightest suggestion of decadence about it. But if you seek to explain her vogue on
the basis of this quality alone, you have adopted one of those over-simplistic explanations that explain nothing.

The attitude of the motion picture public toward its favorites is a curious and complicated thing. In many cases genuine affection enters into it. But there is a tremendous amount of jealousy also. The large salaries film stars receive (Clara Bow has never received much by motion picture standards), the notoriety they receive, the adoration that is showered upon them—all this has its effect. All that is needed to start a scandal is one liar, one envious, evil mind. Once the story is in circulation, the public half fears, half hopes to find it true, and on this basis ends by believing it, and revenges itself by trampling upon what it has loved.

Not of course in every case. If so, we should have few players left. But every few years we have to have a great movie scandal. Somebody must be thrown to the wolves. Then that somebody is forced into oblivion, and the public settles down again and licks its virtuous jaws.

It is sometimes assumed that such things are necessary to maintain moral standards. Let us not call vile things by fine names. In the first place, it is highly doubtful that the fear of exposure—especially brutal exposure—ever restrained a sinner. A sense of being treated unfairly does not make people better; it makes them worse. Those who are determined to go to the devil in this world generally manage to get there, and of all the methods that have been devised to restrain them, the only one that has ever worked is the method of faith and love. Can anyone seriously believe that it is the really fine people, the genuinely pure people who take part in the kind of pastimes that I have been describing? My own feeling is that it is far more likely to be the sadists and the hypocrites, and I firmly believe that when they get to hell, they are going to have to look up, not down, upon the most culpable of their victims and this regardless of whether what they have said about them has been literally true or false.

For the moment then Miss Clara Bow seems to be the public's latest goat. She has served in this capacity for many weary months, and during this time she has been subjected in the public prints to almost every conceivable form of humiliation. A man with a scar on his face visited the Paramount
Clara Bow

89

studio one day, and in a few hours the newspapers were proclaiming that she had entertained a notorious racketeer. Whether or not such things are unfair to Clara Bow is not the question. They are a disgrace to every American.

Let the reader of this article understand the writer clearly. He neither possesses nor pretends to possess any information about Clara Bow's personal affairs. If he had it, I hope he would have sufficient taste and judgment to keep it to himself. This article is not primarily a defense of Clara Bow but an attack upon cruelty and irresponsibility. But even if the worst that has been said about her should turn out to be true, I should not care to be the first to cast a stone at her. Everybody who is at all familiar with her history knows that fate pretty consistently stacked the cards against her. Life did not even begin to give her, as a child, the things to which every child is entitled. It says much for the native goodness of her endowment that, in spite of such handicaps, she should have been able to preserve a native sweetness and kindness of disposition as well as she has.

Then, suddenly, she won a "Fame and Fortune" contest, got a chance in pictures, and sometime later, after intervening disappointments, found herself a triumphant success on the screen, had money, admirers, adulation—everything she had always wanted and had never had—all this in one of the hardest, most fiercely competitive businesses on the face of the earth. What wonder if she made mistakes, even serious mistakes?

It was a beautiful thing to see, Clara Bow's enthusiasm in those first early days of her success. She was so gloriously happy, so wonderfully alive. Happy and yet wistful—as if she were wondering what might be waiting for her around the corner. Nothing she has ever said of herself was more revealing than her remark that now that she was a motion picture star perhaps it would not be necessary for her to cry when she got a run in her stocking. She thought that perhaps life had got through playing tricks on her.

But life had only begun. The Clara Bow of today has traveled far from the breath-taking girl of those early films. She has been hurt—not once but many times. Of all the things that have been said about her, the most absurd is that she is hard. She lacks many things. There are many graces that she has never attained. Indeed part of her dif-
ficulty is that she is something of an anachronism, lacking the glittering, sleek, well-groomed sophistication upon which the present generation prides itself. She is a throw-back to an earlier, frakner, more honest age, but she is not hard. Life would be much easier for her if she were. Her natural tendency is to take people at their own evaluation. So she walks into one trap after another; the spotlight is turned full upon her, and the others walk off scot-free.

It is a mistake to suppose that society is ever seriously concerned about evil. Society punishes not evil but indiscretion; it bears down heavily upon those who do not play the game according to the rules. Clara Bow will never do that because she does not know how. She will never pretend to be anything except exactly what she is. Yet I feel there is much capacity for development in her, both as an artist and as a woman. It would be presumptuous in the extreme to send her a telegram reading: "Dear Prodigal Daughter: Come home. All is forgiven." She is the one who will have to forgive us.

NOTES


2. I intrude at this point to observe from the vantage ground of a later day that standards in these matters shift from time to time. Lillian Gish once told me that no less a person than Irving Thalberg came to her during her M-G-M period to ask permission to invent a scandal for her on the ground that this might stimulate more
interest in her films. She replied that if she could not interest the public except upon this basis, she thought she might as well find some other line of work.
The man who, after a career of unexampled adulation and execration, finally came to be known as Sir Charles Spencer Chaplin was born in London on April 16, 1889 and died at Vevey, Switzerland on Christmas Day, 1977. He was the star of stars in the silent sky; it is refreshing to be able to make at least one statement that cannot be challenged. "Praising one of Mr. Chaplin's pictures," wrote the critic of the New York Herald-Tribune when The Gold Rush appeared in 1925, "is like saying that Shakespeare was a good writer." It is true that much nonsense has been written about him. But it is also true that responsible people have called him the greatest actor in the world, the Dickens of the twentieth century, and the one universal man of our time.

His entry into films, by way of Mack Sennett's Keystone studio, at the very end of 1913, was late compared to that of the Biograph people who went back to 1908 or 1909, to say nothing of George Méliès and Max Linder in France and Edwin S. Porter in this country, who began still earlier, and even at Keystone Fred Mace, Ford Sterling, and Mabel Normand had established themselves before him. But he began to invent the persona we later came to call inaccurately the Little Tramp with his second film, Kid Auto Races at Venice, released on February 7, 1914, and public acceptance came very quickly. "Even then," he said later, "looking back upon his early days, "I realized I would have to spend the rest of my life finding out more about the creature. For me he was fixed, complete, the moment I looked in the mirror and saw him for the first time, yet even now I don't know all the things there are to be known about him."

*Some passages in the first part of this chapter make use of materials which appeared in a different form in the author's book The Movies in the Age of Innocence. Copyright © 1962 by the University of Oklahoma Press.
Mary Pickford in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (1917).
Mary Pickford as Dearest in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1925).
Mary Pickford, with Frank Losee and Gertrude Norman, in *Fanchon the Cricket* (1915).

Lillian and Dorothy Gish as the Two Orphans in D. W. Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm* (1922).
Lillian Gish as Romola in Henry King's production of George Eliot's novel (1924).
Clarine Seymour.
Lillian Gish, with Lars Hanson, in one of the films she likes best, Victor Sjöström's production, *The Wind* (1928).

Clarine Seymour, with Richard Barthelmess, in *The Idol Dancer* (1920).

Geraldine Farrar, with Wallace Reid, in *Joan the Woman* (1917).
Geraldine Farrar as Carmen, after the fight in the tobacco factory, in Cecil B. DeMille's production (1915).
Geraldine Farrar as Joan of Arc in Cecil B. DeMille's *Joan the Woman* (1917).
May McAvoy, in John S. Robertson's production of J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* (1921).

May McAvoy and Richard Barthelmess as the lovers as the world sees them in Robertson's production of Pinero's play, *The Enchanted Cottage* (1924). Their friend is Holmes Herbert.
May McAvoy and Richard Barthelmess as the lovers in *The Enchanted Cottage* as they appear in the eyes of love.

Rosetta Duncan as Topsy and Vivian Duncan as Eva, with Nils Asther and Myrtle Ferguson in the screen version of their musical comedy success, *Topsy and Eva* (1927).
Clara Bow.
Clara Bow presents Clara Bow.
Clara Bow, with Richard Arlen, in *Dangerous Curves* (1929).

Charles Chaplin, with Jackie Coogan, in *The Kid* (1921).
Charles Chaplin

There had been nothing like this before, and there would be nothing like it again; Chaplin swept first America and then the world. This had not been prepared for by either him or the film industry; both were nearly overwhelmed by surprise. He was shamelessly imitated by other so-called comedians without either taste or talent, none of them surely more unnecessary or objectionable than the gentleman who is currently (1986) engaged in doing IBM commercials on television. A comic strip known as "Charlie Chaplin's Comic Capers" ran for two years (1915-1917) in American newspapers, and the actor entered folklore while still a young man when children took him up into their counting games and soldiers into marching songs in World War I. There were cartoons on the screen also, and after they had lost him, his second employers, the Essanay Company, were greedy and unscrupulous enough to gather up his scraps and discards and issue them in various forms, as when they expanded his two-reel burlesque of Carmen into four reels and turned it into a weariness to the flesh.

Chaplin stayed with Keystone only a year, but during that year he appeared in thirty-five films (one-reelers, two-reelers, and split reels, plus the six-reel Tillie's Punctured Romance, which starred not him but Marie Dressler and was directed by Mack Sennett). Compared not only to the great features of his later years but even to the Essanays and still more emphatically to the Mutuals that followed, the Keystones were crude casual stuff, yet they were very important for Chaplin's career. In his great days he was more, vastly more, than a Keystone slapstick comic, yet he never ceased to be that too. On the foundations laid at Keystone he erected such an impressive edifice that there were times when the foundations were hidden, but they were there all the same, and they were indispensable. Technically Chaplin remained an old-fashioned film-maker to the end of his days; it was no accident that he continued his single-handed heroic fight for the true cinema of the silents long after everybody else had given them up for some mishmash or amalgam of disparate qualities that neither God nor man could describe and that only Divine mercy could tolerate.

Keystone, to be sure, was not the only influence upon these tendencies. There was the English music hall world into which Chaplin was born. There was the Karno troupe where Mack Sennett found him when they were touring
America. And there was D. W. Griffith; according to Theodore Huff, Chaplin saw *The Birth of a Nation* nearly every week during its long first run in Los Angeles, a fact all the more suggestive in view of the strong influence which Dickens exerted upon both men. In his latter days, the conditions governing film production were such that Chaplin was obliged to use a pre-prepared scenario instead of working everything out in his head while in action, which was what both he and Griffith had initially preferred, and he also had to tolerate and pay for much technical equipment that he did not need or use or even in some cases understand. But he did not love these things. "We used to go into the park with a step-ladder, a bucket of whitewash, and Mabel Normand," he once remarked wistfully, "and make a picture."

It is astonishing how far the groundswell ran ahead of critical opinion and intelligent understanding. In October 1914 the *Motion Picture Magazine* (it had by this time dropped the word "Story" from its title, as if to indicate that what went on behind the screen was now quite as important in its table of contents as the pictures themselves) listed the top hundred players in its recently concluded "Great Artist" contest; Chaplin's name was not among them. During that same year he had had no write-up of any kind in the outstanding trade journal, the *Moving Picture World*, and up to October 24, when his picture appeared in a display advertisement for *Dough and Dynamite*, he had rated only passing mention there in reviews of Keystone films. Moreover, though both *Dough and Dynamite* and *His Trysting Place* got display reviews, on November 7 Sydney Chaplin was identified as "brother of Charlie Chaplin (the funny drunk) of Keystone fame."

When Chaplin signed with Essanay, the *World*, beginning to stir in its sleep, declared that "Mr. Chaplin in a remarkably short time has created for himself a unique position in the film world." It was no thanks to them that he had, and they still knew so little about him that they speculated about "the name of the director under whom he will work" at Essanay, yet Sennett had learned as early as May 1914 that Chaplin could not function effectively unless he was left virtually in control of his films. On January 23, 1915, Essanay boasted in a display advertisement that they were "now offering exhibitors the greatest stars the photoplay world has ever seen--the 'A.B.C..' of drama and comedy--Mr. G. M.
Anderson, Mr. Francis X. Bushman, and Mr. Charles Chaplin." But this announcement was arranged so that Anderson ("Broncho Billy"), co-owner of Essanay, though now nearing the end of his stellar career, got the top of the page and Chaplin the bottom, even though he was called "the most wonderful comedian ever seen on the screen ... in himself a guarantee of ESSANAY QUALITY." And even on August 7, with Bushman lost to Metro, Henry B. Walthall rated the top half of a page advertisement with The Woman Hater, directed by Charles Brabin, while Chaplin and The Bank must make do with the lower half.

The New York Dramatic Mirror made an even worse showing at a later date. Reviewing Mary Pickford's first Artcraft, Less Than the Dust, on November 11, 1916, the reviewer found that there were "comedy moments, bordering on the Chaplinesque, which might better have been eliminated." When Chaplin's marriage to Mildred Harris was reported on November 23, 1918, it was thought necessary to identify him as "Charles S. Chaplin, reputed to be the funniest of all film comedians," and as late as 1919, the Mirror gave Sunny-side a bad review, indulging in asinine conjecture that Chaplin might be slipping because he no longer had his brother Sydney on hand to guide him. But the booby prize must go to the distinguished Theatre magazine, where, in October 1919, one Harcourt Farmer pulled out all the stops in an article entitled, "Is the Charlie Chaplin Vogue Passing?" According to this super-refined commentator, Chaplin's appeal "was an exceedingly unintellectual one," directed toward "the lowest of human instincts."

Such accusations were not peculiar to Mr. Farmer however. In 1915 the Chicago Tribune's respected drama critic, Percy Hammond, reported having seen Chaplin "blithely performing functions ... that even I would decline to report," and the generally sensible Julian Johnson, reviewing Shanghaied for Photoplay, found him "as usual ... funny with a funnyness [sic] which transcends his art and his vulgarity." And in Variety of all media, Sime Silverman, reviewing Work, went out of his way to declare that "never anything dirtier was placed upon the screen than Chaplin's 'Tramp,' and while this may have been objected to by the censors, it merely taught Chaplin what to avoid and how far to go." Since The Tramp and The Bank are the real gems among Chaplin's Essanays and the most striking demonstra-
tions we had had yet of his capacity for pathos and tenderness, one is left rubbing his eyes and wondering what in the world the writer thought he was talking about.

Even stupid misapprehensions however are seldom manufactured quite out of whole cloth. The Keystone world was a rough, coarse, in many respects even brutal world whose joyful, exuberant sadism was only redeemed by the apparent immunity of its denizens to all the violence that would have destroyed even a robot in the actual world that we inhabit. It was a world of park benches, beaches, saloons, dance halls, flop-houses, flirtatious girls and jealous husbands, in which drunkenness and a kick in the pants were supposed to be funny in themselves (not until City Lights would Chaplin learn how to use drunkenness as an end beyond itself). Like much in the contemporary comic strip, to say nothing of vaudeville and burlesque, the Keystones were undeniably an assault upon the then still officially respected gentility. What the writers I have quoted overlooked however is that while Chaplin used all these things, he balanced them neatly by placing a pathetic helplessness and an incongruous fastidiousness over against them. This began with the Little Tramp's costume itself, especially the rattan cane, long antedating the touches of tenderness which toward the end sometimes threatened to take over. At the beginning of The Kid his cigarette case was a sardine can filled with butts he had picked up in the alley, but he handled it with all the elegance of an affected clubman. Sleeping out of doors beside a rickety fence in A Dog's Life, he thoughtfully stopped up a tiny hole to protect himself from a draft. In Pay Day he arrived at work late, carrying a lily in his hand as a propitiatory offering. And in The Champion his own fastidiousness was extended even to his bulldog. They are both hungry when the Tramp thoughtfully offers the dog the first bite of his lone frankfurter, but the latter will not touch it until it has first been seasoned to his taste.

Buster Keaton widens the scope of our present inquiry when he remarks that Chaplin's Tramp was "a bum with a bum's philosophy. Lovable as he was he would steal if he got the chance. My little fellow was a workingman and honest." Actually the unfastidious Mack Sennett had said the same thing in a more exaggerated form when he observed that it was a long time before Chaplin "abandoned cruelty, venality, treachery, larceny, and bribery as the main characteristics
of the tramp." Later critics have often echoed such sentiments. Thus Griffith and Mayer found the young Chaplin's "smile of ... angelic innocence ... coupled with a surprising streak of meanness, violence, and a certain deliberate vulgarity," while Robert Payne wildly declared that "Charlie had never been a sentimental figure. He was the murderer [where, I wonder before Monsieur Verdoux, in which he did not play the Tramp], the pimp, the panderer, the seducer, the criminal, the artist, and l'homme moyen sensuel from the beginning, just as we have been all these things ourselves."

This is a curious list. But even when such charges are made in an exaggerated form, is the presence of such elements in Chaplin's persona really "surprising"? My answer is no, and the reasons lie deeper in the nature of comedy and of human life itself than can well be elaborately expounded here. When one of Sir Walter Scott's daughters objected to something as "vulgar," her father gave her a lesson in etymology, telling her that "vulgar" was derived from the Latin "vulgus" and that it merely indicated that the thing under consideration belonged to humanity as a whole, to which it would be very unseemly for her to hold herself superior or from which she could expect to keep herself apart. So far as Chaplin is concerned, the distinguished American actress Mrs. Fiske met the issue head-on when, in an article published in the very last number of Harper's Weekly, she fluttered the dovecotes by hailing him as "a great comic artist, possessing inspirational powers and a technique as unfaltering as Réjane's." His vulgarity she admitted but pointed out that he shared it with other comic geniuses from Aristophanes to Swift. "Vulgarity and distinguished art can exist together." What all this means of course is that nobility's natural affinity is with tragedy and even more with the epic. It is the function of comedy to cut man down to size, and the painful contrast between human aspiration and human achievement has always been a very important part of its stock in trade. Man is an animal who has developed or who has been given a soul, but so long as he retains any vestiges of his animal heritage, he must expect from time to time to be humiliated by it. On the whole, it seems safer to accept this fact than to hold oneself austerely above it. If the Little Tramp has seemed at times a half satiric image of humanity itself, as he surely has, he could hardly have achieved this had all the elements in his make-up to which some critics have taken so much exception been left out. I would admit freely however that in the days
when he emerged upon the screen as the idol of American children, there was some justice in the fear expressed by many parents that the example some of his aspects presented to their offspring was undesirable.

With certain comparatively insignificant exceptions, the Little Tramp was the only persona in whose aspect Chaplin presented himself to his public up to and including Modern Times (1936). This character bears certain resemblances to some of the early heroes of the American comic strip, notably to Carl Emil Schultze's Foxy Grandpa and Frederick Burr Opper's Happy Hooligan. Both strips began in 1900, but "Foxy Grandpa" folded in 1918 while "Happy Hooligan" went on until 1938. Foxy Grandpa resembled Chaplin in the astonishing variety of his skills. Whatever trick or art he needed to prove himself a master of in order to outwit his mischievous grandsons he was ready to produce at the drop of a hat. He was the eternal trickster, the immemorial clever man of folklore. Hooligan, on the other hand, was the everlasting fall guy. All heart, he rushed to the assistance of anybody who needed him ("I'll help youse"), but something nearly always went wrong. Even the one he had tried to help often turned against him, and he would be carted off to jail by his irreconcilable enemy, the stupid Policeman, who could never get it out of his head that Hooligan was "a desperate character." Perhaps Chaplin resembled Hooligan most closely in Modern Times, where his rides in the patrol wagon occur with such rhythmical regularity that they virtually become an element of structure in the film.

Yet not altogether, and this is the point from which I may seem to have been wandering. For both Foxy Grandpa and Happy Hooligan were comparatively simple characters, Foxy all cleverness and Happy all heart, the fall guy with some overtones from the great tradition of the Fool in Christ. Before Krazy Kat no other character in the comic strip radiated such goodness; even the long suffering Mrs. Katzenjammer was capable of losing her temper. Foxy Grandpa's goodness was taken for granted of course, but it was never stressed or thrust into the foreground; we simply assumed that though he would always foil the boys, he would never hurt them. Charlie, like all really great comic characters, was much more complicated. We called him the Little Tramp because we had to call him something, but he spilled over the label; no label could have embraced him. He was no more
a tramp than Happy Hooligan was a hooligan; both characters worked when work was available. In one aspect he was the Terrible Meek that shall inherit the earth, but he would steal even from a baby when he was hungry enough, as he did in The Circus, and when circumstances were such that he and his generally much more powerful antagonists exchanged roles so as to give him a momentary advantage, he rarely failed to avail himself of it.

It is no accident surely that, in dealing with a character of such complexity, one must in the end forsake not only the comic strip but the popular theater too and turn instead to the great world figures of literature and tradition. Gerald D. McDonald underlined this element as well as anybody:

Before Chaplin became the universal "little man," he was the Trickster. In the Keystone comedies and at certain times in all his later pictures, he was the simpleton who was also a clever rogue, with talents near to genius in useless endeavors but inept and bungling in what he was supposed to do. Charlie was the mischief-maker, Till Eulenspiegel of the merry pranks. He was the fool, sometimes gullible and stupid, sometimes impudent and cunning, displaying a high degree of effrontery and chicanery. His misadventures echoed stories known all over the world, the trickster tales, which have been among the best-liked.

In one aspect Chaplin was as much a determinist as Theodore Dreiser, showing humanity as the sport of circumstances, yet at the end of City Lights, where he is recognized at last by the flower girl who owes the restoration of her sight to the heroically comic efforts he has made to raise the money to pay for her operation, he becomes for a moment something holy. He was too wise now to reward the little man by uniting him with the girl, as he had been united with Edna Purviance at the end of both The Vagabond and The Kid or with Georgia Hale in The Gold Rush. He asks for no reward and receives none save that of remaining his own outcast self, a heart-breaking but not a cynical conclusion, since virtue must be its own reward or submit to corruption. Many centuries ago, an unknown woman walked the streets of Alexandria with a torch in one hand and a pitcher of water in the other, saying, "With this torch I will burn the heavens and with this
water quench the fires of hell, that men may love God for Himself alone." The Little Tramp we see at the end of City Lights would have understood what she meant.

As a performer Chaplin's greatest gift was probably his ability to combine brilliant, apparently spontaneous improvisation with a mathematical exactitude in timing. I have compared his repertoire of skills with Foxy Grandpa's; he could skate, dance (he once declared, "I think in terms of dance"), walk the tightrope, even if necessary with monkeys swarming over him, and descend or even mount the pole in the fire station. Whatever the performance in question called for he could do, and, what is even more difficult, if at the same time it was necessary for him to pretend that he was unable to do it, he could do that too. Moreover, to achieve these ends there were no difficulties he could not face and no indignities and discomforts he would not submit to. The dog Scraps scratched dirt into his face while digging up the pocketbook in A Dog's Life. A diabolical child pummeled him mercilessly in The Pilgrim. In City Lights a blind girl emptied a cup of water in his face while he sat watching her in silent adoration. In The Circus he allowed himself to be shut up in a lion's cage, though he admitted he was afraid. In his last Keystone, His Prehistoric Past, he let himself down over a cliff by using a snake as a rope, and in A Night in the Show he fell asleep in a stage box and woke up with the snake charmer's pets draped all over him. And in Modern Times he submitted to terrific punishment when the mechanical feeder that was being tested in the factory where he worked (naturally he was the victim chosen for the experiment) went wild. We have always known that in achieving his effects he must have possessed an incredible patience, but this was never really demonstrated to us until we saw his discards and his rehearsals in the 1986 television series, "Unknown Chaplin."

To discuss Chaplin as a pantomimist it would be necessary to review his whole oeuvre; that is what he essentially was. Such scenes as the David and Goliath sermon in The Pilgrim and the Oceana roll and shoe-eating scenes in The Gold Rush are famous, but I think no one of these surpasses the examination of the alarm clock in The Pawn Shop, which, incidentally, contains another brilliant bit, where, pleading against being discharged from the shop, he invents a whole army of dependent children, indicating the height of each with reference to himself. The alarm clock itself he examines, with
the appropriate tools, as a physician, a jeweler, a dentist, a plumber, and others, including perhaps a housewife. He cuts it open with a can opener and smells the contents, finding them very unpleasant, pulls out the springs and measures them as if he were a clerk in a dry goods store, and when they squirm on the counter, squirts something on them to make them quiet, as if he were an exterminator. This treatment of an object as if it were something alive but not only that but something alive which is perpetually changing into something else, as in the fairy tales, is of course very Dickensian. In One A.M. the stuffed animals by which Charlie is frightened are no more alive than the folding bed with which he has so Buster Keaton-like an encounter, which recalls Dickens's remark that he was not sure whether it was his gift or his infirmity to be conscious of resemblances between wholly unrelated things which nobody else had ever been able to see.

All this of course passes much more quickly on the screen than it can be described, for there is a bewildering abundance of action in the Chaplin films. "He does things," said one of his early admirers, the great painter John Singer Sargent, who used to go to see his pictures in Boston nickelodeons with his friend Isabella Stewart Gardner, the creator of Fenway Court; "he does things, and you're lucky if you see them." It was a sapient observation. We are lucky to have been alive in the only time thus far in which they could be seen; only probably nobody ever has seen them all. Everybody has been amused by the scene in The Kid in which Chaplin tries to teach Jackie Coogan table manners, but how many have noticed with Walter Kerr that it is not the Kid's eating with his knife that he objects to but rather to his holding it so that he is in danger of cutting himself with its sharp edge? Kerr and Theodore Huff each tried to write down everything Chaplin did in the Pawnshop scene, and each missed some things that the other observed.

This amazing fertility being what it was, Chaplin's fondness for what, if he were a writer, we should have to call quoting himself is both interesting and curious. The dead end slum street of Easy Street reappears essentially in both A Dog's Life and The Kid, in the latter even in the heaven scene! The fight sequence in City Lights recalls The Champion. A dog attached to Chaplin's waist wreaks havoc on the dance floor in both A Dog's Life and The Gold Rush.
Modern Times recalls both the monkeyshines with the escalator in *The Floorwalker* and the roller-skating in *The Rink*, and it is *Modern Times* too that presents the most masterly example of quotation with variation or development that we find in all Chaplin. In *The Tramp* he starts off sadly but jauntily at the end down the lonesome road. This is also the final fade-out of *Modern Times*. Dispassionately considered, the future does not look much brighter now than it did in *The Tramp*, but this time he has a girl by his side, and with her he walks down that road for the last time and out of silent films forever. In life, though he did not know it yet, he was on his way to find and to found the home of his own he had said he always wanted, though it was not Paulette Goddard but Oona O'Neill who was destined to give it to him.

None of these considerations, I think, could cause much disagreement. The situation is altered however when we come to social criticism. It has been customary to find the most striking early example of Chaplin's later tendencies in this direction in a powerful scene near the beginning of *The Immigrant*. The immigrants sail past the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor ("Give me your tired, your poor," etc.), only to be roped in like cattle until they can be dragged out to be examined by the impersonally brutal immigration inspectors. Walter Kerr plays this down as social criticism in favor of developing the case for Chaplin's philosophical detachment (the man who can be everybody must also inevitably be nobody). Kerr cites his undeniably ambivalent treatment of labor difficulties in *Modern Times*, where the workers have no sooner returned after the reopening of the factory before they idiotically vote a strike. For all this, I still find it difficult to believe that Chaplin can have used the scene in *The Immigrant* or many others in his films without realizing their implications. Paulette Goddard has been quoted as having said that Charlie "sometimes thinks he thinks." Acute as this is, it is not really devastating. It is hardly the business of the artist as artist to do more, for he is always likely to function far more effectively by his perceptions than his formulations, and we must not forget that perceptions too can be both penetrating and illuminating; if this were not so, there would not be much point in reading Emerson. During his later years, Mark Twain devoted much of his energy to propaganda writing in various fields, but when the adherents of the various causes he had seemed to support attempted to bring him into line, expecting him to take out his membership
card and play the game according to the rules, they were generally disappointed. "My instincts and interests are merely literary," he wrote on one such occasion, "they rise no higher, & I scatter from one interest to another, lingering nowhere. I am not a bee. I am a lightning bug." Chaplin, we may be sure, might have said much the same. He was no joiner or party man. The Communists would have been as unhappy with him as the Republicans.

Chaplin made fourteen films for Essanay, mostly two-reelers, released between February 1, 1915 (His New Job) and May 27, 1916 (Police). As I have already observed, The Tramp and The Bank seem to me the best of these. Not only is the former memorable for its striking emergence of human feeling, but the farm where the tramp finds employment is a place and the people he encounters there, though characterized upon an elementary level, are unmistakably alive. If the slapbang, knockabout gymnastics involved are not superior in kind to what we had already seen in the Keystones, they are still executed with greater skill. The bid for sympathy carries over into The Bank, where the fact that the cashier, to whom Edna the stenographer is attracted, and the hapless janitor, who is enamored of her, have the same given name leads to false hopes on the part of the latter which are satisfied only in one of Chaplin's most successful employments of the dream as a vehicle of wish-fulfilment. The immediate predecessor of this film, A Woman, is most memorable for Chaplin's amusing female impersonation, but the implacable Sime Silverman still understood him so little as to declare that unless he could find a good scenario writer he was through, and when A Night in the Show appeared in November 1915 Julian Johnson echoed him to the extent of sighing "Oh, for a Chaplin author!" That jewel Chaplin would find all right. But his name was Charles Chaplin, who was the only person who could possibly have served successfully in this capacity.

In 1916 Chaplin went to Mutual, and it was announced that he would make twelve two-reel comedies in a year for $670,000 (it would actually take him a year and a half). The first, The Floorwalker, was released on May 15, 1916, and the last, The Adventurer, on October 22, 1917. In between came The Fireman, The Vagabond, One A.M., The Count, The Pawnshop, Behind the Screen, The Rink, Easy Street, The Cure, and The Immigrant.
Several of these have already been referred to in various connections. They were not all equally good; I doubt that anybody would put either The Floorwalker or The Fireman at the head of the list. Taken as a group however they were certainly the best series of two-reelers ever made or to be made, and probably Easy Street would poll more votes as the finest of all such films than any other possible contender for that title. Chaplin was to make immensely greater single films later on, but never again would he accomplish anything like so much in a comparable period.

With The Floorwalker Chaplin added an important new comedian to his company, the immense, on the screen ogreish looking Scot, Eric Campbell, who off screen was reputed one of the gentlest of men. Campbell appeared in every one of the Mutuals except One A.M. and then managed to get himself killed in an auto crash before he could move over into the feature period. He got his best chance as the bully of Easy Street, who tangled with Chaplin after the latter, this time a genuine bum had got religion at the Hope Mission, under the gentle mourner's bench ministrations of Edna Purviance and Albert Austin, and joined the police force. Ironically it was Campbell's most spectacular feat in his battle with Officer Charlie that proved his undoing. When he bent down the lamp post, he simply gave Charlie the chance to get the bully's head rammed into the lamp, where he could turn on the gas and asphyxiate him. Everybody else had been frightened away by the battle, and when they returned to find the bully lying on the pavement, Charlie naturally received credit for a conquest. Easy Street then became a model community, and in the last scene we found all its denizens flocking dutifully to the mission for Sunday morning service, including the gigantic Campbell, in a suit several sizes too small for him, with the wife he had hitherto used mainly as a punching bag thoughtfully and ostentatiously placed on the wall side of the sidewalk.

Campbell got his next best opportunity in the most thoughtful film of the Mutual series, The Immigrant, where he played the frightening waiter who goes through an elaborate cat-and-mouse game with Charlie, who believes himself to have lost the only money he had to pay for the food he had ordered for Edna and himself. I must not however leave the impression that Chaplin's Mutuals depended for their effect on Campbell any more than they did, for several of them
were worthy of far more comment and analysis than I have space for here. The Vagabond has much of the charm of The Tramp and is executed with far more finesse, and The Count, The Rink, and The Cure are all vintage Chaplin. Some have felt that the last film of the series, The Adventurer, which in some respects looked forward to The Pilgrim, had less depth and more slapstick than its immediate predecessors. This may well be true, but it was certainly funny enough richly to merit the popularity it enjoyed.

Chaplin went next to First National, under whose banner eight films were released, of which the first was A Dog's Life (April 14, 1918) and the last The Pilgrim (February 26, 1923). Unless we wish to count Tillie's Punctured Romance, which as already observed was not really a Chaplin film, and the aborted "Life," which was begun at Essanay but of which only fragments have been seen in other films, The Kid (February 6, 1921) was his first feature-length film, but his First National output included three significant films of intermediate length: A Dog's Life and Shoulder Arms (both 1918, each in three reels) and The Pilgrim (four reels). The First National two-reelers were Sunnyside and A Day's Pleasure, in which latter Jackie Coogan made his generally unobserved screen debut before The Kid (both 1919), The Idle Class (1921), and Pay Day (1922).

The hopelessly inept working title of A Dog's Life was "I Should Worry"; it is said to have been inadvertently but very happily renamed by Sir Harry Lauder, when he visited the studio during the agonies attending its creation and told Chaplin he was leading a dog's life. The name has a double meaning, referring to both the life the dog leads and that which the man shares with him; the two are neatly paralleled and interwoven. The way man and beast work together at the lunch wagon, where Scraps wolfs the frankfurters out of the frying pan while his master steals one muffin after another off the plate and crams them into his mouth, without either apparently chewing or swallowing them, while the proprietor is turned the other way, is only one example of what occurs throughout. The gulf between two different levels of creation has been bridged with ease.

Chaplin himself wrote that when he began this film he was "beginning to think of comedy in a structural sense, and to become conscious of its architectural form. Each sequence
implied the next sequence, all of them relating to the whole.\textsuperscript{10} Walter Kerr has described these sequences as "six balletically conceived and executed 'turns.'" and Chaplin's faultless timing was never better exemplified than here. In the first he eludes the policeman who is trying to apprehend him for stealing a frankfurter from a wandering vendor by always managing to roll to the other side of the broken fence beside which the action is staged; in the second somebody always crowds in to the window at the employment office a split second ahead of him. Whatever social criticism may appear in this film is much less explicit than it afterwards became with Chaplin, but David Robinson is fully justified when, in his definitive biography of the actor,\textsuperscript{11} he speaks of the "core of reality" the picture contains.

The backgrounds are grubby, often depressing, sometimes even disgusting, except at the very end, where, in glaring yet somehow effective contrast to the rest of the film, we find Charlie and Edna in the completely unrealistic fairy-tale cottage their unexpected windfall has enabled them to set up. Finally they bend lovingly over the cradle where the spectator expects them to find a baby but which is occupied only by Scraps with a litter of puppies. I believe, by the way, that Kerr forces the note when he writes that this is intended to suggest "that this is all we are to expect of this family." The contrast between expectation and discovery is all we are entitled to at this point; one must not be too subtle in interpreting even Chaplin.

By the box office standard, Shoulder Arms was one of the most fantastically successful of all the Chaplin films; if it seems at all less funny now than it did in 1918, the reason is simply that, being by all means the most topical thing he ever did, it has inevitably dated somewhat. He made it against all advices (Hollywood thought it dangerously unsafe to "kid" the war), and it was originally planned as a five-reeler. Part I was to deal with Charlie's miserable home life with four children and a virago of a wife, who was not to appear but make her presence manifest by flying missiles and other tokens of affection. From this the summons from the draft board would come as a relief, and considerable footage was to be devoted to the difficulties incident to his physical examination, during which he would find himself considerably embarrassed by being obliged to run about before stenographers and others with inadequate
covering. Part II was to be substantially what we now have, and Part III was to depict a banquet where Charlie, having captured thirteen Germans by, as he says, surrounding them and topped this off by bagging the whole high command, was to be honored by the Allied heads of state. Part III was never made, but Chaplin spent a month on Part I before deciding to junk it (a bit was used in 1986 in "Unknown Chaplin"). As the picture now opens, we find Charlie the most inept recruit in the training camp, and the whole overseas portion, which is practically the entire film, is first a nightmare and then a wish-fulfillment dream; this was the most elaborate use Chaplin ever made of a time-honored device which runs back almost to the dawn of narrative itself. At one point filming was briefly interrupted to make Chaplin's little propaganda picture, The Bond, but this was not the only difficulty encountered. At one point he was so discouraged that he afterwards claimed he might have junked the whole picture if Douglas Fairbanks had not roared over it uncontrollably when it was screened for him.

It is true that many of the scenes in Shoulder Arms burlesque if not the war itself at least the popular serious war pictures of the time, which is no doubt the reason why Shoulder Arms is still enjoyed while To Hell with the Kaiser and The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin are left to enjoy the oblivion they have richly deserved. This caused none of the trouble that had been feared; probably neither the patriots nor the patrioteers became aware of it. For that matter, the film was still close enough to the mood of the moment so that it ought to have been reasonably safe. Chaplin hated war, but he was certainly not a consistent pacifist, nor, as I have already suggested, a consistent ideologist in any aspect. In World War I The Bond was supplemented by his own Liberty Loan tours, and in World War II he was to agitate earnestly for the opening of a second front.

Probably the most hilarious sequence in Shoulder Arms is that made up of the scenes in which Charlie wanders about (it was filmed in 100 degree heat) disguised as a tree and stands in imminent danger of being chopped down for firewood; the weakest, I think, are those in which both he and his brother Sydney go to bed in a flooded dugout (surely Chaplin does force the note when he tries to fluff up his submerged pillow). The most touching moment in the trenches is the scene, quite justly praised by the great
English actor Squire Bancroft, in which, having received no mail of his own, Charlie reads another doughboy's letter over the latter's shoulder, his face reflecting sympathetically every shade of anxiety and relief the other experiences. But there is tenderness too as well as humor in his scenes with Edna as a French girl living in a ruined house, most of which has been shot away, and there was never a better illustration of Chaplin's penchant for going through all the correct forms exactly, even when they have become perfectly meaningless, than the way he locks the door and pulls down the shade after entering this ruin. It is a tribute to both players that, even today, it is difficult not, in some degree, to share their anxiety when the Germans arrive.

The basic idea in The Pilgrim is that an escaped convict should steal a clergyman's clothes while the latter is taking a swim, after which, arriving at the town where the minister is expected to conduct his first service, he is obliged to undertake functions for which, to put it mildly, he has not been trained. His sermon, which is the story of David and Goliath in pantomime, is mainly relished by a small boy, whose appreciation inspires the "minister" to acknowledge the applause in terms which would have been more appropriate to a vaudeville headliner than a preacher. The original idea for this film, as described by David Robinson, was much more mordant and sophisticated than anything that reached the screen; indeed Robinson hardly exaggerates when he says that it looks forward to Monsieur Verdoux. As it stands, the worst one can say of The Pilgrim is that it is hardly respectful to churchgoing people or to organized religion. The Deacon (Mack Swain) has a whiskey bottle sticking out of his back pocket and seems to be engaged in an intrigue with a woman, but since all the church people except Mrs. Brown, her daughter (Edna Purviance), and the humane and understanding Sheriff are presented in terms of such broad caricature that they could not possibly be taken seriously, little of the offense that had been feared seems to have materialized. In The Pilgrim Chaplin "throws away" more fine touches than any other comedian would have had on hand to stress. When he buys his railroad ticket he grasps the bars of the ticket window as if they were the bars of his cell. He runs off in fear from the elopers who want him to marry them, tries to ride under a railway coach even when he has a ticket in his pocket, bolts from Henry Bergman sitting next to him in the train when he notices that he has a star on his
vest, sees twelve choir singers as twelve jurors, and holds out his wrists for handcuffs upon encountering the Sheriff.

Essentially The Pilgrim is situation comedy; there is more story-interest than in either of the other films, and the Brown home is a real place, where the audience, like Chaplin, is glad to linger. There is also a diabolical child with a passion for hitting people, who has a non-stop talker for a mother and an understandably morose father, excellently played by Sydney Chaplin. But the real complication is provided by the appearance of our hero's old "college chum" (less euphemistically, cell-mate), who tries to rob the Deacon of his wallet and Mrs. Brown of her mortgage money, leading to heroic and ultimately successful opposing efforts on Charlie's part and brilliant, faultlessly timed teamwork between Chaplin and Charles Riesner as the crook, all of it skilfully managed to give the convict-minister a chance to redeem himself.

What this all leads up to is one of the most brilliant and satisfactory conclusions of any Chaplin film. Having identified the convict, the Sheriff performs his duty by taking him into custody, but instead of carrying him to jail, he rides with him to the Mexican border, where he asks him to pick some flowers for him. Charlie must cross the border to achieve this, but he obediently brings them back to his captor, and it is not until he is literally kicked over the line that he succeeds in reading the Sheriff's mind. For a moment he is sure that he has found peace and freedom at last, but Mexican revolutionaries shooting at each other soon disabuse him of this idea, and we last glimpse him running away from the camera as fast as he can, with one foot in Mexico and the other in the States.

The Kid, "a picture with a smile--perhaps a tear," was released on February 6, 1921 and greeted with international acclaim. Chaplin's undisputed masterwork to date, it still remains one of his finest achievements. It also signalized the emancipation of screen comedy from the old two-reel format and a too constricting reliance upon slapstick formulas.

The triumph was not Chaplin's alone. Part of it belonged to six-year-old Jackie Coogan in the title role. Chaplin had glimpsed the child doing a bit at the end of his father's vaudeville act at the Orpheum Theater, but Jackie's
Stars of the Silents

The film possibilities did not occur to him until he heard a fortunately false report that Arbuckle had signed him up. The star's generosity in sharing his spotlight with a child, the tenderness he manifested toward him on screen and the patience nobody could avoid knowing he must have exercised behind it in order to get such a performance out of an infant—all this added up to the fullest and most winning revelation of Chaplin's own humanity that his public had yet been vouchsafed.

Not that the old slapstick was all gone, nor the old caricature either. The latter survived mainly in the Bully with whom the Tramp was compelled to tangle through the attack the Bully's little brother makes upon the Kid (the Bully even demonstrates his prowess by bending down the lamppost, like Eric Campbell in Easy Street) and, to a lesser extent, in the comic "country doctor" who comes to attend the Kid when he is taken sick (why a "country doctor," incidentally, in the city?). Such criticism as the film has inspired has not been directed at these things however but rather at its alleged sentimentality and especially at the heaven scene in the Tramp's dream at the end, where he, the Kid, the Policeman, and even a dog cavort with wings in a slum court; when Chaplin visited him, even J. M. Barrie went out of his way to criticize all this as unnecessary.

The line between sentiment and sentimentality is thin and wavering, and it would not be reasonable to expect everybody to agree as to just where it lies. For me Charlie's awkward if ingenious attempts to care for the child's needs are a daringly successful combination of comedy and tenderness, and his rescue of the Kid from the truck in which he is being carted out to the orphan asylum as exciting as any rescue performed in the movies by cowboys or cavalrymen. But the dismissal of Edna Purviance, "whose only sin was motherhood," with her illegitimate baby, from the county institution at the beginning of the picture is sentimental, and her implied equation, pictorially conveyed, with Christ carrying his cross up Calvary is considerably worse than that. Later her transformation between scenes from a lone girl, too poor to care for her child, to a successful prima donna is the very stuff of cheap romantic fiction. When Chaplin in later years re-edited the film, he cut the scenes, heavily loaded with pretty obvious symbolism, showing a sadfaced young bride marrying an old man, obviously not for love, and he spared us the
sight of Edna with a kind of halo around her head, formed by light shining through a stained-glass window, but he let the cross symbolism stand. Was he also responsible, I wonder, for the disappearance from prints of the film now being circulated of the amusing scene in which the Tramp makes an embarrassed examination of the baby to determine whether he has a boy or a girl on his hands? If so, he was here making more of a concession to his Miss Nancy critics than I should have expected from him.

As for the heaven scenes specifically, I am not prepared to go to the barricades for either defense or attack. The best thing about them is that they contain nothing that would not fall comfortably within the range of the Tramp's experience and imagination, but they do not seem to me to reflect either Chaplin's comic genius or his inventiveness at the height of their creativity. The best touch comes at the very end—the shooting of the Tramp-angel, just before the Policeman wakes him up to take him to the Kid, now happily reunited with his mother. Indeed the pretty obvious derivation of this incident from the shooting of the Wendy-bird when she flies to the Never-Never Land in Peter Pan even makes Barrie's criticism seem a little awkward.\textsuperscript{12}

The sentimentalities too, one must admit, are nicely flavored with aspic. Jackie's first appearance, now aged five, sitting on the curb-stone manicuring his nails, is a prime example of the familiar Chaplin trade mark, elegance in squalor. More important is the Tramp's quite understandable reluctance to assume the responsibilities of fatherhood. When Edna puts her baby into a parked automobile with a note begging the finder to love and care for him, the car is stolen by two thieves who are unaware of his presence in it. When they find him, they dump him summarily in the alley where the Tramp stumbles upon him. He tries first to dispose of him by putting him into a baby carriage which already has one occupant, and when this does not work, he passes him off on an old man who attempts to play the same trick on the same woman, with rather terrifying results. The baby back on his hands, Charlie sits down on the curb beside a sewer opening, lifts the cover, and gazes into it, obviously tempted for a moment to find the solution of his problem here, but I doubt that any audience has ever been really afraid he may accept this.
Nevertheless there is an underlying anarchistic, anti-authoritarian note in *The Kid* that makes it a characteristic product of Chaplin's mind and art. You get this not only in what is said about the baby's illegitimacy at the beginning but much more clearly in the violently unfriendly, *Intolerance*-like portrayal of the authorities who later on try to take the Kid away from the Tramp. In a sense nobody could have made a better or more tender father than Charlie, but he can hardly be said to be bringing up the Kid as a law-abiding citizen. The very first idea that occurred to Chaplin when he decided to try to make a picture with Jackie was that of the scenes in which they should go out together, the Kid breaking windows by throwing stones through them and the Tramp as glazier just happening along then to mend them for a consideration. The *Polizei* are as much the enemies here as in any Keystone, and when the officer appears just as the Kid is preparing his arm for a good swing, the latter instantly turns himself into something like a juggler, precisely as Chaplin himself would have done. When that same functionary shows again just as one of his victims is paying Charlie for her mended window, the latter promptly returns her dollar, and when the Kid stays close enough to him to awaken suspicion, he kicks him away as if he were a strange stray dog.

There is one interesting exception to all this in *The Kid* however. Religion is not generally very prominent in Chaplin films. But the Tramp and the Kid carefully say grace before meat, and after the latter has been smuggled through a window into Charlie's bed in the flophouse, he rouses the suspicions of the person in charge by the necessity that lies upon him not to go to the toilet, as the audience might have expected, but to kneel down to say his prayers, thus obliging the Tramp to dig up another dime. When all is said and done however, *The Kid* owes the affection in which it has always been held not to any ideas which may or may not be involved or expressed in it nor yet to any technical perfections but to the warm human feeling by which it is irradiated and the charm of an adorable child.

Though Chaplin had joined with Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and D. W. Griffith to form United Artists Corporation in the spring of 1919, his First National contract was still hanging around his neck like an albatross, and United Artists did not get a picture out of him until 1923 nor one in which he starred until 1925. His partners were not happy
about this nor pleased that he should insist upon beginning with *A Woman of Paris* (October 1, 1923), with which he hoped to make an independent star of Edna Purviance. This was a serious, sophisticated "Continental" drama, very much out of tune with the then dominant trends in American filmmaking. Chaplin's direction was praised (he made a brief, unbilled, unrecognized appearance in one scene), but the film did very little for the United Artists exchequer nor did it prevent Miss Purviance's career from grinding to a halt.

Production on *The Gold Rush* began in December 1923 and ended on May 21, 1925. The official release date is August 16, 1925, the date of the New York première, but Hollywood had seen the picture at Grauman's Egyptian Theater on June 26.

The ultimate source was a stereoscopic picture of hopeful miners climbing the long slope leading to the Chilkoot Pass which Chaplin saw at Pickfair one Sunday morning, but the scene in which Charlie's partner, Big Jim McKay (Mack Swain), in his hunger-induced delirium, sees him as a chicken and takes after him with a knife was suggested by the Donner Party tragedy of 1846-47. Eighty-seven people were trapped by snow without food in the Sierra Nevada mountains, with the result that about half starved to death and the rest were said to have kept themselves alive by cannibalism. Theodore Huff conjectured that Harold Lloyd's *Safety Last* might have influenced the closing cabin scenes and F. W. Murnau's *The Last Laugh* the happy ending. Still working without a scenario, Chaplin began developing his film in "a series of comedy sequences" and discarded some of them, including one which involved love passages with an Eskimo girl. The epical opening shots of the unending snake-line line of miners approaching the pass was filmed in Nevada, but most of the work on location was done, under painfully primitive conditions, at Truckee, beside Lake Tahoe, not far from the actual Donner Pass, and some of the snow scenes were shot in southern California with artificial snow.

Chaplin had said that his next film must be an epic, and he is on record as having later referred to *The Gold Rush* as "the picture I want to be remembered by." There has never, I think, been any serious question that it is one of his finest achievements, though photographically it is less rewarding to watch than some of the others, as the
predominance of snowscapes becomes monotonous. Personally too I find Chaplin's introduction as a "long prospector" teetering along the edge of a precipice, with a bear coming out of a cave behind him and then lumbering off unseen into another, infelicitous and glaringly movie-like in the bad sense, especially coming as it does after the stark reality of the great opening shots. To a certain extent I would say the same also of the climactic teetering of the cabin at the end until it goes over into the abyss a split second after Charlie has got out, though what goes on inside during his and Big Jim's attempts to get out is all out of the top drawer. At the beginning however, the note of reality, daringly but triumphantly blended with the best Chaplin high jinks, is soon regained in the cabin of the killer Wolf Larsen, where the Tramp is unable to obey Larsen's orders to get out because the wind keeps blowing him back in. Big Jim finally proves too strong for Larsen himself and gets his gun away from him, after it has strangely persisted in pointing itself at Charlie, much like the shell from the Big Bertha in The Great Dictator. It must have been a tricky business to divide so much of the action in The Gold Rush between the two cabins, but the structural problems involved here seem to me to have been successfully solved.

As we have seen, Chaplin wanted The Gold Rush to be an epic. Epic or not, much of it is straight comedy drama rather than what his audiences had been accustomed to in other Chaplin films. Lita Grey, who had appeared briefly as the Flirtatious Angel in the heaven scene of The Kid, was originally cast as the dance hall girl with whom the Tramp falls in love, but after she became the second Mrs. Chaplin, the role went instead to Georgia Hale, who had made a good impression in Josef von Sternberg's The Salvation Hunters and who turned in a vividly pert performance which stood in sharp contrast to the more restful placidity to which we had become accustomed with Edna Purviance. The most famous comedy routines in the film are the Oceana roll dance which Chaplin does in imagination at the table, entertaining Georgia and her friends at the New Year's Eve dinner to which they never came, the boot-cooking and eating to which he and Mack Swain are reduced when facing starvation, and the scenes in which we see Chaplin as a chicken through his companion's delirium-crazed eyes. There were eleven takes of the roll dance, and if there is a single grace or a single affectation of the ballet dancer that Chaplin did not take off to
the life I do not know what it is. There were sixty-three
takes of the boot-eating scene, to which three shooting days
were devoted, and we are told that the after effects of the
licorice the two men consumed were not pleasant. But the
wonderful thing about this scene is not that starving men
are eating leather but rather that Chaplin was able to open
up a shoe as if it were a roast fowl, handle shoe laces like
succulent spaghetti, and suck off the nails by which the
sole was fastened with such connoisseur-like relish. By the
same token, what makes the chicken scene so hilarious is
not that Chaplin wears a very funny chicken costume but
rather the amazing resemblances between his human movements
and those of a barnyard fowl.

If these are the highlights, there is much more besides.
Though only a few examples can be given here, mention must
surely be made of the elegance of his cooking, even though
he is only cooking a dirty old shoe (this too, then, must be
added to the skills whose mastery he could conjure up when
a picture required it.) What gourmet cook could be more
fastidious than he about wiping a speck off a platter before
setting the boot down upon it, or, for that matter, what
could be more exquisitely inappropriate than his rushing to
set the table neatly the moment he has shot the bear that
will deliver him and Big Jim from starvation or each other?
His old time craft appears when he piles up the snow he has
removed from before a building in front of the place next
doors, whose owner had churlishly refused to hire him, thus
necessitating his employment there also, and his virtually
reducing Henry Bergman to the status of a servant when the
latter has taken him in out of the cold to feed him and thaw
him out. The same kind of luck he enjoyed in Easy Street
when, having asphyxiated Eric Campbell, he gained the un-
deserved reputation of having bested him by brute force,
attends him here when his opponent in the dance hall is
knocked out by a heavy clock falling upon him. On the
other hand, the spectator who is not forced to recall any ex-
perience of his own by the embarrassment Charlie suffers
when Georgia seems mistakenly to be making advances to him
or responding to his own timid interest in her must have had
a very fortunate life, and nothing could be at once funnier
and more pitiful than her mock-acceptance of his invitation to
dinner and then returning to pick up her forgotten gloves
just in time to catch him going through the seemingly insane
antics that register his exaltation.
Finally one may ask of The Gold Rush whether it contains any of the social criticism one has come to look for in Chaplin films. Is it too fanciful, I wonder, to find a touch of it at the close, in the contrast between the way our Lone Prospector and his partner have been regarded all through the picture and the respect they enjoy now, after Big Jim has found his "mountain of gold"? It is the difference between night and day, yet, except that they are better dressed, nothing has changed about them except that they are now rich. Not even Georgia seems unaffected by this. True, she tries to protect Charlie even when she believes him to be a stowaway on the boat in which they are both returning to the States. But would she have gone along with his introduction of her as his prospective wife if he had been as she had first seen him in the dance hall?

Chaplin's next film, The Circus (January 6, 1928), requires much less discussion than The Gold Rush, and since it has sometimes been downgraded with reference to his other features, I hasten to add that I do not say this disparagingly. The only thing that can reasonably be said against The Circus is that it marks no fresh development in Chaplin's work, being essentially a series of amusing comedy routines or gags, with the Little Tramp's affection for and attempt to protect the helpless young equestrienne who is being abused by her brutal stepfather, the owner of the circus, providing the by now indispensable element of tenderness. Of course he supposes her to return his affection, and of course she gives her heart to the high-wire artist Rex instead, and after Charlie has risked his life trying to become a high-wire artist himself, in order to impress her, he magnanimously relinquishes her to her lover and turns away from her and the circus alike down the same lonesome road he had negotiated as far back as The Tramp. Georgia Hale being unavailable at the time of production, the feminine lead went instead to Merna Kennedy, who turned in an acceptable though not memorable performance (the poor girl was to die of heart failure in 1944 at the age of thirty-five).

The circus which provides the background for the action of this film is a small affair, traveling in "the sticks," and the Tramp becomes a successful performer by accident when his naturally awkward actions, upon chance forcing him into the ring, rouse the mirth of an audience, bored by the tired regular performers. The complication that develops is
that the Little Tramp is only funny by nature, not art, and his greedy employer keeps him from realizing that he is the hit of the show so that he can keep him on at a property man's salary. Chaplin was forced to retain and maintain a circus for a whole year, since though he was making a rather simple film, production, which began on January 11, 1926, was anything but that. About everything that could have happened to upset schedules did happen, including a studio fire and, even worse, the agony and scandal attending Lita Grey's divorce proceedings, which turned Chaplin's hair white and reduced him and his company to idleness for some time.

The basic idea with which the film began was Chaplin's vision of himself as "on a high place troubled by something else, monkeys or things that come to me and I can't get away from them." It was thus that he described it to Henry Bergman. At this time he was thinking of the situation in terms of a vaudeville act; it was Bergman who persuaded him he must have a circus and taught him tightrope walking besides. This man, who lived from 1868 to 1946, was by all means the most versatile actor (he also functioned as an assistant director) in Chaplin's regular company; he apparently could handle any sort of role, male or female; it seems the only assignment he ever refused was when Chaplin wanted him to play the owner of the circus in this picture. Because Bergman did not believe he could bring himself to abuse a girl he accepted the less important role of an old clown instead.

Filming began, out of sequence, with the tightrope scenes, of which more than 700 takes were made, the last not until the end of February, and Chaplin even went back to the tightrope for four more days after the preview of The Circus at Glendale, California, on October 28, 1927. The Little Tramp was supposed to have a pulley attached to his back, but it came off by accident, which did not make it easier to cope with the monkeys who stripped off his pants and got their hands and tails into his ears and eyes and mouth. This was the most spectacular scene, but it was not necessarily funnier than a number of others nor more dangerous to make than the scenes showing Chaplin in the lion's cage, of which 200 takes were made. At the beginning of the film however, the fun house provides opportunities for quite as much entertainment as these more dangerous sequences. Chaplin alone in the labyrinthine confusions of the hall of mirrors is quite funny enough, but when he is joined by the policeman and
the crook, confusion is worse confounded. There is more fun when he horns in on the vanishing lady and reduces the magician's act to nonsense, but perhaps the best of all is when, to escape the policeman who is pursuing him, he turns himself into a mechanized dummy on the exterior of the fun house.

Like *The Gold Rush*, *City Lights*, "A Comedy Romance in Pantomime," has always been regarded as one of the high peaks in the Chaplin range. It began with the idea of a circus clown who has lost his sight and must go through various comic-pathetic maneuvers to conceal his misfortune from a sick daughter, and it was only after this had been discarded as "too icky" that the blindness was transferred to a flower girl. The manic-depressive drunken millionaire whom Charlie saves from drowning himself (and nearly drowning him too in the process) and who only recognizes him and makes him free of his mansion, his purse, and his Rolls-Royce when he is generously drunk but throws him out when he is meanly and curmudgeonly sober was originally conceived as one of two rich men who should "conduct the experiment of giving a wretched tramp a night of luxury and pleasure and then dumping him back on the Embankment where they found him."14 This was soon combined with the germ of what became the basic idea in Charlie's relationship with the girl, that is to say, setting one helpless person over against another to whom he should seem something splendid. The famous ending which has already been discussed in these pages, where the Tramp, after his release from the jail term he has served because he had been unjustly suspected of stealing the money he had given the girl to cover the expenses incurred in recovering her sight, re-encounters her who had never seen him before, was in mind almost from the beginning, though not in quite the form in which we have it now.

Shooting began on December 27, 1928, after nearly two years work on the story. Huff says that 800,000 feet of film were exposed and that the cost of production was $1,500,000. After a sneak preview at the Tower Theater, the official West Coast premiere was held at the new Los Angeles Theater, on January 30, 1931, when both Chaplin and the audience were infuriated by the incredible stupidity of the management in interrupting the film so that the audience might have time to admire the building! Chaplin, already nervous about the reception of a silent film in 1931, and further incensed by
what he considered lukewarmness on the part of United Artists and the difficulties he experienced in getting the bookings he wanted, rented the George M. Cohan Theater for the New York première, which occurred on February 6. The picture ran there for twelve weeks and, according to Chaplin's autobiography, showed a profit of $400,000.

Production however was far from being roses all the way. One delay was caused by the remodeling of the studio necessitated by the widening of La Brea Avenue. The prize-fight sequence, which was made last, with Hank Mann, whose association with Chaplin went back to Essanay days, went expeditiously--four days of rehearsal and six of shooting. But Chaplin fired Henry Clive, who played the eccentric millionaire until Harry Myers replaced him, after six weeks of filming, because he refused to do the attempted drunken suicide scene in cold water, and he dismissed Harry Crocker as a kind of assistant director for some reason neither man ever spelled out.

The great problem however was the flower girl. The difficulty here was to find somebody who could seem blind without turning up the whites of her eyes. Chaplin thought he had found her in Virginia Cherrill, a Chicago society girl with no theatrical experience and with one of her divorces already behind her, but the two never achieved real rapport. Miss Cherrill lacked not only professional experience but in Chaplin's opinion a professional attitude also. At one time he kept her on the payroll for six months without ever using her, during which time he tested both Georgia Hale, his associate in The Gold Rush, and the then unknown girl who afterwards enjoyed a brief, pleasant career as Marian Marsh. (Miss Hale desperately wanted the role; how she would have played it, I have no idea, but Edna Purviance would have been just right for it in her younger days.) Chaplin took five days to rehearse one scene with Miss Cherrill that ran seventy seconds, but in his autobiography he generously admits that this was partly his own fault for having worked himself up "into a neurotic state of wanting perfection." The final close-ups, among the few really classical moments in screen history, required seventeen retakes.

Walter Kerr has described the beautiful structure Chaplin achieved in City Lights so well as to leave nothing for subsequent writers to do but quote him:
The comedy and the love story depend utterly on each other; neither can move until the other requires it to do so. If there is a prize-fighting sequence, hilarious in itself, or a street-sweeping sequence or a soap-and-sandwich sequence, it is only because Chaplin must attempt these things in order to find money for the blind girl he loves. No gag is gratuitous; it grows directly out of the need of a helpless girl and her knight unvaliant.

Yet the gags are funny enough in themselves so that nobody would have the heart to dispense with them even if they were gratuitous. Chaplin and Albert Austin are both well accommodated in the scene in which the sandwich of Charlie's white wing associate gets mixed up with the bar of soap with which Charlie is washing himself, but the white wing episode as a whole is more subtly underplayed. Like Charlie's other enterprises, his work here has been undertaken to raise money for the girl, but the procession of horses at the corner of the street where he is working, climaxed by the sudden unexpected appearance of a circus elephant is enough to threaten even his devotion. When a loose thread from his clothing manages to get itself involved with the ball of wool the girl is winding up, he is too much the gentleman to tell her what has happened but contents himself by squirming until she has finished. The humor is broader in the early sequence where he puts on a pretty good imitation of an art connoisseur in order to indulge himself admiring the statue of a nude girl in an art store window while standing on a sidewalk which opens and closes from one minute to the next to accommodate an ascending and descending elevator.

Sound effects are used when Charlie at a party half swallows a whistle which makes its presence known to the disruption of a singer's performance and in the very first scene, where he is found asleep when the tarpaulin covering a civic monument is withdrawn for a dedication ceremony at which both the mayor and an unidentified female dignitary are making noises which burlesque not only the gabble generally emitted on such occasions but the then comparatively new sound pictures themselves. Since the monument is dedicated to "Peace and Prosperity," perhaps the crowning touch comes when the hapless Tramp, trying desperately to extricate himself from his predicament, is impaled through his pants by the sword held by one of the figures on the monument and im-
mobilized in mid-air, with his derby pressed reverently against his breast until the band finishes playing that other aesthetic monument of peaceful sentiment, the National Anthem.

Modern Times, released February 5, 1936, nearly nine years after The Jazz Singer, was not only the last of Chaplin's silent films, but the last true silent film ever made by anybody, and surely it is one of the richest of all his pictures in its social criticism.

According to Chaplin's own account in his autobiography, Modern Times began with his perception of Paulette Goddard "as being somewhat of a gamine. This would be a wonderful quality for me to get on the screen. I could imagine us meeting in a crowded patrol wagon, the tramp and this gamine, and the tramp being very gallant and offering her his seat." Then he remembered what a reporter had told him of the factory belt system in Detroit and how it reduced healthy young farm boys who had been lured into the city into nervous wrecks. The producers of René Clair's A Nous la Liberté at one time considered Chaplin guilty of unauthorized borrowings from that film, but Clair himself, who admired Chaplin greatly and considered himself indebted to him, seems to have been unmoved.

Work began on October 11, 1934, and the last retakes were made on August 30, 1935, the café scenes, which took twelve days and employed 250 extras, being shot last. Five weeks had been spent on the department store scenes, with the roller skating, in which, thanks to trick photography, Chaplin seems to be skating blindfolded on the edge of an open space, using up eight days. The factory set cost $50,000, and the slum cityscape set covered five acres. The total cost of the production was $1,500,000, and 215,000 feet were exposed. After previews in San Francisco and Glendale, the picture opened at the Rivoli in New York on February 5, 1936.

The opening shots are as masterly in their way as the beginning of The Gold Rush: animals are being driven to the slaughter while human beings are herded in very much the same fashion into factories and subway stations. The viewer must draw the parallel between the successive shots himself, but the materials are there. The first sequence is
in the assembly line factory (we never learn nor does it matter what is being made), where Chaplin is seen tightening bolts on a rapidly moving conveyor belt, under constantly increasing pressure, until he breaks down under a compulsion to tighten everything that even remotely resembles a bolt, even if it is only an ornamental button on a woman's dress. It is during this sequence of course that he is punished by the feeding machine which is being demonstrated as a means of speeding up efficiency by eliminating the lunch period but which goes haywire and on which only the automatic napkin always seems to work perfectly. Obviously Chaplin is not saying that this is a realistically documented picture of conditions in factories, but he is saying that the logical tendency of modern mechanization lies in this direction. It is all a perfect commentary on Emerson's "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind."

Always polite and helpful in his Happy Hooligan aspect, the Tramp gets into jail when he picks up the red "Danger" flag that falls off the back of a truck and runs after the driver to return it, for a protest parade comes up behind him, and he is mistaken by the police for the leader of a Communist demonstration. During his stay behind bars he becomes a hero when, having sided with authority in preventing a jailbreak, he is thereafter treated so well that he is reluctant to leave when his pardon comes through and, once free, does his best to get back in, where he can be comfortable and sure of sustenance.

He meets "the Gamin," as the captions call her, not in a patrol wagon, as he had first conceived their meeting, but after what she had done to get there, stealing a loaf of bread out of a baker's supply wagon. His attempt to save her by presenting himself as the thief is not wholly disinterested therefore, gallant as he is about it. Neither does it work, for the well-dressed informer persists in her identification of the true culprit, and the film is nowhere more anti-authoritarian than at this point. The girl is the eldest daughter of an unemployed workman, and she and her little sisters have nothing to eat.

The Tramp must make his own plans therefore, which he does by ordering an enormous meal at a cafeteria and then unconcernedly telling the cashier he has no money. On his way to the register, he thoughtfully taps on the window to
summon a passing policeman, and while the two are waiting together for the patrol wagon, he stops at the cigar stand next door, where he carefully selects an expensive cigar for himself and then picks up some candy bars to present to the little children who are staring at him open-eyed. When the patrol wagon arrives, the Gamin is in it, and they break out together, which they are thereafter to remain, on her initiative, for it would never have occurred to Charlie that she could wish to attach herself to the likes of him. Every time he gets out of jail—and it is made abundantly clear that, under our system of justice, nothing has been accomplished by these incarcerations either for him or for society—she is there waiting for him.

For one night he is employed as a watchman in a department store. He smuggles her in and installs her luxuriously in an elegant bed, but that short-lived break is the only one either gets until the Gamin, who, by this time, has established herself as a dancer in a waterfront café, gets him a job as a singing waiter. Whereupon, now that she is supporting herself, the authorities manifest their usual intelligence by picking her up on an old warrant for vagrancy, and she and the Tramp, having engineered their escape in an exciting scene, must take to the road again in the final fade-out.

There are only two scenes in this film that for me do not quite come off. The first is the scene in jail, where Charlie, the pampered prisoner, drinks tea with the minister's stuffy wife, and they both suffer regurgitations with sound effects. Not only is this not very funny in itself, but something like it had already been done better in both The Circus and City Lights. The other is in the café scene, where the difficulties involved in getting his roast duck to the table of the irate Lloyd Ingraham are too long drawn out.

The Gamin (Paulette Goddard) is more important in Modern Times than any girl had ever been in a Chaplin film before; as we have seen, his idea for the film began with her and not with himself. She has a kind of home when we first see her, but her unemployed father is soon killed and her little sisters taken to the orphan asylum, after which we never hear of them again, and she, like Charlie, must live everywhere or anywhere and nowhere. Until she gets her job in the café, we have never seen her except in an unat-
tractive, ragged old black dress, with her feet and lower legs bare; once she has established herself, her changed status is conveyed pictorially by her appearance in a picturesque costume which is the pink of propriety.

Her dance costume is alluring, but the relationship between her and the Tramp remains sexless, whether in the ramshackle hut on the waterfront they share for a time or in the completely unrealistic dream house of the Tramp's imagination, where he picks an orange off the tree at the door but wipes his hands on the portières. He never so much as kisses her; indeed the only suggestion of sex in the entire film comes in the café song that Chaplin sings. Of Miss Goddard as an actress I will say only that while her performance seems to me excellent from every point of view, probably her greatest gift was the extraordinary grace and fluidity of movement which she shared with such diverse performers as Douglas Fairbanks, Rudolph Valentino, and Betty Bronson, as well as, outstandingly, Chaplin himself. It was very important in silent films.

Though Modern Times was a box office success, Chaplin knew he could not continue production indefinitely without embracing sound. He made the change with extreme reluctance, both because he considered himself primarily a pantomimist ("and in that medium I was unique and, without false modesty, a master") and because in this aspect he appealed to a world audience, much of which must be lost once he began to talk in English.

All three of the sound films he made in America were daring departures for him, and each in a different way. The first, The Great Dictator, was not the least daring, yet paradoxically it provided him with an ideal transitional vehicle.

According to Chaplin's autobiography, Alexander Korda suggested to him "a Hitler story based on mistaken identity" as early as 1937. Chaplin and Hitler were born within a few days of each other. Both became world figures, and Hitler wore in life the same toothbrush mustache that the Tramp sported on the screen. In every other respect they were antithetical personalities.

Hollywood was still timid about handling political issues on September 9, 1939, when shooting on this film began, and
many felt that Hitler was now far too dangerous to be made the object of ridicule. Chaplin understood this point of view, for he himself said afterwards that if he had known about the death camps at the time, he would not have made The Great Dictator.\textsuperscript{21}

So much for the daring of the film. What made it such a good transitional vehicle for Chaplin was that since he played two parts in it, it was possible for him to take on Adenoid Hynkel, the dictator of Tomania, without quite giving up his traditional character in the person of the little Jewish barber, still the underdog, who, at the end, speaks for the conscience of the world in the famous six-minute address which his striking physical resemblance to Hynkel gives him the opportunity, indeed forces him, to deliver. The barber, to be sure, is not a tramp, but, as has already been pointed out, "Tramp" is a very partial and inadequate label for the character Chaplin had been projecting all along. It is also true that, in becoming Jewish, the barber had lost a certain universality, but to make too much of this is to miss the essential point that such a crime as Hitler perpetrated in Germany was an assault not merely upon one race but upon humanity itself. As Lowell had put it long ago, "In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal share."\textsuperscript{22}

According to David Robinson, The Great Dictator was the first Chaplin film for which a complete shooting script was prepared in advance, and except for the final speech, there were only 168 shooting days, ending in March 1940. The speech was Chaplin's own testament, direct from his heart, and he labored over it until June, while shooting, retaking, and redubbing continued almost to the première. Theodore Huff reported that the picture cost over $2,000,000, and Chaplin himself said that the building of miniature models and props was very expensive and that half a million dollars had been spent before a camera turned.

Until the end of October 1939 Chaplin worked only as the barber in the ghetto scenes, not beginning with Hynkel until December. The gibberish combined with a word of actual German here and there in Hynkel's hysterical orations was brilliantly improvised, but the action in the wonderful ballestistic sequence where Hynkel sports with the balloon-like globe of the world until it finally bursts in his hands,
was all worked out in the script and shot in three late December days with retakes in February. At one time consideration was given to supplying Hynkel with a Jewish wife, to be played by Fanny Brice.

After a series of sneak previews, The Great Dictator was shown to a company of invited guests on October 3, 1940. The world premiere was held in New York on October 15 at the Astor and the Capitol theaters.

Passionately serious as The Great Dictator is in its opposition to tyranny and cruelty, it is only in the final speech that Chaplin finds no room for the Chaplinisms upon which he had built his career. Structurally the opening scenes in which the barber as a soldier in World War I saves the life of the flyer Schultz merely prepares for the role the latter will play in the main action, where, first as a reluctant, then as an openly rebellious Nazi, he generously repays his debt, but by way of lagniappe they are loaded with irresistible foolishness--the shell from the Big Bertha which, ludicrously missing its target, chases the barber all over the field and the flying upside down with the sun seeming to shine upwards and the barber's watch and water apparently defying the law of gravity.

Hynkel's hysteria, his temper tantrums, his awkward collapses whenever he tries to be particularly dignified—all this is as funny as anything Chaplin ever did or would be if we could forget how close it comes to the original and what that cost the world. What could be more amusing than his stripping Herring (Goering, as played by Billy Gilbert) of the medals with which he is practically covered and almost of his clothing when he is angered in the course of decorating him further? Again, where could you find a more devastating example of black humor than in his conduct when the inventors of a bullet-proof uniform and an infallible parachute have demonstrated with their lives that their claims were greatly exaggerated? ("Herring," says Hynkel, in a tone of mild annoyance, "why do you waste my time like this?") The lengths to which both Hynkel and Napaloni, the dictator of Bacteria (Jack Oakie as Mussolini), go to try to outstage each other when the latter comes to negotiate an agreement and the refusal of Napaloni's train to stay in one place long enough to get to the red carpet placed in time
for Napaloni to dismount are more light-hearted but equally amusing.

In view of what the people in the ghetto have to go through, it may seem surprising that Chaplin should not only have been able to get so much fun as he did into these scenes but also that he should have been able to infuse them with a homely, gemütlich charm that makes it easy to understand Hannah's (Paulette Goddard's) feeling that she loves her home in spite of all. Paulette's own personality contributes to the effect here of course, as does Hannah's courage and prowess, even when they can only express themselves by vigorously wielding a frying pan over the heads of the storm troopers. Chaplin was wise as well as generous in ending the film as he did with a close-up of her, clinging starry-eyed with fresh hope, in her Österreichisch (Austrian) exile, while she listens to the broadcast of the barber's address. The distinguished Yiddish actor Maurice Moscovitch contributes a fine characterization as a kind of father in Israel, and the barber's shaving a customer to the rhythm of "Hungarian Dance, #5" is as delightful as the troop of cats and kittens pouring out the door when he comes to open his shop and as successfully executed as the chase over the roof tops when he is at one point captured. There is no denying that Chaplin attempted a cruelly difficult feat when he made The Great Dictator, but he has left us one of the few pleasant documents we have that relate to one of the darkest hours in human history.

When Chaplin called Monsieur Verdoux (released April 11, 1947) the cleverest and most brilliant film he had made, he was in effect turning his back upon his cinematic past, and his march down the corridor to the guillotine awaiting him in the final shot must have seemed to many of his admirers an almost blasphemous parody of his long exploration of the lonely road. For this "Comedy of Murders," the story of a French Bluebeard, suggested by the career of Landru, who supported himself and his unsuspecting family by going through a series of mock marriages with one woman of property after another, getting control of her money and then murdering the woman, represented far more of a break with the old Chaplin than even The Great Dictator, for not only was there no little Jewish barber here to help bridge the gap, but the Verdoux character and his adventures offered far fewer opportunities for the old brand of pranks.
than had been afforded by even Hitler-Hynkel, the dictator of Tomania.

The original title for Monsieur Verdoux was "Lady Killer," and Chaplin is known to have had the idea in mind as early as 1942. Production from a prepared script did not begin until April 1946, and shooting was completed by early September. The text for his sermon was derived from the German military strategist Karl von Clausewitz, who had said that war was "the logical extension of diplomacy. M. Verdoux," added Chaplin, "feels that murder is the logical extension of business." For thirty-five years Verdoux had earned an honest living, but when the Great Depression wiped him out he adopted his present line.

By the time the film came out, Chaplin was in grave disfavor with both the patrioteers and the professional moralists. Opening at the Broadway Theater, the picture did good business for the first six weeks, then fell off seriously. It was banned in Ohio, and the Loew's theater chain dropped it. Both the American Legion and the Catholic War Veterans attacked it. When it had grossed only $325,000 in the United States during its first two years, Chaplin ordered United Artists to withdraw it.

There had been strong suggestions of determinism in Chaplin's films before this, but he had never gone so far in this direction as he did here. Verdoux sees himself as a product of his time, a small scale, amateurish practitioner of the slaughter which the world lauds and reveres when practiced on a wholesale scale by government itself. "Has it not blown unsuspecting women and children to pieces, and done it very scientifically?" and again, "You wallow in murder ... you legalize it ... you adorn it with gold braid! ... Killing is the enterprise upon which your system prospers ... upon which your industry thrives." Verdoux has no personal ill will toward the women he murders. He is even willing to make away with the street girl he takes to his apartment to feed when she is cold and wet and hungry because (until he has been moved by her story) he wishes to test out a new poison on her. But let us not forget that during World War I a very distinguished American clergyman assured us that it was moral to kill Germans, provided we killed them in love, since it was the motive, not the act, that God regarded, and only recently an American Secretary of State, not generally
regarded as a monster, declared that the United States must
attack terrorists by military means even if this meant that in-
occent people would be killed.

For the confusions that developed over Monsieur Ver-
doux Chaplin himself was responsible to the extent but only
to the extent that his thesis was not adumbrated until the
close of the film, when it was too late for the audience to ap-
ply it to what they had been looking at for two hours, and
that even then its exposition was commingled with what must
have seemed to many like wholly impractical, amoral, and
consequently dangerous theorizing concerning the ambiguous
nature of right and wrong. This was not the only difficulty
however. Works of art built around a villain-hero are always
tricky; even when the audience can easily be brought to
withhold moral sympathy from such a creature, psychological
sympathy is quite another matter. Shakespeare succeeded
gloriously with Macbeth, but Macbeth never succeeded in de-
stroying his conscience, and even Shakespeare's success with
Richard III, who did, is more questionable. Galsworthy built
a whole play, Escape, around the difficulties decent people
must experience in making themselves responsible for return-
ing an escaped criminal to justice, regardless of all consider-
atation of his deserts. The trouble with M. Verdoux is not
merely that he kills but that he appears throughout as a
cynical, highly polished boulevardier who always knows what
is wrong with society but never seems aware of any deficiency
in himself. The only suggestions to the contrary are his un-
suspecting wife's awareness that he is laboring under a ter-
rible strain and his own references to the desperate times in
which he lives. For all that, it is difficult not to respond to
his finesse and his politesse, and one can hardly avoid being
confused by this. It has often been suggested that Chaplin
must have been influenced by Max Linder, the first great
film comedian to enjoy an international vogue; whether or not
this is true, he nowhere more resembles Linder than here.

In making Verdoux sincerely devoted to his legal wife
and child Chaplin was probably thinking of a number of cap-
tains of industry, ruthless in business, who were amiable in
their private lives. He reproves his son for pulling the cat's
tail—"You have a cruel streak in you. I don't know where
you get it"—and even carefully avoids stepping on a catter-
pillar in the garden where he is currently incinerating one of
his victims, but he will crush without remorse anybody who
gets in the way of his achieving any of the goals he has set for himself.

Nevertheless, when due allowances have been made for all possible imperfect perceptions and communications in Monsieur Verdoux, it still remains an absorbing piece of filmmaking and one of the most thoughtful of films. Except for Thelma Couvais, who has been made away with when the picture begins, the ladies are clearly and vividly differentiated. Lydia Floray (Margaret Hoffman), the first whose process of destruction we see M. Verdoux negotiating, is surprisingly vivid concerning the brevity of her appearance and the slightness of the material she has to work with, while the raucous and indestructible Annabella (Martha Raye) not only escapes him but, unsuspectingly, helps to save him when he falls out of the boat from which he had planned to drown her. Later, still unwittingly, she revenges herself by turning up unexpectedly as a guest at his marriage to the wealthy Madame Grosnay, elegantly played by Isobel Elsom, whom he has long wooed at considerable expense, and from whom he is now obliged to flee. The absence of struggle at the end, when Verdoux, facing arrest, so readily throws in the sponge, is well motivated. The crash of his stocks has ruined him, and the loss by death of his real wife and child has left him nothing to live for; there is no more fight left in him.

Chaplin's third talking picture, Limelight (at first called "Footlights"), the story of a ballerina and a clown, was the last he was ever to make in the United States. It begins in London in the summer of 1914, and its theme is "the glamour of limelight, from which age must fade as youth enters." Beyond any other of Chaplin's films, it draws upon his earliest memories and makes use of the music hall background into which he was born. Yet it was for him almost as startling a departure as its predecessor had been. This time it was not because there was any moral shock, for Limelight is an old-fashioned, sweet, sad, sentimental love story which Claire Bloom rightly describes as "the most openly Dickensian of all his works." But its theme is sombre, and it ends with death; except in its recreation of a few music hall "turns," there is very little comedy.

The clown is the once great Calvero, who through sorrow, loss of confidence, and consequently drink has become a has-been living in a cheap lodging house. The ballerina
Thereza (Terry), lodging two floors below and hitherto unseen by him, has been brought to the verge of suicide due to rheumatic fever, the shock of discovering that her beloved sister has become a streetwalker, and psychosomatic delusion (she comes to believe that her legs are paralyzed and that she can never walk, much less dance, again). Calvero, returning home drunk, at the beginning of the film, smells gas coming out of her room and, after making sure that the odor does not come from his cigar or the soles of his shoes, breaks in and carries her upstairs. Despite the objections of the amorous landlady, who is also fond of the bottle, he nurses her back to health and at last she recovers both her courage and the use of her legs.

The healing process is doubly operative. Terry having given Calvero something to live for, he finds that for the time being he no longer needs alcohol, but he has inflicted a different kind of wound on her. Her gratitude passes into adoration; she avows her love for him and begs him to marry her.

Opportunity comes her way through a new ballet at the Empire, but Calvero fails desperately in an anonymous attempt at a comeback in a third-rate music hall. He will not consent to her sacrificing her youth to his age, especially since he knows she is loved by the young composer (Sydney Chaplin II) in whose ballet she is appearing and whom he is sure in his own mind that she loves without quite realizing it or would do so if Calvero were out of the way.

He removes himself from her life and is reduced at last to the status of a street and tavern singer. Terry redisCOVERS him and persuades her manager to give him a benefit at which all the great performers in the field appear to honor him and where he himself wins a triumph. But the calculated fall into a drum at the end of his turn is too much for his spine and his weakened heart, and he dies while Terry is doing her turn.

The story was first suggested to Chaplin by the shocking change he observed in the comedian Frank Tinney over a few years and required eighteen months of preparation. During this period he wrote it all out in the form of a novel running to some 100,000 words and including background biographies of both Calvero and Terry, into which elements of his
own experiences and those of his parents entered feely. The music for the ballet in which Terry triumphs was also composed, "imagining the dancing," before the ballet itself had been choreographed. 

The first shot was made on November 19, 1951, the last (save for some retakes the following May, with Oona O'Neill Chaplin doubling for Claire Bloom, who had returned to England, in some long shots) on January 25, 1952. Chaplin's scenes with Buster Keaton, whom he brought back to the screen for his last triumph after a long absence and agonies of his own, were all shot between December 22, 1951 and January 12, 1952. But some of Chaplin's own scenes were done over fifteen times, and he spent three days on one highly emotional scene with Terry which runs only three minutes on the screen. Once he reduced Miss Bloom to tears with angry or mock-angry criticisms until he got just the effect he wanted from her.

In his autobiography Chaplin wrote that when Limelight was finished he had "fewer qualms" about it than he had had about any other film. But he is not quite consistent when he adds that he was uneasy about its reception in London, where it had its world premiere at a benefit attended by royalty at the Odeon, "as it was not the usual Chaplin comedy." It was previewed on August 2 at the Paramount studio and opened in New York on October 23, 1952, at both the Astor and the Trans-Lux theaters.

The main title of Limelight reads "Charles Chaplin and Claire Bloom in Limelight." This was the only time Chaplin ever bestowed quite this honor upon another player, and Miss Bloom, at twenty, in the full flush of her young beauty, and with the loveliest voice and most impeccable diction of any young actress of her generation, proved herself worthy of it. How important she afterwards considered her experience with Chaplin to have been in her career was best shown when she called her autobiography Limelight and After.

Her own view is that Terry was

just one in the line of damaged heroines inspired by the memory of [Chaplin's] mother, extending from the blind flower-seller of City Lights to the penniless waif of Modern Times and the young female excon of
Charles Chaplin

Monsieur Verdoux. I think that what particularly excited Chaplin about the Limelight story was that at long last the damaged girl was to develop into a mature woman; strong, independent, completely in command of her powers. What would make the film so passionate was just that celebration of a young woman's triumphal recovery, a celebration tempered of course by the seemingly sacrificial death of the music hall comedian.

She added that it was not until she had come to know both the Chaplins more intimately, long after Limelight had been made, that she fully realized how much the example of Oona—from her loving devotion and her quiet strength—was responsible for finally erasing the image of broken womanhood that his mother's suffering had imprinted on his artistic conscience.25

That, I think, about says it. As to the film itself, it is like Gounod's or Massenet's music: one must either hate it or love it. There are those who hate it. For them there is nothing to do. Of them there is nothing that needs to be said. As for those that love it, there is nothing for me to say save that I am one.

After being driven out of America in 1952, Chaplin closed his picture-making career with two films produced in England. With the second of these, A Countess from Hong Kong (1967), in which he directed Sophia Loren and Marlon Brando, we are not here concerned, for though Sydney, Geraldine, Josephine, and Victoria Chaplin all appeared in it, their father made only such a token appearance as in A Woman of Paris back in 1923. But its predecessor, his eightieth film, A King in New York, was a very different story.

Chaplin established Attica-Archway, later called the Roy Export Company, to produce it. He worked on the script in 1954-55, and the picture was made at the Shepperton studios between May 7 and July 28, 1956. It was released in England on September 12, 1957, but Chaplin barred the American press from the Paris première at the Gaumont
Palace, and it was not seen in the United States until 1976, the year before his death.

He called *A King in New York* both "my best picture" and "my most rebellious picture." He also denied having preached in it; "it's not political, not 'anti' anything"; "if I've preached here I'm wrong." But in later years he also felt that "perhaps I didn't quite understand it. It started out to be very good and then it got complicated and a little heavy handed."

Though it was of course not his "best picture," it is nevertheless a very good one, and most of the criticism that has been directed at it is nit-picking. But there can be no doubt that it does "preach." Some of it is autobiographical, and much of what it says came direct from the heart. Like King Shahdov, Chaplin had had the experience of fleeing from a dangerous pursuer, only to find that the poor man was merely an autograph hunter; like him too he had been submitted to the indignity of fingerprinting. His activities had interested the Committee on Unamerican Activities also, though, unlike the king, he had not actually been commanded to appear before it.

The film has been called bitterly satirical, yet it seems to me that though it presents a fairly complete survey of what its creator did not like in the United States, it views these things from an altitude of rather Olympian detachment, and this was a considerable achievement under the existent circumstances. Among the targets aimed at are waste, extravagance, noise, the barbarities of "rock-and-roll," films exploiting violence and sexual aberration, inane television commercials and the conscienceless exploitation of the public fostered and practiced by Madison Avenue, plastic surgery for cosmetic reasons, resulting in the production of what looks neither young nor old nor human, "progressive" schools, where the pupils have no obligation to learn anything or anything to do but "express" themselves, even if this takes the form of blowing peas at the masters and distinguished visitors, and, above all else, the multifarious operations of a senseless bureaucracy placing troublesome interferences in the way of personal freedom.

King Shahdov is driven from Estrovia to New York by greedy corruptionists who oppose his anti-war stand and his
interest in the development of atomic power for peaceful purposes (the film was made before the world learned to its cost that even this might turn out to be a menace to human life). In America the Atomic Energy Commission shows little interest in his plans, and when its members do finally pay attention to him, they immediately find Communist witch-hunting a more pressing interest than saving the world from being blown up. After the king's prime minister has robbed him and left him stranded in a New York hotel with his faithful ambassador and less than a thousand dollars in his purse, he falls into the clutches of Madison Avenue. He is first tricked into appearing on television through the use of hidden cameras but comes into big money when his choking over the whiskey he is given to drink on a commercial electrifies the country with its unintended comedy. For the television public, it seems, nothing can be too bad.

The Communist angle enters through the king's interest in Rupert Macabee, a ten-year-old whom he first encounters when he visits the progressive school and whose particular form of self expression consists of libertarian harangues. Rupert is not a Communist, but his parents have been, and when they are brought before a Congressional committee, they come clean so far as their own activities are concerned but are cited for contempt because they refuse to implicate others. Whatever may be said about *A King in New York* in any other aspect, there can be no denying that when the authorities get their hands on the boy and destroy his self-respect by working upon him until he is dragooned into "saving" his parents by naming their comrades, though he knows this action to be wrong, the film rises to the dignity of a moral statement that the world is not yet ready to accept a generation after its production.

Oliver Johnston gives Chaplin excellent support as the ambassador; so does the beautiful Dawn Addams as the Madison Avenue girl who begins by tricking King Shahdov and ends as something a little more to him than a friend and a little less than a lover. Maxine Audley has only a brief appearance as Shahdov's queen, but she leaves the viewer wishing he might see more of her. At the beginning of the picture they seem estranged, but at the end one feels there is a good chance they may come together. Rupert was played by the ten-year-old Michael Chaplin, and if there were times when it seemed clear that he was reciting lines he had learned, he nevertheless
gave a good enough account of himself so that one could un-
derstand even if one could not quite share his mother's im-
pression that he was even better than Jackie Coogan in The
Kid. His father's own performance was flawless throughout,
and though there were far fewer gags than he had treated
us to in the past, nobody is likely to forget his attempts to
mime his orders for caviar and turtle soup in the restaurant
where the "musicians" are making so much noise that the
waiter cannot hear him nor the scenes in which, having got
his finger stuck in the fire hose, he cannot get it out again
but must take it with him when he appears before the Unamer-
ican Affairs Committee with very moist results.

Though Chaplin was eighty-eight years old when he
died, he was still saying near the end of his life, "I can't
stop--ideas keep popping into my head" and again "To work
is to live--and I want to live." We know only a little of what
these ideas were, but we may be sure that if he had been
given time and strength, he would have worked some of them
out. His lot, like ours, was cast in troubled times, but now
that he is gone, the least we whom he left behind can say of
him is that he made them easier for many of us.

NOTES

1. Huff's Charlie Chaplin (Henry Schuman, 1951) was the
best book on the subject that had been published to
date. Robert Payne's The Great Charlie (Andre Deutsch,
1952) is very good on the Dickens influence.

2. Chaplin made only one film, One A.M. (1916), in which
he was the only player who appeared on the screen, yet
in a sense all his films were solo performances. Once
he had gained control, he devised his stories, directed,
and enacted the principal role; in later years he even
composed music for his films. In her autobiography,
Limelight and After: The Education of an Actress
(Harper & Row, 1982), Claire Bloom, who, of all the ac-
tresses who appeared with Chaplin, has been most suc-
cessful in building a career of her own, has related how
he directed her every move and inflection. This must
have been frustrating to people who felt they had some-
thing to express themselves, but there is no denying that
it was responsible for the wonderful sense of unity Chaplin
films achieved; in their expression of their creator's individuality, they were more like what one expects from a work of literature than a film. Moreover, though Ben Turpin resented Chaplin's direction, none of the people who appeared with him down the years in film after film (Henry Bergman, Albert Austin, Leo White, etc.) seem to have shared this feeling. From 1915 (A Night Out) to 1923 (The Pilgrim), Edna Purviance appeared in thirty-four pictures with him, and he kept her on the studio payroll until she died in 1958. R. H. Totheroh too remained his principal cameraman through many years.


6. This may have been suggested by an incident in another early comic, C. W. Kahles's "Hairbreadth Harry," in which the hero swung himself over a ravine to escape his pursuers by grasping a large serpent hanging from a tree. His Prehistoric Past as a whole was probably suggested by Griffith's caveman picture, Man's Genesis (1912).


9. If we count Triple Trouble, released August 11, 1918, the correct number is fifteen. Triple Trouble is a thing of shreds and patches for which Chaplin is not responsible in its present form, but it has been well thought of and he seems to acknowledge it in My Autobiography (Simon and Schuster, 1964).


12. The legend that Chaplin himself appeared in the original 1904 London production of *Peter Pan* is apparently just that; see Roger Lancelyn Green, *Fifty Years of Peter Pan* (Peter Davies, 1954), pp. 93-94.


14. Robinson, *Chaplin*, pp. 389-90; see also the following pages, which describe a number of other ideas that were not used, and compare Chaplin, *My Autobiography*, pp. 325-326.


16. The silence is not completely unbroken. The boss in the factory, who illustrates the heroic labors of capitalists by working jigsaw puzzles in his office, barks his orders over a television set-up, and a phonograph record is used to demonstrate the feeding machine to him. There is singing in the café scene, and Chaplin's own voice is heard from the screen for the first time singing a song in gibberish. See Robinson, *Chaplin*, pp. 465-466, for the evidence that Chaplin at one time considered making *Modern Times* with dialogue.

17. Some commentators have denied this; moreover Chaplin himself was quite capable of disclaiming "social significance" in his films: "I leave such subjects for the lecture platform. To entertain is my first consideration." In general however the difficulty with such critics seems to be either that the very words "social criticism" frighten them as much as a red flag or, at the other end of the spectrum, that they cannot conceive of the possibility of its existence without commitment to a consistent, pre-formulated program of reform.


19. See Robinson, *Chaplin*, pp. 462-463, for the ending at one time contemplated, with the Gamin having become a nun! Did this possibility, consciously or unconsciously, lie in the back of Chaplin's mind throughout and in some
way influence the sexlessness of the film?

20. The only comment I can make on the idea sometimes expressed that Chaplin had the same urge to power in art that Hitler manifested in government is to quote Bernard Shaw's alleged response to a passer-by who greeted him with "Mr. Kipling, I presume." "Well," said Shaw, "if you can presume that, you can presume anything." Hitler is said to have spent two evenings screening The Great Dictator, but there is apparently no record of what, if anything, he said.

21. There has been much discussion, without much knowledge, of whether Chaplin was himself Jewish. The most informed opinion indicates that he was not, and that if he had not been absolutely consistent in his denials, the reasons are, first, that he greatly admired Jews and would have been glad to be one of them and, second, that he did not wish, in any sense, to seem to be standing aloof from them in their darkest hour. For a sensible summary of the relevant evidence, see John McCabe, Charlie Chaplin (Doubleday, 1978), pp. 197-200.


23. "The Girl," played by Marilyn Nash, is otherwise unnamed. There is no question that Chaplin did think of her as a streetwalker and later as the mistress, not wife, of the munitions maker by contact with whom she has since mended her fortunes. The ambiguities concerning her status that appeared in the finished film were due to the meddling of the Breen Office.

24. See Robinson, Chaplin, pp. 550-559, for an interesting account of these matters.

In the famous Preface to Man and Superman, Bernard Shaw named Blake, Bunyan, Hogarth, and Turner as the four Englishmen whose sense of life and the world he recognized as being most clearly akin to his own. In some sense, I suppose anybody who attempts to choose his favorite artists in any field makes his choice upon some such basis as Shaw has indicated here. But in art as in life the grounds of such consanguinity are often obscure and not easily susceptible of definition. One of the few things we can be quite sure of is that in the theater they are likely to be more personal than in any of the other arts, for among all artists only the actor and the singer use their own bodies—and souls—as the instruments upon which they perform.

I have sometimes said that actors were like other people, only more so, and I suppose it is for this reason that to reject actors, as in some periods and some societies they have, heaven knows, been openly or tacitly rejected, becomes equivalent to rejecting humanity or being human. Geraldine Farrar was quite right when she remarked that to do her job a singer must "mercilessly" reveal her own personality. "There is no other way." The once popular English novelist, William J. Locke, author, among much else, of Mary Pickford's Stella Maris, once described an artist as a man who wrapped up pieces of his soul in paper and sold them, but a friend to whom I quoted this saying objected that it would have been more accurate to say that he gives them away, for even those who are widely "successful" become really important, in any truly vital sense, to only a comparatively small percentage even among those to whom their names have become household words. Since most movie fans never saw their favorites face to face but only as shadows on the silversheet, it may seem paradoxical that they should have come to feel closer to them than most people ever did to those whom they saw over the
footlights or heard from the concert platform. Part of the explanation no doubt was that one could see his favorite movie stars far more frequently than he encountered any other theater folk, but more important than that, I believe, was the overwhelming cosiness of the film medium. The close-up was intimate and revealing beyond anything else that had been experienced in the theater before, and many a fan has been momentarily startled when the film flickered out to its close and he became freshly aware of how far away from him the screen actually was.

The consanguinity about which Shaw speaks is an infinitely varied as well as a vastly capricious and undefinable thing, and we certainly do not respond to the same qualities in all the people we like, whence it comes about, I suppose, that we are often asked, "How can you like him when you like her?" or its equivalent. In some sense, I have "liked" all the people I have written about in this book, but in a deeper sense I have not chosen them but been chosen by them, and this for reasons which they could no better have understood than I do. I admit that I have seen people on the screen whom, to employ an expression once used by the habitually gentle William Dean Howells, I could have enjoyed taking out to step on; for the most part, however, I have been merely indifferent to those who did not attract me. Some of my favorites have been top-ranking stars while others have never received anything like the recognition I considered their due. I have totally failed to respond to some of the most "successful" players, and there are others whom I have liked much during their early careers who have in my judgment failed to develop or at least failed to hold my interest. I could name names under both headings, some of which would, I am sure, surprise some of my readers, but since there are already enough reviewers (one can hardly call them critics) whose whole stock in trade is to exploit their prejudices, I shall not do this, for I have always agreed with one of the greatest American actors of other days, Richard Mansfield, that "personal abuse is not criticism" and that unless one can criticize with dignity, he had better not criticize at all.

Since acting is, as I have said, the most personal of all the arts, I suppose the likelihood is great that those who like the artist would also, if they had the opportunity, like the human being behind him. In my own case, I can testify
that, though I have learned much from the personal contacts I have had with such artists as I have had the privilege of knowing, generally speaking they have not disappointed me. I am aware of course (I am even somewhat puzzled) that all but one of the persons I have written about in this book are women, and I do not believe the fact that I am a man more than partially explains this. When I was a boy, my first great screen idol was a man, Maurice Costello, who was to me, I suppose, what it would now be fashionable to call a "father figure," and outside the movies I do not believe anybody could have been more enthusiastic than I have been in his response to such varied figures as E. H. Sothern, John McCormack, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. But that mystery I must leave, as Chaucer left others, to "divyne" and bow out as gracefully as I can manage.
INDEX OF NAMES

Abbott, George 22
Addams, Dawn 135
Anderson, G. M. 1-2, 3, 94-95
Anderson, Judith 34
Arbuckle, Roscoe 110
Aristophanes 97
Arlen, Richard 84
Audley, Maxine 135
Austin, Albert 104, 120, 137

Baggott, King 7
Balshofer, Fred J. 5
Bancroft, Squire 108
Banner, Lois W. 83
Bara, Theda 76-77
Bardot, Brigitte 59
Barker, Reginald 57
Barrie, J. M. 64, 67, 71-73, 74, 110, 111
Barry, Iris 26
Barrymore, John 36
Barthelmess, Richard 43, 69
Bashkirtseff, Marie 76
Baum, L. Frank 7
Beaudine, William 22
Behmer, Rudy 83
Belasco, David 14, 15, 17, 23, 30
Bell, Rex 83-84
Bellamy, Madge 60
Bengsten, Bebe 5
Berger, Ludwig 86

Bergman, Henry 108, 115, 117, 177
Berlin, A. Viola 72
Bernard, Dorothy 28
Bernhardt, Sarah 36, 48, 57, 77
Besserer, Eugenie 43
Bizet, Georges 53
Blackton, J. Stuart 71
Blackwell, Carlyle 3, 4, 5
Blake, William 140
Blein, Sylvia 61
Bloom, Claire 130, 132-33, 136
Bodeen, DeWitt 80
Bohème, La 40
Bori, Lucrezia 38
Borzage, Frank 22
Botticelli, Sandro 38
Bow, Clara 83-91
Brabin, Charles 95
Bracken, Mildred 3
Brady, Cyrus Townsend 15
Brando, Marlon 133
Brenon, Herbert 72, 83, 86
Brewster, Eugene V. 83
Brice, Fanny 126
Bridges, Ann 22
Bronson, Betty 72-75, 124
Brougher, J. Whitcomb 13
Browning, Robert 47
Bull, Clarence 59
Bunny, John 2

143
Bunyan, John 140
Burk, Danny 34
Burnett, Frances Hodgson 17, 21
Bushman, Francis X. 3, 4, 5, 95
Butcher, Fanny 9

Caine, Hall 27
Campbell, Eric 104, 110, 115
Card, James 13, 26, 30
Carr, Mary 64
Caruso, Enrico 3, 53, 54
Chapin, Anna Alice 16
Chaplin, Charles 20, 21, 26, 29, 66, 68, 92-142
Chaplin, Geraldine 133
Chaplin, Josephine 133
Chaplin, Michael 135-36
Chaplin, Oona O'Neill 102, 132-33, 136
Chaplin, Sydney 94, 95, 107, 109
Chaplin, Sydney, II 131, 133
Chaplin, Victoria 133
Chatterton, Ruth 86
Chaucer, Geoffrey 34, 142
Cherrill, Virginia 119
Clair, René 121
Clark, Marguerite 64, 70
Clausewitz, Karl von 128
Clayton, Marguerite 5
Clifton, Elmer 83
Clive, Henry 119
Collins, Charles 78-79
Compton, Joyce 84
Conrad, Joseph 34
Coogan, Jackie 105, 109-12, 136
Cooke, Alistair 9-10
Corot, J. B. C. 34
Costello, Maurice 1, 3, 142

Crocker, Henry 119
Crosman, Henrietta 17
Cushing, Catherine Chisholm 79

Dante Alighieri 39, 86
Dawley, J. Searle 15
Debussy, Claude 40
de la Mare, Walter 44
Delaney, Leo 71
Delano, Edith Barnard 17, 18
DeMille, Cecil B. 9, 18, 51, 52, 54, 55, 56, 57, 65
deMille, William C. 53, 67-68
Dempster, Carol 43
Destinn, Emmy 3
Dexter, Elliott 27
Dickens, Charles 68, 92, 94, 101
Dietrich, Marlene 58-59
Dillon, Jack 20
Disney, Walt 32
Dolly Sisters, The 77
Dreiser, Theodore 99
Dressler, Marie 93
Duncan, Rosetta 79-80, 81-82
Duncan, Vivian 76, 77, 79, 80-81
Duncan Sisters, The 79-82
Duse, Eleonora 36
Dwan, Alan 17

Elliott, Maxine 3
Elsom, Isabel 130
Emerson, John 17
Emerson, Ralph Waldo 102, 122
Index of Names

Fairbanks, Douglas 9, 10, 13, 20, 22, 24, 31, 107, 112, 124
Farmer, Harcourt 95
Farrar, F. W. 49
Farrar, Geraldine 3, 17, 48-63, 140
Farrar, Henrietta Barnes 49
Farrar, Sidney D. 49, 51, 60
Fenn, Frederick 20
Ferguson, Elsie 16
Fielding, Henry 34
Fielding, Romaine 4
Fischer-Dieskau, Dietrich 142
Fiske, Minnie Maddern 15, 66, 97
Fitzroy, Emily 66
Fleming, Victor 83, 86
Ford, Hugh 30, 64
Fox, Harry 77
Fox, John, Jr. 20
Fox, William 76-77
Francis, Kay 84
Francis of Assisi, St. 45, 71
Franklin, Sidney 20
Frederick, Pauline 58
Frohman, Charles 3
Fuller, Mary 3, 5
Galsworthy, John 129
Garbo, Greta 9, 10
Garden, Mary 9, 40, 57, 62
Gardner, Isabella Stewart 101
Garrick, David 34-35
Gates, Eleanor 19
Gatti-Casazza, Giulio 49, 55
Gay, Maria 53
Gest, Morris, 50-51, 54
Gielgud, John 34
Gilbert, Billy 126
Gish, Dorothy 12, 33, 49
Gish, Lillian 33-42, 43, 44, 66, 69, 70, 90-91
Goddard, Paulette 102, 121, 123, 124, 127
Goldberg, Rube 26
Goldwyn, Samuel 17, 57, 59-60, 58
Gounod, Charles 133
Grauman, Sid 11
Grey, Lita 114, 117
Griffith, Richard 97
Gwyn, Nell 17
Hackett, Charles 59
Hale, Creighton 43
Hale, Georgia 99, 114, 116, 119
Hals, Frans 34
Hammerstein, Willie 76
Hammond, Percy 95
Hampton, Benjamin 29
Hariman, Margaret Case 30
Harris, Mildred 95
Harron, Robert 43
Harte, Bret 20
Hawthorne, Nathaniel 26-27, 36-37
Hay, Mary 43
Hayes, Helen 22
Hazelton, George C. 17
Henry, O. see O. Henry
Hergesheimer, Joseph 27
Hite, Mabel 77
Hitler, Adolf 125-26, 139
Hoffman, Margaret 130
Hogarth, William 140
Horn, Maurice 7
Howard, Leslie 23
Howells, W. D. 72, 141
Huff, Theodore 94, 101,
Index of Names

Hughes, Gareth 66
Hughes, Glenn 22
Humperdinck, Engelbert 69
Hunter, Glenn 69
Huston, Walter 86

Ingraham, Lloyd 123

Jacob, Carl 60
James, Henry 44
Jannings, Emil 86
Jean, The Vitagraph Dog 71
Jefferson, Joseph 79
Jeritza, Maria 49
Joan of Arc, St. 46
Johnson, Arthur 3, 4, 5, 58
Johnson, Julian 30, 53, 55, 95, 103
Johnson, Samuel 21
Johnson, Oliver 135
Jolson, Al 74, 81
Jordan, Kate 17
Joy, Leatrice 66
Joyce, Alice 3, 4, 5, 86
Kalich, Bertha 60
Kahles, C. W. 137
Katz, Ephraim 4, 83
Keaton, Buster 21, 26, 96, 101, 132
Kennedy, Merna 116
Kerr, Walter 101, 102, 106, 119-20
Kerrigan, J. Warren 4, 5
Kirkwood, James 30
Korda, Alexander 124
Kramer, Dale 30
Kreisler, Fritz 52

LaBadie, Florence 8
Laemmle, Carl 3, 15
LaMarr, Barbara 66
Lange, Jessica 5
Lasky, Jesse L. 50, 53, 54, 57, 59
Lauder, Harry 105
Lawrence, Florence 1, 3, 5, 58
Lehár, Franz 50
Lehmann, Lilli 49
Leonard, Marion 3
Leoncavallo, Ruggiero 49
Lewis, Sinclair 83
Lincoln, Abraham 47
Linder, Max 92, 120
Lindsay, Vachel 12, 55
Lloyd, Frank 57, 58, 84
Lloyd, Harold 113
Locke, William J. 19, 140
Lockwood, Harold 15
Long, John Luther 17
Lord, Del 76
Loren, Sophia 133
Louys, Pierre 58
Lowell, James Russell 125
Lubitsch, Ernst 21, 30-31, 68, 72
Lyon, Ben 71

McAvoy, May 64-75
McCabe, John 139
McCintic, Guthrie 34
McCormack, John 51-52, 142
McDonald, Gerald D. 13, 99
McDowell, Claire 2, 28
Mace, Fred 92
Mack, Willard 58
MacLane, Mary 76
Macpherson, Jeanie 51, 56
Mae Tinée 12, 72
Mailes, Charles Hill 2
Major, Charles 21
Maniates, Belle K. 20
Mann, Hank 119
Manon, Marcia 20
Mansfield, Richard 141
Marion, Frances 21
Mark Twain 7, 102-03
Marlowe, Julia 22, 23
Marsh, Mae 55, 66
Marsh, Marian 119
Martiniello, Giovanni 59
Massenet, Jules 133
Mayer, Arthur L. 31, 97
Méliès, George 92
Melville, Rose
Mencken, H. L. 76
Mendes, Luther 84
Mérimée, Prosper 53, 54
Miller, Arthur C. 5
Miller, W. Chrystie 2
Milliet, J. F. 34
Minter, Mary Miles 32
Mitchell, Maggie 17
Moore, Owen 10, 13
Moscovitch, Maurice 127
Murnau, F. W. 113
Mussolini, Benito 126
Myers, Harry 117

Nash, Marilyn 139
Nathan, George Jean 77
Neilan, Marshall 19, 25, 74
Nesbit, Evelyn 15, 76
Niver, Kemp R. 3, 5
Normand, Mabel 25, 92, 94

Oakie, Jack 126
O'Brien, John B. 17
O. Henry 87
O'Higgins, Harvey 31
Olcott, Chauncey 14
Olcott, Sidney 17
Olivier, Laurence 22
Opper, Frederick Burr 98
Ostriche, Muriel 4

Paget, Alfred 2
Payne, Robert 136
Pates, Gwendolen 4, 8
Pennington, Ann 87
Perrault, Charles 70
Pickford, Charlotte 28
Pickford, Jack 14, 21, 25
Pickford, Lottie 14
Pickford, Mary 4, 7-29, 38, 69, 70, 95, 112, 140
Pollock, Channing 16
Porter, Edwin S. 15, 16, 92
Porter, Eleanor H. 20
Powell, Paul 20
Pryce, Richard 20
Puccini, Giacomo 17

Ragan, David 4
Raye, Martha 130
Reeve, Arch 84
Reid, Wallace 56
Réjane, Gabrielle 97
Riesner, Charles 109
Rimsky-Korsakoff, Nikolay 51
Robertson, John S. 16, 64, 66, 69, 72
Robinson, David 106, 108, 125
Robinson, Francis 53
Rogers, Charles B. ("Buddy") 22, 31
Rosher, Charles 30-31
Rostand, Mme. Edmond (Rosamond Gérard) 15

Sand, George 17
Sandburg, Carl 65
Sargent, John Singer 101
Schiller, Friedrich 13
Schultze, Carl Emil 98
Scott, Sir Walter 97
Seastrom, Victor see Sjöström, Victor
Selwyn, Edgar 86
Sennett, Mack 21, 92, 93, 96, 96
Seyffertitz, Gustav von 22
Seymour, Albert V. 33
Seymour, Clarine 43-47
Shakespeare, William 22-23, 24, 35, 42, 46, 48, 92, 129
Shaw, Bernard 139, 140, 141
Silver, Charles 33
Silverman, Sime 95, 103
Sjöström, Victor 28
Slide, Anthony 5
Sothern, E. H. 22, 142
Spoor, George K. 2
Steichen, Edward 34
Sterling, Fred 92
Sternberg, Josef von 114
Stevenson, Robert Louis 46
Stone, Fred 79
Storey, Edith 55
Stowe, Harriet Beecher 81
Streep, Meryl 5
Strongheart 72
Swain, Mack 108, 113, 114
Swanson, Gloria 66
Swift, Jonathan 97
Talmadge, Norma 31
Taylor, Sam 22
Taylor, William D. 20
Tellegen, Lou 51, 52, 57, 59, 60
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord 43
Thalberg, Irving 90
Thomson, David 4, 83
Thomson, Fred 21
Tinée, Mae see Mae Tinée
Tinney, Frank 131
Tootheroh, R. H. 137
Tourneur, Maurice 18, 19, 70
Trimble, Laurence 71-72
Trimble, Marian Blackton 71
Turner, Florence 4, 8
Turner, J. M. W. 140
Turpin, Ben 137
Tuttle, Frank 86
Twain, Mark see Mark Twain
Ulric, Lenore 23
Valentino, Rudolph 58, 66, 124
Van Dyck, Anthony 34
Van Vechten, Carl 62, 71
Walthall, Henry B. 66, 95
Webster, Jean 20
West, Charles 28
White, Grace Miller 16
White, Leo 137
White, Stanford 15, 76
Wiggin, Kate Douglas 19
Wilde, Oscar 72
Wilhelm II, Kaiser 60
Williams, Earle 3
Woollcott, Alexander 55
Zola, Émile 35
Zukor, Adolph 15, 18, 29, 30
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Film Title</th>
<th>Page Numbers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adventurer, The</td>
<td>103, 105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Nous la Liberté</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anne of Green Gables</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are Parents People?</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Artful Kate</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bank, The</td>
<td>95-96, 103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beast at Bay, A</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bedroom Window, The</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behind the Scenes</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behind the Screen</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben Hur</td>
<td>72, 74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beyond the Rainbow</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birth of a Nation, The</td>
<td>14, 40, 66, 83, 94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bond, The</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bohème, La</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broken Blossoms</td>
<td>39, 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Call Her Savage</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caprice</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Kidd, Jr.</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carmen</td>
<td>52, 53-54, 56, 60, 61, 92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cat's Pajamas, The</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Champion, The</td>
<td>96, 101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children of Divorce</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circus, The</td>
<td>99, 100, 116-18, 122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>City Lights</td>
<td>96, 99-100, 101, 118-21, 132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarence</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confidence</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coquette</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Count, The</td>
<td>103, 105</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Countess from Hong Kong, A 133
Cure, The 103, 105

Daddy Long Legs 19, 20, 25
Dancing Mothers 83, 86, 87
Dangerous Curves 84
Dawn of a Tomorrow, The 17
Day's Pleasure, A 105
Deception 64
Devil Is a Woman, The 59
Devil Stone, The 56
Dog's Life, A 96, 100, 101, 105-06
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall 19, 21-22
Dough and Dynamite 94
Down to the Sea in Ships 83

Eagle's Mate, The 16, 30
Easy Street 101, 103, 104, 115
Enchanted Cottage, The 68, 69, 71
Enoch Arden 40, 66
Esmeralda 17, 30
Eternal Grind, The 17-18
Everybody's Acting 74

Fanchon the Cricket 8, 17
Fate's Interception 27-28
Female of the Species, The 28-29
Fireman, The 103, 104
Flame of the Desert 58
Floorwalker, The 102, 103, 104
Foundling, The 17-18, 24, 25
Friends 7, 28

Gaucho, The 24
Girl of Yesterday, A 17
Girl Who Stayed at Home, The 43
Going Straight 7
Gold Rush, The 26, 99, 100, 101, 113-16, 118, 119, 121
Golden Princess, The 74
Gone with the Wind 72
Good Little Devil, A 8, 15, 16
Index of Film Titles

Great Dictator, The 114, 124-27
Great Train Robbery, The 2

Hate 64
Heart o' the Hills 20
Hearts Adrift 4, 12, 15, 16, 26, 30
Hearts of the World 40
Hector 7
Hell Cat, The 57, 58
Her First Biscuits 15
His New Job 103
His Prehistoric Past 100, 137
His Trysting Place 94
Homespun Vamp, A 67
Hoodlum, The 20
Hoopla 84
How Could You, Jean? 20
Hulda from Holland 17-18, 26

Idle Class, The 105
Idol Dancer, The 43, 46
Immigrant, The 102, 103, 104
In the Bishop's Carriage 15, 27
In the Sultan's Garden 7-8
Informer, The 7
Intolerance 83, 112
It 87

Jazz Singer, The 72, 74, 121
Joan the Woman 54-56, 61
Johanna Enlists 20

Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, The 107
Kick In (McAvoy) 68
Kick In (Bow) 83
Kid, The 96, 99, 101, 105, 109-12, 114, 136
Kid Auto Races at Venice 92
Kiki 23, 31, 133-36
Kiss for Cinderella, A 72, 74

La Bohème see Bohème, La
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Film Title</th>
<th>Page Numbers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lady Windermere's Fan</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last Laugh, The</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lena and the Geese</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Less Than the Dust</td>
<td>26-27, 31, 95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life, 105</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limelight, 130-33</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little American, The</td>
<td>18, 19, 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Annie Rooney</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Lord Fauntleroy</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Pal</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Princess, A</td>
<td>8, 19, 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Red Riding Hood</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love Light, The</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madame Butterfly</td>
<td>17, 26, 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man's Genesis</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mantrap</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maria Rosa</td>
<td>52, 53, 62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Men Who Have Made Love to Me</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mistress Nell</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M'liss</td>
<td>20, 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modern Times</td>
<td>98, 100, 102, 121-24, 132, 136-37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monsieur Verdoux</td>
<td>97, 108, 127-30, 133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morals</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch</td>
<td>64, 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Best Girl</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Old Dutch</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York Hat, The</td>
<td>7, 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night in the Show, A</td>
<td>100, 103, 137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not So Long Ago</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One A.M.</td>
<td>101, 103, 104, 136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only</td>
<td>38, 68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orphans of the Storm</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over the Hill</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passion</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pawn Shop, The</td>
<td>100-01, 103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pay Day</td>
<td>96, 105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perils of Pauline, The</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Index of Film Titles

Peter Pan 72-73
Pilgrim, The 100, 105, 108-09, 137
Police 103
Pollyanna 10, 20
Poor Little Peppina 17, 25, 26, 27
Poor Little Rich Girl, A 10, 18-19, 23, 24
Pride of the Clan, The 10, 18, 25
Private Scandal, A 65

Queen Elizabeth 48

Rags 17, 18, 25-26
Ramona 15
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm 14, 18, 19, 26
Riddle: Woman, The 60
Rink, The 102, 103, 105
Romance of the Redwoods, A 12, 18, 19, 27
Romola 34, 40-41
Rosita 21, 30-31

Safety Last 113
Salvation Hunters, The 114
Savage, The 71
Scarlet Days 43
Scarlet Letter, The 40
Science 7
Secrets 22, 23, 31
Sentimental Tommy 64, 65, 66-67, 68, 71
1776; or, The Hessian Renegades 27
Shadows 49, 58
Shanghaied 95
Shoulder Arms 105, 106-08
Singing Fool, The 74
Sparrows 22
Stella Maris 18, 19, 20, 26, 69, 140
Stronger Vow, The 57, 58, 62
Such a Little Queen 16, 30
Suds 20-21
Sunnyside 95, 105

Taming of the Shrew, The 22-23
Tarnish  71
Temptation  52, 54, 56
Tess of the Storm Country  4, 12, 16, 21, 25, 26, 29
Three Women  68
Through the Back Door  21, 24-25
Tillie’s Punctured Romance  92, 105
Tin-Type Romance, A  71
To Hell with the Kaiser  64, 107
To Save Her Soul  27
Topsy and Eva  79-82
Tramp, The  95-96, 102, 103, 105, 116
Triple Trouble  137
True Heart Susie  43
Turn of the Wheel, The  57, 58

Vagabond, The  99, 103, 105
Violin Maker of Cremona, The  15

Way Down East  33, 38-39, 43, 66
West of the Water Tower  68, 69
What Drink Did  15
White Sister, The  40, 66
Wind, The  28
Wizard of Oz, The  78
Woman, A  103
Woman and the Puppet, The  58, 62
Woman God Forgot, The  56
Woman Hater, The  95
Woman Like Satan, A  59
Woman of Paris, A  113, 133
Work  95
World and Its Woman, The  57-58, 59