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FAULKNER IN HOLLYWOOD:

A STUDY OF HIS CAREER AS A SCENARIST

By

George Sidney

A Dissertation

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the

Requirements for the Degree of

Doctor of Philosophy in American Studies

The University of New Mexico

1959

This dissertation, directed and approved by the candidate's committee, has been accepted by the Graduate Committee of the University of New Mexico in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

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This dissertation could not have been realized without the assistance of numerous individuals in the motion picture industry. I am indebted to Frances Richardson, James Eyre, Richard Huckans, Curtis Harrington, Nunnally Johnson, David Hempstead, Frank McCarthy, Earl Bright, Irving Ravetch, Harriet Frank, Jr., Jerry Wald, Martin Ritt, and Marguerite Lamkin--all of Twentieth Century-Fox; to Kenneth MacKenna, Doris Simmons, Evelyn Topp, and Albert Zugsmith--of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; To Benjamin Kalmenson, John O'Steen, Walter MacEwen, and R. J. Obringer--of Warner Brothers; to Morris Davis and Kathryn McTaggart of Universal-International; to Bernard Feins and Sidney Justin of Paramount; to Jack Fleischmann of Columbia; and especially to Professor Kenneth MacGowan, of the University of California at Los Angeles.

To Professor E. W. Tedlock, Jr., whose efforts on my behalf have been unceasing, and to the other scholars on my committee--Morris Freedman, C. V. Wicker, and Paul Walter--my gratitude.

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INTRODUCTION

This study explores a significant aspect of William Faulkner's life and work: his Hollywood career. For Faulkner, Hollywood served as a remunerative avocation. It provided him with a financial security which his literary public at that time did not. The money he earned as a scenarist seems to have enabled him to evade the economic necessity of writing for a commercial market, permitting him to write "for himself." But Faulkner also gave for what he got. He gave his time and creative energy, the results of which—his Hollywood writings—reveal the mind of the artist at work. Faulkner the novelist became Faulkner the scenarist, using familiar tools to create in an alien medium. And quite possibly, Hollywood influenced Faulkner the novelist. Although Faulkner did not, like Budd Schulberg, Liam O'Flaherty, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Nathaniel West, and Christopher Isherwood, write a novel about Hollywood, it would be presumptuous to assume that he escaped his six-year association with Hollywood unaffected.

Indeed, I think that a study of Faulkner's career in Hollywood provides its own justification. Faulkner is a writer of the first magnitude. His literary work spans thirty years of American and Southern culture, thirty years

of rapid change in which Faulkner's humanistic perception of life has become more meaningful and portentous. During this thirty years Faulkner has changed, not having inhabited a vacuum; his perceptions, though remaining humanistic, have changed. Certainly his literary work has not been of homogeneous temper and quality. During this time scholars and critics have investigated his heredity, his family, his life in Oxford, New York, New Orleans; they have analyzed his novels, short stories, essays, poems, speeches, letters. They have, in short, tried to achieve a comprehensive understanding of the man and his work. Yet, with the exception of Robert Coughlan (who discussed Faulkner's career in Hollywood superficially and anecdotally), they have ignored the six years which Faulkner spent in Hollywood.

The scholars and critics—the modern apostles of totality, unity, and the complete frame of reference—appear to have treated Faulkner's film career as irrelevant to and, presumably, as detracting from, his career as a writer of serious fiction. Without doubt they are correct in relegating Faulkner's screen writing to a position of secondary importance in the body of his work. But I do think that such writing as Faulkner did in Hollywood should be analyzed and interpreted before being so relegated.

A good screen writer, no less than a good poet, playwright, or novelist, must have talent and an understanding of and control

over the essentials of his medium. Pity it is that the screen writer is maltreated in Hollywood and scorned outside of Hollywood. Pity it is that but little of his effort appears on the screen, that that for which he is not responsible earns him praise or blame. Without a good script—one that develops a story in purely filmic terms—no amount of diligence by the director and his associates will produce a film that has artistic proportions. Pudovkin has attested to this; so has Eisenstein; so have Budd Schulberg, Ben Hecht, and other theorists and practitioners of the art. Elia Kazan, formerly of the theatre and now a talented and perceptive film director, has argued that "There can't be a fine picture without a fine script. There can't be a fine script without a first-class writer."[1] Good screen writers continue to turn out good scripts. Hollywood continues to turn out bad pictures. The factors responsible for this situation inhere in the structure of the motion picture industry and in the American cultural attitude which dichotomizes art and entertainment, aesthetic value and economic value. For the good screen writer this situation engenders frustration, and shame, perhaps. But one should not feel ashamed for the screen writer—for Faulkner. Or for

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1. Budd Schulberg, A Face in the Crowd, intro. Elia Kazan (New York, 1957), p. 11.

Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, Stephen Vincent Benét, Ben Hecht, Sidney Howard, Lawrence Stallings, Elmer Rice, Philip Wylie, Paul Green, Robert Benchley, John Collier, Lillian Hellman, George S. Kaufman, Peter Milne, Dubose Heyward, Mary McCarthy, S. J. Perelman, John Dos Passos, F. Scott Fitzgerald and many other reputable writers—screen writers all in the 1930's.

The screenplay merits consideration as a literary genre.[2] It is literature in the same sense that a play is literature. The plays exists, potentially, as drama; the screenplay exists, potentially, as film. Both are integrally related to, dependent upon, another artistic medium for the attainment of their complete expression. Yet both can be read as products of the

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2. Herbert Read's somewhat idealistic attitude toward the screenplay and the screen writer reflects the growing critical interest in the literary aspects of the film. In his essay, "Towards a Film Aesthetic, The Cinema: 1951, ed. Roger Manvell (London, 1951), p. 204, he writes: "But when the film has exhausted its technical elan, then it must inevitably return to the poets. For the quality of an art always depends finally on the quality of the mind directing it or producing it, and no art can survive on a purely mechanical inspiration. There will always be a place for the recording film, for the scientific film, the news film; but finally the public will demand the film of imagination, of vision. And then will come the day of the poet, the scenario-writer, or whatever we are to call him. For actually this artist will be a new type of artist—an artist with the visual sensibility of the painter, the vision of the poet and the time-sense of the musician."

creative imagination, and their complete expression can be imaginatively visualized and comprehended.

The film is a twentieth century phenomenon. In the film man has found a new form with which to recreate and make meaningful his experiences, a form which can transcend the linguistic, discursive limitations of poetry and the novel, which can order time, space, motion, vision, sound...without regard for physical reality,[3] which can synthesize painting, drama, sculpture, dance, architecture, music, and literature.

The screen writer, then, should not be disdainfully dismissed. His work deserves recognition and consideration. And although Faulkner is primarily a novelist, I think it necessary to accept his screen writings as part of the Faulkner canon. Some of them have value as literature; some reveal Faulkner's ability to see filmically. When his screen writings are related critically to his novels and short stories, they provide an opportunity to watch Faulkner attempt to impose some of his novelistic themes and techniques upon another art form. In sum, they exist as a creative product of Faulkner's mind.

This dissertation resulted from a suggestion made to me by Professor Morris Freedman--that a study of Faulkner's Hollywood

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[3]. See, for example, Rudolph Arnheim, "Film and Reality, <u>Film as Art</u> (Berkeley, 1957), pp. 8-34.

career could be critically significant. This suggestion motivated me to go to Hollywood to see what I could see and find. For a while I didn't see or find much, but eventually, because of luck, contacts, and a slack production season, certain people and studios became helpful and cooperative. Although Hollywood legal practice prohibited my having access to esoteric economic information and some unproduced Faulkner writings,* I did succeed in gathering enough virgin material to make this study productive of reasoned conjectures and conclusions.

The reactions which my inquiries and research received reveal something of the mechanics of the industry and the contemporary attitude of some movie people towards Faulkner. I was denied entrance to most of the studios until, by chance, I met Kenneth MacGowan, retired professor of film art at the University of California at Los Angeles, film critic, and long-time friend of the industry, who advised me to call certain people and to give him as a reference. I did, and as if I had pressed the magic button, doors opened, information materialized, and studio staffs went out of their way to be helpful. This was especially true at Twentieth Century-Fox. Frances Richardson, head of research there, made available to me all the Faulkner material she legally could. Dick Buckins of the story department ransacked the files and found bits and scraps of valuable information.

Curtis Harrington, assistant to producer Jerry

*Although Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor was unable to make available five Faulkner writings: Faulkner Story #2, Honor, Latin American Kingdom, Man Servant, Turn to the Right, those writings which it did make available provide enough critical evidence for valid conclusions about the nature of Faulkner's work during his affiliation with Metro.

Wald and producer of experimental films, worked hard to get me on the set of The Sound and the Fury, where I met Irving and Harriet Ravetch, the husband and wife team who wrote the screenplay for The Long, Hot Summer and The Sound and the Fury, and who discussed with me the problems encountered in adapting literature to film. While on the set I also talked with Marguerite Lamkin, a good friend of Faulkner's, a beautiful young woman with a beautiful smile and a beautiful Southern accent, who has tried to teach actors and actresses engaged in such Southern productions as Baby Doll, The Long, Hot Summer, and The Sound and the Fury, to speak their lines, not trippingly, but slowly and with a Southern intonation and accent. Producers Nunnally Johnson and David Hempstead took time to chat with me and happily related much of the anecdotal material about Faulkner that appears in Chapter Two. After I had completed my research at Fox, Professor Tedlock, who had written about my project to Fox executives in New York, forwarded to me the reply he received from Julian Johnson of Fox. It read, in part:

> We get a number of requests of this kind and with our limited and very busy editorial staff, it is impossible to personally entertain these interrogators, much as it would be our pleasure to do so and equally impossible to give them access to our files, which are not in a state for outside examination.

A wonderfully ironic touch--typical of Hollywood.[4]

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Kenneth MacKenna furnished me with Faulkner material and the comfort of a private conference room. Producer Albert Zugsmith met me on the set of Night of the Quarter Moon and reminisced about the problems he had in making Tarnished Angels, the film version of Pylon. His secretary arranged an interview for me with one of Faulkner's former secretaries, who told about some of Faulkner's idiosyncratic work habits.

The problem I encountered at Warner Brothers was rather unique. John O'Steen, head of the story department, a man with an acute sensitivity toward the film, and eventually a prime source, considered some of the things that Faulkner had written at Warner Brothers unrepresentative of his talents. He refused to disclose any record of them until I assured and reassured him that my intention was not to disparage Faulkner. Mr. O'Steen believes Faulkner to be a great writer and a great person.

---

4. The sentiment expressed in Mr. Johnson's letter is not at all characteristic of either the Twentieth Century-Fox executives or the executives of the other studios at which I researched. The Legal and Public Relations Departments of the various studios were always courteous and helpful. And without the interest and assistance of people like Benjamin Kalmenson, Executive Vice-President of Warner Brothers, my research could not have been completed. In a letter to Professor Tedlock, Mr. Kalmenson wrote: "...I have asked our studio to be prepared for Mr. Sidney's visit, and to extend to him every possible help in his campaign."

Individuals at Paramount still remember with chagrin the tumult caused by The Story of Temple Drake, the Paramount adaptation of Sanctuary. Bernard Feins, executive head of the story department, categorically refused to divulge any information about Faulkner other than that "Faulkner hated what was done with his book." His secretary harangued me over the phone, expressing amazement, outrage and disgust that anyone would waste his time on a writer as sadistic and filthy as William Faulkner. And so it went.

By the time I left California I realized that there were two Hollywoods: the actual Hollywood and the Hollywood of myth; that film is the poetry of motion; that there are people in Hollywood who have never heard of William Faulkner.

CHAPTER ONE

THE SITUATION

Film is an art. Hollywood is a place, and an industry. The aesthetic principle actuates the film; the economic principle actuates Hollywood. The industry dominates the art, replaces the aesthetic with the economic.[1] With rare exceptions, the American motion picture is nothing more than a skillful manipulation of celluloid and illusion with inflated pretensions to artistry. Take the art of the film, subordinate it to the art of making money, add pretensions of all kinds, conservative politics, Wall Street, high divorce rate, high mortality rate, money, debt, heartbreak, and more money, compound with this millions of weekly escape-seekers, and you have the American motion picture industry. Of course there is more. There is some talent and some intelligence. There are directors like John Huston who directs pot-boiler after pot-boiler so that

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1. For an interesting presentation of arguments economic and artistic see Roger Manvell, Film (London, 1950), pp.15-21. Hortense Powdermaker, Hollywood—The Dream Factory (Boston, 1950), p. 29, apprehends the conflict in a broader sense. "The conflict between business and art in Hollywood," she writes, "is a reflection of the conflict within our culture, but it is more sharply focused there than elsewhere. It is not inherent or necessary in the production of movies, but rather a point of view culturally determined and exaggerated there."

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE SYNDICATE

This is an art. Hollywood has plays, also an industry. The assembler principle governs the film; the economic principle governs Hollywood. The industry designates the art, replaces the aesthetic with the economic.[1] With few exceptions, the American motion picture is neither more than a skillful manipulation of reality and illusion with informed predictions to maintain. Then the art of the film, substantiate it to the act of making money, and produce some of all kinds, conservative politics, well dressed, high divorce rate, high mortality rate, money, dash, boardrooms, and more money, composed with this millions of weekly cinema-goers, and you have the American motion picture industry. Of course there is more. There is some talent and some intelligence. There are directors like John Ford who direct pot-boiler after pot-boiler so that

---

[1] For an interesting presentation of arguments concerning and criticism see Roger Manvell, Film (London, 1950), pp.15-21. Hortense Powdermaker, Hollywood--The Dream Factory (Boston, 1950), p. 28, corroborates the conflict in a broader sense. "The conflict between business and art in Hollywood," she writes, is a reflection of the conflict within our culture. But it is more sharply focused there than elsewhere. It is not inherent or necessary in the production of movies, but rather a point of view culturally conditioned and expressed there."

the studio for which he works will make handsome profits and will then allow him to make a picture which he wants to make and which everyone who knows about such things knows will not make money. So John Huston makes The Treasure of Sierra Madre, one of the great American films;[2] it fails to return production costs. The public repudiates the film, the box-office repudiates John Huston, the studio executives repudiate art, humor Huston as one would humor a misguided child, grin and bear the loss. The people have spoken; they have made manifest their desires and tastes. The industry, refusing to acknowledge any responsibility for forming such desires and tastes, turns with a sigh to the forthcoming release of an Andy Hardy.

There are some writers like Ben Hecht, who was paid $125,000 per screenplay and once received $3,500 per day,[3] who refused to identify himself with pictures for which he wrote the screenplays. And there are writers like F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose fate is the rule in Hollywood, rather than the exception.

---

[2]. This opinion is substantiated by two of the finest American film critics: James Agee and Gilbert Seldes. James Agee, Agee on Film (New York, 1958), p. 398, praises the picture as "one of the best things Hollywood has done since it learned to talk." Gilbert Seldes, The Great Audience (New York, 1951), p. 34, feels that the picture was "directed with a surer sense of cinematic art than any other American picture in a decade...."

[3]. Ben Hecht, A Child of the Century (New York, 1955), p. 436.

the studio for which he works will also have very little time left over to make a picture which he wants to make and which everyone who knows about such things knows will not work.[a] So John Barton wants the freedom of Sierra Madre, or the great western [illegible]. He wants to make "[illegible]." The public responsible for this, the box-office representative and theatre, the studio production executive and owner director is not young Peter Mulholland [illegible], but the [illegible]. The people have spoken: they have made [illegible] stars [illegible] [illegible]. For industry, refusing to recognize any responsibility for [illegible] and location, turns [illegible] also to the [illegible] release of an [illegible].

There are some writers like Ben Hecht, who [illegible] $112,000 for screenplay and even received $3,000 per day,[b] who refused to identify Harold Ross pictures for which he wrote the screenplays. And there are writers like [illegible], whose fate is the rule in Hollywood, rather than the exceptions.

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[a] This quotation is substantiated by the of the famous American film critics, James Agee and Nathaniel [illegible]. James Agee, Agee on Film (New York, 1958), p. 299, praises the picture as "one of the best things Hollywood has done since it learned to talk." Nathaniel [illegible], The Great Audience (New York, 1951), p. 83, says that the picture was "directed with a sure sense of cinematic art than any other American picture in a decade...."

[b] Ben Hecht, A Child of the Century (New York, 1954), p. 554.

Fitzgerald's demise is related by Ben Hecht, who sees the repudiation of the writer by Hollywood as symptomatic of its malaise.

> Scotty took a beating for a few years in Hollywood. The blow that knocked him out came on his last script job. He had handed in a scenario based on one of his great short stories, and he had worked lovingly on this script.
>
> "I'd like to be remembered," Scotty said to me, "for having written one movie with nice dialogue in it."
>
> The producer redictated the Fitzgerald script in three days, removing all its dialogue and substituting his own amazondian patter. Fitzgerald's note of protest, written shortly before he died (of many things—Hollywooditis among them) contained the line: "If there's anything I know about writing it's the sound of my generation and the rhythm of its talk." But the producer stayed unmoved and no single word of Scott Fitzgerald's dialogue remained in the last movie he wrote.[4]

And there have been some excellent pictures: Intolerance, Greed, Citizen Kane, The Treasure of Sierra Madre, Monsieur Verdoux, A Place in the Sun, The Gunfighter. David Selznick, who has produced such pictures as Gone with the Wind, has been quoted as saying: "Thirty years—and one good movie in three years is the record. Ten out of ten thousand. There might have been good movies if there had been no movie industry. Hollywood might have become the center of a new human expression if it

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4. Ben Hecht, "Elegy for Wonderland," Esquire, LI (March, 1959), 58.

hadn't been grabbed by a little group of bookkeepers and turned into a junk industry."[5]

The pattern is, and has been, obvious. The film artists—writers, directors, cameramen, technicians—cannot develop the potentialities of the film within its own limitations. They work for a living and, as Louis B. Mayer was fond of saying, they work with somebody else's money. The film artists in Hollywood are the legion of the lost.[6] They are continually harassed by

---

5. Ben Hecht, A Child of the Century, p. 436.

6. According to James Agee, they are more than lost, they are damned.

"Anyone who wants to make creatively interesting movies in this country gets stuck in one of three, or at the outside four, ways, all of them too familiar to require more than mention. If he works in Hollywood, it is unlikely that he will get more than a fraction of his best ability on to the screen; and that is not to mention the liability of resignation to compromise, and of self-deceit. If he works on his own, he is unlikely to get his films distributed or even sporadically shown; and that is not to mention either the difficulty of getting the money and equipment to make the movies or the liability of self-deceit in the direction of arrogance and artiness—the loss of, and contempt for, audience, which can be just as corrupting as its nominal opposite. If, on the other hand, the would-be artist goes abroad to work, he is likely to find, in future, that the advantages are not so clear by a good deal as they were in the past; and unless he is very specialized—and perhaps also a very limited—artist indeed, he is certain to suffer as profoundly by a change of country as he would, if he were a writer, by a change of language. The fourth possibility is paralysis, or resignation to the practice of some more feasible art. Either of these is perhaps preferable to literal suicide, but not practically so as far as the movie artist and movie art are concerned."

Agee on Film (New York, 1958), p. 190.

having been produced by a little group of [illegible] and [illegible] lack homogeneity."[5]

The pictures are just fine here, [illegible]. The film [illegible] writers, directors, cameramen, [illegible] potentialities of the film [illegible]. They work for a living wage, [illegible] work with modesty also's money. The film urgently is [illegible] the ideal." They are [illegible]

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[5]Jon Gawn, A Guide of the Theatre, p. 470.

"According to Gawn [illegible], they are [illegible] are dancers.

"Having the wants to make [illegible] in this country [illegible] of time, or by the [illegible] fact, [illegible] to require more than [illegible]. If he wrote in [illegible] most likely that he will get more [illegible] of his [illegible] ability on the screen and that it [illegible] possible the liability of [illegible] to cooperation and of anti-[illegible]. If he [illegible] is unlikely to get his film distributed [illegible] particularly [illegible] that he not to [illegible] the difficulty of getting the money and [illegible] to make the [illegible] the liability of [illegible] in the direction of [illegible] and artists—they have [illegible] for, [illegible], which are [illegible] just as [illegible] on the other hand, the [illegible] to work, he is likely to find, in [illegible], that the [illegible] are not as [illegible] by a [illegible] as they are in the [illegible] and [illegible] be in very [illegible] and [illegible] also a very [illegible] [illegible]. He is certain to suffer as [illegible] by a change of [illegible] as he [illegible], if he [illegible] a [illegible], to a change of [illegible]. The [illegible] possibility is [illegible] or [illegible] to the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]. Either of these is perhaps [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible], but not [illegible] as far as the [illegible] and [illegible] are concerned."

Jobs on Film (New York, 1938), p. 190.

the business artists and the corporate structure of the industry. Stockholders, boards of directors, studio heads, time study men, exhibitors, committees of censorship, pressure groups of sundry callings, actors and actresses whose only talent resides in a face, a voice, a bust and an expensive agent, columnists like Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons, teen-agers, and any and all other segments of our population which have similar artistic pretensions and qualifications determine what the writer shall write, the cameraman photograph, the director synthesize into, not a film, but a motion picture. Thus the businessmen are provided a ready-made justification for their pictures. After all, they say, we must give the public what it wants. For Louis B. Mayer, mogul of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for thirty years, the public wanted whatever made him laugh or cry.[7] Good, red-blooded American entertainment for good, red-blooded Americans. Jerry Wald, producer of The Long Hot Summer and The Sound and the Fury, uses modern research techniques to discover just what it is the audience wants:

> About a year ago, I inquired of various libraries throughout the world what books of the last fifty years are most often read. I discovered a large number of titles of important books which have not yet been filmed. Producers looking for what in the trade are called "pre-sold" story properties would do well to turn

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[7] Lillian Ross, Picture (New York, 1952), pp. 23-38; 197-198.

> to these "long sellers." The Sound and the Fury, written in 1929, is one of them.[8]

Mr. Wald has passed the old-fashioned Mr. Mayer—in technique, that is. For the results are almost the same. Mr. Wald wouldn't think of putting Sons and Lovers, Winesburg, Ohio, Ulysses, Light in August—books which he discovered to be some of the world's "most read books," the kind of entertainment the mass public wants in motion pictures and the kind of entertainment Mr. Wald is preparing to give them—on the screen without first adulterating them (or as he has so nicely put it, adapting the novel to the requirements of the medium)[9] so that they will make, not Mr. Mayer, but the paying audience, laugh or cry.

The "need to make money" and "what the audience wants" arguments are mere rationalizations employed by those who have little talent, less imagination, and much money and who have learned but have not acknowledged what Soviet, British, and German film theorists and practitioners have been

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8. Jerry Wald, "Faulkner in Hollywood," Films in Review, X (March, 1959), 130-131.

9. Jerry Wald, "From Faulkner to Film," Saturday Review, XLII (March 7, 1959), 16. Dwight MacDonald tells of an interview he had with Wald. After Wald said that he was "gonna do Lawrence's Sons and Lovers next" and that he "just bought Winesburg," MacDonald suggested that "Ulysses would make a splendid movie." Wald replied: "I got an option on it!...It's basically just a father searching for a son. Universal theme!" "No Art and No Box Office," Esquire, LI (March, 1959), 63.

to those "long pullers." The Sound and the Fury, written in 1929, is one of these.

Mr. Wald has passed the aforementioned Mr. Mayer--in intention, that is. For the results are almost the same. Mr. Wald wouldn't think of putting Sons and Lovers, Winesburg Ohio, Ulysses, Light in August--books which he discovered to be some of the world's "most good books," the kind of entertainment the mass public wants in motion pictures and the kind of entertainment Mr. Wald is compelled to give them--on the screen without first adulterating them (or as he has so aptly put it, adapting the novel to the requirements of the medium)[8] so that they will make, not Mr. Faulkner, but the paying audience, laugh or cry.

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[8] Jerry Wald, "From Faulkner to Film," Saturday Review, XLII (March 7, 1959), 16. Dwight Macdonald tells of an interview he had with Wald. After Wald said that he was "going to do Lawrence's Sons and Lovers next" and that he "just bought Winesburg," Macdonald suggested that "Ulysses would make a splendid movie." Wald replied: "I got an option on it!...It's basically about a father searching for a son. Universal theme!" "[illegible] Art and the Box Office," Esquire, LI (March, 1959), 60.

postulating since the Twenties and Thirties—that the motion picture can and does influence, and in some instances, form, public opinion and taste, and that the film is art.

To understand the plight of the artist, especially the screen writer, in Hollywood, and the poor quality of the American motion picture, it is necessary to understand the conditions in which the artist works. It is necessary to understand that the American film is perhaps the finest example of art as the product of economic, political, social, moral, and anti-intellectual determinism. In the pages that follow, the factors responsible for the development of the Hollywood system are described—of necessity in summary fashion—in order to provide such an understanding and to thus establish the milieu, with its traditions and limitations, in which Faulkner worked. Since the restrictions of space do not permit a comprehensive survey, it has been necessary to concentrate on the general features of the system and to neglect the atypical.

It all began on April 23, 1896, when the motion picture as it is known today had its American premiere at Koster and Bial's Music Hall in New York City.[10] In the ensuing forty years, the manufacture of motion pictures became big business.

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[10]. Lewis Jacobs, The Rise of the American Film: A Critical History (New York, 1939), p. 3. Most of the historical material presented in this chapter is taken from Jacobs.

[illegible] Tomkins and Thirlwell—[illegible] to [illegible] pictures [illegible] influence, and in some instances, form, [illegible] and [illegible], and that the time is ripe.

To understand the plays of the [illegible], certainly the [illegible] critic, in [illegible], and the [illegible] of the new [illegible] motion pictures, it is necessary to understand the conditions in which the artist works. It is necessary to understand that the [illegible] FILM is [illegible] the fluid [illegible] of art as the product of economic, political, social, moral, and intellectual determinants. In the pages that follow, the factors responsible for the development of the Hollywood [illegible] are described—by necessity in abstract fashion—in order to provide such an understanding and to show [illegible] the [illegible] with the traditions and limitations, in which failures [illegible] Since the [illegible] of space in such [illegible] a comprehensive survey, it has been necessary to concentrate on the general features at the expense and to neglect the [illegible].

It all began on April 29, 1896, when the motion picture as it is known today and the American premiere of Raster [illegible] Edison's Black Mail in New York City.[10] In the ensuing forty years, the manufacture of motion pictures became big business.

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[10] Lewis Jacobs, The Rise of the American Film: A Critical History (New York, 1939), p. 5. Some of the illustrations material presented in this chapter is taken from Jacobs.

The history of the motion picture industry should be put on the screen, for it is the American success story: small business to big business, entrepreneur to captain of industry, Thomas Alva Edison to John D. Rockefeller and J. P. Morgan. Regardless of what approach one takes, the outstanding characteristics of the industry are economic.

Between 1896 and 1903, motion pictures were nothing more than commodities. Edison saw little future in celluloid and preferred to devote himself to other enterprises. But Edison was not a businessman. Those businessmen who traded in the commodity, however, saw, heard, or felt opportunity knocking, whereupon they organized themselves into solvent and going concerns and immediately endeavored to corner the market. The three pioneer manufacturing companies—Edison, Biograph, and Vitagraph—owned the patent rights to cameras and projectors and were thus able to keep the other opportunistic, but slower, businessmen out of the business until public demand outgrew supply and, so to speak, guaranteed dividends to the new entrepreneur. With profits in the offing, competition grew, and patent rights were readily violated. The enterprising stole cameras and/or projectors; or they borrowed them, copied the design and made their own machines; or they imported them from France. And though by 1903 the industry was still small, two trends were apparent: the monopolistic and the competitive.

The history of the motion pictures in Japan should be left to the screen, for it is the American movies that [illegible] businesses in big business, unnecessary to describe the [illegible] Tokuzo Iwa Takano to form the Nonselfish Tod G. F. Morgan. Many others of some importance are taking the motion picture [illegible] activities of the industry are centered.

Between 1920 and 1924, motion pictures were [illegible] from countries. Japan saw little Tokuzo in [illegible] and preferred to devote himself to other enterprises. The Nikkan was not a [illegible]. Those businessmen who tried in the [illegible] meanwhile, however, saw, learned, or felt opportunity knocking, whereupon the organized businesses into motion and going some [illegible] and immediately endeavoring to enter the market. The three pioneer manufacturing companies—Nikkan, Nonselfish and Tokuzo—owned the patent rights to cameras and projectors and were thus able to keep the other opportunistic, [illegible] slower. Nevertheless most of the business until public demand outgrew supply and, as in [illegible], structures divided in the new enterprises. Most profits in the early days [illegible] [illegible] and patent rights were readily violated. The [illegible] [illegible] stole cameras and/or projectors or they borrowed them, copied the design and made their own [illegible] or they imported them from [illegible]. And though by 1929 the industry was still small, the trends were apparent: the monopolistic and the competitive.

In 1903, with Edwin S. Porter's The Great Train Robbery, the motion pictures learned to tell a story and the motion picture public (at that time, by economic and social standards, the lower class) loved it. The market expanded, and so did the industry. No longer petty businessmen dealing in petty commerce, the entrepreneurs consolidated their position and instituted tried and true trade practices. Harry J. Miles, realizing the virtue of efficiency, organized a film exchange and achieved success as a renter of films. Other men with a sharp eye for reality deduced that people would pay to watch pictures in comfort, and the day of the Nickelodeon arrived. New companies—Lubin, Selig, Kalem, Essanay—entered the production field, and bitter competition ensued. By 1908 "movies were no longer a novelty trade but a permanent mass-production industry."[11] The three important aspects of the industry had been established: production, distribution, and exhibition. Production, because of the demand for pictures, occupied the primary position in this triad.

The period of 1908-1914 was characterized by a violent struggle between the old entrepreneurs and the new entrepreneurs—the urge to monopolize and stabilize versus the urge to compete and succeed. On January 1, 1909, seven American film manufacturers

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11. Ibid., p. 66.

—Edison, Biograph, Vitagraph, Essanay, Selig, Lubin, Kalem—two French companies—Melies and Pathé—and the major distributor and importer of foreign films—George Kleine—announced the formation of the Motion Picture Patents Company.

> All pooled their patent claims, and each received a license to manufacture motion pictures. It was agreed that no additional licenses were to be issued; movie making was to be restricted to these initial nine companies. Edison, acknowledged as the owner of the basic patents, was to be paid a small royalty in return for the use of the instruments. To strengthen their plan to control and monopolize the production of all motion pictures, the Motion Picture Patents Company contracted with the largest manufacturer of raw film stock, the Eastman Kodak Company, to supply the licensed members of the pool with raw film.[12]

Done with the finesse of a Rockefeller. But the motion picture industry was not the oil industry. Out of the once competitive chaos bitter opposition to the trust materialized, and the Patents Company was forced to parley its bid for control by establishing a national film exchange.

> Consolidation and control of the exchanges by the Patents Company seemed the only method by which the situation could be kept in hand by the equipment manufacturers. In 1910 they organized the General Film Company as a distribution

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12. Ibid., p. 82.

> subsidiary. This marks the beginning of the integration process in the motion picture industry.[13]

They lost. William Fox, owner of the Greater New York Film Rental Company, found the Wilson administration amenable and brought suit against the trust under the Sherman Act. Independent manufacturers gained incentive from the constantly growing audience, defied the trust by cutting prices, introducing the "star system," and trying to make better pictures; they shifted the center of production from New York to Los Angeles, where in addition to the good climate, cheap labor force, and cooperation of the business and real estate interests, the nearness of the Mexican border all but immunized them to injunction and subpoena. The feature film, introduced in the United States in 1912 by Adolph Zukor, won the public away from the short one-reeler that was produced by the trust manufacturers and distributed by the General Film Company.

Although the trust was not legally buried until 1917, it was effectually dead by 1914. During its short life, however, it pointed the way, and by 1914, the patterns of control for the industry had been established.

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13. Mae D. Huettig, Economic Control of the Motion Picture Industry: A Study in Industrial Organization. (Philadelphia, 1944), p. 15.

> Although patents were apparently ruled out as instruments of control in the motion picture industry, the history of the patent trust had been very instructive. It had demonstrated that control rested with distribution and that distribution had to be on a national basis to obtain maximum earnings on films. The strategic element in distribution worked in two directions: exhibitors were dependent upon distributors for films; producers were equally dependent upon them for outlets. In barest outline, these were the mechanics for achieving domination of the motion picture industry at that time. Later, when the process of integration had rendered distribution an almost mechanical subsidiary of producing companies, the emphasis shifted to first-run theatres, but this did not happen until the early twenties.[14]

Paramount Pictures Corporation, established in 1914, learned the lesson well. It integrated production and distribution and set the pace for the industry during the war years. To combat Paramount, other production and exchange companies merged, and while Wilson and the United States were waging a war to end wars, the motion picture industry was embroiled in a distribution battle which wiped out many of the pioneer production companies.[15]

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[14] Ibid., pp. 16-17.

[15] "Movie distribution, thus taking on a greater importance than ever, entered a significant phase in its development. It was no longer the business of middlemen who competed for the ownership of a film; it became an effective means for the producers to consolidate their forces, eliminate rivals, and control the market. Production itself became secondary to distribution.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

When the war ended in 1918, Paramount, VLSE, Triangle, the Universal Company, the Fox Corporation, and First National dominated the Hollywood scene. The "star system," the "formula picture," and large scale advertising had become the trade practices with which producers standardized the product and inculcated the American people with "the habit." The integration of production and distribution had led to the development of complex, interlocking organizations so typical of other American industries. The subordination of production to distribution signalled the demise of the American film as art.

Lewis Jacobs calls the post-war period the period of intensification. That it was--and more. It was the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover period, the lost generation period, the Wall Street and stock-market period. It was the period in which Hollywood lost its head, lost its perspective, and lost whatever art it potentially possessed. It was a period in which Hollywood inebriated itself with "normalcy," optimism and money, and while inebriated sold itself to finance capitalism. It was, as Nathanael West so aptly phrased it, "the day of the locust."

The real estate war that swept the industry in the Twenties made the previous struggles over production and

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15.(cont.)
quantity distribution, recognized as the prime requisite for profit-making, was tackled by the competing producers on a vast scale." Jacobs, pp. 164-165.

When the war ended in 1918, Vanderveer, Vogel, Tilney, the Universal Company, the Ox Corporation, and Sirk's National dwindled the Hollywood scene. The "outer circle," the "Fortnightly Club," the large social institutions had become the iron structures like Silent producers administered the product and insulated the creative people with "the habit." The integration of production and distribution had led to the emergence of complex, interlocking organizations as typical of other American industries. The subordination of production to distribution signalled the demise of the moguls like Warner, Loew, Zukor, Lasky, Fox, Carr, Laemmle, Selznick, Mayer, Cohn, Schenck, Thalberg, Goldwyn, Lewis, Zanuck, Warner. It was the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover period, the last Republican period, the "Bull Street and Wall-Street period." It was the period in which Hollywood lost its-news, lost its perspective, and lost whatever art it potentially possessed. It was a period in which Hollywood inductrated itself with "economics," "systems," and "money," and while incorporated into closely to finance capitalism. It was, as Katharine Hepburn phrased it, "the day of the lawyers."

The real estate war that swept the industry in the Twenties made the previous struggles over production and

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15.(cont.)
monthly distribution, recognized as the prime requisite for profit-making was handled by the competing producers on a vast scale." Jacobs, pp. 164-165.

distribution seem like a game of charades played by innocents. The stakes were high and so was the goose. He who controlled exhibition controlled the industry. Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount, precipitated the war by buying up theatres and ruthlessly forcing out of business those theatre owners who would not sell. First National and Metro jumped in and brought Wall Street with them. To purchase real estate required enormous sums of money, and although Hollywood had its millionaires—William Fox, Adolph Zukor, Marcus Loew, George K. Spoor, Samuel Goldwyn, Jesse Lasky, Richard Rowland, Louis B. Mayer, Carl Laemmle, and others—they were, after all, only millionaires.

> Wall Street banking houses, issuing stocks lavishly, poured millions into the laps of the merging film companies to meet their ever-expanding needs. New men from Wall Street, educated in finance, became the overseers of the motion picture business. Characteristic of the new managerial figures were two directors of a new and powerful company, Loew's: W. C. Durant, at that time also head of General Motors Corporation, and Harvey Gibson, president of the Liberty National Bank. Kuhn, Loeb and Company had already entered the field to back Famous-Players-Lasky; now the DuPonts and the Chase National Bank undertook to finance Edgar Selwyn and Samuel Goldwyn...in their new enterprise, Goldwyn Pictures. Loew, Pathé, and Fox listed stock on the New York Stock Exchange for public investment....By 1925 stock issues had been floated also for Metro-Goldwyn and Universal.[16]

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16. Ibid., p. 288.

distribution seem like a game of musical chairs played by innocents. The stakes were high and so was the gamble. In the centralized capitalistic economies of the Soviet Union, Italy, Germany, Japan, Hungary, propaganda was used by rulers to discover and reward loyalty during one of history's most intensive moments, the nation's last call. Fires flickered and water jumped in and around all areas with them. In purchase real estate speculation companies of money, and although Hollywood and the entertainment-million dollar, Adolph Zukor, Harman Loewy Lorenz R. Sharp, Samuel Goldwyn, Jesse Lasky, Richard Barthelmess, Louis B. Mayer, Wolf Lemmle, and others--they were, after all, only millionaires.

> Hollywood's banking business, leaning upward invariably, poured millions into the face of the surging film companies to make them over-capitalized leaders. The film land still flicked, reminded in film-ness, notice the awareness of the medium picture industry. Characteristic of the new monopolistic figures were the directors of a new and powerful company, Loew's. R. E. Merrill, M. Ewer also head of several motion pictures, and Harvey Gibson, president of the Liberty National Bank. Banks and company and already embed the finish to back Famous-Players-Lasky now the Paramount and the Chase National Bank seemed to finance Major Delyan and Zukor Solstyn...in their new enterprise, motion Pictures. Loew, Fox, and Fox listed stock on the New York Stock Exchange for public investment...by 1928 stock issue had been floated also for Metro-Goldwyn and Universal.[10]

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[10] Ibid., p. 289.

The industry developed a corporate structure. Independent companies failed or were absorbed by the giants. The three aspects of the industry—production, distribution, and exhibition—were integrated and a new monopolistic hegemony established. Production was further subordinated and the motion picture achieved assembly-line mediocrity. The industry lost its financial independence and its control over its own product. But the abnegation did not stop with financial dependence. Warner Brothers, a relatively new corporation which had been pushed to the wall in the battle for outlets, gambled all on science, and won. On August 26, 1926, it released the first picture with sound accompaniment—Don Juan. The audience (which now also included the, economically and socially speaking, middle class) again loved it, and before long the scramble was on to install sound equipment. Western Electric and the Radio Corporation of America owned the sound equipment patents; Western Electric was controlled by the Morgan interests, and RCA by the Rockefeller interests.

The coup, however, was delivered by the stock-market crash in an unexpected and ironic manner. Although fortunes were lost and real-estate depreciated, box-office receipts did not fall off—they grew. Wall Street watched the motion picture industry resist the depression and decided to achieve complete control. This they did when the novelty of sound were off in

The industry developed a vertigo of ventures. Independent companies failed or were absorbed by the giants. The three aspects of the industry—production, distribution, and exhibition—were integrated into a few monopolistic hierarchy corporations. Production was further subordinated and the writer, director and actor became assembly-line workers. The industry lost its financial independence and its control over its own product. But the Hollywood did not keep with financial depression. Larger factories, a relatively new corporation, which had been forced to the wall in the battle for control, remained all on schedule, and were. On August 30, 1929, it released the first talkie with sound accompaniment—"The Jazz Singer". The feature (which was also featured song, dancing, and spoken speaking, middle class) again loved it, and before long the movie was on to instant sound equipment. Western Electric and the Radio Corporation of America owned the sound equipment patents; Western Electric was controlled by the Bell System interests, and RCA by the Westinghouse interests.

The coup, however, was delivered by the stock-market crash in an unexpected and tragic manner. Although fortunes were lost and real-estate depreciated, box-office receipts did not fall off—they grew. Wall Street wanted the movies during industry realized the depression and decided to achieve complete control. This was done when the novelty of sound was off in

1933 and the public stopped supporting the industry. Saddled with a huge debt from the purchase of property and sound equipment, the major companies, with the exception of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, declared bankruptcy and were delivered into the hands of receivers.

By 1935, then, two major financial interests—Morgan and Rockefeller—controlled the eight studios which dominated the motion picture industry. Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Twentieth Century-Fox, Warner Brothers, Radio-Keith-Orpheum, Universal, Columbia, and United Artists produced and distributed almost all of the pictures made in this country and abroad, and owned the most important theatres.[17] A virtual monopoly existed, based on finance and not art. And since the outcome of this intense struggle for power did not depend on the quality of the product but on the ability of an organization to market the product, the aesthetic possibilities of the film were completely suppressed by the profit motive.

> ...only briefly in the commercial history of the motion picture has the chief emphasis been on the product itself....from the beginning the film has often been exploited, not primarily as a thing profitable in itself but as a means of profiting from the exploitation of related merchandise, i.e.,

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17. For a discussion of the control achieved through ownership of theatres, see Seuttig (Chapter Two) and the report of the Temporary National Economic Committee of the 76th Congress, The Motion Picture Industry—A Pattern of Control, Monograph No. 43 (Washington, 1941).

1933 and the public demand supporting the industry. Coupled with a large loss from the process of property and asset consolidation, the major studios, with the exception of Warner-Vitagraph, declared bankruptcy and were activated into the "Big Five" of producers.

By 1935, three, the major financial interests--Morgan and Rockefeller--controlled the eight studios which dominated the motion picture industry. Paramount, Loew's-MGM, Warner, Twentieth Century-Fox, Fanchon Marco, Radio-Keith-Orpheum, Universal, Columbia, and United Artists produced and distributed almost all of the pictures made in this country and abroad, and owned the most important theaters.[17] A strong monopoly existed, based on finance and not art. And since the outcome of this intense struggle for power did not depend on the quality of the product but on the ability of an organization to market the product, the marketable possibilities of the film were completely appreciated by the profit motive.

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> equipment, real estate, etc.....The fact that the major producers of films have not been forced to rely exclusively on the excellence of the product itself may contribute to an understanding of many questions concerning the progress of the film as an art-form.... The production of films by the major companies is not really an end in itself, on the success or failure of which the company's existence depends; it is an instrument directed toward the accomplishment of a larger end, i.e., the domination of the theatre market.[18]

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18. Heuttig, pp. 3-4, 69.

In Hollywood, where motion pictures are made, there existed in 1935 a unique power structure. With a few exceptions, the men who controlled production knew little if anything about the actual "making" of a picture. In New York and President and the Board decided overall corporation policy.[19] In Hollywood, their appointees—front-office men trained in management, finance and efficiency—decided production policy. They decided what pictures were to be made, how they were to be made, who was to direct them, who to play in them, how they were to be cut, and all other matters of craft. Their objective was to make money; their means to this end were standardized, formula pictures with big stars and innocuous themes. If a writer, director, or cameraman slipped something novel or controversial into a picture, they exorcised it long before it could affect the tender sensibilities of the paying public. These front-office men were the executive producers. They topped the

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19. Manvell, p. 148. His comments on the interrelationship between production policy and the film are acute and provocative. Powdermaker, pp. 82ff., attempts to show how the power structure of the industry determines the quality of the film. Heuttig, p. 67, maintains a strictly economic approach to the problem. She writes: "The structure of the major companies is important because there is a real and direct connection between the way in which they are set up, the kind of people who run them, and the kind of films produced. This is the reason for emphasis on the fact that the capital assets of the dominant companies are so largely land, buildings, and real estate. Where an investment takes this form, it

In Hollywood, where movies actually are made, there existed in 1930 a unique power structure. With a few exceptions, the men who controlled production knew little of anything about the actual "making" of a picture. In New York and Washington and the Ford Hearing overall corporation policy.[10] In Hollywood, their apprentices—studio-office men trained in "economy, finance and efficiency-minded production policy. They decided what pictures were to be made, how they were to be made, who was to direct them, who to star in them, how they were to be cut, and all other matters of craft. Their objective was to make money; their means to this end were standardized, formula pictures with big stars and innocuous themes. If a writer, director, or cameraman aligned something novel or controversial into a picture, they exercised it long before it could affect the tender sensibilities of the young public. These front-office men were the executive producers. They topped the

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10. Seavell, p. 146. His comments on the interrelationship between production policy and the film are acute and provocative. Powdermaker, pp. 227f., attempts to show how the power structure of the industry determines the quality of the film. Dowling, p. 47, initiates a strictly economic approach to the problem. The writer: "The structure of the major companies is important because there is a real and direct connection between the way in which they are set up, the kind of people who run them, and the kind of films produced. This is the reason for economia on the fact that the capital needs of the dominant companies are so largely fixed, particularly, and real estate. Where an investment takes this form, it

power structure in the film colony because they made the most money and because they were the court of last resort.[20]

Directly under them in the power hierarchy were the producers—those who were responsible for individual pictures. Whereas the executive producer was adept at finance, the producer was generally inept and owed his position to nepotism or some other kind of "pull."[21] Taken as a class, producers controlled the actual making of a picture. They imposed their business mentality upon the studios they directed and the pictures they supervised. Excepting producers like Irving Thalberg, Samuel Goldwyn, Nunnally Johnson, Darryl Zanuck, they functioned as a static and levelling influence, breeding mediocrity. Their power and status were ascribed and not earned. They held the film artists—writers, directors, cameramen—in continual subjugation.

19.(cont.) is not surprising that the executive personnel should consist of men skilled primarily in the art of selecting theatre sites, manging [sic] real estate, and financing operations, rather than of talented producers."

20. The best analyses of the structure of the production phase of the industry are to be found in Powdermaker and in a fine study by Leo C. Rosten, Hollywood: The Movie Colony and the Movie Makers (New York, 1941).

21. Powdermaker, p. 108, and Hecht, A Child of the Century, pp. 443-444.

power structure in the film colony because they made the more money and because they won the "battle of last resort."[20]

Obviously under them in the power structure were the directors—those who were responsible for "artistic" pictures. Whereas the executive producer was concerned with finance, the director was generally known and cared his reputation on "quality" or some other kind of "pull."[21] Under the director, producers controlled the actual making of a picture. They increased their business mentality upon the studios they directed and the pictures they supervised. Producing producers like Irving Thalberg, Samuel Goldwyn, Hunnally Johnson, Darryl Zanuck, Lucy Fleetwood as a studio and lavishing influence, creating mediocrity. Their power and status were startling and not covered. They held the film artists—writers, directors, cameramen—in continual subjugation.

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"Powdermaker, p. 108, and Rosten, A Study of the Industry, pp. 440-444.

The situation had not always been so. There was a time when the director—the true film artist—exercised total control over the film, when he unified all aspects of production in terms of his artistic conceptions.[22] This was before the industry became big business. Directors like D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince, Maurice Tourneaur, Mack Sennett, Charlie Chaplin, Robert Flaherty contributed to film art. They were their own producers. With the innovation of sound and Wall Street in 1926, the day of the director ended.[23]

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22. Manvell, p. 26.

23. "As costs of production mounted and control settled into the hands of Wall Street bankers, the producer-supervisor was brought into the studio to oversee production. This new kind of executive, appointed by the Eastern financiers, was to assume more and more power, making the director, stars, and other movie workers mere pawns in production, of which he assumed full charge. The producer-supervisors set about making 'entertainment the public wants.' They had little creative imagination and were ruled by practical concerns....Business men and executives, but not craftsmen, they began to emphasize the more obvious aspects of their commodities, telling the exhibitor—and through him the public—what to look for in a picture.

"Production methods under this rigid system became mechanized; the 'assembly line' appeared in Hollywood. The resulting standardization of pictures caused the downfall of the most important directors during the late twenties.

The structure had not always been so. There was a time when the director--the true film artist--controlled total control over the film, when he walled all aspects of production in terms of his artistic conceptions.[28] This was before the industry became big business. Directors like D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince, Mack Sennett, Cecil B. DeMille, Robert Flaherty contributed to film art. They were their own producers. With the introduction of sound and full screen in 1929, the day of the director ended.[29]

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[28] Marvell, p. 29.

[29] "Processes of production remained and control was taken into the hands of full time bosses, the producer-supervisor was brought into the studio to oversee production. This new kind of executive, appointed by the Eastern financiers, was to manage more and more people, making the decision, share, and what movie workers more power in production, of value be assured full charge. The producer-supervisors not about making 'entertainment the public wants.' They had little creative imagination and were ruled by practical concerns...Studios men had conservative, left out creatives, they began to emphasize the more obvious aspects of their commodities, selling the exhibitor--and through him the public--what to look for in a picture.

"Production methods under this rigid system became mechanized, the 'assembly line' approach to hollywood. The resulting standardization of pictures caused the downfall of the most important directors during the late twenties.

And, of course, the downfall of the director was accompanied by the downfall of the writer, for the two usually worked together on a picture. With inventiveness, and not original creative power the studio prerequisite, hack-writers of all kinds flocked to Hollywood. Thus the pattern of mediocrity was institutionalized. Ben Hecht has pointed out the irony of the situation. "There is," he writes, "not much difference between the product of a good writer and a bad one. They both have to toe the same mark."[24]

Eisenstein and Pudovkin, the great Soviet directors and film theorists, have argued for an organic approach to the film.[25] Since the making of a film depends, by nature, on a collaborative effort, they reserved dialectics for montage

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23. (cont.) "As the director was shorn of his creative power, films became increasingly monotonous. Men with a passion for the movies and with promising talents were turned into orderlies, taking orders from superiors far less imaginative. The efforts of creative individuals to break through the limits set by the studios new production chiefs were in most cases futile." Jacobs, pp. 295-296.

24. Hecht, A Child of the Century, p. 442.

25. Sergei Eisenstein, Film Form, ed. and trans. Jay Leyda (New York, 1957), pp. 84-107, 179-194. V. I. Pudovkin, Film Technique and Film Acting, trans. Ivor Montagu (New York, 1949), pp. 51-136. See also Michael Orrom and Raymond Williams, Preface to Film (London, 1954), p. 65.

And, of course, the downfall of the director was accomplished by the downfall of the screen, for the two usually turned up together on a placard. Both screenplay and not original creative power the studio proclaiming, dash-writers of all sorts flocked to Hollywood. Thus the matters of authenticity was instructionalized. Don Moore has pointed out the irony of the situation. "There is," he writes, "not much difference between the product of a good writer and a bad one. They both have to toe the-line work."[44]

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22. (cont.) the director was above of his creative power, film became increasingly mechanical. Then with a passion for the making and with promising talents were burned into oblivion, taking orders from superiors for less imaginative. The efforts of creative individuals to break through the limits set by the machine mass production objets were in most cases futile." Jacobs, op. 280-290.

44. Moore, A Guide to the Movies, p. 142.

45. Sergei Eisenstein, Film Form, ed. and trans. Jay Leyda (New York, 1957), pp. 34-107, 122-128. V. I. Pudovkin, Film Technique and Film Acting, trans. Ivor Montagu (New York, 1949), pp. 31-135. See also Richard Corson and Kenneth Crist, Profiles in Film (London, 1954), p. 55.

and advocated an integration of craft specialists. Their films—Potemkin, Ten Days That Shook the World, Old and New, Mother, The End of St. Petersburg, Storm Over Asia—confirm the validity of their insight.[26]

While Eisenstein, Pudovkin, and Dovzhenko were transcending the aesthetically debilitating demands of social realism and proving that film is art, Hollywood established a system of craft specialization that inhibited integration, rejected the integrity of the craftsman and the artist, and foisted upon the industry a conflict of interests which could not be synthesized. The producer and the points of view which he represented versus the writer and director. Leo Rosten, author of perhaps the best sociological study of the industry, apprehends the conflict in terms of basic motivation—money opposed to sense.

> The producer wants to gratify popular taste; the writer wants to improve it. The producer wants to make pictures which make a profit; the writer wants to write pictures which make him feel proud. The producer wants to "entertain" the audience; the writer wants to move, influence, or enlighten the public.[27]

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26. Jacobs, pp. 312-324. Manvell, pp. 53-58. Maurice Bardeche and Robert Brasillach, History of the Film, ed. and trans. Iris Barry (London, 1938), pp. 266-283.

27. Rosten, p. 307.

and advocated an integration of craft specialists. Their films—*Vampyr*, *The Love Test*, *Crack in the World*, *Oil and Water*, *Nathalie*, *The Land of the Dykemakers*, *Ballet Mécanique*, *Anémic Cinéma*—exploit the reality of their imagery.[30]

While Cocteau, Dulac, and Deslaudes were experimenting with cinematic and psychologically destabilizing themes of mental reality and proving that film is art, Hollywood established a system of market specialization that inhibited independent filmmaking. Freeing the integrity of the craftsman and the artist, and focused upon the industry a condition of interests which could not be synthesized. The producer and the points of view which he represented versus the writer and director. Who knows, asking of perhaps the best sociological study of the industry, experiences the conflict in terms of inner contradictions—money opposed to art.

> The producer wants to "realize profits" based on the writer wants to improve his. The producer wants to make pictures which make a profit; the writer wants to write pictures which make him feel proud. The producer wants to "entertain" the audience; the writer wants to move, influence, or enlighten the public.[31]

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[30] Jacobs, pp. 31-32. Morvell, pp. 52-56. Marcel Lapierre and Robert Bresillon, *Dictionary of the Film*, tr. and trans. Iris Barry (London, 1930), pp. 120-122.

[31] Jacobs, p. 317.

There is no better description of the conflict of interests between the director and producer—and the inevitable result—than Lillian Ross' book Picture, a detailed account of the making of The Red Badge of Courage. What John Huston, a great director, considered a great film was destroyed piece by piece. First by Louis B. Mayer, the head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; then by the sneak-preview public; then by Dore Schary, executive producer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; then by Nicholas B. Schenck, president of Loew's. The Red Badge of Courage that appeared on the screen was not The Red Badge of Courage which John Huston had filmed. Yet he received the credit, and responsibility, for it. Nor is there anything unique or surprising in this story. Given the patterns of control within the industry, and the power structure of the production studios, the remarkable event is the release of a good film—a rare occurence which can be attributed to the fortuitous juxtaposition and collaboration of an intelligent producer, writer, and director and an oversight by the Home Office.

The studio power structure had its political, as well as social and aesthetic aspects. By and large, the studio heads were staunchly conservative. The motion picture interests banded together in 1934 and used the screen unscrupulously to defeat Upton Sinclair's gubernatorial bid.[28]

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28. Boston, pp. 133-138. See also R. S. Ames, "The Screen Enters Politics," Harpers Magazine, 170 (May, 1935), pp. 478-482. Perhaps the best account of Hollywood politics in the Thirties and Forties is in Boston, pp. 133-162.

There is no better description of the conflicts of interest between the director and producer—and the inevitable result—than Lillian Ross' book *Picture*, a detailed account of the making of *The Red Badge of Courage*. Just when Huston, a great adventurer, established a great film was destroyed piece by piece. First by Louis B. Mayer, the head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; then by the anti-Roosevelt public; then by Dore Schary, executive producer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; then by Eddie H. Schenck, president of Loew's. *The Red Badge of Courage* that appeared on the screen was not *The Red Badge of Courage* which John Huston had filmed. Yet in spirit he would, and responsibility, for it. Not is there anything unique or surprising in this story. Given the patterns of control within the industry, and the power structure of the production studios, the recognizable event in the release of a good film—a rare occurrence which can be attributed to the fortuitous juxtaposition and collaboration of an independent producer, writer, and director and an overright by the home office.

The studio power structure had its politics, as well as social and economic impact. By mid 1947, the studio heads were staunchly conservative. The motion picture interests banded together in 1928 and used the screen appropriately to defeat Upton Sinclair's gubernatorial bid.[20]

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[20] Huston, op. cit., 1-2. See also H. L. Mencken, "The Screen Lights Up Sinclair," *Literary Digest*, 103 (Nov. 10, 1928), 22. Mencken reviews the best account of Hollywood politics in the thirties and fourties is in Rogoff, op. cit., 1-18.

Louis B. Mayer and colleagues fought Roosevelt and the New Deal while graciously accepting the benefits of National Recovery Administration. The efforts of screen writers to unionize were continually thwarted.[29] It was not until 1941 that the producers agreed to recognize the Screen Writers Guild.

The political outlook of the power elite determined, in part, the content of the motion picture. While the country wallowed in the depression, the three major types of pictures made in Hollywood were "sex dreams, animated fantasies, and historical romances...."[30] When the cameras did turn to the depression, their realm of selection was limited.

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29. "For two decades the movie writers in the low salary brackets (of whom there are plenty) were not given the protection of minimum wages or minimum periods of employment. They were discharged with no advance notice; their employment was sporadic and their tenure short-lived. They were laid off for short-term periods, under contract but without pay. They worked on stories on which other writers were employed, without knowing who their collaborators (or competitors) were. Their right to screen credits was mistreated by certain producers who allotted credit to their friends or relatives or—under pseudonyms—to themselves. They were frequently offered the bait of speculative writing without either guarantees or protection in the outcome." Rosten, p. 318.

30. Charles and Mary Beard, <u>America in Midpassage</u> (New York, 1939), II, 593.

Lewis H. Hayes and William Joseph Lonergan, and the two had write prematurely excepting the heroine of national recovery administration. The efforts of screen writers to authors were continually thwarted.[29] It was not until 1941 that the producers agreed to recognize the Screen Writers Guild.

The political outlook of the poor white intellectual, like most, was neurotic of the motion picture. While the economy wallowed in the depression, the three major types of pictures made in Hollywood were "sex dramas, animated fairytales, and historical romances...."[30] Even the movies did have to take depression, their realm of motivation was limited.

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[29] "For the decades the movie writers in the low salary brackets (of whom there are plenty) were not given the prerogative of claiming wages or minimum periods of employment. They were discharged with no reason noticing their employment and specially and their sources short-lived. They were laid off for short-term periods, under contracts but without pay. They worked on stories on which other writers were employed, without knowing who their collaborators (or competitors) were. Their right to screen credits was minimized by media producers who allotted credit to their friends or relatives or—under pseudonyms—to themselves. They were frequently offered the best of opportunities working without either guarantees or protection in the outcome." Hughes, op. cit.

[30] Charles and Mary Beard, America in Midpassage (New York: Macmillan, 1939), p. 555.

> Movies took up the defense of the financier by either significantly avoiding the issue or by presenting the banker as a high-spirited public servant....the conflict between organized labor and capital...was represented in movies mainly from the viewpoint of the employer. Unionism was smeared, strikers slandered, the causes of industrial conflict identified with personal jealousies.[31]

Thus the writer had little opportunity to maintain his integrity and creativity. Art as the product of economic, social and political determinism.

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31. Lewis, pp. 517-518.

When "normalcy" was restored and the world achieved the status of the best of all possible, the patrons of the golden screen suddenly decided that for all its make-believe and mediocrity, the motion picture lacked something. Morality! And the moment the movie makers realized that virtuous-minded citizens—apostles of righteousness—could affect box-office receipts, they succumbed to fear and opened wide the door for threat, censorship, and suasion.[32] The content of the motion picture was permanently relegated to the level of an adolescent audience.

Rather than accept external censorship, the industry, in 1922, formulated a system of "self-censorship." The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America was organized by the major companies and Will H. Hays, Harding's postmaster-general, was invited to direct it.[33] "His position as an elder of the Presbyterian church made him a symbol of respectability for the producers."[34] Respectability enough at $100,000

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32. "Hollywood, like any other business, is basically unconcerned with morality. But it has had to take on a moral system from powers outside and foreign to it." Powdermaker, p. 80.

33. Ruth Inglis, Freedom of the Movies: A Report on Self-Regulation from the Commission on Freedom of the Press (Chicago, 1947), p. 88.

34. Ibid., p. 88.

When "Wolfman" was released and the world saw the stories of the boys of all nationality, the schools of the Soviet Union suddenly decided that for all its anti-Soviet [illegible] modernity, the Soviet Union ought to exist. Yesterday's lad has become the movie screen realized that virtuous-minded citizens—supporters of Pioneer—would after hard-working receipts, they succeeded in lack and opened with the door for [illegible], generally, and [illegible].[63] The movement of the Soviet [illegible] was particularly relegated to the level of an [illegible] [illegible].

Rather than merely external decorations, the industry in 1928, formulated a system of "self-consciously." The Soviet Union Producers and Distributors of America was organized by the major companies and Will H. Hays, Harding's postmaster general, was invited to direct it.[64] "It's position as an ally of the Prohibitionists strength made him a symbol of respectability for the producers."[65] Respectability among as [illegible]

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[63] "Hollywood, like any other business, is basically concerned with morality. But it has had to take on a moral status from [illegible] outside and forcing to it." Powdermaker, p. 98.

[64] Jack Alicoate, Directory of the Motion Picture Industry (Hollywood: The Hollywood Publishing Co., 1927), p. 98.

[65] Ibid., p. 98.

a year. On accepting office on March 4, 1922, he delivered his "declaration of faith."

> We must have toward that sacred thing, the mind of a child, toward that clean and virgin thing, that unmarked slate—we must have toward that the same sense of responsibility, the same care about impressions made upon it, that the best teacher or the best clergyman, the most inspired teacher of youth would have.[35]

To protect the minds of children, the Production Code Administration was instituted to review, regulate, and pass judgment on all films.

As often happens, however, something went wrong. Immorality had not been driven from the screen. In 1930 the Catholics joined the Presbyterians; Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., authored a new document—the Motion Picture Production Code.[36] After affirming that "motion picture producers recognize the high trust and confidence which have been placed in them by the people of the world," the Code gets down to specifics, among which are:

> Crimes Against the Law (These shall never be presented in such a way as to throw sympathy with the crime as against law and justice or to inspire others with a desire for imitation.)
>
> Sex (The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld. Pictures shall not infer that low forms of sex relationship are the accepted or common thing.)

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35. Beard, p. 608.

36. Inglis, p. 116.

> Vulgarity (The treatment of low, disgusting, unpleasant, though not necessarily evil, subjects should be guided always by the dictates of good taste and a proper regard for the sensibilities of the audience.)[37]

After the specifics come the philosophical reasons. In part:

> It has often been argued that art in itself is unmoral, neither good nor bad. This is perhaps true of the THING which is music, painting, poetry, etc. But the thing is the PRODUCT of some person's mind, and the intention of that mind was either good or bad morally when it produced the thing. Besides, the thing has its EFFECT upon those who come into contact with it....Hence: The motion pictures, which are the most popular of modern arts for the masses, have their moral quality from the intention of the minds which produce them and from their effects on the moral lives and reactions of their audiences. This gives them a most important morality.[38]

No need to become involved in casuistry here when the "Reasons Underlying Particular Applications," especially those pertaining to sex, are so edifying:

> Out of regard for the sanctity of marriage and the home, the <u>triangle</u>, that is, the love of a third party for one already married, needs careful handling. The treatment should not throw sympathy against marriage as an institution.
>
> Even within the limits of <u>pure love</u>, certain facts have been universally regarded by lawmakers as outside the limits of safe presentation.

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37. <u>Ibid</u>., pp. 206-207. The Production Code is printed in full as an Appendix in Inglis' book.

38. <u>Ibid</u>., p. 213.

> In the case of impure love, the love which society has always regarded as wrong and which has been banned by divine law, the following are important:
>
> 1. Impure love must not be presented as attractive and beautiful.
> 2. It must not be the subject of comedy or farce, or treated as material for laughter.
> 3. It must not be presented in such a way as to arouse passion or morbid curiosity on the part of the audience.
> 4. It must not be made to seem right and permissible.
> 5. In general, it must not be detailed in method and manner.[39]

With his material so carefully prescribed and proscribed for him, all the writer had to do was look around and present life as it actually was. Only writers with impure minds saw workers who didn't love their bosses, criminals with complex motives, men and women with sexual appetites, married people who slept with each other, corruption in public office, flaws in the social system.

By 1934 it was evident that the motion picture industry had become a sanctuary for the impure-minded, and a new and more insidious kind of pressure was exerted by the guardians of morality: the organized pressure group wielding the threat of economic boycott. The Legion of Decency was organized and fought to have Father Lord's Code observed and respected;

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39. Ibid., pp. 217-218.

Hollywood capitulated readily, and to Joseph I. Breen, a young Catholic newspaperman, was entrusted the enforcement of the Code.[40]

The success of the Legion of Decency served as a stimulus for other organized pressure groups, and the motion picture industry became susceptible to potential economic boycott from almost any significant area of society.[41]

Sing no sad songs for the industry, though. It brought it on itself. Conditioned to expect 100% to 300% profits on pictures, the leaders of the industry sacrificed self-respect for money. Instead of assuming the role of moulders of public taste and opinion, the movie makers repudiated the integrity of their own product. "Betrayed! Betrayed! A false alarm on the night bell once answered—it cannot be made good, not ever."

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40. Ibid., pp. 120-125.

41. "The movie producer is no more powerful. The Catholics, Methodists, the organized morticians, the state department, the southerners, the Jews, the doctors, all put their pressure on the vehicle that is being prepared for mass distribution. Piety or decency protects some minority groups that have no lobbies. The movie maker acts as a broker among these veto groups in a situation much too intricate to encourage his taking a firm, moralizing stance. At best, he or someone in his organization may sneak a moral and political message into a film as Roosevelt or someone in his organization sneaked over an appointment or a new co-ordinating agency. The message, the appointment, the agency—none of them could get very far in the Alice in Wonderland croquet game of the veto groups." David Riesman, The Lonely Crowd (New York, 1956), p. 246.

Hollywood capitalized reality, and as Joseph L. Breen, a young Catholic newspaperman, was entrusted the enforcement of the Code,

the success of the legion of Decency worked as a stimulus for other organized pressure groups, and the movies finally capitulated because discretionary to potential economic boycotts from almost any significant area of society.[41]

Money was and among for the industry, though. It brought it on itself. Established to export 100% to 200% profits on pictures, the leaders of the industry sacrificed self-respect for money. Instead of assuming the role of moulders of public taste and opinion, the movie moguls represented the lowest of their own product. "Hollywood Interpreted! A false mirror on the night soil once smeared—it cannot be made good, not ever."

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40. *Ibid.*, pp. 129-132.

41. "The movie producer is no more powerful. The (unknown) Rotundados, the organized merchants, the state department, the newspapers, the dowsers, the dealers, all put their pressure on the vehicle that is being prepared for mass distribution. Only a decency protests some minority group that have no jobbies. The movie makes note of a broker among these very group in a situation such too intricate to encounter his backing a film, vacillating stance. At best, he or someone in his organization may smack a moral and political message into a film as decoration or message in his organization annexed over on questionnaire or a one co-ordinating agency. The message, the significance, the bunny--some of them could not very far in the film in Hollywood despite grip of the vote groups." David Riesman, *The Lonely Crowd* (New York, 1950), p. 240.

What effect did censorship, threats of boycott and suasion have on the content of the American motion picture? Ben Hecht summarized it rather succinctly:

> Two generations of Americans have been informed nightly that a woman who betrayed her husband (or a husband his wife) could never find happiness; that sex was no fun without a mother-in-law and a rubber plant around; that women who fornicated just for pleasure ended up as harlots or washer women; that any man who was sexually active in his youth, later lost the one girl he truly loved; that a man who indulged in sharp practices to get ahead in the world ended in poverty and with even his own children turning on him; that any man who broke the laws, man's or God's, must always die, or go to jail, or become a monk, or restore the money he stole before wandering off into the desert; that anyone who didn't believe in God (and said so out loud) was set right by seeing either an angel or witnessing some feat of levitation by one of the characters; that an honest heart must always recover from a train wreck or a score of bullets and win the girl it loved; that the most potent and brilliant of villains are powerless before little children, parish priests or young virgins with large boobies; that injustice could cause a heap of trouble but it must always slink out of town in Reel Nine; that there are no problems of labor, politics, domestic life or sexual abnormality but can be solved happily by a simple Christian phrase or a fine American motto.[42]

There is a final irony. Censorship and external pressure were welcomed by many producers, directors, and writers; for them it served as camouflage for incompetency. In the end, only the artist suffered.

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[42]. Hecht, A Child of the Century, pp. 437-438.

that effect did concentrate; theorts of [illegible] and [illegible]

have on the content of the American nation picture. Dos Passos

summarized it rather succinctly:

> The generations of Americans have been
> informed daily that a woman who [illegible]
> her husband (or a husband who [illegible]
> wife) could lead a happy life [illegible]
> without a mother-in-law and a rubber plant
> around; that women who [illegible] for
> pleasure ended up on Burlia or worse;
> [illegible] that any man who was [illegible]
> in his prime, [illegible] that [illegible]
> [illegible] that a man who [illegible] in order
> [illegible] to get ahead in the world ended
> in poverty and with over his one [illegible]
> [illegible] on him; that any man who broke
> the law, man's or God's, must always die,
> or go to jail, or become a [illegible], or [illegible]
> the money he stole before [illegible] off [illegible]
> the dozens; that anyone who didn't believe
> in God land said go out land; you got right
> by [illegible] either on [illegible] or [illegible]
> that of [illegible] by one of the [illegible]
> that an honest heart must always recover
> from a [illegible] crush or a [illegible] of [illegible]
> and with the girl it loved; that the [illegible]
> robust and brilliant of [illegible] are
> [illegible] before little [illegible], [illegible]
> [illegible] or young virgins with large [illegible]
> that [illegible] could [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible]
> [illegible] at most always [illegible] one of them in
> [illegible]; that there are no problems of
> [illegible], politics, domestic life or [illegible]
> [illegible] that can be solved [illegible] by
> a simple Christian phrase or a fine American
> motto.[42]

There is a final irony. Conservatism and external pressure were welcomed by many producers, directors, and writers; for them it served as camouflage for incompetency. In the end, only the artist suffered.

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[42] Dos Passos, A Pilgrim of the Century, pp. 431-432.

The writer suffered, the director suffered, and the film as an art form suffered. The industry and the public had taken from the motion picture the raw materials of art: imagination, creativity, content. Leonard W. Doob of Yale University has investigated the "great themes" of the American motion picture; his catalogue merits quotation.

> Love
>
> Love conquers all, including the individual's background, past history, and misunderstanding.
>
> Love is noble and what is done in the name of love deserves respect or at least sympathy.
>
> Mother love is sacred and so is the family.
>
> A mother is a man's or a woman's best friend, but a mother-in-law is not.
>
> First love is a wonderful thing.
>
> Sex and saintliness don't mix.
>
> Usually marriage solves all problems because marriages should be based on love; but sometimes the problems remain for a spell until they are solved.
>
> Human Nature
>
> Wars are caused by bad people and these bad people should be punished.
>
> Optimism is better than pessimism.
>
> People are either good or bad.
>
> There's a spark of good in every man.
>
> Comedians have their serious side; they, too, are human like you and me.
>
> Men like to be flattered; so do women; so do children; so do animals—the cravings of plants and inanimate objects cannot be so easily specified even in Hollywood.
>
> People are always consistent, or at least consistently inconsistent.
>
> Wisdom is apt to come from the mouths of babes or old men or from anyone who is not expected to be wise.

The writer suffered, the director suffered, and the film as an art form suffered. The industry and the public and later from the notion (fueled by the [illegible] of [illegible] creativity, courage. Some of U. Hogh of [illegible] investigated the "press theory" of the American movies pictures; his scholarly article [illegible].

Love

Love conquers all, including the individual's [illegible] poor history, and [illegible].
[illegible] is noble and what is done in the name of love deserves respect or at least sympathy.
Rather than is marred and so is the family.
A mother to a man's or a woman's [illegible] [illegible] a mother-in-law is bad.
First love is a wonderful thing.
[illegible] and [illegible] don't mix.
Usually marriage solves all problems because marriages should be based on love; but sometimes the problem remains for a small [illegible] after are married.

Human Nature

[illegible] are caused by bad people and those bad people should be punished.
Spiritual is better than practical.
People are either good or bad.
There's a spark of good in every man.
Geographic [illegible] serious since they, too, are human like you and me.
Man like to be flattered; so do women; we are different; so do animals--the [illegible] of [illegible] and inanimate objects cannot be so easily [illegible] even in Hollywood.
People are always [illegible], or at least [illegible].
Wisdom is apt to come from the [illegible] of babes or old men or from anyone who is not expected to be wise.

It's the individual who makes the world go around.

Men commit crimes because they are bad; they are responsible for the crimes; they deserve to be punished; but sometimes criminals have their admirable qualities.

Social goals

A go-getter can rise in the economic and social scale if he perseveres; perhaps he needs a little luck too.

Luck, virtue, and good will are more important virtues than skill, intelligence, or talent.

Self-sacrifice is rewarded, selfishness is punished--and they jolly well should be.

The wages of sin are punishment.

The luxuries of life are most desirable, but money can't buy everything.

The evil that men do should be forgotten when they die.

The best man and the most beautiful and/or decent woman always win.

A man can live by his wits, but he should not forget his obligations to society.

A college education isn't necessary to be a success in polite or almost any kind of society.

Revenge is justified, provided it is honorable.

History

It must have been wonderful to be alive in pioneer days.

The history of America is glorious and without blemish.

Great men were human after all.

History is made and changed by great men and little incidents.

Ethnic groups

America is unquestionably the greatest country in the world in every conceivable respect; everyone except bad people or stupid foreigners agrees that this is so.

Foreigners are either very dangerous or very stupid; or they are very harmless or very smart; or at least whatever they are they are very strange.

Negro men are almost always servants and almost always funny and lazy; Negro women are always good cooks.

Swedes in America are either sailors or janitors.

Occupational groups

Policemen tend to be stupid, but detectives are very bright.

Artists are queer ducks.

Professors are impractical.

Scientists can produce miracles overnight.

Physicians and ministers do only good in the world.[43]

What, then, was the situation of the screen writer in Hollywood during the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties? His position in the power hierarchy, his divorcement by specialization from his own screenplays, his inability to bargain effectively with his employers, the despoilment by moralism and anti-intellectualism of the integrity of his vision and insight into life and people, the imposition of economic, political, and social standards on his aesthetic sensibility, the ennervating patterns of control of the industry in general, an audience which had been conditioned for so long that it could not, or did not wish to, distinguish between the illusion of reality and the reality of illusion—these things deprived the writer of control over his medium, denied him valid material with which to work, and reduced him to the status of an insignificant tooled part. With content, and thus, form, prescribed for him by standards alien to the aesthetic and impervious to the requirements of film and screenplay as art, the writer had little hope of influencing the experience of his audience.

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43. Public Opinion and Propaganda (New York, 1949), pp. 512-514.

> Little wonder that writers who believed in themselves oriented themselves to film work in one or two ways: either they forsook the screen to devote themselves to media in which their voice was obeyed or at least respected; or they accepted work in Hollywood as a cynical, albeit craftsman-like way of subsidizing the things they really wanted to do. But to conceive of writing the really-wanted-to-do pictures directly for the screen was to be Don Quixote at his most quixotic. Any self-respecting writer accumulated his paychecks and went back, like Faulkner or Odets or Maxwell Anderson or Edith Sitwell (and how many others whose stature has little or no relation to their screen achievements) to "their own work," the word that conveyed them most intimately.[44]

These self-respecting writers that Schulberg mentions had a choice left them by their cynicism if they remained in Hollywood. They could, quite cynically, abnegate their individuality by writing poor screenplays for an adolescent mentality in terms of the Hollywood cliches, thereby achieving commercial success, or they could, quite idealistically, affirm their perceptions by producing mature, intelligent screenplays while cynically accepting the futility of their endeavors and rejecting popular approval. Some writers took the first alternative, some the second. In the end, it really made little difference--the self-respecting writer had become Sisyphus in Hollywood.

Such was the Hollywood to which Faulkner repaired in 1932.

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44. Schulberg, A Face in the Crowd, p. 20.

MILLERS FALLS
EZERASE
COTTON CONTENT

MILLERS FALLS
EZERASE
COTTON CONTENT

CHAPTER TWO

TIME, PLACE, AND RELATIONSHIPS

1932 proved to be an eventful year: Herbert Hoover signed the first major depression relief measure, the $2,000,000,000 Reconstruction Finance Corporation Act, Japan attacked Shanghai, Charles Lindbergh's baby was kidnapped and murdered, Ivar Kreuger committed suicide, Amelia Earhart flew the Atlantic, Roosevelt won the presidency, Burgoo King won the Kentucky Derby, the New York Yankees won the World Series, and William Faulkner went to Hollywood.

Hollywood in 1932 remained depression resistant. The public paid what money it had to hear talking pictures, keeping the motion picture industry in the black and out of the hands of receivers. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under the direction of Nicholas Schenk, Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg, was the lion of the production studios, possessing the most stars and earning the most money. It was here that Faulkner embarked on his Hollywood career as a screen writer.

When Faulkner reported for work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on May 16, 1932,[1] he had already published a book of poetry,

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1. Information in a letter to the author from Kenneth MacKenna of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, October 30, 1958.

CHAPTER TWO

TIME, PLACE, AND THE INDEPENDENT

1932 proved to be an eventful year. Norman Lewis was the first major depression relief worker, too [illegible] unemployed Pennsylvania miners during [illegible], Charles Lindbergh's baby was kidnapped, Franklin Roosevelt was the President, Bruce was the Lieutenant Governor, the New York Yankees won the World Series, and Faulkner was 35 Hollywood.

Hollywood in 1932 resembled depression Washington. The public paid what money it had to see talking pictures, keeping the motion picture industry in the black and one of the heads of producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under the direction of Nicholas Schenck, Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg, was the lion of the production studios, producing the most stars and earning the most money. It was here that Faulkner ambushed on his Hollywood career as a screen writer.

Bon Faulkner reported for work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on July 14, 1932.[1] He had already published a book of poetry,

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[1] Interview in a letter to his mother from Kenneth Macgowan of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, October 20, 1932.

a book of short stories, and six novels.[2] Before his contract lapsed on May 13, 1933, he had published another book of poems and another novel.[3]

While at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Faulkner worked on nine properties:[4] Man Servant, Faulkner Story #2, Honor, Latin American Kingdom, War Birds, Louisiana Lou, Flying the Mail, Turn to the Right, Turnabout. Of these nine, two were produced: Louisiana Lou (released as Lazy River) and Turnabout (released as Today We Live). The only picture credit Faulkner received for his work at Metro was as author of Today We Live.[5]

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2. The Marble Faun, 1924; Soldiers' Pay, 1926; Mosquitoes, 1927; Sartoris, 1929; The Sound and the Fury, 1929; As I Lay Dying, 1930; Sanctuary, 1931; These 13, 1931.

3. Light in August, 1932; A Green Bough, April 20, 1933.

4. The terms "property," "screenplay," and "treatment" are motion picture jargon. A property is any material, literary or otherwise, which a studio owns outright or to which it owns the film rights. The screenplay, which is also known as a scenario or a script, is defined by Raymond Spottiswoode, Film and Its Techniques (Berkeley, 1951), p. 461, as "the written prescription for the making of any film." The treatment is a screenplay in embryo. Spottiswoode (p.479) defines it as "A more or less detailed preparation of a story or idea in film form, which has not yet been clothed in the technical terms which convert it into a script."

5. Information gathered from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer files. Man Servant, Faulkner Story #2, Honor, Latin American Kingdom, and War Birds are original screenplays. Louisiana Lou did not originate with Faulkner—he did some work on the screenplay. Flying the Mail, Turn to the Right, and Turnabout are original treatments.

a book of short stories, and six novels.[2] Before his sentence lapsed on July 13, 1933, he had published another book of poems and another novel.[3]

While at Sing-Sing-Auburn, Faulkner worked on his projections[4] *Mon Repos*, *Faulkner Story*, *Mr. Hogan*, *Lalia Americana Kinkaida*, *Mr. Farra*, *Louisiana Lou*, *Flying the Mail*, *Turn to the Right*, *Surplus*. Of these six, two were produced: *Louisiana Lou* (released as *Lady Killer*) and *Turnabout* (released as *Today We Live*). The only picture credit Faulkner received for his work at Metro was as author of *Today We Live*.[5]

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[2] *The Marble Faun*, 1924; *Soldiers' Pay*, 1926; *Mosquitoes*, 1927; *Sartoris*, 1929; *The Sound and the Fury*, 1929; *As I Lay Dying*, 1930; *Sanctuary*, 1931; *These 13*, 1931.

[3] *Light in August*, 1932; *A Green Bough*, April 20, 1933.

[4] The terms "property," "screenplay," and "treatment" are motion picture jargon. A property is any material, literary or otherwise, upon a studio owns rights or to which it can buy film rights. The screenplay, which is also known as a scenario or a script, is defined by Raymond Spottiswoode, *Film and Its Techniques* (October, 1951), p. 101, as "the written prescription for the making of any film." The treatment is a screenplay in embryo. Spottiswoode (p.177) defines it as "a more or less detailed presentation of a story or idea in film form, which has not yet been written in the technical terms which convert it into a screenplay."

[5] Information gathered from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer files. *Mon Repos*, *Faulkner Story*, *Mr. Hogan*, *Lalia American Kinkaida*, and *Mr. Farra* are original screenplays. *Louisiana Lou* did not originate with Faulkner—he did some work on the screenplay. *Flying the Mail*, *Turn to the Right*, and *Turnabout* are original treatments.

The seven remaining unproduced properties, all Faulkner originals, have become permanent fixtures in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer files. Whoever read them--Irving Thalberg, or one of the lesser Metro lights--persumably considered them poor production risks, or poorly suited to the public taste, or just poor screenplays and treatments. So after one year, Faulkner's credit box-score was one out of nine. Not very impressive in Hollywood terms.

Faulkner's contract with Metro expired on May 13, 1933, and was not renewed.[6] I doubt that Faulkner was either surprised or distressed. After a year he was probably aware of the way in which people were evaluated and politics played in Hollywood.[7] Unlike F. Scott Fitzgerald, he did not have to depend upon his Hollywood income to support a wife in a sanitarium. He claims to have earned about $6,000 at Metro, and this figure

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6. Information in a letter to the author from Kenneth MacKenna of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, October 30, 1958.

7. About movie politics Faulkner has said: "A person is rehired the next year on the basis of how many times his name appeared on the screen the previous year. Much bribery ensues. In the old days they could give a producer three hundred pounds of sugar and be reasonably sure of getting their names on the screen. They really fight about it and for it." Lavon Rascoe, "An Interview with William Faulkner," The Western Review, XV (Summer, 1951), pp. 300-304.

The novel resulting unprecedented prosperities, all combined overplusion, have become permanent fixtures in the Hotel-Holiday-Mayer films. Whether real theme-driving industry, or one of the lesser Hotel Lights--particularly considered than poor production risks, or purely auxiliary to the public mores, or just poor autosuggests and trend-setts. In after one year, Faulkner's credit Commerce was one out of mine. Not very impressive in Hollywood terms.

Faulkner's contract with Metro expired on May 10, 1950, and was not renewed.[6] I doubt that Faulkner was either surprised or disturbed. After a year he was probably aware of the way in which people were overworked and politics played in Hollywood.[7] Unlike F. Scott Fitzgerald, he did not have to depend upon his Hollywood income to support a wife in a sanitorium. He claims to have earned about $5,000 as Metro, and this figure

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6. Information in a letter to the author from Kenneth Macgowan of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, October 30, 1956.

7. About movie politics Faulkner has said: "A person is rewarded the best job on the basis of how many times his name appeared on the screen the previous year. Much politics comes. In the old days they could give a producer three hundred pounds of anger and be reasonably sure of getting three names on the screen. They really fight about it and for it." Lawrence Bannon, "An Interview with William Faulkner," The Western Review, XV (Summer, 1951), pp. 300-304.

seems plausible, for in addition to receiving a salary, he sold Metro the film rights to "Turnabout" and "Honor."[8]

Nor was the studio in a position to keep on the payroll a writer who, in economic terms, was more of a liability than an asset. The depression struck the motion picture industry in 1933, struck an industry which had begun to consider itself immune, which had continued, unaware of or unimpressed by economic reality, its extravagance and its grandiose production plans. Metro was the only major studio to stave off bankruptcy or receivership, but it suffered a reorganization which enforced severe economy and efficiency measures.[9]

Faulkner's own accounts of his affiliation with Metro are inconsistent and amusing. In an April 16, 1947, interview before a creative writing class at the University of Mississippi, Faulkner said that he returned to Oxford after "doing some patching work for Howard Hawks on my first job."

> When the job was over, Howard suggested that I stay and pick up some of that easy money. I had got $6,000 for my work. That was more money than I had ever seen, and I thought it was more

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8. "Honor" first appeared in the American Mercury, XX (July, 1930), 268-274. It has been reprinted in Doctor Martino and in the Collected Stories. "Turnabout," as it appears in the Collected Stories and Doctor Martino, is a revised version of "Turn About," which was first printed in the Saturday Evening Post, CCIV (March 5, 1932), 6-7, 75, 76, 81, 83.

9. Bosley Crowther, The Lion's Share (New York, 1957), pp. 206ff.

room plumbing, for in addition to receiving a salary, he held stock in the rights to "Turnabout" and "Honor."[8]

Nor was she unable to a position to long on the payroll a writer who, in composite terms, was more of a liability than an asset. The depression across the nation stunted industry in 1930, where on industry which had begun to vacillate itself among, which had continued, measure of or [illegible] by economic reality, the extravagance and the grandiose political plans. Here was the only major studio to escape off bankruptcy or receivership, but it suffered a reorganization which enforced severe economy and efficiency measures.[9]

Faulkner's own memoirs of his affiliation with Hollywood are humanistic and amusing. In an April 15, 1957, interview before a creative writing class at the University of Mississippi, Faulkner said that he returned to Oxford after "doing some pecking work for Howard Hawks on my first job."

> Then the job was over, Howard suggested that I stay and pick up some of that easy money. I had got $8,000 for my work. That was more money than I had ever seen, and I thought it was more

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[8]"Honor" first appeared in the American Mercury, 16 (July, 1930), 298-304. It has been republished in Doctor Martino and in the Collected Stories. "Turnabout," as it appears in the Collected Stories and Doctor Martino, is a revised version of "Turn About," which was first printed in the Saturday Evening Post, CXIV (March 5, 1932), 6-7, 36, 38, 41, 88.

[9]Tassey Crowther, The Lion's Share (New York, 1957), pp. 304ff.

> than was in Mississippi. I told him I would telegraph him when I was ready to go to work again. I stayed in Oxford a year, and sure enough the money was gone. I wired him and within a week I got a letter from William B. Hawks, his brother and my agent. Enclosed was a check for a week's work less agent's commission. These continued for a year with them thinking I was in Hollywood.[10]

In the important Jean Stein interview, which appeared in the Spring, 1956, issue of the Paris Review, Faulkner said that he had completed his contract before returning home. Six months later he asked his agent to get him another job, and soon his first paycheck arrived. "That began in November 1932 and continued until May 1933."[11]

Howard Thompson interviewed Faulkner at Princeton in 1958, and again Faulkner's story was different.

> I first went to Hollywood right after "Sanctuary" was published, back in 1934, because I knew Howard Hawks (the producer)—a huntin' man and a broken-down aviator like me. He sent for me—called me at home in Oxford. I said to him, 'Now why the hell should I got out there? Here I am—I had $6,000 from the book—with more money than any man in the state o' Mississippi. Later on I went, though. He'd bought one

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10. Rascoe, pp. 300-304.

11. Jean Stein, "The Art of Fiction XII: William Faulkner," The Paris Review, XII (Spring, 1956), 35-36.

then was in Kimmel[illegible]. I told him I would telegraph [illegible] when I was ready to go to work again. I arrived in Oxford [illegible], and made enough the money was gone. I wired him within a week I got a letter from William [illegible]. Hawks, his brother and my agent. Contract was a dream for a week's work issue agent's contribution. Those days signed for a year with Hawks thinking I was in Hollywood.[10]

In the important down state interview, which appeared in the Spring, 1958, issue of the Paris Review, Faulkner said that he had negotiated his contract before returning home. Six months later he asked his agent to get him another job, and soon his first paycheck arrived. "That began in November 1932 and continued until May 1933."[11]

Howard Thompson interviewed Faulkner at Tippodom in 1958, and again Faulkner's story was different.

> I first went to Hollywood right after "Sanctuary" was published, back in 1933, because I knew Howard Hawks (the producer)—a bright man and a broken-down writer like me. He asked for me—called me at home in Oxford. I said to him, 'Now why the hell should I get out there? Here I am—I had 30,000 from the book—with more money than any man in the state of Mississippi. Later on I went, though. He'd bought one

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10. Hasse, pp. 300-304.

11. Jean Stein, "The Art of Fiction XLII: William Faulkner," The Paris Review, XII (Spring, 1958), 28-29.

> of my short stories, "Turnabout," and I helped make it into my first picture....[12]

Faulkner may have forgotten the exact circumstances attending his employment at Metro, or he may have been attempting to convey the impression that what he did in Hollywood was of little moment to him, or he may have been blending fact and fiction into humorous stories to satisfy the expectations of his interviewers. It is certain, however, that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did employ him from May 16, 1932, until May 13, 1933, that Faulkner did work on nine properties, and that Howard Hawks did become an extremely valuable friend.

Faulkner turned up again in Hollywood in November, 1935, this time at Twentieth Century-Fox.[13] In the two years that he was with Fox, Faulkner was assigned to seven properties: Road to Glory, Slave Ship, Splinter Fleet, Drums along the Mohawk, Banjo on My Knee, Four Men and a Prayer, The Giant Swing.[14]

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12. Howard Thompson, "Through Faulkner's View-Finder," New York Times, March 16, 1958, Sec. 2, p.7.

13. Information in a letter to the author from Earl E. Bright, Department of Public Relations, Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, November 6, 1958.

14. Information gathered from Twentieth Century-Fox files. Road to Glory, Slave Ship, Splinter Fleet, Four Men and a Prayer, and The Giant Swing are screenplays, Drums along the Mohawk is an original treatment, and Banjo

of my short stories, "Turnabout," and
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Faulkner may have forgotten the exact circumstances attending his employment at Metro, or he may have been attempting to convey the impression that what he did in Hollywood was of little account by him, or he may have been alluding just one fraction into numerous stories to satisfy the expectations of his interviewer. It is certain, however, that Hemingway did employ him from May 16, 1932, until May 19, 1933, that Faulkner did work on some properties, and that Howard Hawks did become an extremely valuable friend.

Faulkner served as again in Hollywood in November, 1936, this time at Twentieth Century-Fox.[14] In the two years that he was with Fox, Faulkner was assigned to seven properties: Road to Glory, Slave Ship, Banjo on My Knee, Four Men and a Prayer, The Black Swan, Kentucky Kernels, Drums along the Mohawk, Pigeon in My Cote, Four Men and a Prayer, The Black Swan,[15]

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[13] Gerald Langman, "Turnabout for Faulkner's Film-Writer." New York Times, March 16, 1958, Sec. 2, p. 7.

[14] Information in a letter to the author from Carl E. Wright, Department of Public Relations, Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, November 6, 1958.

[15] Information gathered from Twentieth Century-Fox files, Road to Glory, Slave Ship, Banjo on My Knee, Four Men and a Prayer, and The Black Swan are screenplays, Drums along the Mohawk is an original treatment, and Banjo

All were produced except the last two--oddly enough the two assignments on which Faulkner turned in nothing. Faulkner received picture credit as author of Slave Ship, and he and Joel Sayre received picture credit for the screenplay of Road to Glory. Faulkner's screenplay of Splinter Fleet (done in collaboration with Katherine Scola), his treatment of Drums along the Mohawk, and his sequence of Banjo on My Knee have never been used by Fox.

14.(cont.) on My Knee is a sequence (In keeping with standard Hollywood practice, Faulkner was given a story which four other writers had already developed and was told to pick it up from where they had left off and take it to the end. Faulkner's sequence, then, is the fifth). Banjo on My Knee was released in 1936. Nunnally Johnson produced it and wrote the screenplay. The director was John Cromwell. Faulkner's treatment of Drums along the Mohawk is a suggested adaptation of Walter Edmonds' novel. Drums along the Mohawk was finally produced in 1939. Raymond Griffith was the producer, John Ford the director; the screenplay was written by Lamar Trotti and Sonia Levien. Road to Glory is an adaptation of a novel by Roland Dorgeles, Wooden Crosses; Slave Ship is an adaptation of Dr. George S. King's The Last Slaver; Splinter Fleet is an adaptation of Ray Millholland's The Splinter Fleet of the Otranto Barrage. Splinter Fleet was released in 1938 as Submarine Patrol. Gene Markey was the producer, John Ford the director. The screenplay was written by Rian James, Darrel Ware, and Jack Yellen. Faulkner may have written treatments of Wooden Crosses and The Last Slaver.

All were produced except the last two--oddly enough the two assignments on which Faulkner toiled in nothing. Darrieux received picture credit on behalf of *Sleep Sight* and he and Joyce received picture credit for the screenplay of *Road to Glory*. Faulkner's screenplay of *Banjoes Plays* (later to collaborate with Nathanael West), his treatment of *Young Mister Moment*, and his screenplay of *Sleep in My Bed* have never been found by me.

14.[cont.]

Sleep in My Bed is a nonsense (in keeping with absurdly nonsense pretending, Faulkner was given a story which four other writers had already developed and one held in place it up from where they had left off and take it to the end. Faulkner's nonsense, then, is the first). *Road to My Home* was released in 1948. Somewhat dolorous even by it was weak the screenplay. The director was John Cromwell. Faulkner's treatment of *Green Grass Blades* is a non-sense adaptation of Walter Edmonds' novel. *Green Grass* the *Blades* was filmed produced in 1955. Joyce's Griffith was the producer, John Ford the director; the screenplay was written by Jesse Fritch and Frank Davison. *Road to Glory* is an adaptation of a novel by Edward Sheldon, *Tender Comrade*; *Flame Gold* is an adaptation of the story by Rice's *The Last Mercury Pilot*; *Ice* is an adaptation of Guy Endore's *The Sculptor Plays* or *The Chinese Sculptor*. *Mighty Joe Young* was released in 1950 as *Kingdom Jones*. Joe Pasternak was the producer, John Ford the director. The screenplay was written by Ben Hecht, Merrill Pye, and Ruth Yellen. Faulkner may have written treatments of *Golden Corrals* and *The Last Slave*.

Faulkner's return to Hollywood in 1935 provokes several interesting questions. Faulkner wished to return—he needed money. But why did Twentieth Century-Fox, which had just been taken out of receivership and reorganized by the Chase National Bank,[15] employ as a screen writer a man who, according to Hollywood standards, had not previously "produced" when given the opportunity? Why did they invest money in an unproven screen writer at a time when every studio in Hollywood was struggling to regain the market—when the future of the industry was still uncertain? And how did Faulkner manage to sell himself—or get himself sold?

Faulkner's first assignment at Twentieth Century-Fox was Road to Glory, a picture which Howard Hawks was to direct and Darryl Zanuck to produce. Hawks argued Zanuck into hiring Faulkner to do the screenplay for the picture. Hawks seems to have been convinced that Faulkner was qualified to handle the story—a war story. And Hawks convinced Zanuck, partly, at least. Zanuck was, and is, a talented producer and an acute businessman, and whatever reasons he had for allowing himself to be convinced, he insisted that an experienced screen writer also be hired. So in November, 1935, Joel Sayre and William Faulkner sat down to write the screenplay for Road to

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15. Temporary National Economic Committee, The Motion Picture Industry—A Pattern of Control, Monograph No. 43 (Washington, 1941), p. 7.

Faulkner's return to Hollywood in 1932 provokes several interesting questions. Faulkner wished to return—to earn money. But why did Twentieth Century-Fox, which had just been taken out of receivership and reorganized by the Chase National Bank,[15] employ as a screen writer a man who, according to Hollywood standards, had not previously "produced" when given the opportunity? Why did they invest money in an unknown person writing at a time when every studio in Hollywood was struggling to regain the market—when the future of the industry was still uncertain? And how did Faulkner manage to sell himself—or get himself sold?

Faulkner's first assignment at Twentieth Century-Fox was Road to Glory, a picture which Darryl Zanuck was to direct and Darryl Zanuck to produce. Zanuck argued Faulkner into writing dialogue to do the necessary for the picture. Zanuck seems to have been convinced that Faulkner was qualified to handle the story—his story. And Zanuck envisioned himself, partly, at least. Faulkner was, and is, a talented producer and an astute businessman, and whatever reasons he had for allowing himself to be convinced, he insisted that an experienced screen writer also be hired. So in November, 1932, Joel Sayre and William Faulkner set down to write the screenplay for Road to

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[15] Temporary National Economic Committee, The Motion Picture Industry—a Pattern of Control, Monograph No. 10 (Washington, 1941), p. 1.

Glory. They enjoyed themselves, allowed the melodramatic potentialities of the story to sprout, and handed Zanuck a screenplay that would have made an absurd film. Nunnally Johnson finally threw out much of what they had written, and did the final version himself, at the same time insisting that Faulkner and Sayre receive screen credit. Which they did. The picture achieved commercial success and so, in keeping with Hollywood logic and irony, did Faulkner.[16]

But why did Hawks want Faulkner and how did he convince the studio to hire him? Five facts are relevant: (1) Howard's brother William was Faulkner's Hollywood agent; (2) as a director, Hawks' services were valuable, for his pictures made money; (3) Hawks had directed Today We Live, knew, liked, and respected Faulkner, and was known, liked, and respected by him; (4) Faulkner's name, chiefly because of Sanctuary, was known publicly; (5) Faulkner needed money. It seems plausible, then, that Faulkner, remembering what Hawks had told him in 1933, wrote to him. That Hawks saw an opportunity to help Faulkner, as a friend, and to make some money for his brother in agent's fees. That Hawks sold Faulkner to Twentieth Century-Fox on the basis of Today We Live, Faulkner's name, and Faulkner's

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16. See Appendix for reviews of Road to Glory and other pictures for which Faulkner received screen credit.

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[10] See appendix for review of *Road to Glory* and other pictures for which Faulkner received screen credit.

other "war" stories (the myth of his war experiences having not then been punctured) as having the attributes needed to craft a good screenplay for Road to Glory. And of course Hawks understood his own value to the studio well enough to realize that his request would be granted.[17]

In August, 1937,[18] with money in his pocket and family in tow, Faulkner departed from Hollywood for Mississippi, where he wrote a few books and painted his house.[19]

This time he stayed away five years. He didn't return until July 27, 1942, when he joined Warner Bros.

> [He] was employed by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. under a so-called long term contract dated July 27, 1942. Under this contract Mr. Faulkner rendered services as a writer for the period July 27, 1942 to September 19,

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17. Howard Hawks has produced and directed such pictures as Scarface, The Dawn Patrol, Sergeant York, Red River, The Big Sky. Hollis Alpert, in the Saturday Review, XXXV (August 16, 1952), 28, said of him: "He is one of the select Hollywood few, a man who may choose not only his own pictures but his studio connections as well."

18. Information in a letter to the author from Earl E. Bright, Department of Public Relations, Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, November 6, 1958.

19. Information from a conversation with Nunnally Johnson, August 27, 1958.

other "war" stories (the myth of his war experiences [illegible] taken been uncovered) on having the distribution needed to study a good screenplay for *Good to Glory*. And of course Costa made about his own value to the studio well enough to [illegible] his requests would be granted.[17]

In August, 1937,[18] with money in his pocket and finally in hand, Tavitian departed from Hollywood for Mexico, where he wrote a few books and painted his homes.[19]

This time he stayed away five years. He didn't return until July 17, 1942, when he joined Warner Bros.

> [He] was employed by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. under a no-cost long term contract dated July 17, 1942. Under this contract Mr. Tavitian rendered services as a writer for the period July 17, 1942 to January 16,

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[17] Hassard Short has produced and directed such pictures as *Gentleman, The Man Hunter*, *Miami*, *Yellow Sky*, *The Sea Wolf*, *Hollywood Canteen*, *Hotel Berlin*, *Nightmare Alley* (August 13, 1947), 94. Asked if this is one of the select [illegible] "a man who may choose and only his own pictures but his shorts commentaries as well."

[18] Information in a letter to his agent from Max Ball of Bright, Department of Public Relations, Twentieth Century-Fox Corporation, November 6, 1942.

[19] Information from a conversation with [illegible] Johnson, August 14, 1958.

> 1945. During Mr. Faulkner's period of employment he wrote or collaborated in the writing of approximately 17 screenplays, 11 of which were produced, and Mr. Faulkner received screenplay credit in connection with two productions.[20]

As can be seen from this Warner Bros. legal department statement, the studio is rather reluctant to go into detail about Faulkner's work. Evidence garnered elsewhere in the studio indicates that Faulkner's contract did not commit him to continuous employment, but that he spent four working periods at Warner Bros: (1) July 27, 1942 to August 18, 1943; (2) February 14, 1944 to May 13, 1944; (3) June 12, 1944 to December 12, 1944; (4) June 7, 1945 to September 19, 1945.[21] During his first working period, Faulkner spent two to three months on a screenplay of The DeGaulle Story, a few weeks on a treatment of The Life and Death of a Bomber, a few weeks on a treatment of Country Lawyer, and three to four months on a screenplay of Battle Cry. None of these was ever produced. He seems to have devoted the whole of the second period to To Have and Have Not, which was produced and for which he and Jules Furthman received screenplay credit. Fresh from Hemingway he went to Raymond Chandler and was writing The Big Sleep with Jules Furthman and Leigh Brackett and earning

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20. Information in a letter to the author from R. J. Obringer, Legal Department, Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc., November 4, 1958.

21. Information in a memo to the author from John O'Steen, Story Department, Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc., September 16, 1958.

> 1940. During Mr. Faulkner's period of employment he wrote or collaborated in the writing of approximately 13 screenplays, 11 of which were produced, and Mr. Faulkner received screenplay credits in connection with two productions.[20]

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[20] Information in a letter to the author from [illegible], the Warner Bros. legal department, Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California, [illegible] 6, 1966.

[21] Information in a memo to the author from [illegible], Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California, [illegible] 10, 1966.

himself another screen credit during most of the third period. Early in this period he spent three weeks doing a treatment of The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, for which he received no screen credit. Nor did he get credit for the work he did on Stallion Road in his fourth period.[22]

This leaves nine properties unaccounted for, officially. Unofficially, Faulkner also worked on God Is My Co-Pilot, The Adventures of Don Juan, Mildred Pierce, Deep Valley, Background to Danger, and a re-write of Petrified Forest.[23] He didn't devote much time to any of these. However, he did meet Jerry Wald, who produced Mildred Pierce and Background to Danger,[24] and who thirteen years later contributed to Faulkner's bank account by having Twentieth Century-Fox purchase the film rights to The Hamlet, "Spotted Horses," "Barn Burning," and The Sound and the Fury so that he could put Faulkner on the screen (which, as it turned out, he did not really do).

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22. Ibid.

23. Information obtained from a combination of good memory and roving eyes. Obviously Faulkner did not receive credit for these.

24. Jerry Wald, "Faulkner and Hollywood," Films in Review, X (March, 1959), 130. When interviewed by Howard Thompson, Faulkner said that he knew Wald at Columbia. This is incorrect, for Faulkner never worked at Columbia, and Wald places him at Warner Brothers.

himself another across credit during most of the total period. Early in this period he spent three weeks doing a treatment of the character Dr. Gideon Fenton, for which he received no screen credit. Nor did he get credit for the work he did on Wishing Road in his fourth period.[22]

This lesson came unfortunately unnecessary for, strictly, Faulkner. Unofficially, Faulkner also worked on Good As My Friends, the adventures of Gen. Wesley Tuttle, Deer Valley, Undercurrent in Denver, and a re-write of Petrified Forest.[23] He didn't devote much time to any of these. Moreover, he did meet deadline, who produced Military Juror and Undercurrent in Denver, and who thirteen years later constituted to Faulkner's book account by having Twentieth Century-Fox purchase the film rights to The Damned, "Spotted Horses," "Pure Murder," and The Long and the Short on what is really just Faulkner on the screen (above, as it turned out, he did not really do).

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[22] Ibid.

[23] Information obtained from a multiplicity of good known and seeing eyes. Obviously Faulkner did not receive credit for these.

[24] Jerry Wald, "Faulkner and Hollywood," Film in Review X (March, 1959), 130. Was interviewed by Jerry Thompson. Faulkner said that he knew Wald as a friend. This is incorrect, for Faulkner never worked at Twentieth, and Wald always had as short-term [illegible].

It is interesting to note that when Faulkner went to Warner Bros., Howard Hawks was also affiliated with the studio. That Howard Hawks produced and directed both To Have and Have Not and The Big Sleep—the two pictures for which Faulkner received screen credit. That Warner Bros. did not own these two properties and simply distributed them for Hawks, who, therefore, probably requested of the studio Faulkner's services. It is also interesting to note that when Faulkner turned once again to screen writing in 1955, it was for the purpose of working on one production—Land of the Pharaohs, which Howard Hawks produced and directed.[25]

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25. Faulkner may have done some other work in Hollywood. The record is not clear. According to the Twentieth Century-Fox research files, Faulkner worked for Paramount, where he collaborated on the writing of Bride of the Bayou, a screenplay, and for Universal, where he did a treatment of Sutter's Gold. Both studios deny the affiliation. If Faulkner did actually work on Sutter's Gold, he would have been in a position to have met Sergei Eisenstein, the great Russian director who came to Hollywood in 1930 and wrote, among other things, a screenplay of Sutter's Gold.

Faulkner has also done some writing for television. Jack Gould, reviewing Faulkner's adaptation of his own story "The Brooch" which appeared on the Lux Video Theatre, April 2, 1953, was rather critical. He wrote: "Of all great American writers Mr. Faulkner undoubtedly is as entitled as any to enjoy a few of the materialistic pleasures which the fees paid by TV make possible. The small financial reward attendant to his literary efforts long has been a disheartening matter of record. If now he wants to whip out a few pot boilers for the video screen, his

It is interesting to note that when Faulkner went to screen brass, Howard Hawks was also affiliated with the studio. This Howard Hawks produced and directed both *To Have and Have Not* and *The Big Sleep*—the two pictures for which Faulkner received screen credits. That Warner Bros. did not use these two productions and simply distributed them for Hawks, who, therefore, probably requested of the studio Faulkner's services. It is also interesting to note that when Faulkner turned once again to screen writing in 1950, it was for the purpose of working on one production—*Land of the Pharaohs*, which Howard Hawks produced and directed.[50]

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[50] Faulkner may have done some other work in Hollywood. The record is not clear. According to the Faulkner Centenary-for research files, Faulkner worked for Paramount, where he collaborated on the writing of *Riders of the Purple Sage*, a screenplay, and for Universal, where he did a treatment of *Author's Gold*. Both studios deny the affiliation. If Faulkner did actually work on *Author's Gold*, he would have been in a position to have met George Fitzmaurice, the great German director who came to Hollywood in 1920 and 1921, having other things, a screenplay of *Author's Gold*.

Faulkner did also have some writing for television. Jack Gould, reviewing Faulkner's adaptation of his own story "The Brush" which appeared on the Lux Video Theatre, April 8, 1954, and another original, he wrote: "Of all great American writers Mr. Faulkner undoubtedly is an unlikely in one to enjoy a few of the unmistakable pleasures which the tube has paid by TV into possible. The great literary critics although perhaps the literary critics long has been a dilemma-bearer of readers. If ever TV made to why are a few, we believe for the video screen, his

The pairing of Hawks and Faulkner in Hollywood is too consistent to have been accidental. To what extent Hawks is responsible for Faulkner's continued, though sporadic, presence in Hollywood, is uncertain. Hawks has been constantly unavailable for comment on his relations with Faulkner. It is probable that Hawks functioned as a way in for Faulkner and provided him the opportunities to achieve commercial success as a screen writer.

Faulkner did not particularly care for his life in Hollywood, but he accepted living and working there as an economic necessity. From time to time he expressed his dissatisfaction, but he never played the role of the violent

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25. (cont.) admirers may regret it but they will understand....But it is disheartening to find an author of Mr. Faulkner's stature and the producer of the Lux Video Theatre indulging in what amounts to literary sleight-of-hand. The advance fanfare over "The Brooch" obviously was an attempt to capitalize on Mr. Faulkner's justly-earned fame; yet what the audience saw was substitute merchandise not of the quality advertised....The irony is that even under the television industry's purity code there was no reason for Mr. Faulkner to capitulate so completely to the video mores....If he intends to work further in TV, Mr. Faulkner must remember that his position carries with it certain inevitable responsibilities. He only betrays a new and promising medium if he accepts the theory that he will reserve his meaty stuff for another media and condone any literary hash for video." New York Times, April 12, 1953, Sec. 2, p. 11.

detractor. He once articulated his thoughts about Hollywood to Paul Wellman while they were standing on a Los Angeles street corner waiting for some transportation:

> I'll be glad when I get back home.... Nobody here does anything. There's nobody here with any roots. Even the houses are built out of mud and chicken wire. Nothin' ever happens an' after a while a couple of leaves fall off a tree and then it'll be another year.[26]

During his tour of duty with Twentieth Century-Fox, Faulkner had his family with him. He also allowed himself the luxury of a cook—a Negress—so that he could have grits for breakfast. Otherwise he lived humbly and relaxed, with little extravagance and less socialization. His demeanor at social gatherings was polite and reserved. His favorite strategy was to make himself as unobtrusive as possible (leaning with elbow on a fireplace mantel—when and if he found a fireplace), pipe clenched between his teeth, listening and observing.[27] It has been said of him that, like Ab Snopes, you could never tell if he were watching you or not and, like Flem, he never missed a trick.

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26. New York Times, February 16, 1947, Sec. 7, p. 8. See also Robert Coughlan, The Private World of William Faulkner (New York, 1954), pp. 114-115. During the University of Mississippi interview, Faulkner said of Hollywood: "I don't like the climate, the people, their way of life. Nothing ever happens and then one morning you wake up and find that you are sixty-five. I prefer Florida." Rascoe, p. 303.

27. Information from a conversation with Nunnally Johnson, August 27, 1958.

Chapter Ten

Life Goes On

Interestingly, Mr. Hume entertained his friend Edward Bellamy's "Great Nation with Only Were Attending on a Lone Negroine Street Corner Waiting for Some Transportation":

> I'll be glad when I get home home....
> Nobody here does anything. There's
> nobody here with any roots. Even the
> horses are jaded and of good and noblest
> stock. Nobody ever imagines and' other
> a while a couple of leaves fall and a
> tree and then it'll be another year.[86]

Having had some of story with Tom Lincoln (Bobby-Joe, Doubleday) had the family with him. He also allowed himself the luxury of a book--Jay Gould--so that he could have quite for breakfast. Otherwise he lived humbly and relaxed, with little extravagance and less sensationalism. His demeanor as social gathering was polite but reserved. The Fourth Estate strategy was to make himself as unobtrusive as possible (leaving with Alice on a Friday afternoon--when and if he found a Friday/Joe), pipe clamped between his teeth, listening and observing.[87] It has been said of his show, like a Keeper, you could never tell if he were watching you or not and, like Tom, he never missed a trick.

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[86] New York Times, February 16, 1937, Sec. V, p. 8. See also Robert Coughlan, The Private Life of William Faulkner (New York, 1951), pp. 114-116. During the University of Mississippi interview, Faulkner said of Hollywood: "A lot of the people, the people, look say of Alice Adams over Hollywood and then one morning you wake up and find that you are dead." I Found Fiction, Interview, p. 103.

[87] Information from a private talk with Dorothy Commingore, August 21, 1964.

Faulkner always considered himself a novelist, and he did not find the Hollywood climate amenable to novelistic writing. Screen writing he accepted as an interesting and rather unexacting way to make money. He never had pretentions of being, or becoming, a "great" screen writer. He told Nunnally Johnson that as long as Hollywood paid him for his services (which seems to have continually amazed and amused him), he would "do an honest day's work according to what the man said." And he did—most of the time. He worked conscientiously at the assignments given him, whether they were to his liking or not, and balked at or refused to complete assignments only occasionally. In the Thirties, when, so to speak, he was in his prime, he would sometimes turn out twenty-five handwritten pages a day, writing in a single extended spurt with a bottle of bourbon for companionship.[28] With the secretaries from time to time assigned to him he was impatient and demanded promptness and exactitude. He frightened them—or rather his severe face and intolerable handwriting did.[29]

The considered opinion of his colleagues and friends at Twentieth Century-Fox sustains this profile and adds to it. To them he was, in essence, a great novelist, a great wit, a great

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28. Ibid.

29. Information from a conversation with Evelyn Topp, a former Faulkner secretary, September 2, 1958.

Faulkner always considered Hollywood a cruelty, and he did not find the Hollywood climate amenable to novelistic writing. Screen writing is accepted as an laborious and rather unchallenging way to make money. He never had pretentions of being, or becoming, a "great" screen writer. He said Community Commerce that as long as Hollywood paid him for his services (which seems to have continually amused and annoyed him), he would "do an honest day's work according to what the men said." And he did--and of the time. He worked conscientiously at the assignments given him, whether they were to his liking or not, and helped or refused to complete assignments only occasionally. In the thirties, when, so to speak, he was in his prime, he could sometimes turn out twenty-five hundred-thousand words a day, writing in a single extended spurt with a bottle of bourbon for companionship.[28] With the acceleration from time to time resulting to his he was impatient and demanded promptness and cooperation. He frightened them--or rather his severe face and intolerable humiliating did.[29]

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[28] Ibid.

[29] Information from a conversation with Jerry [illegible] former Faulkner New York, September 2, 1966.

story-teller, a great drinker, and one of the shiest persons they had ever met. Yet none of them tried to make Faulkner play the role of "hale fellow." They accepted him on his own terms, chiding him a bit perhaps, but establishing grounds for reciprocal understanding and appreciation. And though Faulkner did not squat on his heels with them and talk about life in Oxford, he did become source material for stories and anecdotes.

Nunnally Johnson told of the day he first met Faulkner, which was also Faulkner's first day at the studio. Johnson was seated at his desk, working, when a small, moustachioed timid-looking man carrying a paper bag entered his office. He introduced himself simply as William Faulkner who had come to work for Twentieth Century-Fox. Johnson, having read Sanctuary, experienced some surprise at Faulkner's appearance. Faulkner sank down into a soft leather chair in front of Johnson's desk. He asked Johnson if he minded if he, Faulkner, had a drink. Johnson started to rise to get his decanter when Faulkner waved him back and removed from his paper bag a pint of bourbon. Johnson sat back down and watched Faulkner cut his finger on the metal seal of the bottle while trying to open it. He watched the blood discolor the finger and was once again about to rise to get something to treat it with when Faulkner again waved him back. "It's nothing," Faulkner said. "It'll just drip." So Johnson, without rising, handed Faulkner the waste paper basket, which Faulkner placed beneath

story-teller, a great drinker, and one of the wildest persons they had ever met. Not none of them tried to make Faulkner play the role of "Dain Malvoy." They accepted him on his own terms, ridding him a bit perhaps, but establishing grounds for reciprocal understanding and appreciation. And though Faulkner did not speak on his books with them and talk about life in Oxford, he did become source material for stories and anecdotes.

Generally Johnson said of the day he first met Faulkner, which was also Faulkner's first day on the studio, Johnson was seated at his desk, working, when a small, mustachioed black-looking man carrying a paper bag entered his office. He introduced himself simply as William Faulkner who had come to work for Twentieth Century-Fox. Johnson, having read Sanctuary, experienced some surprise at Faulkner's appearance. Faulkner came down into a soft leather chair in front of Johnson's desk. He asked Johnson if he minded if he, Faulkner, had a drink. Johnson started to rise to get his secretary when Faulkner waved his back and reached from his paper bag a pint of bourbon. Johnson got down and watched Faulkner cut his finger on the metal band of the bottle while trying to open it. He watched the blood dripping the finger and was once again about to rise to get something to wrap it with when Faulkner again waved his hand. "It's nothing," Faulkner said. "It'll just drip." So Johnson, without rising, handed Faulkner the waste paper basket, which Faulkner placed beneath

his hand and into which the blood from his finger dripped. Then he removed the cap from the bottle, drank long and deep, and passed the bottle to Johnson. Johnson drank. And while they finished the bottle, both of them with their feet propped up on Johnson's desk now, Johnson with work to do and not really caring now, Faulkner told Johnson a story. He told it to Johnson because he felt that he should explain his perturbed state of mind, and because Johnson, like himself, was a Southerner and would understand. He told Johnson about his brother Dean, told it slowly, carefully, about how Dean had been killed in an airplane crash several days before[30] while giving flying lessons to a student because he needed the money. How it was the stick of his own plane, not Dean's and not the student's, to which the student froze. How when he saw Dean's mangled face he thought of Dean's wife, his sister-in-law, young and pregnant, having to look at her husband and perhaps not even know it was her husband because of the face, or if knowing to be shaken, not by death but by death and the face. So he worked all that night at the funeral parlor to which Dean's body had been taken, worked with a bottle and a chunk of wax, rebuilding his brother's face, piece of

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30. Faulkner's brother, Dean, was killed in an airplane crash November 10, 1935.

his hand and take might the cup from his trembling grasp. Then he removed the cap from the bottle, drank long and deep, and passed the bottle to Johnson, drawing deeply. As soon as they finished the bottle, both of them with their feet propped up on Johnson's desk now, Johnson said, not to no and not really caring now, Faulkner told Johnson a story. He told it to Johnson because he felt that he should explain his perverted state of mind, and because Johnson, like himself, was a bootlegger and would understand. He told Johnson about his brother Dean, told it slowly, carefully, about how Dean had been killed in an airplane crash several days before[30] while giving flying lessons to a student because he needed the money. But it was the action of his own plane, not Dean's and not the student's, to which the student froze. Now when he saw Dean's mangled face he thought of Dean's wife, his sister-in-law, young and pregnant, having to look at her husband and perhaps not even know it was her husband because of the fire, or if knowing to be shaken, not by death but by death and the face. He he worked all that night at the funeral parlor to which Dean's body had been taken, worked with a bottle and a chunk of wax, rebuilding his brother's face, piece of

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[30] Faulkner's brother, Dean, was killed in an airplane crash November 19, 1935.

wax by piece of wax. "And I did a pretty good job," he finished, concluded. "Because she just cried."[31]

Johnson told of the time Faulkner took his "fowling piece" and with some friends escaped to Catalina Island for some boar hunting. While he was romping through the woods, the Beverley Hilton hotel, at which he was living, was robbed—its safe despoiled by two gunmen. Faulkner returned from Catalina several days later, knowing nothing about the robbery, and entered the hotel about ten in the evening, dirty, unshaven, with his rifle under his arm. Within seconds the lobby was deserted. Faulkner stood there, perplexed, watching people vanish. Finding no one to explain, he shrugged his shoulders, knocked out his pipe, and went up to his room. "Things like this were always happening to Faulkner," Johnson said.

Johnson told how he entered his office one evening and found on his desk some galley proofs and a note from Faulkner which explained that these were the proofs of his new novel, that it would make a fine film, that the theme of the story

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31. Information from a conversation with Nunnally Johnson, August 27, 1958. According to the version of this story which appears in Robert Coughlan's The Private World of William Faulkner (New York, 1954), p. 99, Dean was killed while barnstorming, not while giving lessons. A slightly different version of Johnson's first encounter with Faulkner is cited by William Van O'Connor, The Tangled Fire of William Faulkner (Minneapolis, 1954), pp. 56-57n.

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Johnson told of the time Faulkner took his "leaving pleas" and with some friends escaped to Catalina Island for some beer drinking. While he was roaming through the woods, the Beverly Hills hotel, at which he was living, was robbed—his safe burglarized by two women. Faulkner returned from Catalina several days later, leaving nothing about the robbery, and entered the hotel about ten in the evening, dirty, unshaven, with his rifle under his arm. Within seconds the lobby was deserted. Faulkner stood there, perplexed, watching people vanish. Finding no one to explain, he shrugged his shoulders, lounged onto his pipe, and went up to his room. "Things like this were always happening to Faulkner," Johnson said.

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[31] Information from a conversation with Dorothy Johnson, August 27, 1968. According to the version of this story which appears in Bakers Complete's The Writing Life of William Faulkner (New York, 1967), p. 74, Faulkner was drinking while housecleaning, not while guest Johnson. A mightily different version of Johnson's first encounter with Faulkner is cited by William Van O'Connor, The Tangled Fire of William Faulkner (Minneapolis, 1954), p. 24-25.

was miscegenation, that the price was $100,000. The novel was Absalom, Absalom! Johnson was amused, not by the price, but by the idea of miscegenation on the screen.

David Hempstead also remembers the novel. He entered Faulkner's office one day and found Faulkner feeling rather gay, with his feet propped up on his desk and an empty bottle beside them. "Got something I want you to read," Faulkner said, and thrust a thick manuscript at Hempstead. "Just finished my novel." At first Hempstead balked, thinking of the work he had to do, but Faulkner insisted and finally prevailed, even after Hempstead had flatly refused when he discovered that Faulkner had no other copy. As he was leaving the office, Hempstead asked Faulkner what he thought of the novel—if he was satisfied with it. Faulkner replied: "It's the best novel yet written by an American."

Hempstead once asked Faulkner how he kept alive without eating—just drinking. Faulkner didn't even hesitate. "There's a damn lot of nutrition in an acre of corn," he said.

Other stories and anecdotes about Faulkner exist, many of which have appeared elsewhere.[32] That they do exist, and that they are all of similar tone, suggests that Faulkner, like Joe Christmas, left a lasting impression upon the people with whomhe chose to associate in Hollywood.

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32. Especially in Coughlan's book.

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David Hempstead also remembers the novel. He entered Faulkner's office one day and found Faulkner fumbling around, with his feet propped up on his desk and an empty bottle beside them. "Not something I want you to read," Faulkner said, and showed a little embarrassed. "Just finishing my novel." At first Hempstead believed, thinking of the work he had to do, but Faulkner insisted and finally prevailed. Later Hempstead had firmly refused when he discovered that Faulkner had no other copy. As he was leaving the office, Hempstead asked Faulkner what he thought of the novel—if he was satisfied with it. Faulkner replied: "It's the best novel yet written by an American."

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[32] Especially in Coughlin's book.

There seems to be some disagreement among Faulkner's Hollywood friends and colleagues as to his talents as a screen writer. Howard Hawks said of him: "He has inventiveness, taste, and great ability to characterize and the visual imagination to translate those qualities into the medium of the screen. He is intelligent and obliging—a master of his work who does it without fuss."[33] According to Nunnally Johnson, "he couldn't write dramatic material. He was honest in that he tried and did the best he could. He didn't contribute anything to screen writing in terms of mood, coloration, etc."[34] Neither Hawks nor Johnson, however, has based his judgment on the whole of Faulkner's work in Hollywood; they are familiar only with what Faulkner did while working with them. The opinions of Hawks and Johnson are not actually contradictory, and the evidence presented in the following chapters at times supports, at times confutes, and at times adds to, these opinions.

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33. Coughlan, p. 109.

34. Information from a conversation with Nunnally Johnson, August 27, 1958. Jerry Wald has said of Faulkner: "He had a particularly excellent sense of story construction but his actual writing was rather indifferent." Films in Review, p. 130.

There seems to be more disagreement among Faulkner's Hollywood friends and colleagues as to his talents as a screen writer. Howard Hawks said of him: "He has imagination, taste, and great ability to characterize and his element lengthening to translate these qualities into the medium of the screen. He is intelligent and obliging--a master of his work who does it without fuss."[34] According to Meredith Johnson, "He couldn't write dramatic material. He was hooked in that he tried and did the best he could. He didn't contribute anything to screen writing in terms of mood, conversation, etc."[35] Neither Hawks nor Johnson, however, has based his judgment on the whole of Faulkner's work in Hollywood; they are familiar only with what Faulkner did while working with them. The opinions of Hawks and Johnson are not entirely contradictory, and the evidence presented in the following chapters at times supports, at times contradicts, and at times adds to, these opinions.

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[34] Gwynn, p. 139.

[35] Interview from a conversation with Meredith Johnson, August 21, 1979. Jerry Wald has said of Faulkner: "He has a particularly admirable sense of story construction but his actual writing was rather indifferent." Wald in Tierney, p. 120.

CHAPTER THREE

CRITICAL STANDARDS

Faulkner's screen writings can be analyzed in various ways. One could, for example, distinguish between the screenplay and the treatment as types of screen writing with distinct formal characteristics, and examine Faulkner's work in terms of a formalistic standard—what a screenplay and treatment should or should not be and do. One could make a different kind of distinction—between an original and an adaptation—thus establishing a basis for investigating two kinds of creativity. Faulkner's original screenplay War Birds might prove to be quite successful as an original conception and quite unsuccessful as a screenplay; his treatment of Bellamy Partridge's Country Lawyer, unsuccessful as both adaptation and treatment. Or one could visualize the treatment as basically narrative and the screenplay as basically dramatic and search for such elements in Faulkner's work with the intention of making an inter-media comparison.

Thematically, Faulkner's work lends itself to analysis. Examination would reveal that much of his screen writing deals with themes of war and violence: War Birds, Today We Live, Road to Glory, Slave Ship, Splinter Fleet, Drums along

CHAPTER TWO

GENERAL BACKGROUND

Faulkner's screen writings can be analyzed in various ways. One could, for example, distinguish between the screenplay and the treatment as types of screen writing with distinct formal characteristics, and examine Faulkner's work in terms of a formalistic standard—what a screenplay and treatment should or should not be and do. One could make a different kind of distinction—between an original and an adaptation—thus establishing a basis for investigating his kinds of creativity. Faulkner's original screenplay *The Life* might prove to be quite successful as an original conception and quite unsuccessful as a screenplay. The treatment of Delivery Particulars's *Country Lawyer*, conversely, is both adaptation and treatment. Or one could triangulate the treatment as historically surrounding and the screenplay as textual drama and search for such elements in Faulkner's work with the intention of making an interesting comparison.

Textually, Faulkner's work lends itself to analysis. Examination would reveal that much of his screen writing deals with themes of war and violence: *The Brave Men* in *Life*, *Road to Glory*, *Have Gun, Will Travel*, *Tomorrow*, *Stone Mason*

the Mohawk, The DeGaulle Story, The Life and Death of a Bomber, Battle Cry, To Have and Have Not, The Big Sleep, The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, God is My Co-pilot, The Adventures of Don Juan, Mildred Pierce, Background to Danger, Land of the Pharaohs; that oddly enough, only two stories concern the South: Banjo on My Knee and Country Lawyer;[1] that with the exception of Mildred Pierce, he worked on no intense love stories; nor did he work on comedies or sophisticated melodramas. The thematic approach would also reveal that Faulkner was at his best—not as a Hollywood writer but as himself—when he wrote about the South. There is nothing at all of Faulkner the scenarist in Banjo on My Knee and Country Lawyer.

An historical approach could function in two ways: genetically and culturally. One could study Faulkner's work in terms of patterns of growth. Is there evidence of a developing scenaric style? Did Faulkner learn the craft as his Hollywood experience increased? Is his later work better than his earlier work? Or one could explore his writings in order to determine if a correlation exists between them and the historical and cultural situation at the time they were written. Evidence would indicate that while at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1932 and 1933, Faulkner reflected the national interest in aviation (Honor,

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1. Faulkner changed the setting of Bellamy Partridge's book from upstate New York to Mississippi.

the Zebra; The Dybbuk Story; The Life and Death of a Bread Basket (x); In Here and Here Has, The Ma Stone; The Gremlin; Dr. Glittenhouse; God As My Witness; The Adventures of Jos Jones; Sister Sister; Deserved to Burn; Land of the Giantess; The Jolly Queen; only two stories remain: The Jewish Bride and Country Lawyer. Not with the exception of Sister Sister, he worked on an intense love story; but did he work on novelts or syndicated columns. The Jewish Bride would also reveal that Faulkner was at his best--not as a Dollywood writer but as himself--when he wrote about the South. There is nothing of all of Faulkner's the uncovered as Souls on My Land and Country Lawyer.

An historical study was could therefore in two ways: genetically and multivariately. One could study Faulkner's work in terms of patterns of growth. Is there evidence of a developing romantic style? Did Twilight Zone the world as he lifetime experience increased? Is his last work better than his earlier work? Or one could explore his writings in order to determine if a correlation exists between them and the historical and cultural situation at the time they were written. Evidence could indicate that while at Twelve-Mile-Year in 1955 and 1956, Faulkner reflected the national interest in relative [illegible].

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[1] Faulkner's changed conception of Melissy Partridge's book from mystery into work in progress.

War Birds, Flying the Mail); his work at Twentieth Century-Fox between 1935 and 1937 is in keeping with Hollywood practice in that it is devoid of any reference to the depression or the European situation; patriotism is rampant in the writings of the Warner Brothers period—a patriotism that outdid the typical Hollywood war-time product in its messages and quality of mysticism (The Life and Death of a Bomber).

All of these approaches have validity in that they yield information about certain aspects of Faulkner's screen writings. However, if Faulkner's relationship with Hollywood is considered fundamentally as a relationship between a great novelist and an alien medium, and as a source of potential conflict between the aesthetic, esoteric and free and the materialistic, popular and restricted, an approach that focuses on the novelist as screen writer functions as a perspicacious way into Faulkner's work and provides a basis for a comprehensive examination and interpretation of that work.

Not only the concept of relationship but the work itself justifies such an approach. The screenplays and treatments reveal a Faulkner who is trying to write as Hollywood wishes him to write—trying to turn out palatable motion picture material—and a Faulkner who is writing as he likes to write, forgetting or rejecting the demands of the screen and writing, so it sometimes seems, for himself. This is not to imply

Her Flute, *Evelyn Hatch*). His work at Fenwick Tanbury—over between 1880 and 1887 is in keeping with Hallgrove production in that it is devoid of any reference to the depression of the European aristocracy; particular is respect in the writings of the Turner Brothers period—a period that created the typical Hallgrove non-fiction product in the novelettes and quality of novelettes (*The Life and Death of a Tanner*).

All of these experiences have variety in that they yield information about certain aspects of Faulkner's novel writings. However, if Faulkner's relationship with Hallgrove is considered functionally as a relationship between a great novelist and an elite leading, and in a novice at publishing conflict between the mentality, aesthetic and true and the materialistic, popular and restricted, an approach that focuses on the *novelist* as across within transition as a journeyman may take Faulkner's work and provide a basis for a complex descriptive exposition and interpretation of that work.

Not only the concept of realistic, but the work itself yielding such an approach. The general lack of track-ate reveal a Faulkner who is trying to write as Hallgrove wishes him to write—trying to turn out palatable fiction, literary material—and a Faulkner who is writing on the lines of Turner, Longpeake or relating the morals of the novel not without as it sometimes seems, for himself. That is not to say

that the distinction is ever-present and always clear-cut. One finds a constant blurring, overlap, between that which is Faulkner and that which is the Hollywood in Faulkner. It is often difficult to say--just this in a treatment is Faulkner and just this is not. For example, in Drums along the Mohawk, which will be discussed in a later chapter, many Faulknerian elements appear. Yet the treatment is essentially Hollywoodian; Faulkner tried to tailor his suggested adaptation of Edmonds' novel to the standard pattern. Whereas in Country Lawyer, which is also a suggested adaptation and which will also be discussed later, Faulkner so completely altered the book and so completely ignored Hollywood that his treatment reads like the outline of a projected novel.

At times, then, the distinction is obvious, and at times the opposing elements combine into something that is neither Hollywood nor Faulkner. The important point is that when they do combine, they combine in such a way that the Faulknerian and Hollywoodian elements remain in suspension. Thus a Faulkner screenplay is not an organic whole. If it were, the approach suggested above would be ineffective.

Faulkner's screen writings have been classified according to the manner in which Faulkner handled the elements of theme, character, action, and dialogue. Traditional Hollywood treatment places a given work in the category "Hollywood"; traditional Faulkner treatment, in the category "Faulkner." When the treatment of these elements in a given work is not preponderantly one or the other, it has been categorized "composite."

There is little possibility of mistaking the Hollywood treatment. The basic themes of the American motion picture have been set forth in the first chapter. Character, in the Hollywood tradition, is simply a matter of type: heroes, heroines, villains, villainesses. Of course there are variations in pattern, but in essence the Hollywood types bear an embarrassing resemblance to the characters who people Nathanael West's A Cool Million. The hero may be a cowboy, a private detective, a businessman, a soldier, a ballplayer—anything so long as he is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient (to societal mores, his mother, and the woman he loves), cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. The villain naturally lacks these good American qualities. Caught between the hero and the villain is the sacrificial male. He is either the "good Joe" who continually saves the hero from both death and life and gets himself killed in the end, giving

Faulkner's various writings have been classified according to the manner in which Faulkner handled the elements of theme, character, action, and dialogue. Traditional Hollywood treatments place a given work in the category "Hollywood"; traditional Faulkner treatments, in the category "Faulkner." When the treatment of these elements in a given work is not particularly one or the other, it has been categorized "Composite."

There is little possibility of mistaking the Hollywood treatment. The basic theme of the American action picture has been set forth in the first chapter. Character, in the Hollywood treatment, is simply a matter of type: heroes, heroines, villains, villainesses. Of course there are variations in pattern, but in essence the Hollywood type has no substantial resemblance to the characters who people Faulkner's A Good Writer. The hero may be a cowboy, a private detective, a businessman, a soldier, a bullfighter--anything as long as he is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient (in moderate manner, his mother, and she woman he loves), cheerful, cheerly, brave, clean, and reverent. The villain naturally lacks these good Christian qualities.

Caught between the hero and the villain is the sacrificial male. He is either the "good boy" who unselfishly saves the hero from both death and life and gets himself killed in the end, giving

the audience occasion for tears and the hero pause for momentary reflection on the nature of friendship (Road to Glory), or he is a former villain who receives the logos in time to martyr himself by saving the hero from the real villain or villains (My Darling Clementine), or he is the bothersome angle in a triangle situation who must be disposed of so that the marital or pre-marital problems of the hero and heroine can be satisfactorily solved (Today We Live).

Female types differ from male types.[2] The "good" girl may win the hero (Kim Novak in Pal Joey), or she may be a destructive force (Claire Bloom in The Brothers Karamazov); regardless, she is painfully virtuous—the girl to take home to daddy without fear. The "bad" girl (like the villain, she could never have made the Boy Scouts), gets it in the end (Joan Collins in Land of the Pharaohs).[3] The "bitch" is so often sexually exciting

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[2] Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites, Movies: A Psychological Study (Glencoe, Illinois, 1950), have written what is perhaps the best study of character and plot configuration in the motion picture. Their thesis is similar to the thesis postulated by Siegfried Kracauer, From Caligari to Hitler: A Psychological History of the German Film (Princeton, 1947), pp. 5-7. "The films of a nation reflect its mentality in a more direct way than other artistic media....What films reflect are not so much explicit credos as psychological dispositions—those deep layers of collective mentality which extend more or less below the dimension of consciousness....In recording the visible world—whether current reality or an imaginary universe—films therefore provide clues to hidden mental processes." Thus Wolfenstein and Leites (p.13) think that these female types represent "the recurrent day-dreams which enter into the consciousness of millions of movie-goers."

the maximum occasion for scorn and the more prosaic [illegible] reflections on the nature of friendship (Lord Jim), or in [illegible] in a former village who receives the love in lieu of marriage himself by saving the town from the real villain or villains (My Antonia [illegible]), or in the latter-day angle in a triangle situation who must be disposed of so that the marital or pre-marital problems of the hero and heroine can be satisfactorily solved (Lady Be Good).

Female types differ from male types.[2] The "good" girl may win the hero (Kim Novak in Pal Joey), or she may be a destructive force (Claire Bloom in The Brothers Karamazov); regardless, she is painfully virtuous--too pure to take home to daddy without fear. The "bad" girl (like the villain), she could never have made the boy scream), gets it in the end (Joan Collins in Land of the Pharaohs).[3] The "nice" is so often sexually exciting

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[2]Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites, Movies: A Psychological Study (Glencoe, Illinois, 1950), have written what is perhaps the best study of character and plot configuration in the movies pictures. Their thesis is similar to the thesis popularized by Siegfried Kracauer, From Caligari to Hitler: A Psychological History of the German Film (Princeton, 1947), pp. 5-6: "The films of a nation reflect the mentality in a more direct way than other artistic media....Not films reflect rather such as would explicit crucial psychological dispositions--those deep layers of collective psychic which extend more or less below the dimension of rationalization....In recording the visible world--whether outward reality or an imaginary universe--films therefore provide clues to hidden mental processes." Then Wolfenstein and Leites (p.13) think that those female types representing "the prosaic day-dreams which rather like the sandman--mass of millions of movie-goers."

that her fate remains ambiguous (Joan Bennett in The Macomber Affair). Closely related to the "bitch" is the "masculine-feminine" girl; she can give it and take it and her conversation is all wit and experience (Lauren Bacall says to Humphrey Bogart in To Have and Have Not: "If you want me, just whistle. You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve? You just put your lips together and blow."). The tough hero is eventually seduced by her rough-and-tumble tactics and capitulates.

Perhaps the most unique Hollywood type is the "good-bad" girl.[4] She is the female whose past appears either sexually or

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3. "It is only where the bad girl is opposed to a good girl that she has a chance to win....The most forbidding feature of the bad girl, even more than promiscuity or crime, is that she coldly uses men, or at least is willing to sacrifice them for her own advantage." Wolfenstein and Leites, pp. 36-37.

4. "The difficulty of choosing between a good and a bad girl is one of the major problems of love-life in western culture. The problem is to fuse two feelings which men have found it hard to have in relation to the same woman. On the one hand, there are sexual impulses, which a man may feel to be bad, and which he may find it hard to associate with a woman whom he considers admirable. The image, the actuality, of the 'bad' woman arises to satisfy sexual impulses which men feel to be degrading. On the other hand, there are affectionate impulses evoked by women who resemble the man's mother or sister, 'good' women. A good girl is the sort that a man should marry, but she has the disadvantage of not being sexually stimulating.... The good-bad girl is an American product; the vamp is an import." Ibid., pp. 25-26, 33. It is interesting to note the similarity between this and Faulkner's attitude toward Southern women.

that has lost romantic ambiguous (Joan Bennett in *The Woman's Affair*). Closely related to the "vixen" is the "sensitive-feminine" girl; she can give it and take it and her determination is all wit and experience (Jeanne Bonnell says to Humphrey Bogart in *To Have and Have Not*: "If you want me, just whistle. You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve?" For just put your lips together and blow."). The lonely here is eventually endeared by her rough-and-tumble besting and amplitudes.

Perhaps the most unique Hollywood type is the "good-bad" girl.[6] She is the female whose pack appears either sexually or

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[5] "It is only where the bad girl is opposed to a good girl that she has a chance to win....The usual forbidding feature of the bad girl, even more than promiscuity or selfishness, is that she really wants men, or at least is willing to sacrifice them for her own enjoyment." Wolfenstein and Leites, pp. 26-27.

[6] "The difficulty of choosing between a good and a bad girl is one of the major problems of love-life in western societies. The problem is in fact the feeling which men have found it hard to form in relation to the sexy woman. On the one hand, there are sexual impulses, which a man may feel in the bad, and which he may find it hard to associate with a woman whom he considers admirable. The lady, the sexlessness, of the 'good' woman attracts to society, moral imperatives which one feel to be degrading. On the other hand, there are affectionate impulses evoked by women who remind the man's mother or sister. 'Good' women, a good girl in the sense that not a man should marry, but the one the disadvantage of not being sexually stimulating.... The good-bad girl is an American product: the very is an image." *Ibid.*, pp. 28-29, 33. It is interesting to note the similarity between this and Hemingway's position toward American women.

criminally shady, whose actions in the present are shady, and who in the end clears her name and reputation with a word or a deed and emerges spotless, the good girl, really, ready to accept the hero who had once suspected her of unladylike conduct but who is finally convinced, by the word or deed, that she has either purified herself or has all the time been pure and has just been waiting for him to prove himself worthy to be the agent of her deflowerment, actual or illusory. The screen overflows with "good-bad" girls, females who never are what they seem: Lauren Bacall in The Big Sleep, Joan Crawford in Mildred Pierce, Maria Schell in The Brothers Karamazov, etc.

Then there is the comic type—sometimes a woman (Martha Raye) but most often a man (Andy Devine, Alfonso Bedoya, Keenan Wynn). A typical vaudeville figure, he provides a liberal sprinkling of comic situations and dialogue.

National and occupational types need no comment.

With character stereotyped, the Hollywood treatment of action is rigidly defined. Characters cannot act out of character—cannot thwart audience expectations. Thus action a la Hollywood is not based on concepts of the human being interacting with other human beings and with his environment, immediate or otherwise, in terms of his individual psychological and physiological characteristics and his unique way of apprehending experience. Hollywood action has its own special logic. Whatever

originally study, whose actions in the present are slowly, and who in life and always her home and respectable with a husband or a dead and unknown mystiques, the good girl, really, ready to accept the hero who had once suggested her of unlovelike without but who is finally deprived, by the world or death, that she has either purified herself or has all the same been pure and has just been waiting for him to prove himself merely to be the equal of her deliverment, patient or allusory. The narrow-minded view with "good-bad" girls, females who never are what they seem. Lauren Bacall in The Big Sleep, Joan Crawford in Mildred Pierce, Marla Schell in The Brothers Karamazov, etc.

Then there is the comic type--remaining a woman (Marilyn Monroe) but most often a man (Judy Garland, Allison Hodgin, Lauren Tom). A typical vaudeville figure, he provides a liberal sprinkling of comic situations and dialogue.

Religious and conventional types need no comment.

With character stereotyped, the Hollywood treatment of action is rigidly defined. Characters cannot act out of character--cannot invent audacious experiments. This action is Hollywood is not based on concepts of the human being interacting with other human beings and with his environment, immediate or otherwise, in terms of his individual psychological and physiological characteristics and his unique way of apprehending experience. Hollywood action has its own special logic. Whatever

happens in an American motion picture happens because if it didn't the story would not end as it is supposed to end, the theme would fail to meet the test of innocuousness, and the characters would fail to fit the appropriate stereotype.

A good example of the way in which character determines action is a picture which earned Faulkner screen credit as a collaborator—The Big Sleep. It is a mystery melodrama. Lauren Bacall, as the good-bad girl, associates intimately with murderous underworld figures, accepts propositions readily, and places Humphrey Bogart, the two-fisted, red-blooded, hard boiled hero as private detective in situations in which most people would be quite easily killed. In spite of her, however, Bogart survives (Yankee ingenuity and clean living), murders the murderers without flinching (courage, fortitude, and justifiable vengeance), decides that Lauren had not been doing what naughty girls do but has been on the level all the time, appearances or no appearances (epiphany), and takes her as his true love (there beats a heart....).

In the usual Hollywood product, all one has to do is place the type, thus figuring the inter-relationships and anticipating the action. Rarely does a picture like Henry King's The Gunfighter come along to destroy the character-action logic and confuse the audience.

Hollywood dialogue is a rather simple affair: one-syllable words, short phrases, adolescent diction, talk which is unnecessary

happens in an American sudden picture happens because it is this: the story would not exist as it is supposed to exist, the issue would fail to evoke the best of innocuousness, and the characters would fail to fit the appropriate stereotype.

A good example of the way in which character determines action is a picture which earned Kathleen Norris credit as a novelist—*The Mix Blood*. It is a mystery melodrama. Laura Farrell, an high-and girl, associates indiscriminately with unfortunate outcast figures, accepts propositions roughly, and plunges desperately forward, the ungratified, red-blooded, hard limited born as private detective in situations in which most people would be quite easily killed. In spite of her, however, logical motives (loyalty, impunity and risen living), measure the unfamiliar without filmsiding (courage, foreknowledge, and justifiable vengeance), the claim that Laura had not been doing work naughty girls do but has been on the level all the time, appearance of an opportunity (opportunity), and helps her as this term lens (*Every Week's Serial*).

In the usual Hollywood product, all one has to do is place the type, then figuring the inter-relationship and constructing the action. Merely does a picture like Harry Langdon's *The Sheik* come along to destroy the character-action logic and confuse the audience.

Delayed dialogue is a rather simple matter: one-syllable words, short phrases, adolescent diction, lack with the necessary

because it duplicates the camera eye. Not only is there a pattern of action for each type, but a style of dialogue as well. Never let it be said that American motion picture characters fail to speak as they are supposed to speak.

Faulkner's themes relate primarily to the South and to society in general: moral confusion and social decay (Cowley); social and moral chaos (Campbell); Southern Christianity (O'Connor); modern man in search of beliefs (O'Connor); the decadence of Southern character and society (Beach); the search for the past (Howe); injustice and social responsibility (Howe); the search for identity (Chase). In addition to this difference in kind, there is a difference in approach. Hollywood themes usually predicate a value quality of the theme subject ("love <u>is</u> noble," "mother love <u>is</u> sacred," "the history of America <u>is</u> glorious," etc.). Faulkner's themes do not invite such predication. Moral confusion may be a theme of <u>Absalom, Absalom!</u>, but "moral confusion is bad or wrong or ignoble" is not. The Hollywood theme affirms a truth which the motion picture puts to a test and automatically re-affirms, whereas the Faulkner theme affirms nothing but the existence of a conflict or problem or situation important enough to be developed in a novel or

because it duplicates the source type. Not only is there a multiple of endings for each type, but a style of dialogue as well. Never let it be said that Jonathan Swift's characters fail to speak as they are supposed to speak.

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Faulkner's theme relate primarily to the South and to society in general: moral corruption and social decay (Caddy); sexual and moral abuse (Temple); brutality, brutalizing (Quentin); endless man in search of belief (Quentin); the decadence of Southern character and society (Jason); the search for the past (Dave); injustice and social irresponsibility (Dave); the search for knowledge (Dave). In addition to this difference in kind, there is a difference in approach. Hollywood films usually possess a value quality of the type only ("love is noble," "honor has its reward," "the history of nation is glorious," etc.). Faulkner's themes do not invite such generalizations. Moral evaluation may be a theme of Faulkner's fiction, but moral evaluation is bad or wrong or ignoble in such. The Hollywood theme affirms a truth which the motion picture poses in a bold and conventionally re-affirms, whereas the Faulkner theme affirms meaning but the existence of a conflict or problem or situation important enough to be developed in a novel or

story. The Hollywood theme states a moral; not the theme, but the actions of Faulkner's characters in a given novel express a moral attitude.

With the possible exception of the white Protestant females,[5] the characters who live and die in Faulkner's novels cannot properly be called stereotypes. Faulkner's treatment of character resembles that of many modern writers, especially Pirandello, Malraux, and Sartre: "Un homme est la somme de ses actes, de ce qu'il a fait, de ce qu'il peut faire."[6]

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5. Irving Howe, William Faulkner: A Critical Study (New York, 1951), pp. 97-100, considers Faulkner's "inability to achieve moral depth in his portraiture of young women" to be one of his "major failings." Howe's insight can be developed further and applied not only to "young women" but to almost all of Faulkner's non-Negro women. Even Faulkner's heroic female characters—Rosa Millard, Jenny DuPré, Miss Habersham—lack the moral depth of most of his male characters. The reason, perhaps, is that his females are allegorical or symbolic representations of values, and as such, they partake of a stereotype. They can be rather easily categorized: the "earth mothers" (Lena Grove, Eula Varner, Dewey Dell); the masculine women (Margaret Powers, Charlotte Rittenmeyer, Judith Sutpen, Joanna Burden, Drusilla Sartoris); the epicene girls (Cecily Saunders, Patricia Robyn, Temple Drake, Candace and Quentin Compson); the martyrs (Mrs. Compson, Ellen Sutpen, Narcissa Benbow); the heroic women (Rosa Millard, Jenny DuPré, Miss Habersham). They can also be dichotomized into destructive and creative. Addie Bundren seems to be the exception to the rule. Like Dilsey and Nancy Mannigoe and Molly Beauchamp, she achieves individuality and asserts the integrity of her own perceptions.

6. André Malraux, La Condition Humaine (Paris, 1946), p. 271.

story. The Hollywood theme stories a morally not the theme, but the notions of Hamlin's characters in a given moral context, a moral attitude.

With the possible exception of the white Protestant region,[5] the characters who live and die in Hamlin's novels cannot properly be called stereotypes. Hamlin's treatment of characters resembles that of early modern writers, especially Dickens, Meredith, and Dreiser. He knows not in some do one notes, so to speak, do as well just fair.

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[5] Irving Howe, William Faulkner: A Critical Study (New York, 1951), pp. 21-22, considers Faulkner's "inability to achieve moral depth in his characters of young women" to be one of his "major failings." Howe's insight can be developed further and applied not only to "young women" but to almost all of Faulkner's characters-women. Even Faulkner's female characters--some Dilsey, Lucy Gavin, Miss Jenny--lack the moral depth of most of his male characters. The reason, perhaps, is that his females are allegorical or symbolic representations of nature, and as such, they partake of a mythology. They can be rather easily categorized: the "earth mother" (Dilsey, Lucy Gavin, Lena Grove, Jenny Du Pre); the womanly woman (Caroline Bunch, Charlotte Stevens-Bunden, Linda Snopes, Eula Varner, Drusilla Sartoris); the wicked girls (Janie Snopes, Pickett Snopes, Virginia Snopes, Gowan and Gavin Stevens, the morning line, Thompson, Gillis, Byron, Harriet Benbow); the Negro women (Dee, Nancy, Mammy Rosie, Lena Kennedy). They can also be stereotyped into contrasting and opposing roles. Addie Bundren seems to be the exception to the rule. Like Dilsey and Lucy Gavin, Benjamin and Kelly Snopes, she achieves individuality and asserts the integrity of her own personality.

[6] Arthur Mizener, The Fugitive Poets (Paris, 1937), p. 111.

Although Faulkner's characters may be grouped according to kind—poor whites, pine-hill farmers, Snopeses, decadent aristocrats, criminals, Negroes—they do not therefore become stereotypes. Bookwright is not of the same cut as Armstid; Eck Snopes is a Snopes in name only; Compson is not Sartoris is not Sutpen; Dilsey is neither Nancy Mannigoe or Molly Beauchamp.[7] The difference lies in their actions. What each is at any given moment depends on what each has done up to and including that moment. Faulkner's characters rarely "are"; they are constantly "becoming."

Again with the exception of the white Protestant females, his characters do not fit the Hollywood hero-villain dichotomy. Popeye and Jason come closest to the stereotype "villain," yet for all their despicable qualities they react to their environment in terms of their individual strategies and moral attitudes (even within what seems to be a deterministic system), thus achieving human-ness and transcending the stereotype. When Popeye stops running and is subjected to a human agency, he ironically gains control of his life—perhaps for the first time—and his actions are not those of the Hollywood villain.

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7. For an excellent discussion of Faulkner's Negroes, see the unpublished thesis (University of New Mexico, 1956) by David Hiatt, "William Faulkner and the Yoknapatawpha Negro."

Although Faulkner's characters may be grouped according to kind—poor whites, plantation gentlemen, Negroes, decadent aristocrats, criminals, idiots—they do not therefore become stereotypes. Paradoxically in one of the ways one is usually led despite in a Faulkner novel, every character is not typical, is not typical, is not Faulkner, Quentin Compson, Gavin Stevens, Dilsey is neither merely Southern or Negro or Faulkner.[7] The difference lies in their actions. That each is as any given moment expends on what and how does a he and including that moment. Faulkner's characters truly "are"; they are constantly "becoming."

Again with the exception of the white Faulkner "heroes," his characters do not fit the Hollywood hero-villain. Whether Popeye and Jason come closest to the stereotype "villain," yet for all their despicable qualities they reveal to their surroundings in terms of their individual strengths and moral attitudes (even within what seems to be a deterministic universe), thus relieving boredom and transcending the stereotype. Even Popeye stops running and is subjected to a human agency, he invariably gains control of his impotence for the first time—and his actions are not those of the Hollywood villain.

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[7] For an excellent discussion of Faulkner's Negroes, see the unpublished thesis (University of Sun Dorado, 1968) by David Ilott, "Allies Faulkner and the Nonpersonhood Negro."

If there is (or need be), a villain in Faulkner's work, "la condition humaine" will serve admirably. Man must continually bear his condition and all his condition imposes on him; to do so is to assert one's existence. Man endures. Faulkner's great characters, however, transcend endurance—physical endurance. They move from subjection to "la condition" to a confrontal of it and final triumph over it. They achieve permanence in time, thus thwarting death. Thus there seems to be no polarization of character in Faulkner's novels. His characters are heroic to the degree that they accept the gambit that is their birth, assume, within a deterministic scheme, the responsibility for their actions, eventually repudiate fate and act according to the dictates of their now seemingly free will, and enter the time stream that is the social consciousness. In these terms, Joe Christmas and Thomas Sutpen are Faulkner's most heroic characters—complex individuals whose deaths are not an escape from the human condition but a transcendence of it—whose manner of dying thrusts them ineradicably into the consciousness of others: Christmas into the consciousness of Jefferson, Mottson, Gail Hightower, Percy

Grimm;[8] Sutpen into the consciousness of his children, Rosa Coldfield, the Compsons, especially Quentin, and Shreve McCannon.[9] They both accept whatever star it was they had

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8. "He just lay there, with his eyes open and empty of everything save consciousness, and with something, a shadow, about his mouth. For a long moment he looked up at them with peaceful and unfathomable and unbearable eyes. Then his face, his body, all, seemed to collapse, to fall in upon itself, and from out the slashed garments about his hips and loins the pent black blood seemed to rush like a released breath. It seemed to rush out of his pale body like the rush of sparks from a rising rocket; upon that black blast the man seemed to rise soaring into their memories forever and ever. They are not to lose it, in whatever peaceful valleys, beside whatever placid and reassuring streams of old age, in the mirroring faces of whatever children they will contemplate old disasters and newer hopes. It will be there, musing, quiet, steadfast, not fading and not particularly threatful, but of itself alone serene, of itself alone triumphant." Light in August (New York, 1950), p. 407.

9. Howe, pp. 163-164, tempers his opinion of Sutpen's heroic quality by asserting that Sutpen never perceived his own situation and condition. "Sutpen's life is a gesture of hubris; what prevents him from rising to the greatness of the tragic hero is a failure in self-recognition. For such a climax the stage seems ready: few heroes fall as low as Sutpen, selling candy sticks in a backwoods store, drinking with Wash Jones, trying to perpetuate his line through Wash Jones's daughter. But Sutpen is never struck by a weight of knowledge; he neither searches the source of his fall nor assumes responsibility for its consequences. Because he is incapable of that rendering of self and tearing out of pride which forms the tragic element, Sutpen dies as he lived, a satanic hero subject only to his own willfulness and the check of fate. He is one of the few heroes in twentieth-century literature who rejects the passive role...." I think there is reason to question this interpretation. Sutpen does achieve insight into himself and his situation (his "innocence," his choice between his code and his design, his proposition to Rosa Coldfield, his deliberate antagonizing of Wash Jones); he plays, throughout most of the novel, a "passive role," although the illusion created by Faulkner is that he initiates his actions independent of the fate which controls him. Sutpen's antagonizing of Wash Jones is in contradiction to his design, and thus seems to have been a "free" act, one that had as its prerequisite final and complete recognition.

Graham[8] enters into the consciousness of his children, Tom, Gertrude, the Compson, sensually gaze on, and observe Benjy.[9] They both escape whenever when it was too hot

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[8] "He just lay there, with his eyes open and apply of everything were consciousness, and with everything, in shadow, about his mouth. For a long moment he looked up at them with proud and unfathomable and valiant eyes. Then his face, his body, all, seemed to collapse, to fall in upon itself, and from out the clasped pillows about his head and face his pent sobs broke, muffled and rent like a violated breath. It seemed to rock out of his pale body like the wrath of spirits from a riding thunders upon that black cloud the sun turned to pine crashing into their empire forever and ever. They were not to lose it, in whatever unknown velleity, beside whatever plank and smouldering stream of old age, in the circling faces of whatever children they will see tumultuous old disasters and power hoped. It will be alone, morning, clouds, wet lighting and not necessarily strenuous, but of itself alone perhaps, of itself alone triumphant." Faulkner, in Sanctuary (New York: 1929), p. 347.

[9] Here, pp. 130-134, compare his opinion of Gertrude's beauty quality by asserting that judges rather perceives the sun silhouetted and sensitive. "Gertrude's life is a poem of [illegible] which provoke his sense relating to the grotesque of the tragic here is a failure in self-recognition. For Jason a climax the tragic sense rather for Gertrude that is lies on [illegible], selling candy which is a [illegible] above, relating with Jason, trying to prevent his life through such lonan's daughter. But Gertrude is never struck by a wedge of realization the million overcome the sense of him fall not reduce responsibility for his consequences. Gertrude is incapable of that realizing of self and [illegible] which form the tragic element. Gertrude dies as an idiot, a cathode ray subject only to his own willfulness and the chaos of fate. He is one of the few heroes in twentieth-century literature who reflects the passive voice..." I think there is reason to question this interpretation. Gertrude does achieve insight into Quentin and his dilemma (his "innocence," his choice between his code and his sense, his proposition to Dalton Ames). Quentin's delusion concerning of Dalton Ames, the plot, turnpoint such of the novel, a "pseudo role," although the illusion created by Faulkner is that he achieves his action independent of the fate which overtake him. Gertrude's mutilating of Jason leaves is in consciousness he sits a sign and time seems to have been a "true" act, one which had on the preceptive final and complete consciousness.

lived and acted under and assert the integrity of their having been, being, becoming—Sutpen with Wash Jones, Christmas with Percy Grimm.

No heroes and no villains, then. Characters that may be considered protagonists and antagonists in a given novel, but that cannot be absolutely stereotyped according to abstract value systems without denying Faulkner's essentially humanistic, and existential, moral perceptions—perceptions more Greek than Christian, which apprehend man, as did Protagoras, as the measure of all things, and the universe, as did Heraclitus, as always in flux. Not allegorical representations, not embodiments of a value system, Faulkner's characters "become" through their actions. Hollywood cannot buy this.

Nor could, or would, Hollywood buy Faulkner's rhetoric. Dialogue such as appears in Banjo on My Knee, which will be discussed in a later chapter, and in Requiem for a Nun, bears no resemblance to traditional motion picture dialogue (or, for that matter, to traditional stage dialogue).

There thus seems to be little possibility of miscategorizing Faulkner's screen writings. His themes, and his treatment of character, action, and dialogue are diametrically opposed to the traditionally Hollywoodian. The following chapters present a comprehensive picture of Faulkner the novelist as scenarist.

lived and acted under and answer the integrity of their having been, being, becoming—Cooper also has James, Chateaubriand Percy Grant.

So heroes and no villains, then. Characters that may be considered protagonists and antagonists in a given novel, but that cannot be absolutely stereotyped according to abstract value systems without denying Faulkner's essentially humanistic and existentialist, moral perspectives—perspectives more broad than Christian, which approached now, as did Prometheus, on the measure of all things, and the universe, as did Dostoyevsky, as always in view. Her allegorical representations, not embodiment of a value system, Faulkner's characters "become" through their actions. Hollywood means bad taste.

Her world, or world, foliaged by Faulkner's rhetoric. Dialogue such as appears in Sanctuary or The Hamlet will be discussed in a later chapter, and in Intruder in the Dust, there no resemblance to traditional western picture dialogue (or, for that matter, to traditional stage dialogue).

There then seems to be little possibility of misunderstanding Faulkner's serious artistry. His themes, and his treatment of character, action, and dialogue are diametrically opposed to the traditional Hollywoodian. The following chapters present a comprehensive picture of Faulkner the novelist in seriousness.

CHAPTER FOUR

COLLABORATIONS

Faulkner's reputation as a screen writer rests on the six pictures for which he received screen credit: Today We Live (1933), Road to Glory (1936), Slave Ship (1937), To Have and Have Not (1944), The Big Sleep (1946), Land of the Pharaohs (1955). The screenplays for all of these pictures, however, were written by more than one person, and as is characteristic of most, if not all, collaborations, it is relatively difficult to determine, with any degree of certainty, how responsible each collaborator is for the final product. Thus, with the exception of Today We Live (which Faulkner helped adapt from his own short story "Turnabout"), the screenplays for which Faulkner received credit contain little that can be identified as specifically Faulkner's work. These screenplays are, nevertheless, part of Faulkner's total Hollywood output, and an examination of them will provide an insight into the kind of work Faulkner did.

William Van O'Connor considers "Turnabout" "very successful, and then only as adventure."[1] Irving Howe classifies it thematically:

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1. O'Connor, p. 89.

CHAPTER FOUR

CONCLUSIONS

Faulkner's reputation as a screen writer rests on the six pictures he which he received screen credit: Today We Live (1933), Road to Glory (1936), Slave Ship (1937), To Have and Have Not (1944), The Big Sleep (1946), Land of the Pharaohs (1955). The screenplays for all of these pictures, however, were written by more than one person, and as is characteristic of most, if not all, collaborations, it is relatively difficult to determine, with any degree of certainty, how responsible each collaborator is for the final product. Thus, with the exception of Today We Live (which Faulkner helped adapt from his own short story "Turnabout"), the screenplays for which Faulkner received credit contain little that can be identified as specifically Faulkner's work. These screenplays are, nevertheless, part of Faulkner's total Hollywood output, and an examination of them will provide an insight into the kind of work Faulkner did.

William Van O'Connor considers "Turnabout" "very economical, and then only an adventure."[1] Irving Howe classifies it theoretically:

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[1] O'Connor, p. 88.

> Another group of stories is concerned with the First World War, and some of them, like "Turnabout," are done with conventional competence. They are specimens of a class rather than individual works of art; specimens of the war story in which a writer, facing an experience impossible to order, invokes its terror and pity through tense understatement.[2]

The story concerns the attitudes of two characters—H. S. Bogard, a veteran American Air Force captain, and Claude Hope, a much younger veteran English midshipman—toward war. Bogard takes his role as an American fighting someone else's war seriously; he is perturbed by Hope's child-like simplicity and seeming indifference and decides to "show him some war." In the ensuing action Bogard realizes that attitudes derive from personal experiences and that courage is not a matter of external appearance. The writing is subdued and deceptively humorous; the dialogue (which is atypical of Faulkner) establishes the character of Hope and maintains the tone of the story—it is succinct, clipped, quite English:

> "Billet, you see," he said. "Must have order, even in war emergency. Billet by lot. This street mine; no poaching, eh? Next street Jamie Wutherspoon's. But trucks can go by that street because Jamie not using it yet. Not in bed yet. Insomnia. Knew so. Told them. Trucks go that way. See now?"[3]

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[2]. Irving Howe, William Faulkner (New York, 1951), p. 191.

[3]. Dr. Martino and Other Stories (London, 1958), p. 101.

Another group of stories is concerned with the "Great World War," and some of them, like "Gorgibus," are more with conventional suspense. They are speculations of a mind rather than individual works of art; specimens of the war story in which a writer, finding an appreciation impossible to order, invokes the horror and pity through terror understatement.[8]

The story concerns the relations of two characters--M. Bogard, a woman American in Paris society, and Claude Tope, a much younger veteran English middle-class-educated man. Bogard takes his role as an American flirting somewhat with war seriously; he is provoked by Tope's cold-like slightness and seeming indifference and decides to "show him more." In the ensuing action Bogard realizes that attitudes derive from personal experience and that courage is not a matter of outward appearance. The writing is concerned and deeply humorous; the dialogue (which is stylized at "realism") establishes the character of Tope and indicates the tone of the story--if is serious, dipped, quite English.

> "Hilliet, you see," he said. "Just here order, even in our campaign. Hilliet is lot. This street mined and booby-trap Each street, Denis Fairfax-Ross. Not trenches can go by that street because Jerry not using it yet. Not in bad yet. Ar mounts. Have do. Tell them. Trench So that why. Can now?[9]

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[8]Irving Howe, Politics and the Novel (New York, 1957), p. 102.

[9]W. Somerset Maugham, Ashenden (London, 1928), p. 141.

"It's Ronnie's show. He thought of it. Not that I wouldn't have, in time. Gratitude and all that. But he's the older, you see. Thinks fast. Courtesy, noblesse oblige—all that. Thought of it soon as I told him this morning. I said, 'Oh, I say. I've been there. I've seen it'; and he said, 'Not flying'; and I said, 'Strewth'; and he said, 'How far? No lying now'; and I said, 'Oh, far. Tremendous. Gone all night'; and he said, 'Flying all night. That must have been to Berlin'; and I said, 'I don't know. I dare say'; and he thought. I could see him thinking. Because he is the older, you see. More experience in courtesy, right thing. And he said, 'Berlin. No fun to that chap, dashing out and back with us.' And he thought and I waited, and I said 'But we can't take him to Berlin. Too far. Don't know the way, either'; and he said—fast, like a shot—said, 'But there's Kiel'; and I knew—"[4]

The "tense understatement" which Howe remarked in the story has been replaced in the motion picture by a heavy-handed treatment of a triangular love plot, sentimentality, melodrama, and a pseudo-problematic question of wartime sexual morality. Of the two hundred and nine scenes of the screenplay, fifty-six—those depicting the two combat situations—bear some similarity to "Turnabout." The characters have been typed to fit the new story line; the theme seems to be that love conquers all, even in war.

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[4]. Ibid., p. 121.

"It's Dorothy's show. He thought of it. Let that Lorenzo's move, in time. Gentleman and all that. Let he's the elder, I'm sure. Thanks Fred. Contrary, [illegible] obliging—all that. Thought of it soon as I told him their marriage. I said, 'Oh,' I say. I've been there. I've seen it; and in main, 'Not flying' that I said. 'General,' was he said; 'How far? By flying say'; and I said, 'Oh, far. Frequently. Gone all night'; and he said, 'Flying all night.' That must have been to Berlin'; and I said, 'I don't know. I have my'p and in thought. I could see his intuition. Because he is the elder, you see. Here overseas to country, right thing. And he said, 'Berlin. So fun to start early, dashing one and back with us.' And he thought and I waited, and I said 'But so can't take his to Berlin. Too far. Don't have the way, either'; and he said—dash, like a shot—said, 'Not there's Kiel'; and I knew—"[4]

The "dance underintendent" which Dorothy remembered in the story has been replaced in the motion picture by a heavy-handed treatment of a straightforward love plot, contemporality, melodrama, and a pseudo-realistic question of Lorenzo's mental morality. Of the two hundred and nine scenes of the screenplay, fifty-six—those depicting the two secondary situations—have some similarity to "Dorothy." The characters have been typed to fit the new story line; the three scenes to the that love conquers all, even in war.

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[4] Ibid., p. 181.

Much of the dialogue from "Turnabout" has been transferred to the screenplay, and the new dialogue is in the same style. Although Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor, who received screen credit for the adaptation,[5] are probably responsible for the total conception of the screenplay, there is evidence which suggests that Faulkner wrote dialogue for their story. In scene forty-one, Dianne, the heroine, says to Bogard: "This is our mess--we don't like neutrals watching us--studying us like ants in a hill when boiling water's poured on them." This ant-hill and boiling water image is used by Faulkner, with a somewhat different function, in Absalom, Absalom!

> You would almost believe that Sutpen's trip to New Orleans was just sheer chance, just a little more of the illogical machinations of fatality which had chosen that family in preference to any other in the country or the land exactly as a small boy chooses one ant-hill to pour boiling water into in preference to another....[6]

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5. The screen credits for Today We Live are: Director: Howard Hawks; Author: William Faulkner; Adaptor: Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor; Cameraman: Oliver T. Marsh; Editor: Edward Curtiss; Cast: Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns, Louise Closser Hale, Rollo Lloyd, Hilda Vaughn.

6. (New York, 1951), p. 102. An interesting variation of this image appears in Hemingway's A Farewell to Arms. While Catherine is in the hospital, dying, Frederick

Much of the dialogue from "Turandot" has been transferred to the screenplay, and the new dialogue is in the same style. Although Judith Kilgerrald and Ralph Taylor, who received screen credit for the adaptation,[5] are probably responsible for the total composition of the screenplay, there is evidence which suggests that Frederick wrote dialogue for their story. In scene forty-one, Simon, the barber, says to Imperial: "This is our rogue--he don't like mechanical washing machines as like such in a bit when boiling water's poured on them." This mul-bill and boiling water image is used by Imperial, with a somewhat different function, in Chapter Ten:

> You would almost believe that Antipov's tub, to his grievous woe just about shrunk, just a little more of the illogical mechanisations of industry which had chosen that really in preference to any other in the country or the land generally as a small boy chooses one mul-bill to pour boiling water into in preference to another....

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[5] The screen credits for Tonka to life are: Directors Howard Hawks, uncredit: William Faulkner; adaptation: Judith Kilgerrald and Ralph Taylor, Cinematographer: Oliver T. Marsh; Editor: Edward Curtiss, Sound: John Crunkhorn, Gary Cooper, Robert Young, Frank Morgan, Reese Kurtz, Louise Fleurot Hale, Philip Lloyd, Hilda Vaughn.

[6] (New York, 1934), p. 192. In interviewing variations on this image appears in Hawkins's A Farewell to Arms. White Cockatoo is in the hospital, dying, from lost

It is of course conceivable that someone else wrote the lines and that Faulkner remembered and used them in Absalom, Absalom! Yet there is the word "studying," which Faulkner's Negro characters, beginning with The Sound and the Fury ("I ain't studying no quarter. I got my own business to tend to.")[7] often use to express themselves.

If Faulkner did write the dialogue, he did not impress the critics. Philip K. Scheuer of the Los Angeles Times felt that the dialogue served "to distract from the conventional

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6. (cont.) Henry philosophizes on the meaning of life. "That was what you did. You died. You did not know what it was about. You never had time to learn....Once in camp I put a log on top of the fire and it was full of ants. As it commenced to burn, the ants swarmed out and went first toward the centre where the fire was; then turned back and ran toward the end. When there were enough on the end they fell off into the fire. Some got out, their bodies burnt and flattened, and went off not knowing where they were going. But most of them went toward the fire and then back toward the end and swarmed on the cool end and finally fell off into the fire. I remember thinking at the time that it was the end of the world and a splendid chance to be a messiah and lift the log off the fire and throw it out where the ants could get off onto the ground." (New York, 1953), pp. 338-339.

Faulkner may have picked up the image from this passage. Or this kind of image may be characteristic of a naturalistic world view. I think that a comparison of Faulkner's and Hemingway's imagery would prove quite rewarding.

7. (New York, 1946), p. 34.

It is of course conceivable that Faulkner also wrote the lyrics and that Faulkner remembered and used them in *Absalom, Absalom!*. Yet there is the word "alighting," which Faulkner's Negro characters, beginning with *The Sound and the Fury* ("I don't alighting no quarter. I gots my own money to spend to.")[6] often use to express themselves.

If Faulkner did write the dialogue, he did not improve the article. Philip A. Scumaker of the *Los Angeles Times* felt that the dialogue proved "to distract from the conversational

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6. (cont.) Henry Gilmpatrick on the meaning of life. "That's why you did. You died. You did not know what it was about. You never had time to learn.... Now in each I put a log on top of the fire and it was full of rain, as it commenced to burn, the rain evaporated and the wood first toward the center where the fire was then turned back and ran toward the rim. When there were enough on the end they fell off into the fire. Some got out, their bodies burnt and flaking, and went off not knowing where they were going. But most of them, not knowing the fire and then back toward the end and remained on the cool and finally fell off into the fire. I remember thinking at the time that it was the end of the world and a splendid chance to be a coward and lift the log off the fire and throw it out where the rain could get off onto the ground." (New York, 1950), pp. 238-239.

Faulkner may have picked up the image from this passage. Or this kind of image may be character-istic of a naturalistic world view. I think that a comparison of Faulkner's and Dostoyevsky's imagery would prove quite revealing.

7. (New York, 1946), p. 64.

realism of the scenes."[8] Richard Watts Jr., of the New York Herald-Tribune, was somewhat more severe:

> It may prove something or other, not necessarily to the detriment of the cinema as a dramatic medium, to discover that after Hollywood has gone to the trouble of hiring Mr. Faulkner, one of the distinguished writing men of our time, to write a picture, the film turns out to be at its best when it forgets its lines and goes in for pictorial effect.[9]

All Faulkner had to say about the picture was that Howard Hawks bought "Turnabout" and "I helped make it into my first picture, 'Today We Live,' with Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone."[10]

His comment about The Road to Glory[11] has a bit more personal flavor: "I also did a war picture, one I liked doing,

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8. June 2, 1933, p. 14.

9. April 15, 1933, p. 11.

10. Howard Thompson, New York Times, March 16, 1958, Sec. 2, p. 7.

11. The credits for Road to Glory are: Producer: Darryl F. Zanuck; Director: Howard Hawks; Screenplay: Joel Sayre and William Faulkner; Cameraman: Gregg Toland; Editor: Edward Curtiss; Cast: Frederic March, Warner Baxter, Lionel Barrymore, June Lang, Gregory Ratoff, Victor Kilian, Paul Stanton, John Qualen, Julius Tannen, Theodore Von Eltz, Paul Fix, Leonid Kinskey, Jacques Vanaire, Edythe Baymore, George Warrington.

reading of the account,[8] Richard Watts Jr., of the New York Herald-Tribune, was somewhat more severe:

> As any movie moviegoing or other, not necessarily to the detriment of the screen as a dramatic medium, is whatever that other hollywood has gone to the trouble of having it, "Tarzan", and of the distinguished acting team of our time, he writes a picture, the film seems out to be at its best when it forgets the lines and goes in for pictorial effect.[9]

All Tarzan had to say about his picture was that Johnny Weissmuller bought "Tarzaboat" and "I helped make it into my first picture, 'Today We Live,' with Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone."[10]

His comment about The Road to Glory[11] has a bit more personal flavor: "I also did a war picture, one I liked muchly.

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[8] Dana S, 1933, p. 14.

[9] April 13, 1932, p. 11.

[10] Howard Thompson, New York Times, March 16, 1958, Sec. 2, p. 7.

[11] The studios for Road to Glory were Fredericks Burgi & Kennedy; directors Howard Hawks; screenplay, Joel Sayre and William Faulkner; cinematography, Gregg Toland; editor, Edward Curtiss; Cast: Frederic March, Warner Baxter, Lionel Barrymore, Alan Hale, Roger Imhof, Victor Kilian, Paul Hanson, Noah Beery, Julian Rivero, Theodore Von Eltz, Paul Fix, Leonid Snowdy, Georges Renavent, Edgardo Mayorga, George Marlington.

'The Road to Glory,' with Frederic March and Lionel Barrymore."[12] Although Faulkner's name appears with Joel Sayre's on the front page of the screenplay (originally titled Zero Hour), Nunnally Johnson supposedly is responsible for the final version.[13]

Wooden Crosses, the novel on which the picture is based,[14] presents war as irrational and inhumanitarian. Other pictures to which The Road to Glory has been compared—All Quiet on the Western Front, Journey's End, Dawn Patrol—stress the futility of war. Yet in spite of the scenes which do portray war as meaningless and brutal, The Road to Glory is not an anti-war picture. The war simply functions as an exciting background against which the three major characters get into and out of the triangle. Warner Baxter, the competent, hard-as-nails French captain, sacrifices himself nobly so that Frederic March, his emulous lieutenant and love rival, can have June Lang, the heroic French nurse.

Similarities exist between Today We Live and The Road to Glory. In both pictures, the primary plot configuration is the triangle. In both, the war serves as a background against

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12. Thompson, p. 7.

13. Above, p. 44.

14. Roland Dorgeles, Wooden Crosses (New York, 1921).

"The Road to Glory," with Frederic March and Lionel Barrymore,[12] although Faulkner's name appears with just degree on the front page of the screenplay (originally titled Zero Hour), Howard Hawks seemingly as responsible for the final version.[13]

Wooden Crosses, the novel on which the picture is based,[14] presents war in irrational and tabloid-writing. Four officers in which The Road to Glory has been recovered—all taken by the German troops, Jonquera's God, Jean Pierrot—witness the futility of war. Not in spite of the scenes which do portray war as meaningless and brutal, The Road to Glory is not an anti-war picture. The war simply functions as an exciting background against which the three major characters get into and out of the triangle. Vanner Hector, the conqueror, Lara-as-mills French capitain, sacrifices himself manly as that Frederic March, his envious blockhead and love rival, can have Gene Lane, the heroic French nurse.

Similarities exist between Today We Live and The Road to Glory. In both pictures, the primary plot complications in the triangle. In both, the war serves as a background against

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[12] Thompson, op. cit.

[13] Ibid., p. 41.

[14] Roland Dorgeles, Wooden Crosses (New York, 1931).

which the characters move and as an agency which absolves the characters from the necessity of working out their own destinies. In both, the sacrificial males have been blinded in combat; they realize, after they lose their vision, that the women they love love another; they accept defeat in love in sportsmanlike fashion and sacrifice themselves, in what is supposedly an important military action, for their country and for the happiness of the women who have chosen—now that they are blind—a better man.

The moral problem which is central in these pictures—the degree of sexual intimacy permissible in terms of accepted social codes—has been simplified and circumvented by the wartime setting. The values and the actions which derive from the exigencies of war are given an approbation they would not receive in peacetime. In Today We Live, the heroine succumbs to "war-values" when she is informed, erroneously, that the man she loves (Bogard) has been killed, and she has an affair with her former sweetheart (Hope). When Bogard appears on the scene, one of her first comments is "I'm ruined for you." Bogard learns of her "infidelity" and assumes the non-war attitude of righteousness toward her. Eventually, however, he accepts wartime morality and, with

which the characters move and in the process which chasten the characters from the necessity of working out their own destinies. In books, the sentimental ballads have been blighted in wonderful ways; rather they have been shown, that the women can love hard matters; they accept defeats in love in sportsmanlike fashion and manfully shoulder, in what is supposedly an important military action, for their country and for the happiness of the women who have chosen—now that they are disillusioned a better man.

The moral problem which is posed in these pictures—the degree of sexual intimacy permissible in terms of accepted social codes—has been simplified and circumvented by the varied setting. The values and the actions which derive from the exigencies of war are given an appreciation they would not receive in peacetime. In Today We Live, the heroine succumbs to "war-values" when she is tortured, ironically, that the man she loves (Gerard) has been killed, and she has an affair with her former sweetheart (Hope). When Gerard appears on the scene, one of her first concerns is "I'm ruined for you." Gerard learns of her "infidelity" and assumes the non-war attitude of righteousness toward her. Eventually, however, he accepts wartime morality and, with

it, the woman he can now love purely. In The Road to Glory, the heroine, also a nurse, betrays her fiancé during an air-raid—a situation which unnerves her and increases her susceptibility to seduction. Although she does not repeat her "sin," she has been unfaithful, and her fiancé does not forgive the man who "cuckolded" him until he distinguishes peacetime from wartime morality.

Both pictures resolve the moral problem through a sacrifice which is patriotic. Neither attempts to resolve the sexual in terms of the sexual, nor to question the rigidity of the societal code.

It is highly improbable that Faulkner's connection with the production of these two pictures influenced their resemblance to each other. The "triangle" is a stock Hollywood situation; the problem of sexual morality in wartime was highlighted in the 1933 production of A Farewell to Arms and has retained its popularity (To Each His Own, for example). The blindness of Captain La Marche, the sacrificial male in The Road to Glory, however, could quite plausibly have been inspired by Faulkner; the similarity here (the blindness is not an essential element in either picture) seems too striking to have been accidental, and Faulkner did have his own Donald Mahon, of Soldiers' Pay, blinded in action.

ity, the means to can now have jurisdiction. In *The Road to Glory*, the heroine, also a nurse, between her fiancé being an ex-soldier—a situation which underscores her sympathetic accessibility to audiences, although she does not receive the "kiss," she has been defleshed, and her fiancé does not forgive the non-sex "seduction" has could be distinguished perceives from sublime morality.

Both pictures resolve the moral problem through a sacrifice which is portrayed. Neither attempts to resolve the sexual in terms of the moral, nor to question the reality of the sexual code.

It is highly improbable that Fredison's connection with the production of these two pictures influenced their resonance to each other. The "lineage" is a more Hollywood situation; the problem of sexual morality in pictures was highlighted in the 1930 production of *A Farewell to Arms* but was resolved are negatively (*No Left Ear*, for one, tal). The thickness of Fredison, to Barone, the sacrificial scene in *The Road to Glory*, however, could quite plausibly have been inspired by Fredison; the similarity here (the situation is not an essential element in either picture) seems too striking to have been coincidental, and Fredison did have his own Donald Duck, of *Soldiers' Day*, directed in 1934.

Evidence also exists which permits of a more substantial conjecture about Faulkner's ideas for The Road to Glory. In the Twentieth Century-Fox files there is an unsigned treatment of Wooden Crosses which is dated October 31, 1935, and which was therefore written a short time before Faulkner arrived at Fox. To this treatment the following comment has been appended:

> I still have a feeling that this story would have more consequence to me if Fonda were a young soldier married and a father of a child in America. The theme of an extraordinary instance of an infidelity to his wife under the circumstances that we arrange here, an infidelity which would in no way be an unfaithfulness in his heart, would provide another and deeper meaning to the story. If censorship did not prohibit this way of telling the story, that is what I would do with it.
>
> Another place where our punch is obviously pulled is in the consequence of Simone's brief affair with Fonda. There again the thought of censorship throws us a little off balance. The girl should become pregnant. But I hesitate to try to work out the story along these lines when these developments are questionable.[15]

This has a Faulknerian ring to it. War Birds, an original screenplay which Faulkner wrote for Metro in 1932, develops the theme of "an extraordinary instance of an infidelity"

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15. Story outline of Wooden Crosses, Twentieth Century-Fox property #323-8, p. 17.

such as that suggested above. Faulkner also has a penchant for getting his females pregnant rather quickly (Cecily Saunders, Candace Compson, Dewey Dell, Lena Grove, Laverne Schmeann--only Charlotte Rittenmeyer has the ironic benefit of a contraceptive device), and the normative "the girl should become pregnant" fits this pattern.

Given the short period of time in which the screenplay was written (Faulkner and Sayre began writing about the middle of November, 1935 and finished by January 27, 1936) and the picture produced (it was released June 2, 1936), Hawks, Zanuck and Johnson must have been working on a tight schedule. It seems probable that Hawks gave Faulkner the original treatment to read, with the idea that it would serve as the basis for the screenplay, and Faulkner's opinion of the story is that quoted above. If the comment is Faulkner's, it not only shows him trying to add moral depth and complexity to a stock story, but it reveals his awareness of the limitations imposed by censorship on the screen writer.

such as that suggested above. Sullivan also has a precedent for sending his Canadian passport rather quickly (Conity Sentinel, October Sunday, Young Cobb, Sam Brown, Lorna Sullivan—only Charlotte Gilmartin's lies the actual message of a manuscript-bearing, and the sub-title "The Trial" should have been preserved with this, perhaps.

Since the short period of time in which the manuscript was written (December and there been written somewhere in middle of November, 1930 and finished by December 27, 1930) and the picture produced (it was released June 5, 1931), Hawks, Faulkner and Johnson must have been working on a tight schedule. It seems probable that Hawks gave Faulkner the original treatment to read, with the idea that it would serve as the basis for the screenplay, and Faulkner's opinion of the story is that quoted above. If the comment is Faulkner's, it not only shows his hedging on his own depth and originality in a sense, but is revealed his awareness of the limitations imposed by censorship on the screen writer.

Slave Ship[16] capitalized on the popularity created by Mutiny on the Bounty (1935) for sea adventures. The captain of a schooner engaged in the slave trade meets a proper young lady and decides to reform; his loyal crew cannot understand his motives and believe that he is attempting to "cut" them out; they surreptitiously take captain and wife prisoner and head for Africa; the proper young wife discovers what her husband's former livelihood had been and, in righteous humanitarian indignation, refuses to have anything more to do with him; life loses its meaning for the captain until his wife forgives him, at which time it takes on a new and better meaning; this love of a good woman enables the captain to free the cargo of slaves, thwart his former mates, kill a good number of them, turn those he didn't kill over to the authorities at St. Helena so that they can be legally hanged, and so that he himself may escape hanging. He is saved by

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16. The credits for Slave Ship are: Producer: Darryl F. Zanuck; Associate Producer: Nunnally Johnson; Director: Tay Garnett; Author: William Faulkner; Screenplay: Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti, Gladys Lehman; Cameraman: Ernest Palmer; Editor: Lloyd Nosler; Art Director: Hans Peters; Musical Score: Alfred Newman; Cast: Warner Baxter, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Allan, Mickey Rooney, George Saunders, Jane Darwell, Joseph Schildkraut, Arthur Hohl, Minna Gombell, Billy Bevans, Francis Ford, J. Farrell MacDonald, Paul Hurst, Holmes Herbert, Edwin Maxwell, Miles Mander, Douglas Scott, Jane Jones, J. P. McGowan, DeWitt Jennings, Dorothy Christy, Charles Middleton, Dewey Robinson, Herbert Heywood, Winter Hall, Marilyn Knowlden, Arthur Aylesworth.

Slave Ship[10] originated on the popularity created by *Mutiny on the Bounty* (1935) for sea adventures. The capture of a schooner engaged in the slave trade meets a proper comeuppance when Gable so returns his legal case against underwriters and proves that he is attempting to "burn" the crew. Thus they surreptitiously take supplies and water aboard and head for Africa; the proper young wife discovers that her husband's former livelihood had been only in religious humanitarian indignation, refuses to have anything more to do with him; Gable loses his sanction for the captain's trial with forgiveness, at which time it takes on a new and better meaning; this love of a good woman enables the captain to face the corpse of slavery, toward his former owner, kill a good number of them, but alone he didn't kill over the slave authorities at all. Gaines so that they can be legally hanged, and so that he himself may escape hanging. He is saved by

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[10] The credits for *Slave Ship* are: Producer, Darryl F. Zanuck; Director, Tay Garnett; Associate Producer, Kenneth Macgowan; Screenplay, Sam Hellman, James Kevin McGuinness; Cinematography, Peverell Marley; Editor, Allyn McCullough; Art Director, Richard Day; Music, Alfred Newman; Sound, Thomas Lamarre, Eugene Dewey; Technical Advisor, Nelson Hickman; Cast: Gable, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Allan, Mickey Rooney, George Sanders, Jane Darwell, Joseph Schildkraut, Arthur Hohl, Mickey Rooney, Billy Cryven, Francis Ford, E. Jerrold Bradford, Paul Dave, Dolores Redondo, John Marvell, Lilia Leonard, Jerome Scott, Jean Jones, Jr. E. Coleman, Monte Montague, Dorothy Darkey, Charles Middleton, Percy Helmuth, Harbert Dayvond, Victor Hall, Harlan Knowlden, Arthur Aylesworth.

his wife's last-minute plea to the British Naval Court:

> No—you can't! He's not guilty! I tell you he's not! (leaning forward, pleading desperately) It's true he was once a slaver—but not any more! He quit before this trip—He fired the whole crew—We were going to Jamaica but the mate wouldn't let us—and they took the ship and kept us prisoners for days—Then he got the ship back and sailed it here to you—because he knew that was the only way to free those people. That's why they tried to kill him and me—and Swifty, too! That's the fighting you heard—and why the ship was blown up—because he went back to give those slaves a chance to get away—because he knew they'd throw them overboard so you wouldn't find them—and because he'd rather be dead than mixed up in it again! So don't you see, he's not guilty—He's not—he's not!—[17]

Captain, wife, and Swifty (the cabin boy) then retire to the captain's Jamaica plantation to lead a prosperous and blissful life.

There is reason to doubt that Faulkner had anything at all to do with the actual writing of either the treatment or the screenplay of Slave Ship. Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman wrote the treatment (which is dated March 14, 1936) and, with Lamar Trotti, they completed the screenplay by December 15,

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17. Scenes 376A and 376B.

his wife's last-minute plea to the British naval forces:

> Do—you can't! he's not guilty!
> I tell you he's not! (Sobbing fervently, pleading desperately) It's true he was once a slaver—she was my sweet. He said before this trip—he first the whole crew—we were going to demand that the mate wouldn't kick us—and they took the ship and kept us prisoners for days—then he got the ship back and sailed it here to you—because he knew that was the only way to free these people. That's why they tried to kill him and me—and Smiley, too! That's the fighting you heard—and my the ship was fired up—because he went back to give those slaves a chance to get away—because he knew they'd starve when overboard so you wouldn't take them—and because he'd rather be dead than mixed up in it anyhow. Do don't you see, he's not guilty—he's not—he's not!—[17]

Together, wife, and Smiley (who cooks too) then retire to the captain's Jamaica plantation to lead a prosperous and idyllic full life.

There is reason to doubt that Faulkner had anything at all to do with the actual writing of either the screenplay or the screenplay of *Slave Ship*. Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman wrote the treatment (which is dated March 14, 1936) and, with Lamar Trotti, they completed the screenplay by December 15.

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17. Dialogue 3V36 and 3T6M.

1936. On December 28, 1936, when shooting was in progress, the Hollywood Reporter, a daily film journal, did not associate Faulkner with the picture. The composition of the musical score—one of the final steps in the production process—was completed by Alfred Newman on April 29, 1937. Sometime after this date and before the picture was released on July 2, 1937, a list containing the names of those persons connected with the picture was placed in the studio files; Faulkner's name was not included.

Strangely enough, however, Faulkner received screen credit as "author." The credit "author" is awarded to the individual who has written the book or story from which a picture has been adapted. For example, Faulkner received credit as author of Today We Live; Hemingway, as author of To Have and Have Not; Raymond Chandler, as author of The Big Sleep. Dr. George S. King wrote The Last Slaver,[18] the novel on which Slave Ship is based. He, and not Faulkner, should have been awarded the credit. Thus the attribution of authorship to Faulkner is inexplicable and probably incorrect.

At the University of Mississippi in 1947 Faulkner was asked: "To what extent did you write the script for Slave Ship?" His reply does not clarify the matter.

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18. (New York), 1933.

1934. On December 22, 1932, when Schooling was in progress, the *Hollywood Reporter*, a daily film journal, ran not an isolate fanfare with the picture. The suspension of the musical score—one of the final steps in the production process—was occasioned by Alfred Newman on April 20, 1932. Somewhere after this date and before the picture was released on July 2, 1932, a list containing the names of seven persons connected with the project was placed in the studio files; Faulkner's name was not included.

Strangely enough, however, Faulkner received screen credit as "author." The credit "author" is awarded to the individual who has written the book or story from which a picture has been adapted. For example, Faulkner received credit as author of *Today is Yours* Hemingway, as author of *To Have and Have Not* Raymond Chandler, as author of *The Big Sleep*. Mr. George S. King wrote *The Long Glory*,[10] the novel on which *Flying Ship* is based. He, and not Faulkner, should have been awarded the credit. Then the attributions of authorship to Faulkner is incriminable and probably inaccurate.

At the University of Mississippi in 1947 Faulkner was asked: "To what extent did you write the script for *Flying Ship*?" His reply does not clarify the matter.

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[10] (New York), 1933.

> I'm a motion picture doctor. When they find a section of a script they don't like I rewrite it and continue to rewrite it until they are satisfied. I reworked sections in this picture. I don't write scripts. I don't know enough about it.[19]

With three veteran writers putting the screenplay together, Faulkner may well have played the doctor only briefly, if at all. There is no indication that he functioned as an active collaborator. Nunnally Johnson, the producer of Slave Ship, does not associate Faulkner with the picture.[20] As for Faulkner's statement, it becomes most significant when interpreted as referring, not to this specific picture or to all of his screen writings, but to his collaborative work only.

As a result of political pressure from the State Department and moral pressure from the Hays office, the screenplay that Faulkner and Jules Furthman wrote for the Howard Hawks production of To Have and Have Not[21] retains little, if

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19. Lavon Rascoe, Western Review, XV, 302.

20. Information obtained in an interview with Nunnally Johnson, August 19, 1958.

21. The credits for To Have and Have Not are: Producer: Howard Hawks; Director: Howard Hawks; Author: Ernest Hemingway; Screenplay: Jules Furthman and William Faulkner; Cameraman: Sid Hickox; Editor: Christian Nyby; Art Director: Charles Novi; Musical Director: Leo F. Forbstein; Special Effects:

> I'm a motion picture director. When they find a message of a movie they don't like I receive it and continue to produce it until they are satisfied. I revolution material in this picture. I don't write scripts. I don't know anything about it.[19]

With these veteran writers putting the screenplay together, Faulkner may well have played the double role of [illegible]. There is no indication that he functioned as an active contributor. Basically [illegible], the producer of [illegible] does not associate Faulkner with the picture. As for Faulkner's statement, it becomes [illegible] when interpreted as referring, not to this specific picture or to all of his screen writing, but to his collaborative work only.

As a result of political pressure from the State Department and moral pressure from the Hays office, the screenplay that Faulkner and Julius Epstein wrote for the Howard Hawks production of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible][20] totalis [illegible], it

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19. [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], [illegible].

20. Information obtained in an interview with Howard Hawks [illegible], August 19, 1980.

21. The credits for [illegible] are: Producer: Howard Hawks; Director: Howard Hawks; Screenplay: [illegible]; Music: [illegible]; Cinematography: [illegible]; Editor: [illegible]; Art Director: [illegible]; Set Decorator: [illegible]; Sound: [illegible]; Costumes: [illegible]; Special Effects: [illegible]; Assistant Director: [illegible].

anything, of the Hemingway novel. James Agee's Time Magazine review contains an excellent synopsis of the picture.

> The screen story of To Have and Have Not is still about a couple of low characters named Harry Morgan and Marie, and Harry is still a rugged individualist who takes rich men out fishing and earns side money in whatever nefarious ways turn up. But Harry's beat is no longer the axis between bourgeois Key West and revolutionary Havana; he now works out of wartime Martinique, and the villains are Vichyites. Marie is no longer an idealized image of happy marriage; she is a tall, hoarse, egregious, 22-year old tramp, so worldly-wise that when a policeman all but slaps her jaw out of joint she hardly bats an eye.
>
> Harry Morgan's adventures are also considerably altered. He smuggles Gaulists, slams pistols against Vichyites....
>
> But To Have and Have Not is neither an action picture nor a Bogart picture. Its story is, in fact, just a loosely painted background for a kind of romance which the movies have all but forgotten about—the kind in which the derelict sweethearts are superficially aloof but essentially hot as blazes, and seem to do even their kissing out of the corners of their mouths.[22]

In his review for The Nation, Agee wrote that the picture "is an unusually happy exhibition of teamwork, and concentrates on character and atmosphere rather than plot."[23]

21.(cont.) Roy Davidson and Rex Wimpy; Cast: Humphrey Bogart, Walter Brennan, Lauren Bacall, Dolores Moran, Hoagy Carmichael, Walter Molnar, Sheldon Leonard, Marcel Dalio, Walter Sande, Dan Seymour, Aldo Nadi, Paul Marion, Patricia Shay, Pat West, Emmett Smith, Sir Lancelot.

22. Agee on Film (New York, 1958), p. 354.

23. Ibid., p. 121.

anything, of the Dostoyevsky novel. Gide's Lafcadio's Adventures

further contains in essential dynamics of the pattern:

> The curious story of *The Vatican Cellars* that
> is still about a tangle of low adventures
> among fierce tempers and beliefs, and merely an
> effort a group of intellectuals who lacks
> real non-sex friending and earns only dodgy
> in whatever malicious ways their up. But
> Gide's book is no longer the rich western
> bourgeois's fog dance and revolutionary
> Eternal he does write a set of various Dostoievsky,
> and the realities are Dostoievsky. Gide is
> no longer an intellectual Kundera of Belgian
> marriage, she is a bail, immoral, degrading
> degrade the trust, so reality-also that
> when a politician all but shows her you
> out of jaime the barely been so-so.
>
> Every Dostoievsky's adventures are more con-
> siderably altered. He mangles realities,
> alone pledgin against strangers....
>
> But *The Lover and Hero* but is motion
> an action starter per a longer pressure.
> The story has, in fact, just a loosely
> pointed background for a kind of romance
> which the martian love all but forgotten
> about--the right in which the dirtight
> overcome are superficially edgy but
> essentially for we believe, and even so
> do even their kinship not of the arrears
> of their reality.[22]

In his review for *The Nation*, Agee wrote that the Dostoievsky "is an unusually happy publication of journals, and overcomes on observation and acquaintance rather than plot."[23]

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21. (cont.) Boy Marlowe and Ken Kingy; Scott Hampton's Bogart, Doctor Ramsey, Lorenzo Durrell, Dolores Jarvis's Henry Cornelius, Walter Sokolov, Sheldon Lawrence, Michael Dalle, Walter Gunde, Dan Jacobson, Alde Nadi, Paul Morris, Alistair Gray, Ted Hawk, Hussein Kotib, Sir Lancelot.

22. *Lives on Film* (New York, 1972), p. 226.

23. *Ibid.*, p. 121.

The teamwork that Agee remarked might well have resulted from the compatibility of Faulkner and Howard Hawks,[24] and from Faulkner's fondness for Humphrey Bogart.[25] In addition, Faulkner and Furthman must have worked well together, for Hawks had them team up again two years later to write the screenplay for The Big Sleep.

Hawks' selection of Faulkner to collaborate on this screenplay was felicitous. Faulkner had written an original screenplay for Warner Brothers the previous year—The DeGaulle Story—which depicted the struggle in France between the Vichy government and the free-French supporters of DeGaulle. Faulkner had obtained most of his factual material from his own study of DeGaulle's career and writings, from current historical reports, and from a former combatant.[26] Thus he was well-qualified to develop a story in which the drama and action proceeded from a Vichyite-Gaullist conflict. (As the picture turned out, however, Faulkner's familiarity with the subject proved to be unnecessary.)

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24. See above, pp. 43-49.

25. "Bogart was a fellow I always liked out there; I did several of his." Thompson, p. 7.

26. Information obtained from text of screenplay The DeGaulle Story, from marginal comments, and from Faulkner's memos to others at the studio.

The honeymoon's time Agee remarked might well have resulted from the compatibility of Faulkner and Howard Hawks.[24] Hawks from Faulkner's readers for Hollywood report.[25] In spite of Faulkner and Hawks's problems most have proved well together. For years had this team up again two years later to write the screenplay for The Big Sleep.

Hawks' selection of Faulkner to collaborate on this screenplay was fortuitous. Faulkner had written an original screenplay for Warner Brothers the previous year—The Deserter Story—which depicted the struggle in France between the Vichy government and the free-French supporters of Gaullism. Faulkner had obtained most of his factual material from his own study of Gaullism's career and writings, from various historical reports, and from a former soldier.[26] Thus he was well-qualified to develop a story in which the drama and action proceeded from a Vichy-Gaullist conflict. (As the picture turned out, however, Faulkner's familiarity with the subject proved to be unnecessary.)

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[24] See above, pp. 43-44.

[25] "Hawks was a fellow I always liked and always I did consult of him." Thompson, p. 7.

[26] Information obtained from talk at screenplay The Deserter Story, from personal conversation, and from Faulkner's essays in others of his books.

If Hawks had not known of The DeGaulle Story, he was probably aware that Faulkner and Hemingway were the foremost living American novelists, and he may have realized that by providing the one the opportunity to translate the work of the other into an entirely different media, he was creating a situation rare and exciting.

And indeed, reason there was to anticipate a dynamic reworking of Hemingway's novel. Faulkner has made references to Hemingway in his own novels; in interviews he has commented on Hemingway's work. The Wild Palms, written in 1939, may conceivably be Faulkner's counterstatement to A Farewell to Arms. The constant thematic reiteration of "the price" and "that's what we are paying for" echoes Hemingway's "and this was the price you paid for sleeping together"; early in the book Faulkner's characters speak in Hemingwayesque phrases; McCord, the reporter, makes a humorous allusion to Hemingway during one conversation when he says, "Set, ye amourous sons, in a sea of hemingwaves."[27] In The DeGaulle Story, Faulkner implicitly praises one particular scene of For Whom the Bell Tolls. Emilie, an heroic and sympathetic French girl, in relating her story of the German occupation and her being raped, tells about a young French musician who used to read

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27. (New York), 1939, p. 97.

It seems had not known of *The Debonair Story*, so was probably aware that Faulkner and Hemingway were the foremost living American novelists, and he may have realized was by providing the one the opportunity to examine the work of the other. Was an entirely different model; he was creating a distinction here and elsewhere.

And indeed, where else was is anticipate a dramatic reversing of Hemingway's novel. Faulkner has made reference to Hemingway in his own novels in interviews he has commented on Hemingway's work. *The Wild Palms* written in 1939, may conceivably be Faulkner's counterstatement to *A Farewell to Arms*. The contrast between the relationship of "the parts" and "what's what we are paying for" makes Hemingway's "and this was the price you paid for sleeping together" early in the book Faulkner's observers speak in Hemingwayesque phrases. Indeed, the reporter, makes a conscious allusion to Hemingway during one conversation when he says, "and, he muttered aloud, in a sea of backgrounds."[27] In *The Debonair Story*, Faulkner significantly produces one particular areas of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Tonia, an heroic and determinate French girl, is relating her story of the German occupation and her being raped, tells about a young French musician who used to read

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[27]. (New York), 1939, p. 97.

to her. "And one night he brought a book, an American book written by a Mr. Hemingway. He would read it to us at night and translate it. It told about a young girl to whom that had happened also, and about an older woman who was very wise about people anyway, who said how, if you refused to accept something, it could not happen to you. And I was comforted...."[28]

Temple Drake, in Requiem for a Nun,[29] refers to the same scene three times:

> Because suddenly it could be as if it had never happened. You know: somebody —Hemingway, wasn't it?—wrote a book about how it actually happened to a gir—woman, if she refused to accept it, no matter who remembered, bragged. (p. 154)
>
> So the forgiving wasn't enough for him, or perhaps he hadn't read Hemingway's book. (p. 156)
>
> Only it wasn't enough. Because Hemingway was right. I mean, the gir—woman in his book. All you have got to do is, refuse to accept. Only, you have got to...refuse— (pp. 159-160).

During the 1947 University of Mississippi interview, Faulkner was asked to "rank" himself with contemporary writers. He placed Thomas Wolfe first ("he had such courage and wrote

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28. The DeGaulle Story, p. 122.

29. (New York), 1951.

to her. "And one might be tempted to think, an American book written by a Mr. Dentgeny. He would read it to us at night and translate it. It told about a young girl to whom this had happened also, and about an older woman who was very wise about people anyway, who said how, if you refused to accept anything, it could not happen to you. And I was convinced..."[25]

Sonja Drake, in Monday For a Thing,[26] relays the same space issue thus:

> Because anyhow it could do us if it is bad enough beyond. You know necessary —Dentgeny, mean's stir—wrote a book about how it actually happened to a six—young. If she refused in accept it, no matter who recommended, happened. (p. 104)
>
> So the forgiving man's enough for him, or people in he hadn't read Dentgeny's book. (p. 120)
>
> Only it wasn't enough. Because Dentgeny was right. I mean, the six—woman in his book. All you have got to do is refuse to accept. Only, you have got to...refuse— (pp. 134-135).

During the 1967 University of Mississippi Interview, Faulkner was asked to "work" himself with contemporary writers. He placed Thomas Wolfe first ("he had such courage and words

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[25]. The Wishing Tree, p. 122.

[26]. (New York), 1951.

as if he didn't have long to live"), himself second, John Dos Passos third, Hemingway fourth ("he has no courage, has never crawled out on a limb. He has never been known to use a word that might cause the reader to check with a dictionary to see if it is properly used"), and Steinbeck last ("at one time I had great hopes for him—now I don't know.").[30] When interviewed by Harvey Breit in 1955, Faulkner again ranked contemporary American authors, using as his standard the "splendid failure to do the impossible." This time it was Wolfe, himself, Caldwell, Dos Passos, and Hemingway (who "stayed within what he knew").[31]

Thus the joining of Faulkner and Hemingway should have resulted in an important document. It didn't. Whatever promise the situation held failed to be fulfilled. Hemingway vanished from the screenplay, and Faulkner's contributions are indistinguishable. Perhaps the most regrettable fact in Faulkner's Hollywood career is that he did not write this screenplay alone.

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30. Rascoe, p. 304.

31. "A Walk with William Faulkner," New York Times, January 30, 1955, Sec. 7, p. 4. Faulkner told Howard Thompson that Hawks had sent for him "to help adapt what Ernest Hemingway said was the worst book he ever wrote...."

as if he didn't have long to live"), Hemingway announced, "I've been reading Faulkner, Hemingway feels ("He has no message. He never created one or a link. He has never been taken to task a word that might cause the reader to think with a disturbing to see if he is properly moved"), and Mencken feels ("Not one time I had guessed longer for Faulkner I didn't know"). When interviewed by Harvey Breit in 1952, Faulkner again treated contemporary American authors, noting as his disregard the "spiritual failure to do the impossible." Pride also is man alone, himself, Caldwell, Dos Passos, and Hemingway (who "always wishes what he been").[21]

Then the jousting of Faulkner and Hemingway should have resulted in an important document. It didn't. Whatever provoke the situation had failed to be initiated. Hemingway vacillated from the correspondent, and Faulkner's remarks there are indefinitely-minded. Perhaps the most regrettable fact in Faulkner's Hollywood career is that he did not write this correspondent alone.

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[20] Hamrow, p. 204.

[21] "A talk with William Faulkner," New York Herald Tribune, January 20, 1952, sec. 7, p. 4. Faulkner said Ernest Hemingway knew nothing and said for him "he only talked what Ernest Hemingway said was the worst book he ever wrote...."

The screenplay for The Big Sleep,[32] as mentioned earlier, was also written by Faulkner and Jules Furthman, with assistance from Leigh Brackett. Like To Have and Have Not, the picture starred Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Excepting Bosley Crowther, it was fairly well-received by the newspaper critics. Crowther's basic criticisms were of the screenplay.

> If somebody had only told us—the script writers, preferably—just what it is that happens in the Warners' and Howard Hawks' "The Big Sleep," we might have been able to give you a more explicit and favorable report....For "The Big Sleep" is one of those pictures in which so many cryptic things occur amid so much involved and devious plotting that the mind becomes utterly confused....Unfortunately, the cunning script-writers have done little to clear it at the end.[33]

Since the adaptation approximates the Raymond Chandler novel rather closely, the intricacies of plot cannot properly be attributed to Faulkner, Furthman, and Brackett. The picture

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32. The credits for The Big Sleep are: Producer: Howard Hawks; Director: Howard Hawks; Author: Raymond Chandler; Screenplay: William Faulkner, Leigh Brackett, Jules Furthman; Cameraman: Sid Hickox; Editor: Christian Nyby; Art Director: Carl Jules Weyl; Music: Leo F. Forbstein; Special Effects: E. Roy Davidson; Cast: Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Martha Vickers, Dorothy Malone, John Ridgely, Peggy Knudsen, Regis Toomey, Charles Waldron, Charles D. Brown, Bob Steele, Elisha Cook, Jr., Louis Jean Heydt, Sonia Darrin, James Flavin, Thomas Jackson, Tom Rafferty, Theodore Von Eltz, Dan Wallace, Joy Barlowe, Tom Fadden, Ben Welden, Trevor Bardette.

33. New York Times, August 24, 1946, p. 6.

The screenplay for *The Big Sleep*[28] is considered certain, was also written by Faulkner and Leigh Brackett, with assistance from Jerry Breenwell. Like *To Have and Have Not*, the picture starred Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Screenplay Faulkner, Crosby, is was fairly well-received by the mysteries critics. Crosby's basic criticism was of the screenplay.

> If somebody had only told us--the novel's writers, presumably--just what it is that happens in the "mystery" and Faulkner's "The Big Sleep," we might have been able to give you a more explicit and favorable report....For "The Big Sleep" is one of those pictures in which so many crypto things occur that no such literal and devious plotting that the mind becomes utterly confused....Unfortunately, the screenplay writers have been little to clear it at the end.[29]

Since the adaptation apparently the Bogart Chandler novel rather closely, the instructions of plot remain primarily as attributed to Faulkner, Brackett, and Breenwell. The picture

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[28]The credits for *The Big Sleep* are: Producer Howard Hawks; Director Howard Hawks; Author Raymond Chandler; Screenplay William Faulkner, Leigh Brackett, Julius Epstein; Cinematography Sid Hickox; Editor Christian Nyby; Art Director Carl Julian Weyl; Music Leo F. Forbstein; Musical Director M. Max Steiner; Sound Dorothy Malone, Lauren Bacall, Martha Vickers, Dorothy Malone, John Ridgely, Regis Toomey, Charles Waldron, Charles D. Brown, Sonia Darrin, Elisha Cook, Jr., Louis Jean Heydt, Bruce Bennett, Theodore Von Eltz, Tom Rutherford, Joy Barlowe, Joe Ladwig, Ben Welden, Trevor Bardette.

[29]New York *Times*, August 24, 1946, p. 1.

is really no more and no less confusing than the novel. Crowther perhaps contradicts himself when he quite justly praises the screen writers for catching "in the movement and dialogue...much of the terseness and toughness of Mr. Chandler's style."[34]

Just as Faulkner's knowledge of Gaullist activities equipped him, in a manner of speaking, to work on To Have and Have Not, so too he brought with him in writing The Big Sleep a competent background in the mystery story. This might have been a factor in Hawks' selection of him to work on the screenplay. Faulkner has stated that he reads the mystery stories,[35] and those he wrote for the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines have been collected and published as Knight's Gambit.[36] His story, "An Error in Chemistry," earned him $500 in second prize money in the 1945 Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine Short Story Contest[37] (the story appeared in the June, 1946 issue of that magazine). Thus Faulkner was probably familiar with Raymond Chandler's work before he undertook to

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34. Ibid.

35. Jean Stein, The Paris Review, XII, 47.

36. Knight's Gambit (New York, 1949), contains: "Smoke," Harper's, CLXIV (April, 1932); "Monk," Scribner's, CI (May, 1937); "Hand Upon the Waters," Sat. Eve. Post, CCXII (November 4, 1939); "Tomorrow," Sat. Eve. Post, CCXIII (November 23, 1940); "An Error in Chemistry," and "Knight's Gambit" (printed for the first time).

37. New York Times, January 1, 1946, p. 25.

is really no more and no less mesmerizing than the novel. Gardner perhaps constructs himself when he quite lovely praises the novel writers for adding "to the novel's dialogue...some of the terseness and toughness of Mr. Chandler's style."[34]

Just as Faulkner's knowledge of familiar activities enlighted him, in a manner of speaking, to write in The Hamlet Have Not, so too do he brought with him in writing The Big Sleep a comprehensive background in the mystery story. This might have been a factor in Hemingway's selection of him as one to work on the screenplay. Faulkner has noted that he reads the mystery story,[35] and shown his wife for the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines have been collected and published as Knight's Gambit.[36] His story, "The Term in Controlling," earned him $800 in second prize money in the 1943 Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine Short Story Contest[37] (the story appeared in the June, 1940 issue of that magazine). Thus Faulkner was familiar with Raymond Chandler's work before he commenced to

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[34] Ibid.

[35] Jean Stein, The Paris Review, XIII, 67.

[36] Knight's Gambit (New York, 1949), including: "Smoke," Harper's, LXXV (April, 1937); "Hand Upon the Waters," Sat. Eve. Post, CLXI (May, 1939); "Dry September," Harper's, CLXXIX (November 4, 1939); "Courtship," Sat. Eve. Post, CCXIII (December 23, 1940); "A Bear Hunt," Harper's, CLXXXIII (November, 1941); and "Knight's Gambit" (written for the Saturday Evening Post).

[37] New York Times, January 5, 1943, p. 23.

adapt it, and though Philip Marlowe has little in common with Gavin Stevens, his ratiocination may well have appealed to Faulkner and may have led Faulkner to take a special interest in the development of Humphrey Bogart's role. Beyond this conjecture, the screenplay does not yield any evidence as to Faulkner's contributions.

Land of the Pharaohs[38] is the biggest production with which Faulkner has been associated--it was filmed in CinemaScope and Howard Hawks, the producer-director, is reported to have used 9,787 persons in one scene. The action takes place in Egypt and concerns the building of the Pyramid of Cheops. The picture is much more impressive than the screenplay, which A. H. Weiler, second string New York Times movie reviewer, described as "a tale of palace intrigue that must have been banal even in the First Dynasty....Although...Nobel Prize-Winner William Faulkner, Harry Kurnitz and Harold Jack

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38. Credits for Land of the Pharaohs are: Producer: Howard Hawks; Director: Howard Hawks; Associate Producer: Arthur Siteman; Screenplay: William Faulkner, Harry Kurnitz, Harold Jack Bloom; Cinematographers: Lee Garmes and Russell Harlan; Editor: V. Sagovsky; Supervising Editor: Rudi Fehr; Art Director: Alexandre Trauner; Musical Director: Dimitri Tiomkin; Cast: Jack Hawkins, Joan Collins, Dewey Martin, Alexis Minotis, James R. Justice, Luisa Boni, Sydney Chaplin, James Hayter, Kerima, Piero Giagnoni.

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Land of the Pharaohs[26] is the biggest production with which Faulkner has been associated--it was filmed in Cinemascope and Eastman Color, the production-director, is reported to have cost 5,101 persons in one scene. The action takes place in Egypt and concerns the building of the pyramid of Cheops. The picture is much more irrelevant than the screenplay, which, as Mr. Daiker, second string Hoy York Times movie-reviewer, described on "a tale of palace intrigue that has been banal even in the Yarns dynasty...although...Robert Taylor-Dinner Fillis Faulkner, Jerry Barrett and Harry Kane

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[26] Credits for Land of the Pharaohs are: Producer: Howard Hughes; Director: Howard Hawks; Associate Producer: Byron Ellsworth; Screenplay: William Faulkner, Harry Kurnitz, Harold Jack Bloom; Cinematographer: Lee Garmes and Russell Harlan; Editor: V. Sagovsky; Supervising Editor: Rudi Fehr; Art Director: Alexandre Trauner; Musical Director: Dimitri Tiomkin; Cast: Jack Hawkins, Joan Collins, Dewey Martin, Alexis Minotis, Sir Guy Standing, Julie Newmar, Sydney Chaplin, Luis Dexter, Berkes, Piper Laurie.

Bloom—have put literal dialogue into the mouths of the cast and added helpings of standard sex and romance—their script does not appear destined for laurels."[39]

Hawks brought Faulkner back to screen writing eight years after Faulkner had left Warner Brothers, four years after he had been awarded the Nobel Prize, and less than a year after he had completed the final revision of A Fable. Faulkner may have accepted the job as a pleasant diversion. Since Hawks built his picture around spectacle and panorama, the screenplay presumably did not require hard work. Faulkner has said of the screenplay that "Hawks, and myself and Harry Kurnitz...cooked that one up—mostly Kurnitz."[40]

Land of the Pharaohs is the last screenplay Faulkner worked on, and will probably remain the last. He is no longer subject to the economic necessity of writing for the screen, and if he does continue his affiliation with Hollywood, it may well be in television, which Faulkner considers "a stimulating medium for the writer, and I'll probably feel more at home in it when I know more about it."[41] At present

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39. New York Times, July 27, 1955, p. 15.

40. Thompson, p. 7.

41. Quoted in Jack Gould, New York Times, April 12, 1953, Sec. 2, p. 11.

Bloom--have put liberal dialogue into the mouths of the good and added helpings of standard sex and violence--their message does not appear weakened for instead."[39]

Jack Langley Faulkner took to second writing eight years after Faulkner had left Warner Brothers, "John Ryan" had he had been married and Robert Ryan, and lost him a year after he had completed the final revision of A Fable.

Faulkner may have accepted the job as a pleasant diversion. Since Warner Brothers paid his salary, and apparently had interest, the screenplay probably did not require much work. Reviewer has said of the screenplay that "Words, and speech, and hurry hurrying...seemed that was up-weekly hurried."[40]

Land of the Pharaohs is the last screenplay Faulkner worked on, and will probably remain the last. He is no longer subject to the economic necessity of writing for the screen, and if he does continue his affiliation with Hollywood, it may well be in television, which Faulkner considers "a stimulating medium for the writer, and I'll probably find more at home in it than I have ever been before."[41] At present

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[39]New York Times, July 27, 1960, p. 18.

[40]Thompson, p. 7.

[41]Quoted in Jack Langley, New York Times, April 19, 1959, Sec. 2, p. 12.

he is supposedly at work on The Mansion, the final part of the Snopes trilogy, and it is conceivable that he will lay down his pen when he completes it.

Whether or not he does return to Hollywood, one thing is certain: his collaborative work provides little information about his abilities as a screen writer or about the way in which he handled the materials of the medium. Such information can be obtained only from a careful examination of his original screenplays and treatments like that undertaken in the next three chapters.

is supposedly at work on *The Morning*, the final part of the Sagra trilogy, and it is conceivable that he will say some six you when he completes it.

Whether or not he does return to Hollywood, one thing is certain: his collaborative work provides little insight into about his abilities as a screen writer or about the way in which he handled the materials of the medium. Such information can be obtained only from a careful examination of his original screenplays and treatments like those underlying the work there discussed.

CHAPTER FIVE

IN THE HOLLYWOOD GRAIN

Faulkner's collaborative assignments constitute a small part of his total Hollywood output. Most of the writing for which he is individually responsible is of two kinds: adaptations of studio properties and treatments and screenplays which are original. There is an important difference between the creativity required for adaptation and the kind that results in an original composition. The limitations imposed upon the imagination differ also. In adapting a work, the screen writer's attention is focused on the methods of translation; he is expected to work, wherever practical, within the lines of the original. When writing his own screenplay, he can develop his materials organically, with the requirements of the medium and the market the only major restrictions. Thus it would be reasonable to expect the screen writer's perceptions and attitudes to be dominant in his original creations and subdued in his adaptations.

Faulkner's writings do not conform to this logic. He has "removed" himself from some adaptations, and has "removed" Hollywood and the original property from others. In his

originals, he has compromised. The three treatments discussed in this chapter—all suggested adaptations—reveal a Faulkner writing as Hollywood expected him to write, translating themes, characters, and actions into traditional Hollywood terms. Every now and then he shed his role and inserted something of his own—a conception of character, a moral attitude, a fragment of dialogue. On the whole, however, Faulkner the novelist is absent.

Faulkner's first assignment as a screen writer was to adapt Ralph Graves' and Bernard Fineman's Flying the Mail. His sixteen page adaptation, completed on June 3, 1932, develops a story about a likeable old vagabond who has been flying since the dawn of the airplane age, the woman with whom he lives, their adopted son, and the genesis of the United States Air Mail Service. The old man finds a child and raises him in his own fashion, centering his education around flying. The boy worships him until they have a disagreement over women, morality, and war. The boy, now a young man, enters the Air Force and goes to France, while the old man contracts to "fly the mail" for the United States government. They are accidentally reunited and join forces to save the mail-carrying contract. The story ends happily

originals, he has compromised. The three screenplays discussed in this chapter--all adaptations--reveal a familiar writing, as Hollywood expected Ken to write, structuring themes, characters, and motions into traditional Hollywood forms. Every now and then he also inserts and foreshows something of his own--a lumpy life of character, a mental attitude, a fragment of dialogue. On the whole, however, familiar the analysis is absent.

Twelfth's first assignment as a screen writer was to adapt Hugh Graves' and Herbert Finman's Flying Sky Wall. His sixteen page composition, completed on June 3, 1956, develops a story about a likeable old vagabond who has been flying above the dawn of the airplane age, the years with whom he lives, their adopted son, and the guards at the United States Air Mail Service. The old man takes a child and raises him in his own fashion, centering his education around flying. The boy worships his mentor and they have a disagreement over women, morality, and war. The boy, now a young man, enters the Air Force and goes to France, while the old man continues to "fly the mail" for the United States government. They are eventually reunited and join forces to save the mail-carrying contract. The story ends happily

with the old man marrying his woman and settling down for good with his "son" and daughter-in-law. The treatment is full of Hollywood clichés; however, Faulkner inserted a theme which he had used and was to continue to use in his novels, and which he was to make central in his treatment of Country Lawyer for Warner Brothers in 1943—the conflict between generations in their attitudes toward life and the world. In Flying the Mail, the old man refuses to accept the "new-fangled" airplanes and the knowledge about flying which came out of the war; he refuses to admit that times have changed, that the younger generation is capable of replacing the old, that their apprehension of life is valid. When his son proves himself, the old man becomes reconciled to the new. With this reconciliation, Faulkner's theme fuses with the Hollywood requirement for the happy ending. Thus, in his first attempt to write for the movies, Faulkner added a slight touch of his own to a treatment which was probably done in imitation of the pictures he had previously seen.

Early in June, 1944, Faulkner was assigned to rewrite the John Wexley-John Huston screenplay of Barré Lyndon's play, The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse. The original screenplay had been written and produced in 1938; the commercial success

with the old man marrying his women and defining them begrudgingly with his "son" and daughter-in-law. The treatment is full of Hollywood sentiment, however, Faulkner inserted a theme which he had read and was to continue to use in his career, and which he was to make central in his treatment of Southern legend for twenty brackets in 1960--the conflict between generations in their attitudes toward life and the world. In Fishing the Yoknapatawpha, the old man refuses to accept the "Hundred Dollar" arrangement and the knowledge about flying which came out of the war; he refuses to admit that times have changed, that the younger generation is capable of replacing his old, that their appreciation of life is valid. When he has been proven himself, the old man becomes reconciled to his son, with this reconciliation, Faulkner's theme reaches the Hollywood requirement for the happy ending. Then, in his first attempt to write for the movies, Faulkner added a slight touch of his own to a treatment which was probably done in imitation of the pictures he had previously seen.

Early in June, 1944, Faulkner was assigned to rewrite the John Garfield-Lana Turner screenplay of Howard Hawks's play, The Southern Yankee. The original screenplay had been written and produced in 1943; the conventional

of the film motivated Warner Brothers to remake it. Wolfgang Reinhardt, the grandson of Max Reinhardt and later the producer of John Huston's The Red Badge of Courage, was appointed to produce the picture, and Faulkner worked under him. Faulkner finished the treatment—which was given the tentative title "Fog over London"—on July 12, 1944. It was not used by Warner Brothers.

In order to illustrate what Faulkner did in his treatment, the studio synopsis of the original screenplay has been quoted in full, and Faulkner's story has been compared to it.

> There is a big party—on Sutton Place—and in one of the bedrooms the wall safe is being robbed of a fortune in jewels. The thief ousts a second burglar who enters, his identity not revealed until he rejoins the other guests downstairs, and proves to be one of New York's most successful and brilliant physicians, Dr. Clitterhouse. He has just stolen the Opdyke jewels! The burglar is shot at and wounded by the police after the theft is discovered and Clitterhouse calmly 'phones Headquarters. Then Clitterhouse tends the man who almost recognizes him but not quite. Inspector Lane, old friend of Clitterhouse, takes over and gives orders to search everyone. Clitterhouse receives an emergency call about a patient, Attorney Grant, his good friend. Lane not only does not search Clitterhouse—but provides a motorcycle escort to get him to the hospital quickly. During the preliminaries to the operation, Nurse Randolph, who is Clitterhouse's office assistant and secretly in love with him, opens his medical bag for something and discovers the stolen jewels inside. She does not betray this and later he admits he has committed four big jewel thefts...research for a book he will write showing the physical and personality changes caused by criminal activities. He has been studying his reactions and taking notes.

of the film noir/gangster genre proviers to remain it. William Faulkner, the grandson of Sam Faulkner and later the producer of John Huston's The Dual Image of Courage, was approached to produce the picture, and Faulkner contacted author him. Faulkner finished the treatment—which was given the tentative title "Fog over London"—on July 15, 1951. It was not used by Warner Brothers.

In order to illustrate what Faulkner did in his treatment, the studio synopsis of the original screenplay has been quoted in full, and Faulkner's story has been compared to it.

> There is a big party—an Warner Cinemascope—in one of the bedrooms the wall safe is being robbed of a fortune in jewels. The usual curse a second surgion who enters, his identity not revealed until by revealed the other guests (especially, and proves to be one of New York's most successful and affluent physicians), Dr. Clitherhouse. He has just stolen the "Pride Jewels". The burglar is shot at and wounded by the police after the thief is discovered and Clitherhouse calmly phones headquarters. Then Clitherhouse tells the man who almost really makes his not quite. Innocent Dane, old friend of Clitherhouse, comes over and gives orders to search everywhere. Clitherhouse recognizes an accomplice and about a photo, Johnny Frost, his good friend. Like not only does not search Clitherhouse—who provides a motorcycle escort to get him to the hospital safely. During the preliminaries to the operation, Nurse Hardight, who is Clitherhouse's office assistant and secretly in love with him, comes in unknown by for something and discovers the stolen jewels inside. She does not betray him but later he admits he has committed for his joyful induce. Jeopardy for Clitherhouse he will write showing the physical and personality changes caused by criminal activities. He has been studying his reactions and taking notes.

She is shocked but loyal. He drives to Headquarters where Lane is being bawled out for not cracking the robberies. Pretending to be worried about Lane's health under strain, Clitterhouse takes his blood-pressure and cleverly gets from him the name of New York's trickiest "fence": Jo Keller.

He bluffs his way into Keller's hotel hide-out and finds it is a gorgeous woman, "Jo." She is suspicious when he tries to make a deal for the jewels. The police come to question her about the latest robbery. Clitterhouse's nerve convinces her he is no "steel-pigeon" and they not only make a deal but he soon takes over her gang. This makes an enemy of "Rocks" Valentine, slick former leader and Jo's would-be lover. Now Clitterhouse not only directs the gang in various jobs but uses Butch, Okay, Tug, Pal and the rest as guinea pigs for his research—making blood-tests, etc., before and after a crime is pulled off. They think he is nutty but agree he is shrewd and resourceful. Jo falls for the attractive, mysterious doctor but he remains reserved though attracted toward her. Rock's jealousy and hatred grow. Clitterhouse keeps his identity secret, being known to the gang merely as the "Professor." After splitting up the robbery proceeds with his men, he anonymously gives his share to charity.

There is to be a huge fur warehouse job, very dangerous but carefully planned by Clitterhouse. It is successful but Rocks locks Clitterhouse in a cold vault to die, of cold and suffocation. Butch rescues him by burning off the lock with a blow-torch. Jo had ordered Butch to guard Clitterhouse. He gratefully and regretfully bids Jo good-bye for this was his last job. He has all the research material needed. He has a habit of dialing his office for reports from the nurse who has been unwittingly aiding him to cover up his long absences and odd activities while carrying on experiments in a secret lab....By a trick Rocks has got Clitterhouse's 'phone number. He calls up, gets the name and address; goes to the office and obtains the research note-book. With this he will blackmail Clitterhouse unless the latter takes orders from him. Jo comes to

warn Clitterhouse and witnesses the dragging of Rocks then aids in dumping him into the river. Clitterhouse has now completed his crimes with murder, which he considers justified. But the body is fished out and police find enough of the 'phone number to bluff Jo into revealing it all. Lane has to take his friend into custody. Clitterhouse has put his own case hypothetically to the attorney Grant and learns he would be judged insane and not responsible. He sees that the Nurse thinks him unbalanced. His own testimony and that of the experts causes the confused jury to bring in a verdict of insane--though all the time the amazing Clitterhouse is certain of his own sanity![1]

In his rewrite, Faulkner considerably altered the original screenplay.[2] The setting is now London. Clitterhouse, "a brilliant psychiatrist, a humanitarian also," is motivated by the legal methods of Rutledge, K.C., "a prosecutor who has built up a reputation for winning cases, sending men to the gallows or prison, even when there are doubts of their guilt, by his brilliance, cleverness, and sometimes ruthlessness," to try to expose Rutledge. Clitterhouse also believes that Rutledge's uncompromising behavior as a prosecutor is symptomatic of a psychotic disturbance. Rejecting the advice

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1. Studio synopsis of John Wexley's and John Huston's The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, 1938. The Wexley-Huston screenplay closely parallels the original play. The basic changes are: the shift of setting from London to New York, the opening scenes, the locking of Clitterhouse in the vault, the trial.

2. Citations from The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse are to the Warner Brothers' story file copy of the treatment.

of his barrister friends, Clitterhouse decides to "put on a one-man crusade of his own." He plans to commit a series of crimes, to have the police attribute them all to one individual, to plant someone who will be arrested and prosecuted, and then to expose the injustice that has been perpetrated. The plan works. Clitterhouse executes several robberies—at the same time taunting Rutledge with "left-hand" notes, "warning him in advance that a robbery is to be committed, even naming the date." The tramp he hires as a foil is arrested when the police find the stolen jewels in his possession, brought to trial, and convicted. At this point, Clitterhouse, without giving himself away, reveals the hoax (Faulkner does not explain the mechanics of this operation), and the judge responds by reprimanding Rutledge. Clitterhouse commiserates with Rutledge in order to obtain the name of a good fence. At the fence's he plays his role with such assurance that the fence, who is also the leader of a criminal organization, suggests a partnership. Clitterhouse laughs and rejects the offer. With the sale of the jewels, he considers his mission to have been completed. "Tomorrow he can return to his old respectable life, his career. Then a strange thing happens to him. He realizes that he is sorry. The first intimation that perhaps he is mad himself comes to him. He realizes that he does not

want to stop. He does not tell himself yet that he <u>must</u> stop, he only says that he will stop."

When he returns home he sends the money he has received for the jewels to a charity fund for people "whom the world's injustice has beaten."

> Then he lays out a sheet of his own letter head paper and begins to write a letter to the K.C., to this effect: Dear Rutledge: From now on, I think you will be able to sleep at night. The robberies will cease. I cannot divulge the source of my information, because it came to me in such a manner that the ethics of my profession forbid. But you may take my Escaulapian [sic] word that it is so. He signs his name in full, sits back, blots the letter, takes it up, when the scene cuts to complete blackness for an instant, then the blackness starts to fade, closes down again, then DISSOLVES to: Clitterhouse at the desk as before. A new sheet of paper lies before him. He is writing with his <u>left</u> hand. In an ashtray before him a final wisp of smoke is rising from the charred carbon of the first letter. Clitterhouse seems to wake, jerks himself up, seems dazed, recovers, looks down, moves his <u>right</u> hand as if to write again, then sees with horror that his LEFT hand holds the pen. He looks down with slow horror at the letter. INSERT: LETTER IN DISGUISED HAND addressed to the K.C. It is another jeering, taunting letter, warning the K.C. of the next robbery. Clitterhouse springs up from the desk, raises letter. By his face we see him struggling, fighting against the darkness of what he now knows is madness. He makes a supreme effort to tear the letter up, but before he can do so, the scene cuts to complete blackness, which DISSOLVES to: the gang.

Clitterhouse assumes leadership of the gang and directs a museum robbery—one picture—a small, priceless canvas. The gang, failing to apprehend its value, rob a safe. Clitterhouse tries to make them return their booty; they overpower him and lock him in the safe. The tramp, who did not leave England as he had promised, who has been shadowing Clitterhouse, and who happens to be an ex-safecracker, releases Clitterhouse before the police arrive.

Clitterhouse now realizes that he must dispose of the tramp. He decides to send him to Liverpool temporarily, and the tramp agrees to go. He then takes the stolen painting to the home of a barrister friend and patient, confesses, and states his intention to leave England "as soon as he can arrange his affairs, transfer his practice to a competent man." The lawyer has divined his madness. "You know it?" he asks. "CLITTERHOUSE: (bitterly) Who better than I? Amnesia, schizophrenia—the will-to-evil in man's subconscious which his conscious not only refuses to recognize but wills itself to oblivion rather than see..." Clitterhouse knows that his next crime will be murder.

The lawyer offers to handle Clitterhouse's affairs; he will call for him in two hours to take him to the train station. At Clitterhouse's office, the tramp is waiting to blackmail him. Clitterhouse strangles the tramp, dumps the body in his

car and departs to dispose of it. "The madness has him again now; his face is gleeful almost." In the fog, he wrecks his car by smashing into a lorry, but is unhurt. He becomes sane again, sees the dead tramp, realizes what he has done, and slips away.

When he arrives home the police are already there, as is his friend. He enters, unnoticed. The friend has deduced what has happened and tries to cover up for Clitterhouse. He tells the police that he will wake Clitterhouse; he goes upstairs, and has a final scene with him. "Goodbye, Geoffrey," he says. "CLITTERHOUSE: (calmly) No; goodnight." There is a shot, but Clitterhouse has not killed himself. He comes out of the bedroom and puts his hand on his friend's shoulder. "That wasn't it, either, old friend. That would have been flight also, to some further Levant, some more distant and irrevocable Africa. Human life, any human life, no matter how sorry and how obscure, is too important to escape the consequences of taking it that easily. Give me your word. FRIEND: My word? CLITTERHOUSE: No madness. Promise me.... Clitterhouse is still quite calm. The friend takes it for granted that Clitterhouse will try to run, try to escape, flee England. CLITTERHOUSE: And leave you an accessory to murder? No. And not goodbye, remember. FRIEND: Not goodbye: —goodnight." Before Clitterhouse kills himself, the picture fades out.

car and departed to dispose of it. "The moderns has kept again
away his face in pleasant absent." In the log, he wrote his
car by mistake into a ditch, but is unhurt. He wandered home
again, seen the dead crows, realizes what he has done, and
slips away.

When he arrives home the police are already there, as is
his friend. He enters, unnoticed. The friend has endured
what has happened and tries to revive by Ted Gillingham. He
tells the police that he will make difficulties, he gives up-
stairs, and has a final scene with him. "Goodbye, Wolfsey."
he says. "GILLINGHAM (calmly) Not goodbye." There is
a shot, but Gillingham has not killed himself. He stands
out of the windows and puts his head on his friend's shoulder.
"That wasn't it, oldsey, old friend. That would have been
slight also, to come further towards, some vague distant and
irreversible action. Dense life, any human life, he muttered
has sorry and how obscure, is too important to escape the sus-
picion of taking it that easily. Give me your word.
FRIENDS (by word) GILLINGHAM: Is nothing. Pneumo dyn...
Disturbance is still quite rare. The friend tries to for-
present that Gillingham will try to run, he, he knows,
like England. GILLINGHAM: And leave me on Sunday to
murder? No. Not goodbye, remember. Rather the [illegible]
—goodbyes." Before Gillingham kills himself, the crows
leave out.

Faulkner's version retains the basic plot of the original screenplay—the famous doctor becoming the psychological victim of his own "noble" design, becoming, so to speak, hoist with his own petard. The scenes developing the action parallel the original: the robberies, the assumption of gang leadership, the incarceration in the safe, the blackmail attempt, the final murder. Here the similarity ends. Faulkner has shifted the emphasis of the story; he has created a different atmosphere; the character of Clitterhouse has been changed, as have his motivations; the story now seems to have a theme.

In Faulkner's treatment, the focus is no longer on the amazing Dr. Clitterhouse and his adventures, but on the somewhat pathetic Dr. Clitterhouse and his mental deterioration. Faulkner stresses the schizophrenic syndrome, rather than the circumventing of the law. By defining Clitterhouse's madness, Faulkner has established a basis for inner conflict and eventual self-realization. The "original" Clitterhouse does not struggle with himself. He enjoys the role of "mad mastermind"; he retains control of the situation; in fact, although he is supposed to be psychotic, his actions suggest a confusion of values, not a fragmentation of personality. Faulkner's Clitterhouse does not enjoy his criminality. His actions are compulsive; in his lucid moments he perceives that his "other self" is dominant.

Faulkner's version reduces the basic plot of the original
strongly--the Sartre doctor becomes the psychological victim
of his own "Cobb" design, unknowing, so to speak, betrays with
his own pocket. The scenes developing the sailor personal
are original: the soliloquies, the encounters of young lovers;
the interrelations in the mob; the flashback scenes, the
final murder. Here the continuity ends. Faulkner has shifted
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<u>mocking</u> God, Gitlesberger and his adventures, but in the more
what <u>pathetic</u> God, Gitlesberger and his masked adventure-film.
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The internalization of the dramatic conflict enabled Faulkner to dispense with the triangle situation and the jealousy motive. He reduced the cast of characters, eliminated women from the story, and tacked on a theme—the inherent will to evil in man. His shifting of the scene of the action from New York to London—the setting of Lyndon's play—for the visual effect of foggy night scenes intensified the sense of Clitterhouse's illness and created a sombre, foreboding mood similar to that in Carol Reed's Odd Man Out. Thus, while working within the basic outline of the screenplay, Faulkner gave the story an appearance of newness by focusing on character rather than on action and event.

Faulkner's innovations, however, do not alter the story's Hollywood stamp. The rewrite demands of the screen writer the ingenuity to make an old story seem new and interesting, and to make it commercially successful. Faulkner's "gimmick" was to capitalize on the general public's wartime curiosity about psychological disturbances by making Clitterhouse a psychiatrist and having him deteriorate mentally in terms of what were probably the layman's conceptions of schizophrenia. Faulkner's development of Clitterhouse was consistent with the new story trend that was sweeping Hollywood, and which resulted in pictures like Billy Wilder's The Lost Weekend (1945).

The interpretation of the dramatic conflict remained further to disperse with the triangle situation and the lecherous motive. He reduced the cast of characters, eliminated scenes from the story, and turned on a Jekyll-the tuberous villain to evil in man. His wedding of the scene of the western from New York to London--the setting of Ignacio's play--for the visual effect of fogy night scenes intensified the scene as Chatterbuck's injury and created a conflict, foreshadowing what similar to that in Daniel Boone's Red Man Cave. Thus, while working within the basic outline of the screenplay, Faulkner gave the story an appearance of issues by focusing on curiosity for rather than on action and events.

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> This morbid interest in abnormal psychology quickly spread....Films that had all the outward appearance of tragic romance, like Love Letters (1945) and Leave Her to Heaven (1945), veered off into paths of insanity and paranoia....The killers in the crime films—Like Richard Widmark's laughing hoodlum in Kiss of Death (1947)—were presented as psychopathic personalities. And the mad psychoanalyst took his place alongside the mad scientist and the mad artist....[3]

Clitterhouse is more than the "mad psychoanalyst"; he is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in modern dress.

The denouément of the story also conforms to the Hollywood pattern. Since Faulkner dropped the tone of levity which characterized the original screenplay and treated Clitterhouse seriously, he had to satisfy the production code by "punishing" Clitterhouse. A trial scene might have raised too many embarrassing questions for Hollywood; suicide was the ideal solution: justice accomplished—but with a final beau geste. Rather different from Harry Wilbourne's "between grief and nothing I will take grief."[4]

Faulkner did add some of his own touches to the story; they conflict with the Hollywood elements and cause confusion and ambiguity in the treatment. Clitterhouse's "the will-to-evil

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3. Arthur Knight, The Liveliest Art (New York, 1957), p. 266.

4. William Faulkner, The Wild Palms, p. 324.

in man's subconscious which his conscious not only refuses to recognize but wills itself to oblivion rather than see"—a Faulknerian theme—is inconsistent with his diagnosis of himself as schizophrenic. In the final scene, he articulates a Faulknerian concept ("Human life, any human life, no matter how sorry and how obscure, is too important to escape the consequences of taking it that easily" [sic]), and in the next moment curiously refutes himself by accepting suicide.

Faulkner's rewrite of The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse is one example of the way in which he complied with the Hollywood formula. He simply took an already prescribed recipe, changed a few ingredients, and created a new product that was both similar enough to and different enough from the original to satisfy the requirements of his job. The elements which he added did not, aside from disturbing the story's "tidiness," affect its Hollywood status.

Another, and better example, of Faulkner's working within the system is his treatment of Walter D. Edmonds's Drums along the Mohawk. Here he was the first to program an adaptation; he did not, as in his rewrite of The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, have to use a former screenplay as a blueprint. Yet although he was free to "translate" the novel in terms of his own filmic

conceptions, he still had an obligation to his employers and to the intention of the novel—especially since Drums along the Mohawk achieved immediate commercial success. Edmonds's book first appeared in serial form in The Saturday Evening Post (March, April, May, 1936); it was published by Little, Brown and Company in July, 1936; in August, 1936, it was selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club. By the time Faulkner had completed his treatment (March 15, 1937), it had gone through twenty-four printings. With the public as familiar with the book as the facts of publication seem to indicate, Faulkner could not very well have discarded Edmonds's story and still have hoped to have his treatment accepted by the studio, which had much to gain by bringing out the picture while the book was popular. He could, of course, have flaunted the studio's wishes, but that would have been economically unrealistic.

As a "pre-sold" property, the book may have been commercially ideal; it is anything but that when seen from the screen writer's point of view. A long, involved, overly-detailed and loosely-plotted historical novel, it undertakes a chronicle of the Mohawk Valley during the Revolutionary War. The central plot is difficult to determine. The characters are numerous, their actions often inexplicable. Edmonds seems to have reversed the principle of artistic selectivity, thus making a satisfactory screen adaptation almost impossible.

consequence, he still had an obligation to his contract and to the integrity of the novel—especially since *Crane* and *The Bishop* achieved tremendous commercial success. Consequently, book first appeared in serial form in *The Saturday Evening Post* (March, April, May, 1899); it was published by Harper and Brothers in July, 1899; in August, 1899, it was released by the Book-of-the-Month Club. By the time Twelve had completed his presentment (March 18, 1897), it had been thirteen months since publication. With the public as familiar with the book as the faces of politicians seem to Indiana, Twelve could not very well have discovered Dreiser's story and still have hoped to have his treatment accepted by the editor, which had been to gain by bringing out the picture while the book was popular. He could, of course, have finished his Hoosier's version, but that would have been economically unrealistic.

As a "pre-sold" property, the book may have been practically ideal; it is anything but that when seen from the novelist's point of view. A long, involved, overly-detailed and loosely-plotted historical novel. It undertakes a chronicle of the Wabash Valley during the Revolutionary War. The central plot is difficult to determine. The characters are numerous, their actions often inexplicable. Dreiser seems to have never had the principle of artistic selectivity, thus making satisfactory screen adaptation almost impossible.

Faulkner tried to reduce the superabundance of Edmonds's material to a form suitable for the screen. His treatment is quoted below in full. The marginal comments clarify what Faulkner was about: they point out where he followed the book, where he rearranged incidents, where he introduced innovations; they indicate the typical Hollywood elements, and the occasional Faulkner touches. A more thorough discussion follows the treatment.

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK[5]

Treatment by
WILLIAM FAULKNER

An optical effect in which the shot appears out of blackness.

FADE IN:

A shot taken with the camera close, or apparently close, to the subject.

This has been taken directly from the novel. It is a frequently used filmic device, for it not only facilitates the establishing of the scene, but it lends an air of authenticity to that which follows.

CLOSE SHOT- a page of an open book. A man's hand writing with a quill pen: "June 10, 1776. Married this day Gilbert Martin of Deerfield Settlement, Tyron County, the State of New York, North America, to Magdelana Borst of Fox's, Tyron County, by the Reverend Daniel Gros."

Aural montage. Reveals that Faulkner was by this time familiar with technical aspects of the film and of screen writing.

On the Sound Track, a babble of women's voices, following the suspense in which the couple are pronounced man and wife.

An optical effect between two superimposed shots on the screen in which the second shot gradually begins to appear, the first shot at the same time gradually disappearing.

DISSOLVE TO:

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5. Twentieth Century-Fox story file copy of the treatment.

CASE FILE COPY

Traditional scene. Here Faulkner appears to conceive of Lana as a stereotype. Later in the treatment she takes on the characteristics of a Faulkner "woman."

EXTERIOR- a neat prosperous cottage. CLOSE SHOT of the door as Gilbert and Lana emerge. The wedding party follows, throwing rice or its equivalent. Gilbert is sober and proud, Lana is the typical country bride. A two-wheel cart stands beside the door, loaded with household goods. It, too, has been decorated with flowers, etc. Gilbert and Lana get in and drive off. A cow follows the cart on a lead rope. The women gather about the door. In the dialogue we learn that Gilbert has taken up land in the wilderness. The women commiserate Lana's prospective hardships, the risk of Indians, etc. There will be some vague reference made to the Revolutionary War, which they know little about and care less. They are farm people. They don't want liberty for the human race, or anything else in the abstract. They merely wish to farm

The sound film uses dialogue, as does drama, to fill in the background and to foreshadow events.

An innovation. Edmonds's characters do not have this attitude towards the war. They feel that the causes of the war are economic: "You see the Yankee merchants started this business because they couldn't make a 12 per cent profit any more. They used the Stamp Tax just to make the country people mad. Who

gives a damn for the Stamp Tax, come to think of it?"

Faulkner has endowed the Mohawk Valley farmers with attitudes that his own Yoknapatawpha farmers might hold.

A smooth transition. Another indication that Faulkner is building his story visually for the screen.

The first hint of a conflict that will become important later—Lana's settled and peaceful background vs. the wilderness. Faulkner also uses this scene to begin his development of Gilbert's character.

Strictly Hollywood, especially the "etc."

Another good transition.

From the novel. The rest of this scene is a total innovation. Whereas Edmonds takes this opportunity to introduce a broad picture of the coming struggle, Faulkner centers on the characters who will figure in his story.

land, to have security from hardships and Indians, in order to make a living and raise families.

DISSOLVE TO:

A road in the forest. The cart moves along, Lana in the cart, and Gilbert walking behind the cart and leading the cow. The cart stops. A scene between Gilbert and Lana. Lana is becoming aware of the wilderness. It is pressing down on her, an unknown land and unseen dangers. Gilbert comforts her in a bluff, masculine way, clumsily gentle. Lana is comforted mostly because she is in love. She will go where he goes, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

A country Inn- Evening. The cart comes up and stops. A scene between the host and Gilbert, as Gilbert with a bribe of an extra coin finally gets a private room for himself and Lana for the night.

gives a dose for the Chang
Tsu, ends to light of 1917
Faulkner has endowed the
Hobbes Valley farmers with
abilities than his own
Yoknapatawpha farmers
might hold.

A second premiere
another indication that
Faulkner is building his
story vicarially for the
screen.

The final blow of a
conflict that will become
important later--Jason's
morbid and peaceful book-
reading vs. the wilderness.
Faulkner also uses this
scene to begin his develop-
ment of Gilbert's character.

Vocally idiosyncratic,
emotionally his "son."

another good transition.

From the novel. The read
of this scene is a total
innovation. Whereas Edmonds
takes this opportunity to
introduce a broad panorama
of the coming struggle,
Faulkner concentrates on the
characters who will figure
in his story.

hand, to have heavenly aces.

Hardship and hoping, he opens to
make a trying and [illegible]

[illegible]

A rose in the forest. The
[illegible] never stand, [illegible] in the [illegible]
one without [illegible] [illegible]
and [illegible] the rose. The [illegible] [illegible]
a room between [illegible] and [illegible].
Jason is becoming aware of the [illegible]
[illegible]. It is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
an unknown [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible].
Gilbert's [illegible] [illegible] is [illegible]
[illegible] way, [illegible] [illegible].
Jason is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
who is in love. She will be [illegible]
no [illegible], etc.

Filming for

A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] come up-and [illegible]. A [illegible]
[illegible] on the [illegible] and Gilbert, as
[illegible] with a [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] finally [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]
for [illegible] and [illegible] for the [illegible].

The host bustles around, treating them as newly married. This will be slightly comic. Gilbert's sobriety played against the landlord's winking and innuendo, etc.

The comic is often an essential ingredient in Hollywood productions, and newlyweds create the ideal situation. Wolfenstein and Leites interpret this kind of movie humor as reflecting the American attitude toward sex.

CUT TO:

The instantaneous transition from any shot to the immediately succeeding shot which results from splicing the two shots together.

Interior the tap room.

Several men are present. Among them is Adam Helmer, a big, handsome, swaggering brute, a professional guide and hunter with a roving eye and a local reputation for prowess among women. He and Gilbert have known each other for some time. Helmer looks Lana up and down, as he does all women, but without meaning to be offensive to his friend. He has free-wheeled a lot of frontier women because of his reputation for strength and his many exploits. Because he is Gilbert's friend, he would not set out to deliberately two-time him, but if

Edmonds's Helmer is a man of integrity, an excellent guide who plays an important role in preserving the Valley. Although attractive to women, he is in no sense a Don Juan.

Edmonds does not introduce Helmer until later in the book. Faulkner, however, lacks time and space and therefore must telescope. He establishes Helmer as a frontier type, and at the same time prepares for the triangle situation which will arise.

The comic is often on racial and religious in Hollywood productions, and typically drawn the ideal attention. Hollywood and Indian in-terpret this kind of movie humor as reflecting the American attitude toward sex.

The industrious transition from any shot to the immediately succeeding shot which results from splicing the two shots together.

Ghoogha's Saint is a man of integrity, an excellent guide who plays an important role in preserving the Valley. Although attractive to women, he is no ladies a man.

Ghoogha then sets introduce labour units later in the book. Indians, however, lack time and space and therefore make telecasts. He establishes labor as a frontier type, and is also more proper for the straight attention which will drive.

The book ends with Ghoogha's drowning. Ghoogha's death on newly married. This will be slightly comic. Shirley's sobriety played against the tradition's writing and humorous, with.

OUT TO

Inherit the top town.

Several men are present, among them is Jean Balmer, a big, burly-some, swaggering brute, a professional guide and owner with a rather ugly and a local reputation for prowess among women. He and Shirley have known each other for many years.

Balmer leads Jane up and down, is he down all so many, but without meaning to be offensive to his friend. He has frequently a lot of frontier women because of his reputation for strength and his very aspirins. Because he is Shirley's friend, he would not go out to deliberately ever-time him, but if

Helmer's frontier code of honor. Not the Leatherstocking type, but the Mike Fink type.

Lana were to give him any encouragement, he would just as soon fight Gilbert fair and square for his woman as for his rifle, a jug of whiskey, or anything else.

Faulkner's treatment of Blue Back is rather inadequate and leads to confusion about his role in the war. Edmonds treats Blue Back with respect and carefully describes his contributions to the war effort in the Valley.

There is also present Blue Back, an Oneida Indian. He is a guide, too, holding some allegiance to the settlers who sympathize with the American side of the war, but his position is rather ambiguous because of the strange situation between the Oneidas and the other tribes of the six nations who have sided with the British and Tories. He is dead drunk and very dirty. He has bought some rum on credit. The landlord explains that he searched Blue Back's clothes and found no money to pay the score with. Gilbert has known Blue Back for some time. He pays the score, then helps the others carry Blue Back out into the yard and throw him in a horse trough to sober him

Faulkner is inconsistent with Blue Back, who is here repulsive, but who later achieves a certain nobility. This inconsistency is one of the interesting features of the treatment. In the "white-man's" society, Blue Back is drunk and dirty; in the forest and among his own people, he is "purely the warrior and the chief." Thus Faulkner seems to be imposing one of his own themes on the story—the Indian corrupted by the white-man.

This would probably be played for comedy. Gilbert's

Gilbert's Tonsoler
cals of humor. But the
heartrending story,
but the tale that type.

Tonsoler's treatment of
Ching Sack is rather
lamentable and leads to
conclusions about his role
in the war. Ellsworth
seems also deep with
respect and morbidly
describes his contributions
to the war effort in the
Valley.

Tonsoler is unremarkable
with Ching Sack, who is here
regularly, but who lower
believes a mortal mobility.
This inconsistency is one
of the interesting features
of the treatment. In the
"white-man's" society,
Ching Sack is drunk and dirty;
in the forest and among his
own people, he is "purely
the warrior and the chief."
Thus Tonsoler seems to be
imposing one of his own
themes on the story--
the indian corrupted by
the white-man.

This would perfectly
played for comedy. Gilbert's life is a burnt tongue to make his

Ibsen seems to give him any consideration,
such, he would look to a man light
Gilbert fair and regards his
woman as for his rights, a jug of
whiskey, or anything else.

There is also present Ibsen
Sack, an Omaha Indian. He is a
quiet, too, bellicid, also alienated
to the settlers who inquisitive
with the western side of the war,
but his position is rather questionable
because of the strange situation
between the Western and the other
tribes of the six nations who have
made with the British and Tories.
He is dead drunk and very dirty.
He has bought some rum on credit.
The landlord explains that he
searched Ching Sack's clothes and
found no money to pay his scotch
etc. Gilbert has known him some
for some time. To pass the journey
then helps the others carry Ching
Sack out into the yard and throw

humaneness to Blue Back further indicates his character and explains why Blue Back acts as he does later on.

Faulkner's reasons for emphasizing the ignorance of the Valley people about the war are not clear. He does not expand this theme.

Innovation. The economic factor does not figure into Edmonds's story, nor does Faulkner make further use of it.

Their decision not to have a child for some time is inconsistent with their bitterness when they lose one. Their motives seem too modern.

Should have made a touching scene.

up and start him on his journey. During the dialogue there will be further talk about the frontier conditions to show how little these frontier people know about the rest of the country. One of them might have heard rumors of an army which is coming out from the East and someone else might wish to know which side the army is going to fight on.

The host shows Gilbert and Lana to the room. When Gilbert paid the host the bribe for privacy, we will have seen that he has only some sum like eight dollars. This is all the money he and Lana have. They will have discussed the fact that it will last them two years and maybe even longer than that if they don't have a child right away. There will be another scene between Gilbert and Lana when they are alone. Some more of "Whither thou goest, I will go."

DISSOLVE TO:

up and down on his money.

During the dialogue Mary will be further told about the terrible conditions in Hong-Kong which further people know about the real of the country. One of them might have to and Mary's [illegible] is coming out from the [illegible] one also might wish to know which side the army is going to fight on.

The most about Gabriel and Mary in the room. The children [illegible] back the bribe for [illegible], we will have seen that he has only some [illegible] like eight dollars. This is all the money he and Mary have. They will have discovered the fact that it will last them two years one month's wage longer than [illegible] if they don't have a child right away. There will be another scene between Gabriel and Mary when they are alone. Some [illegible] of "Whether then ground I will go."

SIGNAL TO

[illegible]

[illegible] Gabriel [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] people [illegible] the [illegible] one [illegible] does not [illegible] this [illegible].

[illegible] the economic [illegible] does not [illegible] [illegible], for [illegible] [illegible] use of it.

[illegible] Gabriel [illegible] have a child for [illegible] is independent [illegible] [illegible] one. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] have [illegible] [illegible].

Innovation. Biggest chunk of sentimentality in the treatment, and the grossest incongruity—hauling a bed across the countryside. The bed figures in a later scene, but if Faulkner meant to make the bed symbolic of their union, he failed to follow through. The incongruity might be Faulknerian humor?

Following morning. The cart is loaded and at the door. Lana gets in, but for some reason Gilbert is not ready to start. Then the host and another man come out carrying the bed which was in Lana's and Gilbert's room. This was their wedding couch. Gilbert had bought it with the eight dollars.

The "FADE OUT" signifies the end of the sequence. The shot gradually disappears into blackness.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

TITLE: DEERFIELD

DISSOLVE TO:

Innovation. In order to complicate the plot, Faulkner builds the friendship between Gilbert and Helmer.

A scene in the forest. Gilbert and Helmer, hunting, have killed a deer and are dressing it. Blue Back is hidden, watching them. When they are ready to depart, he steals away.

No rational explanation for Blue Back's mysterious behavior. Why does he leave signs instead of confronting Gilbert and Helmer? Because he is an Indian, and this is the way Indians do things? Or because this might create some suspense?

As Gilbert and Helmer walk along the path, they find a sign. It could be sticks, or feathers, or maybe a worn moccasin. They know that it came from Blue Back and that it means hostile Indians are in the

Innovation. Suggests
start of ambivalently in
the Grandeur, and the
present incongruity—
having a bad omens the
encounter. The bad figures
in a larger scene, but it
Faulkner needs to make the
bad symbols of short-means,
be telling to follow through.
The incongruity might be
Faulkner humor.

The "FAIR OUT" signifies
the end of the encounter.
The shot gradually
disappears into blackness.

Innovation. In order
to complicate the plot,
Faulkner builds the
friendship between Gilbert
and Hulver.

No rational explanation
for Hulver's aggressive
behavior. He does be leave
alone instead of confronting
Gilbert and Hulver.
Because he is an Indian,
and this is the way
Indians do things? Is
Hulver's bitterness create
some suspense?

Following continue. The man is
thrown and at the door. Some pain
ah, but for some reason Gilbert is
not ready to leave. Then the shot
and another and some are screaming.
The bed which was in Hulver's and
Gilbert's room. This was their
wedding bed. Gilbert had sought
it with the eight dollars.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

FIELD, DESERTED

INTERIOR IN:

A scene in the tavern. Gilbert
and Hulver, smiling, have killed a
deer and are drawing it. Gilbert
is hidden, watching them. When they
are ready to depart, he shouts out.

As Gilbert and Hulver run from
the cabin, they find a man. It could
be Eldean, or Jackson, or maybe a
very moment. They know that it
come from Miss Ruth. But that is
means Gentle Indians are in the

neighborhood. They throw away most of the deer and begin to run toward the settlement.

CUT TO:

Effective cut. Tension grows out of the juxtaposition of the menacing and the peaceful. Faulkner is here trying to convey the illusion of the contemporaneity of events—something which is extremely difficult to do successfully in the film.

Gilbert's cottage. Here we show his newly cleared land and the spartan manner in which he and Lana live.

CUT TO:

The peacock feather has a symbolic function in the novel, but none in Faulkner's treatment. His retention of the feather is puzzling. He does, however, use it effectively to introduce his other characters.

Interior. CLOSE SHOT of the peacock feather. Lana is pregnant. She is showing the feather to Mrs. Beal and her family, among which is Mary, about twelve years old. The feather is a neighborhood curiosity. It is the only thing like it which most of these people have ever seen and families have been coming in periodical pilgrimages to look at it. Another woman, Mrs. Weaver, with her son George, about fourteen or fifteen, is present.

Blue Back appears. Lana recognizes him, thanks him for the

effective cut. Tomlins gives out of the publication of the morality and the practical. Failure to hurry trying to convey the illusion of the author-potentiality of everything—something which is cer-tainly difficult to do successfully in the film.

The peacock feather has a symbolic function in the novel, but none in Fashion's treatment. His reflection of the feather is puzzling. He does, however, use it effectively to intercuse his other characters.

neighborhood. They throw away most of the beer and begin to run toward the restaurant.

CUT TO:

Gilbertie entrance. Here we see his newly cleaned face and the operation manner in which he and Jane live.

CUT TO:

Interior. DURING DAY of the peacock feather. Jane is pregnant. She is showing the feather to her. Paul and her family, young Paul is many, about twelve years old. The feather is a neighborhood curiosity. It is the only thing like it which some of these people have ever seen and Fashion-Jane has been using in periodical philosophers to look at it. Another woman, Mrs. Jerome, with her son George, shows Jerome or Gibson, is present.

Mrs Jane opposite. Jane recognizes him, simply his for the

haunch of venison he left for them last month and shows him the feather.

Mrs. Real and family leave. Then Blue Back tells Lana to go to the fort. Lana is puzzled, but Mrs. Weaver realizes at once that Blue Back is warning them about Indians. Lana wants to know why he waited until Mrs. Real left. Blue Back indicates that the Reals are nothing to him, scalps are worth money, but that he and Gilbert are friends. Lana is terrified. She wishes to try to overtake the Reals, who live still further in the forest, but Mrs. Weaver will not let her. There is no time.

The only plausible explanation for Blue Back's action is formal. Mrs. Real is killed by the Senecas because she has not been warned. Edmonds has her killed much later in the story. By having Blue Back withhold his information until she has departed, Faulkner was able to telescope the action and make use of the incident.

Mrs. Weaver sends her son George on to warn other people. She helps Lana to hitch the cart and load it. Lana insists on putting the bed in. Blue Back is helping them. He steals the peacock feather. They try to catch the cow, but she

Again, the incongruity of the bed, and the inexplicability of the peacock feather.

The only plausible explanation for Miss Dark's action is fatal. Mrs. Hook is killed by the Squeeze because she has not been warned. Although her letter reached each lodger in the vicinity, by leaving Miss Dark stabbed the information until she has departed, Faulkner was able to telescope the action and make use of the Squeeze.

Again, the knowledge of the bed, and the knowledge of the possibility of the pounds [illegible].

hands of workmen in left for their last month and above all the Squeeze.

Mrs. Cook and Family Never.

Then Miss Dark tells Lane to go to the force. Lane is grateful but Mrs. Beaver realizes at once what Miss Dark is warning Lane about Indians. Lane wants to know why he walked until Mrs. Beal left. Miss Dark indicates that she feels are nothing to him, Indians are worth money, but that he and Grimes are friends. Lane is terrified. She asks him to try to overtake the Indian, who have still forward in the forest. But Mrs. Beaver will not let her. There is no time.

Mrs. Beaver sends her husband on to warn Silver Creek. She helps Lane to hitch the team and load it. Lane insists on putting the bed in. Miss Dark is helpless then. He sends the Beaver brother. They try to catch the men, but the

becomes afraid and runs off into the forest. Mrs. Weaver persuades Lana to go on toward the fort. They discover that Blue Back has disappeared.

CUT TO:

The road to the Fort. George Weaver has warned other families, who are hurrying toward the fort with household goods and cattle. Gilbert and Helmer come out of the forest and meet Lana in the cart. Lana tells them the Reals have not been warned. Helmer goes to try to overtake the Reals. Gilbert gets into the cart and whips the horse. Lana is suffering because of the roughness of the journey. From the top of a hill Gilbert looks back and sees smoke rising above the trees. He knows it is his own cabin.

The exodus is taken from the book.

The first indication of Helmer's heroic qualities.

Follows the book.

CUT TO:

Helmer running through the forest. Faint shouts and shots in the distance. He hurries on.

The square is taken from the book.

The first indication of Heiner's heroic qualities.

Follows the book.

CUT TO:

Helmer hidden at the edge of the forest, looking down into a clearing at Indians attacking a house. Mrs. Real runs out, carrying a baby, and followed by Mary. Two Indians overtake them. They tomahawk her and kill the baby. Mary runs on. One of the Indians follows. Helmer shoots the Indian, meets Mary, and drags her into the woods. The second Indian has dropped to the ground. He rises and follows.

Scene played for its sensationalism. The Indians behave as bad Indians are supposed to behave.

The first real excitement in the treatment.

CUT TO:

Helmer running through the forest, carrying Mary. He stops, listens, conceals Mary, takes his hatchet and hides beside the trail. The Indian enters. Helmer tomahawks him and scalps him, waves the scalp and gives his own war cry. He snatches Mary and runs again.

Innovation. Faulkner is making Helmer the Hector of the Mohawk Valley.

CUT TO:

Tepee placed for the ceremonialists. The Indians believe as bad Indians are supposed to believe.

The first real crisis-- come in the treatment.

Innovation. Faulkner is making Reiser the leader of the Indian Valley.

Follows book.

Interior the Fort. The open gate. The refugees hurrying in with their livestock, household effects. The cart enters with Gilbert and Lana. Lana has fainted. The women gather around her and carry her into a cabin, then they make Gilbert go out.

CUT TO:

Follows book.

Exterior cabin. Gilbert waiting outside the door. Mrs. Weaver comes out and tells him the child is dead, but Lana will live.

DISSOLVE TO:

Here Faulkner has again rearranged Edmonds's incidents and telescoped the action. In the novel, John Weaver, who had been killed in action, is buried by Gilbert and Joe Boleo, an important character whom Faulkner has eliminated. No mention is made of the way in which Lana's dead child is disposed of. It might be pointed out that hiding bodies is a Faulknerian situation.

Night. CLOSE SHOT of Gilbert filling up a small grave by lantern light. Helmer leans on his rifle beside him. Gilbert conceals the trace of digging with brush, sticks, and stones. Helmer says, "That will hide it from the Indians, maybe, but not the wolves. Come on." Helmer douses the lantern. He says, "That's

Follows book.

Follows book.

better. This ain't no country to walk around at night in with a lantern." They walk on. Gilbert stops, looks down. At his feet lies the carcass of his cow. It has been wantonly killed. They go on again. Gilbert stops, looking at the ashes of his burned cabin, the broken chimney, the burned plows, etc. Gilbert says, "That was my son. This was his patrimony." He laughs harshly.

Probably a Faulkner touch.

Helmer says, "Here, here. Take a swig of this." He holds out a flask.

This also. Edmonds never considers such an attitude. Sounds almost as if Faulkner were implying that a "curse" was on the land. The white-man's corruption of the Indian?

Gilbert doesn't take it. He says, "Yes, this country don't want white men in it. Not even dead ones."

Shucks?

Helmer says, "Shucks! What better country could a man want? Would you want to live back there in Albany, a place full of houses and breezy politicians till you can't

Another Faulkner addition—the contrast between city and country.

probably a Pawnee
sound.

This also. Johnson never
considers such an attitude.
Sounds almost as if Pawnee
were implying that a "white"
was on the land. The white-
man's description of the
Indian?

Shocker?

Another Pawnee
addition--the contrast
between city and country.

breathe? Of course you don't. There's always next year and you've still got a wife. Come on here." They exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

The fort. Interior a barrack-like room crowded with refugees and their belongings, women and children.

CLOSE SHOT of Gilbert and Lana. Lana is crying in Gilbert's arms. Gilbert is trying to comfort her. She wishes to return home to a safe and settled country. This country has cost them everything—child, farm, crops, food for the next year. Gilbert promises her nothing, he merely lets her cry and relieve herself.

Foreshadows basic rift that is developing between Gilbert and Lana.

Helmer enters, watches them a while. He has come to offer them the use of the guide quarters. He is the only guide in the fort now and they will be private there.

As Helmer watches this touching scene, the possibility grows that he will become involved in their marital problems.

CUT TO:

Foreshadows Jamie talk that is developing between Gilbert and Laura.

As Gilbert wonders aloud something about, the young-lady group that he will become involved in their marital problems.

Guide quarters. An ante-room and a bedroom. Gilbert leads Lana in. She rouses, realizes that it means privacy. She asks Gilbert to let her sleep alone. He realizes she means not just for that night, but for some time to come. He lets her go into the bedroom, hears her lock the door.

Lana's reasons are not clear. In the novel, she secludes herself because she fears the pain of another pregnancy. Faulkner makes it appear as though she is avenging herself on Gilbert: the opposition of wills. If so, her motives resemble those of Ike McCaslin's wife.

FADE OUT:

End of "Act Two"

FADE IN:

TITLE- ORISKANY.

DISSOLVE TO:

A poor transition. The two bluebirds might well be symbolic of the coming of spring, but in terms of the preceding and following scenes, the image would be confusing. Faulkner has used montage improperly.

CLOSE SHOT- Two bluebirds sitting on a limb. It is snowing. This to indicate it is at the end of winter and spring will come soon.

CUT TO:

Interior of fort. George Weaver carrying a huge musket, is walking back and forth on sentry post, looking out of scene.

In the next two shots, Faulkner suggests a subplot—a romance between George Weaver and Mary Real. This romance is used to counterpoint the relationship between Gilbert and Lana and

CUT TO:

Laura's reasons are not
clear. In the novel, she
realizes herself because
she fears the pain of another
pregnancy. Faulkner makes
it appear as though she is
avenging herself on Gilbert;
the opportunities of wills.
If so, her actions reconcile
those of Ike McCaslin's
wife.

End of "Act Two"

A poor transition. The two
bluebirds might well be
symbolic of the coming of
spring, and in terms of the
preceding and following
scenes, the image would be
consistent. Faulkner has
used analogy improperly.

In the next two shots,
Faulkner suggests a sub-
plot—a rivalry between
George Reaver and Mary
Noel. Flashback is
used to contrast the
relationship between
Gilbert and Laura and

Quick quarters. An unhappy
and a bedroom. Gilbert looks down
in. She frowns, realizing that it
is a very dreary. She sets Gilbert to
her bluebird stage. The realized
she means not just for that night,
but for some time to come. He leaps
her up into the bedroom, bolts her
lock the door.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

TITLE- DELIRIUM:

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT- Two bluebirds sitting
on a limb. It is snowing. This
indicates it is at the end of winter
and spring will soon come.

CUT TO:

Interior of fort. George Reaver
carrying a huge suitcase, is walking
back and forth on sentry post, looking
out to ocean.

CUT TO:

Helmer and Lana; in the end, it gives the story a unified structure.

Faulkner shows his awareness of the camera by picturing Mary Real "from George's angle." This scene would probably be played for comedy—awkward young love, etc.

Mary Real from George's angle, carrying a basket, aware that George is watching her and is doing some military strutting for her benefit. She may be doing some trivial thing which will keep her in George's sight, yet all the time being very careful not to look at him, save steal one glance, then look quickly away.

CUT TO:

George walking his post. A shout beyond the gate. George snaps to and opens the gate. Helmer enters. He has come from Albany with dispatches. He has been absent some time. He asks how things are since he went away. George tells him that Gilbert and Lana, who have adopted Mary Real, have gone to live with an old, irascible, well-to-do widow, Mrs. McKlennar, a few miles up the valley, though most of the other people are still in the fort. George says that

Innovation. By having Gilbert and Lana adopt Mary, Faulkner tightens the structure of the story, but weakens the credibility.

True to Edmonds's characterization.

Gilbert is working for Mrs. McKlennar, who says that she would rather be burnt out by Indians and Tories than to live in a rabbit warren and be eaten by lice from Continental militia.

Helmer says, "Well, it won't be Continental militia, because we ain't going to get any." Helmer goes on. George resumes his beat, strutting again for Mary's benefit. This time when he glances toward where Mary was, she is gone. There is nothing left for George to do now save become the fifteen year old soldier with a gun too big from him, which he actually is.

Comic touch.

CUT TO:

Commandant's quarters. Helmer delivers his message from authorities in Albany - a curt letter saying no troops will be sent, that the people of the settlement seem to think all the federal government has

Faulkner is here following through with his initial conception of the relations between the Continental Congress and the Mohawk Valley people. He appears to be depicting a strong conflict of interests—

Trying to Donnelly's characterization.

Death bonds.

Feighner is here following through with his initial conception of the relations between the Continental Congress and the Mohawk Valley people. He appears to be developing a strong conflict of interests--

something which Edmonds does not do. His constant emphasis of this conflict reduces the significance of the Tories and hostile Indians, and is a major change of Edmonds's intention. As will be seen below, Faulkner assigns the role of villain to the federal government.

to do is protect a handful of people who didn't have enough sense to stay in safety; that they don't seem to be aware that there is a war going on, etc.

During the scene we learn that they already have warning that Butler and his Tories and Brandt and his Indians will appear in the valley as soon as the snow is gone. The people are angry, outraged. Apparently they must depend on themselves and by God, that's what they will do. They will do the job homemade and be damned to the United States and the Continental Congress, too!

Nothing ever comes of this.

Edmonds's people are frightened, not "angry, outraged."

Nothing ever comes of this.

Is Faulkner grinding an ax?

CUT TO:

Mrs. McKlennar's. Helmer finds Lana and Gilbert settled there, along with Mary Real and Mrs. McKlennar's bound girl, Nancy. Gilbert is away on winter duty with the local militia on a monthly scout of the valley. Helmer discovers the situation between

Faulkner again rearranges incidents and telescopes the action by introducing Nancy at Mrs. McKlennar's.

Something which Edmonds does not do. His sympathetic explanation of this conflict reduces the significance of the Tories and hostile Indians, and is a major change of Edmonds's intention. As will be seen below, Faulkner assigns the role of villain to the federal government.

Nothing over seems of this.

Edmonds's people are frightened, not "angry," outraged."

Nothing ever seems of this.

Is Faulkner writing an ax?

Faulkner, again reminiscent of James Fenimore Cooper and Walt Whitman, and by introducing Henry as Mrs. McLean's.

to do is protect a handful of people who didn't have enough sense to stay in safety that they don't seem to be aware that there is a war going on, etc.

During the scene we learn that they already have warning that Metzger and his Tories and French and his Indians will appear in the valley as soon as the snow is gone. The people are angry, outraged. Apparently they were issued an ultimative and by God, that's what they will do. They will do the job themselves and be damned to the United States and the Continental Congress, too!

Guy Tor:

Mrs. McLennar's. Helmer finds Lena and Gilbert waiting there, along with Mary-Ann and Mrs. McLennar's house girl, Nancy. Gilbert is away on market day with the local militia on a monthly scout of the valley. Helmer discovers the allusion between

Lana and Gilbert. She is still cold, reserved, bent on returning to the settled country when spring opens, though things are at a standstill now because of the snow. But in spring there will be a showdown between Gilbert and Lana. Lana indicates Gilbert will either have to take her back to a settled country, or else. This suits Helmer. He wouldn't try to take Lana from Gilbert as long as she loved him, but now he believes the field is open to him. He makes no bones about his intentions, though Lana, in her preoccupation and unhappiness, does not appear to recognize them as soon as Mrs. McKlennar does. Mrs. McKlennar takes Helmer to task. Helmer says, "A man who can't keep a woman," etc., indicating that he, Helmer, would keep his, or know why. He is lazily arrogant. Mrs. McKlennar warns Lana, discovers that Lana

No sense of "showdown" in the novel.

The triangle made explicit.

A Faulkner touch. In his novels and short stories —Sartoris, Light in August, The Wild Palms, "Honor," etc.—he does not sympathize with men who cannot "keep" their wives.

the scene of "showdown" in the novel.

The triangle ends stylish.

A familiar bench. In this novel and short stories —*Carlotta, Black in Summer, and Will Tuckey "Gone,"* etc.—he does not sympathize with men who commit "illegal" moral crimes.

Lana is becoming less the typical country bride and more the Faulkner "woman."

knows Helmer's intentions, but is not moved a great deal, though she admits she could do worse. Mrs. McKlennar asks if she thinks Helmer would return to civilization with her. Lana is reserved and defiant, the intimation being that the matter is none of Mrs. McKlennar's business.

Innovation. Would probably be played for comedy.

This turns into another sub-plot and another contrapuntal element.

Nancy begins to make sheep's eyes at Helmer. He is the exact figure of Lochinvar and Lothario both to a girl of her type. Helmer knows this, only now he is after bigger game. He teases her, gives her opportunities to appear comic in her willingness. Bucolic scenes in which Helmer, whom Mrs. McKlennar forces to do some of the chores around the place, shifts them off on Nancy, who thinks she is getting ahead in Helmer's estimation by doing the milking and chopping the wood which Helmer is supposed to be doing.

Lana is becoming less the typical country bride and more the Parisian "woman."

Innovation. Could probably be played for comedy.

This turns into another sub-plot and another contrapuntal element.

Gilbert will have returned during this. An indication of the coldness between him and Lana. Helmer makes no bones about his intentions toward Lana before Gilbert, but Gilbert is too saddened and troubled to do much. He, too, knows that the spring will bring a show-down between him and Lana, and perhaps he has already lost her.

Faulkner lets slip the opportunity to build a big fight scene, a la Hollywood, in which Helmer would be beaten so that his later sacrifice would appear more noble.

DISSOLVE TO:

Spring comes. The local militia, a handful of more or less untrained men, departs to meet the invaders. Gilbert agrees to go. He returns and tells Lana he is going. She tells him that this is the end, then, that he has promised to take her back to civilization. Gilbert says he made no such promise. A quarrel to the point where Gilbert tells her she is still his wife. Lana is passive and cold. A scene in which it is indicated that Gilbert forces

Another indication that Faulkner's bluebird image was misplaced and misused.

Gilbert asserts his manhood, and about time, too.

Faulkner lets slip the opportunity to build a big fight scene, a la Hollywood, in which Heinar would be beaten as that his later sacrifice would appear more noble.

Another indication that Faulkner's blockbuster image was misplaced and misused.

Gilbert masters his manhood, and about time, too.

the passive Lana to live with him as his wife. It could be that he sends her into the bedroom where she stands still dressed, with a shawl over her head. He follows her and takes the shawl roughly from her and throws it on the floor.

Question: with whom will the audience sympathize? Answer: Gilbert, of course. With this one incident, Faulkner patches up the incompatibility of Gilbert and Lana and resolves the triangle before it really gets interesting. However, this scene would probably titillate the audience.

DISSOLVE TO:

A sequence of scenes following the departure of the militia where the greater part of Helmer's attempted seduction of Lana takes place. Also, Nancy, fumbling and comic, attempts to seduce Helmer. Helmer hangs around the house like a lazy dog, doing nothing, carving wooden dolls for Mary, sitting in the sun, or lying before the fire. A scene between him and Mrs. McKlennar, who wants to know why he hasn't gone with the army. He is a guide, scout, not on military status. He says even that army can't get lost for a few days yet, that he will know when

The parallel seduction attempts are stylistically interesting, but the juxtaposition of the comic and the serious does not result in irony.

Helmer given the role of Joe Boloo, scout extraordinaire.

questions - with whom will the audience sympathize? Answer: Gilbert, of course. With this one incident, Faulkner pitches up the incompatibility of Gilbert and Lena one receives the strength before it really gets interesting. However, this scene would probably titillate the audience.

The partial seduction attempts are slightly interesting, but the juxtaposition of the comic and the serious does not result in irony.

Helmer gives the role of Joe Christmas, second extraordinaire.

the time comes to join them. Mrs. McKlennar calls him a coward. He just laughs at her. He is ignorant that things are any different between Gilbert and Lana. Apparently they are not. They are only the more strained since Gilbert forced Lana. Lana may even have told Gilbert when he left not to expect to find her there when he returned.

Confusing distinction.

Does Lana lead Helmer on? Does she intend to play Gilbert off against Helmer?

One night, Helmer, lying before the fire, sits up suddenly, rises, seems to listen, takes down his rifle and equipment and says it is time for him to go, inference being that the battle at Oriskany is just beginning.

Taken from novel, where Boleo, not Helmer, had the gifted ear.

DISSOLVE TO:

The battle at Oriskany. Helmer sees Gilbert captured by the Tories, sees that he is safe from the Indians, at least. It is doubtful if Helmer could have saved Gilbert, but a man who has bragged of his prowess as much as Helmer had might have tried.

Innovation. Edmonds never has Gilbert or any of the other Valley people captured.

Does Faulkner mean to criticize Helmer? Has Helmer's bragging been

Continuing distinction.

Does Lucas Lead Helmer out? Does the Indian to play Gilbert off against Helmer?

Taken from novel, where Helen, not Helmer, had the gifted ears.

Innovation. Edmonds never has Gilbert or any of the other Valley people captured.

Does Faulkner mean to criticize Helmer? Does Helmer's bragging mean

the wine owner to join them. Mr. Helmerner calls him a coward. He mock laughs at him. He is ignorant that things are any different between Gilbert and Lucas. Apparently they are not. They are only the more advanced since Gilbert forced Lucas. Lucas may even have told Gilbert that he likely not to expect to find her there when he returned.

One night, Helmer, flying before the fire, also up unknowingly, rides across to Lucas, takes down his rifle and equipment and says it is time for him to go, interrupt being with the battle at Gallatin in just beginning.

DISCOVER THE

the battle at Gallatin. Mr. Lucas does Gilbert captured by the Yankees, some that he is safe from the Indians at least. It is doubtful if Helmer could have saved Gilbert, but a man who has brooded of his process as much as Helmer had might have tried.

immodest? Faulkner does not imply that it has, since he previously depicted Helmer beating Indians at their own game.

Perhaps Helmer has a personal motive for not trying to save Gilbert?

Faulkner has been sprinkling the comic throughout the treatment, thus conforming to the Hollywood formula. The "comic" here is not like the comic in Sanctuary, As I Lay Dying, or The Hamlet.

For all his experience with women, Helmer is the typical male who cannot understand them.

Because she is pregnant, or because Gilbert has been captured?

Possibly he would have tried if it had been Indians who captured Gilbert, but Helmer knows Gilbert's life will be saved at least.

DISSOLVE TO:

The settlement. The comic way in which news of the battle returns. First frightened fugitive who swears that everyone but him was killed and scalped because he saw it; a Dutch farmer boy whom Nancy finds hidden under her bed and drags out. Then authentic news of the inconclusive battle. The army has withdrawn and hostile forces are still in the valley. Lana's anxiety about Gilbert, who has not turned up. Then Helmer returns, tells her Gilbert is a captive. He thinks this will fix things up for him. He is absolutely astonished at Lana's reaction. Lana accuses him of not saving Gilbert. She is hysterical. Helmer is puzzled and baffled, until Mrs.

Incidentally, Faulkner does not imply that it was, since he previously displayed Heimer beating Indians at their own game.

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Because she is pregnant, or because Gilbert has been captured?

Probably he would have acted as if he had been Indians who captured Gilbert, but Heimer knows Gilbert's life will be saved as long as

[illegible] for

the entertainment. The comic way in which news of the battle returns. First introduced fugitive who proves that everyone but him was killed and escaped because he was left a [illegible] farmer boy whom Nancy finds hiding under her bed and drags out. Then authentic news of the inconclusive battle. The army has withdrawn and hostile forces are still in the valley. Lena's anxiety about Gilbert, who has not turned up. Then Heimer returns, tells her Gilbert is a captive. He thinks this will give things up for him. He is absolutely astonished at Lena's reaction. Lena assumes him of not saving Gilbert. She is hysterical. Heimer is puzzled and baffled, until he [illegible]

McKlennar takes Lana out, then returns and says, "You long-haired fool, she's going to have another baby."

Faulkner touch—inseminative determinism.

Helmer is completely stumped now, amazed. He turns to leave the house, sees Nancy still sitting before the fire in the kitchen where she was when he entered and where she made some clumsy pass at him, which he didn't pay any attention to at the time. He pauses, looks at her, laughs, says, "Come on here."

At this point, Nancy ceases to be the comic servant girl and becomes the "earth-mother" type.

Nancy rises and follows obediently. They go out.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

TITLE: GERMAN FLATS

DISSOLVE TO:

A road. Continental troops marching - uniforms, flags, fifes and drums. Scene of amazed and happy astonishment of the settlers.

CUT TO:

Familiar touch--
impressionistic determinism.

At this point, Henry
seems to be the comic
servant girl and becomes
the "earth-mother" type.

Faulkner still grinding.

CLOSE SHOT- an order signed by the Commander requisitioning all corn and grain. Scenes in which the settlers realize that their grain is not only to be taken from them, but may be sent to Washington's army. Their consternation and anger, as some of them never even heard of Washington, don't know where he is fighting or what for. This grain to them represents seed, food, the difference between life and death almost.

Another instance of perfect timing. Faulkner probably hedges here from an uncertainty about the censorship regulations.

A scene to indicate that Nancy is pregnant, or perhaps to indicate that she is merely looking for Helmer, who has vanished from the settlement. It could be a door with a crude sign on it: "Dr. Petrie." Nancy coming out very thoughtful or Nancy hanging about taverns or guard rooms, asking soldiers and other frontier people about Helmer and they all laughing at her to indicate that everyone knows

Nancy begins to parallel Lena Grove.

Why do frontier people laugh?

Funeral still
grinding.

Another instance of
perfect timing. Funeral
probably begins here from
an uncertainty about the
ceremonial requirements.

Henry begins to
parallel Lane there.

Why do frontier people
laugh?

the trouble. Possibly it could be done through Helmer, himself, who returns to Mrs. McKlennar's and asks about Nancy in his swaggering, pitiless way, finds she is gone and just laughs.

The entire business between Nancy and Helmer is an innovation. In the novel, Nancy gets herself pregnant of a Tory soldier.

Why?

His attitude toward Lana has changed somewhat, but he is fonder of her than ever, fond and angry, too, that he has been fooled, probably his vanity being hurt, yet he has a kind of feeling that she is now inextricably in his hair, like a helpless sister. He comforts Lana in his crude way, which is the very opposite of any sort of comfort, by telling her that Gilbert is probably all right, just in a dungeon hole or fort, or somewhere Niagara, that the war will be over some day and he will be coming home some day.

Helmer continues to fluctuate from despoiler to defender.

It may be best to go a little further with Nancy in her search for

The entire business between Harry and Dolmer is an innovation. In this novel, Harry gets herself pregnant at a very soldier.

Why?

Dolmer continues to fluctuate from deceptive to defender.

Nancy threatens to replace Helmer as the focal point of the story. She has become the sympathetic character. Lana suffers when compared to her.

Helmer. She has left Mrs. McKlennar's and is asking along the road, has come to a settler's cabin, stopped there for the night, or to rest her feet and just stayed. Nowhere for her to go, nobody cares about her, and there's nobody that she cares about except Helmer. So she stays there, helping with the wood chopping and cooking, etc., just waiting until the spirit moves her to start out again.

"My, my. A body does get around."

Poor transition. Faulkner suddenly remembers the military aspects of the story.

A scene in the Commandant's office in the fort. The regular army colonel in contrast to the clumsy provincial brigadier is martinettish and short-tempered. The local militia is disgruntled, yet overawed by him. Blue Back is fetched in, ordered to scout out and contact the enemy. He is kicked about more by the straight-backed Colonel's soldiers than by the local whites.

Innovation. Blue Back respected and well-treated in the novel.

DISSOLVE TO:

Heavy throughout to replace Holmes as the focal point of the story. The has become the symbolic character. Lens suffers when compared to her.

"My, my. A body does get around."

Poor translation. Vaulmer suddenly resembles the military aspects of the story.

Innovation. Nine Deck fragmented and well-treated in the novel.

This appears to be a poor transition, but if handled properly, could be extremely effective. By cutting from Blue Back to Nancy, Faulkner is perhaps foreshadowing their future union.

This might be the place to show Nancy in her new household where she has halted in her search for Helmer.

DISSOLVE TO:

Blue Back, scouting, is captured by Senecas. A scene in the forest in which Blue Back says he is a chief, too, which he is, and boasts that he is Oneida. Polite contempt of the Indians toward one another, the tribal antagonism, etc. They are very formal. Blue Back is carrying it off very upstage, even though he knows he is a prisoner and may be killed. He has completely forgotten about the white man. He is now purely the warrior and the chief. He is still among the Senecas, though free, as they advance. Indication of another raid in the valley.

Innovation. Blue Back is not captured in the novel. This is definitely Faulknerian. Blue Back is now in his own milieu, and he acts in terms of his own code. He has finally become, not the good Cooper Indian or the good Hollywood Indian, but a stoical and intelligent Indian in the "Red Leaves" and "A Justice" pattern.

This appears to be a poor translation, but it handled properly, could be extremely effective. By shifting from Blue Duck to Henry, Faulkner is perhaps foreshadowing their future union.

Incorruptible. Blue Duck is not mentioned in the novel. This is definitely Faulkner's. Blue Duck is now in his own million, and he acts in terms of his own code. He has finally become, not the good Chapar Indian or the good Christian Indian, but a natural and intelligent Indian in the "Red Leaves" and "A Justice" pattern.

This adjust to the image of Blue Henry in her new homeland where she has united in her search for Melisse.

Alternative Ts:

Blue Duck, according, is captured by Germans. A scene in the forest in which Blue Duck says he is a chief, too, which he is, and hunts that he is Cherokee. Polite courtesy of the Indians toward one another, the tribal arrangements, etc. They are very formal. Blue Duck is carrying it off very bravely, even though he knows he is a prisoner and may be killed. He has completely forgotten about the white man. He is now purely the warrior and the chief. He is still among the Germans, though they do their advance. Indication of another raid in the valley.

A bad transition. Suggests a meaningful relationship between this action and that which preceded it. There is none.

A handful of settlers, including Helmer, make a raid on the granary where the Continental Colonel has stored the confiscated grain, in charge of a corporal's guard. It is actually a battle between two forces on the same side, though no shots are fired. The guard is merely overpowered and tied hand and foot, though one of them escaped. The settlers load the grain hurriedly in wagons and start back to the settlement. They are overtaken by regular troops sent out by the Colonel. All are put under arrest, taken to the fort, and, to make examples of them, the Colonel picks from among the single men and sends them back down the valley as prisoners, ostensibly to be tried at Albany. Helmer is one of the three unmarried men in the party.

Innovation. In the novel, the granary is raided, but no reprisals are made by the military. This scene provided Faulkner a way of bringing Helmer and Gilbert together.

Even though Helmer is their outstanding guide?

CUT TO:

A bad connection. Suggests a meaningful relationship between this action and that which preceded it. There is none.

Innovation. In the novel, the cavalry is raided, but no requests are made by the military. This scene provided Faulkner a way of bringing Helmer and Gilbert together.

Even though Helmer is their outstanding guide?

Indian attack on the house where Nancy is domiciled. She escapes, runs into the woods and is overtaken by Blue Back. She expects to be killed. Instead, Blue Back shows a clumsy gentleness with her, amazed at her long yellow hair. He takes out the peacock feather and gives it to her. This is the first one that Nancy ever saw, too. He indicates that she is now his squaw, for her to follow him. They exit.

Like Helmer and Gilbert, Blue Back is clumsily gentle with women.

The peacock feather returns—as a mating symbol?

How did Blue Back escape from the Senecas?

Edmonds has Nancy "marry" an Indian, but not Blue Back, who already has his own menage.

DISSOLVE TO:

Some time before this there will be some scenes between Mary and George. Mary has no people and George is also an orphan now. They want to be married. Mary tells Lana, who advises Mary not to, to look at what marriage and frontiersman did for her, Lana, etc. Mary runs away. A scene where she and George are married in some hurried, not exactly legal, way. Following this

Orphans make for a nice sentimental touch.

Good image, since Lana probably quite pregnant by now.

Lido Helper and Gilbert, Dive Back is sincerely gentle with women.

The peacock feather returns--as a meeting symbol?

How did nine Hack escape from the Seminary?

Shamrock has Nancy "marry" an Indian, but not Dive Back, who already has his own woman.

Orphans make for a nice sentimental touch.

Good image, since Lena probably quite pregnant by now.

Indian school as the Nancy's Nancy is described. Her escapes from into the woods and is overtaken by Dive Back. She expects to be killed. Instead, Dive Back shows a clumsy gentleness with her, massed at her long yellow hair. He takes out the peacock feather and gives it to her. This is the first one that Nancy sees now, but she instructs that she is now his squaw, for her to follow him. They exit.

Some time before this there will be some romance between Nancy and George. Nancy has no people and George is also an orphan now. They want to be married. Nancy tells Lena, who advises Nancy not to, to look at what marriage and friendship was did for Mary Lena, etc. Nancy runs away. A scene where she and George are married in some invented, not exactly legal, way. Following this,

they agree to not be husband and wife until some future date which will be after the expected Indian troubles are over.

DISSOLVE TO:

McKlennar's house. Two Indians enter the house, set fire to it, kill Mrs. McKlennar, find Lana in bed with her child which is about three years old. They tell her the house is on fire. They are drunk. Lana forces the Indians to carry the wedding bed outside of the house. Lana gets into it again with the child. The two drunken Indians are finally driven away by the child. This will be comedy. Lana lies in the bed and watches the house burn.

Similar to the novel, except that Edmonds has Mrs. McKlennar intimidate the Indians into carrying her and the bed to which she has been confined out of the house.

Even bad Indians are powerless before innocent children. Why couldn't Mrs. Real's children have driven the Indians away?

Difficult to see this as comedy.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

TITLE: THE DUNGEON AND THE RUN.

DISSOLVE TO:

Act Five. Faulkner must now tie his various plots together and resolve the numerous conflicts. He

they agree to not be bothered by
this until some future date which
will be after the expected Indian
troubles are over.

DISCOVER THE

McGlamery's house. Two
Indians enter the house, set fire
to it, kill Jim, McGlamery, find
Lena in bed with her child which
is about three years old. They
call her the house is on fire.
They are drunk. Lena forces the
Indians to carry the wedding bed
outside of the house. Lena gets
into it again with the child. The
two drunken Indians drag Family
drawn away by the child. This will
be comedy. Lena lies in the bed and
watches the house burn.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

KITER: THE WINDOW AND THE RUN.

DISSOLVE TO:

Kiter is standing in the window
looking out. Kiter is
expecting that Kaboomba has
been McGlamery. McGlamery
the Indians into carrying
her and the bed to which
she has been confined out
of the house.

Even bad Indians are
powerless before innocent
children. Why couldn't
Mrs. Leal's children
have driven the Indians
away?

Difficult to see this
as comedy.

Act Five. McGlamery sent
now his wireless plots
together and resolve the
numerous conflicts. He

seems to have become bored with the story, and rushes it through to a conclusion.

Coincidence.

Note the stagnant water.

Innovation. In the novel, John Wolff, a Tory, was incarcerated in the American prison and succeeded in escaping. By placing Gilbert there, Faulkner again emphasizes the intra-Colonial conflict of interests.

Helmer is put into the same dungeon prison where Gilbert has been for three years almost, along with forty or fifty other men. It is an old quarry hole in the ground, about one hundred feet deep, on the bottom of which stands a pool of stagnant water. The prisoners have lived, some of them, since hostilities first started on a narrow beach of sand which borders the pool on the bottom of the mine. They have given up hope of ever getting out. Gilbert is gaunt, wasted, his hair has turned gray. He has a long beard now.

Helmer wishes to know what in the world Gilbert is doing in an American prison. Gilbert tells Helmer that he was sent to Niagara and was there exchanged as a hostage by the British, but when he reached the Continental fort, he was accused of being a Tory spy, since

seems to have become bound with the story, and ribbon it through to a conclusion.

Coincidence.

Note the stagnant water.

Incarceration. In the novel, John Hilliard, a Tory, was incarcerated in the American prison and succeeded in escaping. By changing Hilliard there, Faulkner again emphasizes the Anti-Colonial conflict of interests.

Balzer is put into the same dungeon prison where Hilliard has been for three years already, along with Jorsky or Jilly either one. It is an old-country house in the period, about one hundred feet deep, on the bottom of which stands a pool of stagnant water. The prisoners have lived, more-or-less, alone beneath this first-floored as a narrow beam of sand which covers the pool on the bottom of the room. They have given up hope of ever getting out. Hilliard is pensive, wasted, his hair has turned grey. He has a long beard now.

Balzer wishes to know what in the world Hilliard is doing in an American prison. Hilliard tells Balzer that he was sent to Niagara and was there exchanged as a hostage by the British, but when he revealed the Continental Army, he was accused of being a Tory spy, since

he came from the disaffected German Flats country and he was put into the dungeon and forgotten.

A dungeon sequence to show the condition of the men, their hopelessness; some of them are mad.

Note that water is now fresh.

Helmer is bent on getting out. He discovers by talking to the men that the water level has never changed since they have been there, yet the water is fresh. One day, at the hour when the men are allowed to go up into the air for a short time, he and Gilbert remain hidden in a cavern. They make a raft of planks on which the men sleep and embark on the pool. They find an underground exit and escape.

Helmer's frontier resourcefulness.

Gilbert is too weak to go very fast or very far. They have spent most of the time hidden while Helmer nurses Gilbert and Gilbert recuperates. They do not know exactly where they are and they are afraid to show themselves even though they are in

Faulkner begins to set the scene for Helmer's noble sacrifice.

he runs from the disillusioned Bowman Plate country and he runs into the dangerous old Jerjebjeb.

A dangerous desperado is also the condition of his men, their bogeymanness some of them are mad.

Holmer is bound on peddling out. He disembarks by hailing in the men that the water level has never changed since they have been there, yet the water is fresh. One day at the hour when the men are allowed to go up into the air for a short time, he and Gilbert remain hidden in a cavern. They make a raft of planks on which the men sleep and cohere on the pool. They find an underground exit and escape.

Gilbert is too weak to go very far or very far. They never speak most of the time hidden while Holmer murders Gilbert and Gilbert remembers. They do not know exactly where they are and they are afraid to show themselves even though they are in

Note that water is now fresh.

Holmer's treacherous resourcefulness.

Familiar begins to set the scene for Holmer's noble sacrifice.

American territory, since they have been arrested for Tories once and it may happen again. Also, they must watch out for the hostile Indians which are again in the valley.

DISSOLVE TO:

An abandoned cabin. We learn that they are near German Flats, that Gilbert has to rest again in order to make the last attempt to get home. Helmer leaves him in the cabin and goes into the woods to scout around. He is surprised by a party of Senecas. He fires his rifle to warn Gilbert, then he runs.

In the novel, Helmer's run occurs under different circumstances: he outruns the Indians and prevents a massacre by spreading the news of the coming attack. Faulkner has worked this feat of endurance ingeniously into his treatment.

A sequence of shots of the run as he drops his rifle into a creek where he can find it again, discards his arms and most of his clothing, as the Indians set out to run him down in relays. He knows that he can outrun them and

In the novel, Heimer's run ended under different circumstances: he outruns the Indians and prevents a massacre by appealing the news of the coming attack. Heimer has worked this feat of endurance ingenuously into his treatment.

can reach the settlement, but there is Gilbert left. He pauses on the top of a hill and shows himself to the Indians, who recognize him, as he has a reputation among the Indians, too, and a name by which he is known. They shout his name as they see him. He shouts his own war cry and runs again. He makes a big circle until he has outdistanced them and returns to the cabin where Gilbert has had several hours' rest. He tells Gilbert the situation, that even in his weakened condition Gilbert can now reach the settlement. Gilbert knows better. He knows that the Indians will overtake him. He tells Helmer to go on and that he, Gilbert, will try to hold them for a little while. Helmer says no, that he can lead the Indians on on a false trail and Gilbert can get back, then he, Helmer, will make

More like Odysseus than Hector, now.

Typical suspense-building scene. While they quibble over who will play hero, the Indians close in.

Typical saloon-building
scene. While they
quibble over who will
play here, the Indians
close in.

a circle into the settlement. Gilbert starts for the settlement. Helmer watches him out of sight, then turns and retraces his steps. A scene where he sights the Indians. They pause, recognize him. Helmer walks into the center of them. This scene will show their respect of the man as a scout runner and a man who has taken scalps. He is not touched or bound. He walks in front of the party, as they retrace their steps.

Of course Helmer could have, as he said, led the Indians on a false trail. But if he had outrun them, he would have remained in the story—a dangling and problematic presence. Therefore Faulkner disposed of him, in good Hollywood fashion. Helmer will sacrifice himself for the happiness of others; after all, he wasn't the kind of person who enjoyed life.

DISSOLVE TO:

The Seneca village. The excitement as Helmer is brought in. He has a seat beside the Chief. He is treated with every courtesy, though he knows that tomorrow he will be tortured, that word is being sent out for Indians to gather. He has complete freedom of the camp, though he knows he cannot escape. He finds Nancy, discovers

The sensational scene—the catharsis which justifies the ending.

Of course Delmar could have, as he said, led the Indians on a false trail. But if he had outrun them, he would have remained in the story—a dangling and problematic presence. Therefore Delmar disposed of him, in good Hollywood fashion, between attacking Sioux and a bullet for the happiness of others, after all, he wasn't the kind of person who enjoyed life.

The conventional scene—the authentic world imitation the ending.

Thus Nancy and Blue Back have been disposed of.

that she is Blue Back's wife. If she was pregnant, she would have his child, a white child which Helmer would recognize. He takes it for granted that she wishes to escape, is amazed to discover that she does not, that she is happy with Blue Back because he is the only person she has ever known who has been good to her.

This should make Helmer feel guilty, feel that he deserves to die.

The torture. Helmer is acting a bigger Indian than any of them. He taunts one of the Indians, enrages him until the Indian draws his tomahawk and throws it at Helmer's head. Helmer catches the tomahawk in the air, throws it back and kills the Indian.

Faulkner out-Hollywooding Hollywood.

Helmer is burned at the stake. He is singing his own death song and shouting taunts at the Indians as they march around, saluting him for a brave man who can take it. The fire blazes up.

The way a hero should die—variation of the Joan of Arc theme.

Thus Zeke and Blue Duck have been disposed of.

This should make Delmer feel guilty, but that he deserves to die.

Faulkner and Hollywoodling Hollywood.

The way a hero should die--particular of the days of his choice.

that she is Blue Duck's wife. If she was pregnant, she would have his child, a white child Delmer would recognize. He takes it for granted that she wants to escape, is scared to discover that she does not, that she is happy with Blue Duck because he is the only person who has ever known who she is good to her.

The bartender. Delmer is asking a bigger Indian than any of them. He knows one of the Indians, perhaps the small the Indian drawn his tomahawk and throws it at Delmer's head. Delmer catches the tomahawk in the air, throws it back and kills the Indian.

Delmer is burned at the stake. He is singing his own death song and admiring Sartoris at the kettle as they march around, painting him for a brave man who dies some fire. The fire blazes on.

CLOSE SHOT of the fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

Note the transition from a close shot of the fire to a field of waving grain. Helmer achieves the status of sacrificial god. "All passion spent."

Waving grain - a field of it. A good crop. Church bells are ringing in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

La ronde.

The regular and proper wedding of George Weaver and Mary Real. Scene almost identical with the marriage of Gilbert and Lana. The women talking about poor Mary going into the wilderness, hardships, dangers, etc. Gilbert and Lana, of course, are present as Mary's parents. Lana tells Mary whatever sappy stuff we need here about love conquers all things, etc. George and Mary get into a cart as Gilbert and Lana did. There is a cow tied behind the cart and in the cart is the wedding bed which Gilbert bought. Mary and George drive away.

And they need plenty of "sappy stuff." This seems to express Faulkner's attitude toward the entire business.

FADE OUT

Thus George and Mary are disposed of.

And none too soon.

THE END.

Note the transition from a plane most of the life to a field of saving grace. Dolmer achieves the status of sacrificial god. "Kill predicts appeal."

Le roude.

and they need plenty of "soup stuff." This means to express Dwilmer's attitude toward the entire business.

Then George and Mary are dismissed at.

And none too soon.

THE END.

In adapting Edmonds's novel for the screen, Faulkner's strategy entailed eliminating most of the material concerning the historical aspects of the war in the Mohawk Valley, reducing the cast of characters, and converting the story into a frontier tale of love and adventure. By focusing the principal interest on Gilbert, Lana, and Helmer, he gave his adaptation a theme, a plot, and a somewhat coherent pattern of action. His innovations, though perhaps justified in terms of the Hollywood requirements, do not seem to have been essential to his strategy. Some of them functioned in such a way as to telescope the action, thus enabling Faulkner to retain certain of Edmonds's incidents; others, like Helmer's feats of showmanship and bravado, are strictly for a sensational effect. Faulkner may have done violence to Edmonds's novel, but it is questionable whether any screen writer could have imposed the necessary form on a book like Drums along the Mohawk while remaining faithful to its overall intention.

Although this treatment contains elements which are Faulknerian, its overall construction follows the Hollywood pattern. Notice the characters. Adam Helmer is a priori the mythic frontier hero, in this case a sacrificial one. He is described as "a big, handsome brute, a professional guide and hunter...." He is strong, daring, and has an admirable, though pragmatic, sense of fairness. Like Leatherstocking,

In adapting Amanda's novel for the screen, Faulkner's strategy entailed minimizing most of the material concerning the historical episode of war in the Sabine valley, reducing the cast of characters, and converting the story into a frontier tale of love and adventure. By retaining the original interest on Gilbert, Lane, and Homer, he gave his adaptation a clear, a plot, and a somewhat coherent pattern of action. His innovations, though perhaps justified in terms of the Hollywood requirements, do not seem to have been responsive to his strategy. Some of them functioned in such a way as to telescope the action, thus enabling Faulkner to retain certain of Edwards's leadership, other, like Julia's loss of adventurousness and inventiveness, are strictly for a sensational effect. Faulkner may have done violence to Amanda's novel, but it is questionable whether any screen writer could have imposed the necessary form on a book like Green Grass the Moving while remaining faithful to its overall intention.

Although this treatment portrays disorder rather than familiarity, the overall construction follows the Hollywood pattern. Notice the characters. Adam Sutper is a parody the mythic frontier hero, in this case a mechanical one. He is described as "a big, handsome brute, a phenomenal pride and humor..." He is strong, daring, and not an unfeeling, though irrepressible, tempo of frontiers. Lize Sutpen,

whom Henry Bamford Parkes considers the prototype of the Hollywood "Westerner,"[6] his being depends on frontier conditions; he could not survive the impositions of a legalistic society. Like Mike Fink, he is dynamic, fearless, and ruthless. In terms of the stereotype, Adam Helmer is the interchangeable hero: in a Western movie, he would be the professional "gunslinger" who dies to assert the sanctity of life; in a "gangster" movie he would be a police officer who is killed while fighting for the peace which he is sworn to preserve. The life-death paradox imbues his actions with a certain nobility and justification; he is a source of violence, a destructive element in society, yet he uses his gun (in this instance, tomahawk) to defeat the forces of evil, thus at the same time defeating himself.

Since he "must" die (actually or symbolically) in the end, he often serves to complicate the plot by competing for the woman in the story. Faulkner's Helmer not only fits the stereotype of the sacrificial hero; he is also the stereotyped perpetual loser in the "triangle."

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6. "Metamorphoses of Leatherstocking," Literature in America, ed. Philip Rahv (New York, 1957), pp. 431-445. See also Robert Warshow, "The Westerner," Partisan Review (March, April, 1954), pp. 190-203.

whom Henry Sanford Durkee embodies the prototype of the Hollywood "Westerner." His lanky demeanor as Frankie Ketchum he could not derative the typecastings of a legendary gunfighter-like kind, he is dynamic, fearless, and ruthless. In terms of the stereotype, adventuring in the Southwestern desert in a Western movie, he would be the prominent "gunslinger" who dies to assure the security of life; in a "gangster" movie he would be a police officer who is killed while fighting for the peace which he is sworn to preserve. The life-death paradox lessens his actions with a certain nobility and practicalness; he is a source of violence, a destructive element in society, yet an ugly but (in this instance, somehow) to defend the forces of evil, which is the same time defending himself.

Since he "dies" die (mentally or symbolically) in the end, he often serves to complicate the plot by appearing for the second in the story. Kazinski's father not only fits the stereotype of the sacrificial lamb; he is also the stereotyped perpetual loser in the "Vietnam."

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[6] "Stereotypes of Lawlessness," Lawrence M. Friedman, ed. Philip Ruby (New York, 1967), p. 108-116. See also Robert Warshow, "The Western," Partisan Review (March, April, 1954), pp. 180-202.

Little can be said of Gilbert Martin, except that Faulkner reduced him almost to insignificance. His only positive quality is his fertility. But he is a good man: his morality is good, his persevering attitude is good. He is the creative force and thus deserves to be saved.

Faulkner initially conceived Lana as "the typical country bride"—virginal, innocent, in love. But as the story progressed, she began to lose her illusions, and instead of supporting Gilbert, she worried him. She even seemed to encourage Helmer's romantic notions. Had Faulkner departed from the Hollywood approach to character, the action might have taken a different twist; he didn't, however, and Lana reassumed her role, resolved her problems, and, as the typical country mother, comforted Mary, the new "typical country bride," with "whatever sappy stuff we need here about love conquers all things, etc."

George Weaver and Mary Real are stock Hollywood adolescents. So are the other minor figures. So were Nancy and the Indians, until Faulkner took an interest in them and deviated from the stereotype. At first, Nancy is the typical ignorant country girl—strictly a comic character. Hollywood would keep her in that role. Faulkner alters her character when he has her become sexually involved with Helmer. In a sense, he parallels her with Lena Grove

[illegible]

Little can be said of Gilbert Warren, except that Faulkner reduced his already to insignificance. His only positive quality is his reliability. He is a good man. His morality is good, his paternalizing attitude is good. He is the already form and then decorous to be saved.

Faulkner initially conceived Lena as "the typical country bride"—virginal, innocent, in love. But as the story progressed, she began to take her liberties, and instead of supporting Gilbert, she wrecked him. She even caused to encourage Gilbert's romantic notions. And Faulkner departed from the Hollywood approach to character, the option might have taken a different twist; in Gilbert's, however, and Lena reversed her role, receiving her problems, and, as the typical country belter, deflorent Gary. The new "typical country bride," with whatever agony start we need here about love conquers all things, etc.

George Hoover and Gary Beal are about Hollywood adolescents. So are the other minor figures. So were Honey and the Indians, until Faulkner took an interest in them and deviated from the stereotype. At first, Honey is the typical ignorant country girl—strictly a comic character. Hollywood would keep her in that role. Faulkner altered her character when he has her become romantically involved with Gilmer. In a sense, he parallels her with Lena Grove

[illegible]

of Light in August. Nancy goes in search of Helmer, the father of her unborn child; she travels through strange country, unhurried but deliberate; "nowhere for her to go, nobody cares about her," but she rises to the occasion with dignity and self-assurance. No longer a comic figure providing comic relief through incongruity, Nancy transcends sympathy and eclipses Lena.

Faulkner's treatment of Blue Back is somewhat more uniform, presumably because he developed his character according to his idea that the white-man corrupted the Indian. Although Blue Back initially acts as Indians are supposed to act—stealthily and mysteriously—when he leaves the white-man's world, he sheds its conception of him and becomes an individual. In a similar manner, Faulkner at first places the Senecas in the category "bad Indians"—they tomahawk Mrs. Real and kill her baby. However, when Helmer surrenders himself to them, "they show their respect of the man who has taken scalps. He is not touched or bound." One can imagine them saying to Helmer: "Come....You ran well. Do not be ashamed."[7]

Although Faulkner modified somewhat the traditional Hollywood treatment of character, his development of the

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[7]. William Faulkner, "Red Leaves," These Thirteen (London, 1958), p. 102.

of *Lights in August*. Henry goes in search of Bishop, the father of her unborn child, who flees. Although already married, he buried-but delighted, Henry tells her so (p. 97) "were alone here," but she flees to the mountain with digority and self-assurance. He leaves a comic figure providing basic relief through humorously, funny tremendous appetite and coldness humor.

Faulkner's treatment of Byrne Hawk is somewhat more uniform, presumably because he developed his character according to his idea that the white man corrupted the Indian. Although Byrne Hawk initially acts as Indians are supposed to act—stoically and stereotypically—when he leaves the white man's world, he sheds his assumption of life and becomes an Indian. In a similar manner, Faulkner at first places the Negroes in the category "bad Indians"—they remember Mrs. Hogl and kill her baby. However, when Dilsey surrenders herself to Jesus, "they show their respect of the man who has taken origin. He is not touched or scared." One can imagine Dilsey saying to Benjy: "Come....You can wait. Do not be ashamed."

Although Faulkner modified somewhat the traditional idealized treatment of character, his development of the

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[7] William Faulkner, "Red Leaves," *Three Famous* (London, 1962), p. 102.

action follows the standard formula. The happy couple depart to face the wilderness together; they experience misunderstandings, altercations, but are eventually happily reunited. The "other" man threatens to intrude on this ideal marriage, but he obtrudes himself willingly and nobly. The comic alternates with the serious. Problems and dramatic conflicts are resolved in the violent climactic scene in which the sacrificial hero burns while "singing his own death song." Faulkner managed to work all but one of the essential Hollywood ingredients into his adaptation—love, hate, marriage, the "triangle," sentimentality, melodrama, suspense, humor, violence are present. All that is missing is a villain—a serious oversight. Faulkner attempted to make the Continental Congress play the role, whereas Hollywood requires a living personification of evil. Helmer's sacrifice is really unsatisfying because we do not <u>see</u> him vanquish the forces of darkness.

The cardinal theme of the American motion picture dominates Faulkner's treatment: love conquers all. The minor themes which appear reveal the extent to which Faulkner was writing in the Hollywood grain: "first love is a wonderful thing"; "usually marriage solves all problems...but sometimes the problems remain unsolved for a spell until they are solved"; "optimism is better than pessimism"; "it must have been wonderful to be alive in pioneer days";

action follows the standard formula. The young couple appear in face the wilderness together; they encounter misunderstandings, alienations, but are eventually happily married. The "winner" can therefore be married on this least meaningful, but he obtains himself wittingly and nobly. The comic alternates with the serious. Problems and unresolvable conflicts are resolved in the violent climactic scene in which the antagonist dies during while "saving his own dear soul." Faulkner managed to work all but one of the essential Hollywood ingredients into his adaptation--love, hate, marriage, the "triangle," sentimentality, melodrama, suspense, humor, violence and pressure. All this is winding in a million--a million overnight. Faulkner attempted to make the (psychological) Gothic play the role, whereas Hollywood requires a living personification of evil. Hunter's addition is vaguely unsatisfying because to degree she vanquish the forces of darkness.

The central theme of the American dream picture dominates Faulkner's treatment: love conquers all. The minor theme which appears reveal the extent to which Faulkner was writing to the Hollywood grain: "First love is a sentimental thing"; "usually marriage solves all problems...but sometimes the problems remain unsolved for a while until they are solved"; "politics is better than poaching"; "it must have been wonderful to be alive in ancient Greece".

"history is made and changed by great men and little incidents," etc.[8]

The three treatments discussed in this chapter exemplify Faulkner's acceptance of the conditions imposed by the Hollywood system on the screen writer. In all three he seems to have attempted to write as Hollywood wished him to write. He was partially successful. He refrained from imposing his own moral attitudes and novelistic techniques on his work, although at times he did meddle with characters and introduce "non-Hollywood" themes. Yet none of these treatments were considered serviceable by the studios for which they were written. As treatments—which are, after all, only preliminary suggestions—they do not compare unsatisfactorily with work accepted from other Hollywood writers; the reasons determining their rejection are, and will probably remain, unknown.

Each of these treatments was written for a different studio and during a different period in Faulkner's Hollywood career. Thus no developmental pattern can be discerned. Although it may be argued that The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse contains more of Faulkner the novelist than either Flying the

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8. Public Opinion and Propaganda, pp. 512-514.

"History is made and changed by people and it is the history," etc.[8]

The three irrelevants discussed in this chapter exemplify Faulkner's acceptance of the conditions imposed by the Hollywood system on the screen writer. In all three he seems to have attempted to write as Hollywood wished him to write. He was partially successful. He relied upon the importance of own moral attitudes and novelistic techniques on his work, although at times he did meddle with characters and situations "non-Hollywood" therein. Yet none of these treatments were considered serviceable by the studios for which they were written. A treatment--which are, after all, only preliminary suggestions--they do not compare unsatisfactorily with work accepted from other Hollywood writers; the reasons determining their rejection are, and will probably remain, unknown.

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[8] Table Contents and Introduction, pp. 419-421.

Mail or Drums along the Mohawk, one cannot therefore conclude that by 1943 Faulkner's attitudes toward screen writing had changed. As he became more experienced, his understanding of film techniques grew. In Drums along the Mohawk he employed montage effectively, and in The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse he made use of the camera's ability to fade a scene in and out to depict a psychological state of mind. No relation exists, however, between his sophistication as a screen writer and his acceptance or rejection of the Hollywood impositions.

This thesis is further substantiated in the following chapter. Of the two works discussed, Banjo on My Knee was written about the same time as Drums along the Mohawk, and Country Lawyer proceded The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse by a year. Both of these works reveal a Faulkner rejecting Hollywood and writing, not as a screen writer, but as a novelist.

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This thesis is further substantiated in the following chapter. Of the two novels discussed, Hemp on My Grave was written about the same time as Dream Along the Mohawk, and Cockney Lawyer preceded The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse by a year. Both of these works reveal a familiar rejection Hollywood and writing, not as a screen writer, but as a novelist.

CHAPTER SIX

AGAINST THE GRAIN

Sure things backfire sometimes, even in Hollywood. Take Banjo on My Knee.[1] It is 1936, the depression still grips the country, farmers are starving, the Okies are fleeing the great "Dust Bowl." Hollywood has its mission—to distract the public from the hardships of life, to assuage their suffering by entertaining them. Out of a story conference at Twentieth Century-Fox comes a sterling idea: why not do a picture about the poor whites, the river people in the deep South? Show that they have the fortitude to survive; show that the depression has not affected their modes of living. Make it funny. Give it some music—banjo music, light and carefree, reminder of the good old Southern values. And let's get Faulkner to join in. Who have we got on the payroll that knows the South, these people, as well as he? A sterling idea.

But Faulkner is busy in another assignment. Other writers develop the story, establish the plot, the characters, the course the action will take. When Faulkner is free, he

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[1]. The following account is from information obtained in a conversation with Nunnally Johnson, August 27, 1958.

CHAPTER SIX

CHANGE THE WORLD

Some things happily sometimes, even in Hollywood. Take *Heaven on My Knee*.[1] It is 1939, the depression still grips the country, farmers are starving, the Okies are fleeing the great "Dust Bowl." Hollywood has its mandate to distract the public from the hardships of life, to massage their suffering by entertaining them. Out of a story conference as Twentieth Century-Fox scans a startling idea: why not do a picture about the poor whites, the river people in the deep South? Show that they have the fortitude to survive; show that the depression has not affected their mode of living. Make it funny. Give it some music--gospel music, light and carefree, reminder of the good old southern values. And let's get Fredric March to join in. Who have we got on the payroll that knows the South, these people, as well as he? A shrinking idea.

But Fredric is way in another assignment. Those writers develop the story, establish the plot, the characters, the course the action will take. When Fredric is free, he

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[1] The following account is from an interview Gardner conducted in a conversation with Fredric March, Sunday, August 27, 1978.

is assigned to finish the story, to polish it, to give it the local color, the realism it might lack. Faulkner takes it, writes the final sequence, and frustrates the expectations of all those involved. He writes a sequence which is not funny, which does not carry through the stereotype of the river people, which violates just about every rule imposed by Hollywood on the screen writer. He writes in the manner of a novelist, or a dramatist. The two excerpts which follow comprise seven of the thirteen pages of the sequence.[2] They have been selected and quoted because they reveal how Faulkner used his own themes and rhetorical technique to establish a relationship between characters after his own conceptions, and not those of Hollywood.

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[2]. The grammar, sentence structure, spelling, and punctuation of the original have been retained.

is assigned to finish the story, to polish it, to give it the local color, the realism it might lack. Faulkner takes it, writes the final sequence, and strengthens the structure of all those involved. He writes a sequence which is not funny, which does not carry through the stereotype of the river people, which violates just about every rule imposed by Hollywood on the screen writer. He writes in the manner of a novelist, or a dramatist. The two excerpts which follow comprise seven of the sixteen pages of the sequence.[8] They have been selected and quoted because they reveal how Faulkner used his own theme and thematical techniques to establish a relationship between characters after his own manipulations, and not those of Hollywood.

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[8] The grammar, sentence structure, spelling, and punctuation of the original have been retained.

FADE IN: On the SOUND TRACK Negro voices singing spirituals.

THE DOCKS—NIGHT

Pearl looks out across the water. Chick bends over her. He is still a little diffident but a good deal more sure than heretofore. Pearl now wears a new silk dress.

PEARL I loved him. I wasn't his kind and I knew that his kind wouldn't like me because of it, but if he had said for us not to marry and I had gone back where I came from, I would not have done it because of what his people might have said. So I married him when he said "marry" just as I would have gone back where I came from if he had said "not marry," because I did love him.

CHICK But not any more.

Chick takes Pearl's hand diffidently. Pearl does not seem to be aware of it, gazing out across the water.

PEARL Then he left me before we were even married. He fixed it so that his people could say the things about me they wanted to say. Then he left me, because when I left I wasn't running from him. I was running after him. If he had loved me he would have known that. If he had loved me he would not have left me. If he had loved me he would have followed me and overtaken me. He could have because no woman ever runs too fast for the man she loves to catch her, but he didn't. All he was after was to catch the man he thought had offered to give me what he had denied to give me. So that even this man would have to leave me just as he had left me.

CHICK But not any more.

He becomes bolder. He caresses Pearl's hand and kisses it. Pearl does not seem to be aware of him, gazing out across the water.

PEARL He didn't even tell me where he was going. He just left me. He could have said, "I'm going

FADE IN: On the DOCKS PIER Kopre voices singing spirituals.

THE DOCKS--NIGHT

Pearl looks out across the water. Crack sends over her. He is still a little difficult but a good deal more sure than heretofore. Pearl her hands a new silk dress.

PEARL: I loved him. I wasn't his kind and I knew that his kind wouldn't like me because of it, but if he had said for me not to marry and I had gone back where I came from, I would not have done it because of what the people might have said. So I married him when he said "marry", but, oh I would have gone back where I came from if he had said "not marry," because I did love him.

CHICK: Not say more.

Chick takes Pearl's hand thoughtfully. Pearl does not seem to be aware of it, looking out across the water.

PEARL: Then he left me before we were even married. He fixed it so that his people could say the things about me they wanted to say. Then he left me, because when I left I wasn't running from him. I was running after him. If he had loved me he would have known that. If he had loved me he would not have left me. If he had loved me he would have believed me and overtaken me. He could have because no woman ever runs too fast for the man she loves to catch her, but he didn't. All he was after was to catch the man he thought had planned to give me what he had denied to give me. He thought this man would have to leave me just as he had left me.

CHICK: Not not say more.

He becomes bolder. He caresses Pearl's hand and kisses it. Pearl does not seem to be aware of him, gazing out across the water.

PEARL: He didn't even tell me where he was going. He just left me. He could have said, "I'm going

away for a while but I will come back. If you want to wait that long I may give you another chance." But he didn't. He could have said, "I am through with you. Be happy without me if you can." But he didn't. It was like he was trying to keep me grieving while he was gone about what I didn't know so that he could make me have to grieve all over again when I did know it, without even knowing how long it would be, before I would have to grieve.

CHICK But not any more.

He puts his arms around her and draws her toward him. Now she seems to become aware of what he is doing. She holds back looking at him.

CHICK No, no. You know I love you. You have been knowing that for six weeks now. Because any woman who knows that women don't ever run too fast for the men they love to catch them knows even when they are grieving for one guy, when another guy is in love with them. Don't you?

PEARL Yes, I reckon I know it, but I never--

CHICK I know. You never encouraged me. I don't ask you to encourage me now. I ain't any ball of fire but at least I ain't so round that I would always be on the run like your husband. But you can't keep me from hoping. Can you? And you don't want to keep me from hoping. Do you? Tell the truth now. No, I don't mean that. I have known you for six weeks now. I don't believe you ever told a lie to anybody in your life. Not even to yourself. Not with eyes like you've got. You don't want to keep me from hoping, do you?

PEARL No, I don't reckon I do.

CHICK Then why not tell me I can hope? I will be good to you. I will make you happy.

way for a while but I will come back. If you want to wait that long I may give you another chance." But he didn't. He could have said, "I am through with you. So happy without me if you can." But he didn't. If was like he was trying to keep my relaxing while he was gone about what I didn't know. He knew he could make me have to relax all over again when I did know it, without even knowing how long it would be, before I would have to relax.

CHRIS. Has not my mere.

He puts his arms around her and drows her toward him. Now she seems to become aware of what he is doing. She holds back looking at him.

CHRIS. No, no. You know I love you. You have been knowing that for six years now. Because any woman who knows that woman don't over rule her feel for the man they love to catch them knows even when they are relaxing for one guy, when another guy is in love with them. Don't you?

PEARL. Yes, I reason I know it, but I never—

CHRIS. I know. You never encouraged me. I don't ask you to encourage me now. I ain't any half of size but at least I ain't so round that I could always be on the run into your imagine. Let you don't keep me from hoping. Can you? And you don't want to keep me from hoping. Do you? Tell the truth now. No, I don't mean that. I have known you for six years now. I don't believe you ever told a lie to anybody in your life. Not even to yourself. Not with eyes like you've got. You don't want to keep me from hoping, do you?

PEARL. No, I don't reckon I do.

CHRIS. Then why not tell me I can hope? I will be good to you. I will make you happy.

I go pretty sour in there singing sometimes and I guess plenty of people have told you I never have been much good. Just drifted. But maybe it was because I never had any reason to get anywhere, beat anybody's game, even my own. That it was just Chick Bean and who the hell cares a damn lot about Chick Bean, even Chick. But if I had something—maybe if I had—listen—I said once this River is like my life, well, it's like yours too. It's more like yours than mine, even. The reason we are unhappy right now is because we are fighting against it.

PEARL Fighting against it?

CHICK Yes. It's moving. We ain't. We've just started. We are afraid of it—trying to pull away from it—trying to hold on to one little old spot of ground like it was a post. No wonder it says, "All right, stay there and be unhappy then." All we got to do is let go. See?

PEARL Let go?

CHICK Yes. Go with it. Beat it. And when we hold to anything, let it be to one another. Pearl—what a name—how could I ever have gone overboard for a woman named—but how do I know anyway,—what do I care?

He tries to draw her to him. She holds back.

CHICK Yes, yes—you said you didn't want to keep me from hoping. Say the rest of it. Say the other now—that you want to make me hope—that's all I want—all I ask now. Say it—you have never lied—not even to the people who have hurt you.

PEARL Yes, I reckon I do.

Chick tries to kiss her—she holds back—she resists.

PEARL No, no, I still love him. I can't help it yet.

I go pretty sour in sheer sloping sensitive and I guess plenty of people have told you I never have been much good. Most artists. But maybe it was because I never had any reason to get anywhere, back anybody's grave, even my own. Then it was just which then one the half dozen a dozen lot about Child Sean, even Nick. But if I had something--say--if I had--like--I wish once this river in like my life, well, it's like years too. It's more like years than once, even. The reason we are unhappy right now is because we are fighting against it.

PEGGY. Fighting against it?

CHICK. Yes. It's coming. We can't. We've just started. We are afraid of it--trying to pull away from it--trying to hold on to the little old spot of ground like it was a jewel. We wonder it says, "All right, stay there and be unhappy then." All we get to do is let you see?

PEGGY. Let go?

CHICK. Yes. Go with it. Open it. And what we hold to anything, let it be to one another. Just--when a man--how could I ever have gone overboard for a woman married--but how do I know anyway--what do I care?

He turns to draw her to him. She moves back.

CHICK. Yes, yes--you said you didn't want to keep me from hoping. Say the rest of it. Say the other now--that you want to make me happy--that's all I want--all I ask now. Say it--you have never had--not even to the people who have hurt you.

PEGGY. Yes, I reckon I do.

Chick turns to him her--she holds back--she recedes.

PEGGY. No, no; I will love him. I can't help it yet.

CHICK I know—I don't ask that yet. You have levelled with me. I am levelling with you. I ain't talking about what might be later—I don't even ask you when that will be, but just like this?

PEARL Just like what?

Chick puts his hand on her shoulders and leans his face toward her. She watches him intently, but she does not resist. He kisses her lightly.

CHICK See? How little I ask yet? All I ask is just to hope. You can tell me that. You can even say, "Not love yet" if you want to.

PEARL Not love yet—

CHICK But the other—say that. You never have lied, say it.

PEARL Say what?

CHICK You know.

PEARL Yes,—hope.

[Here Faulkner cuts to Pearl's "fiance," Buddy, and follows him for five pages as he tries to find Pearl. The following scene occurs after Pearl and Buddy have been reconciled.]

A PARK Pearl and Chick enter. Chick stops.

CHICK This is far enough I guess. Now tell me.

Pearl looks at him with pity.

CHICK So he's coming home—and it's all off for me.

PEARL I never did say I didn't love him.

CHICK I know—I don't mean that you. You have involved with me. I am involving with you. I didn't totally about what might be like—I don't even ask you when that will be, but just like this?

FRANK Just like what?

Chick puts his head on her shoulders and turns his face toward her. She watches him inquisitively, but she does not relent. He kisses her tightly.

CHICK Just for little I can get. All I ask is just to hope. You can tell me that. You can even say, "Boy love you" if you want to.

FRANK But love you—

CHICK But the other—say that. You never have said, say it.

FRANK Say what?

CHICK You know.

FRANK Yes,—hope.

[Here Feuillant cuts to Henri's "Island," today, and follows his for five pages as he tries to find Henri. The following scene occurs after Henri and Sandy have been reconciled.]

A PAUSE Henri and Chick enter. Chick stops.

CHICK This is far enough I guess. Now tell me.

Henri looks at him with pity.

CHICK So he's coming home—and it's all out for me.

FRANK I never did say I didn't love him.

CHICK I know—I know—you never lied to me. You didn't have to say that anyway. I could look in your eyes and know that. You don't need to say it now because your face already has. Only I wish I didn't have to see pity in your face too. But then I guess I am just about the kind of guy to try for love and get pity. You don't need to say the other either, but maybe you better.

PEARL Say what?

CHICK You know what—but no matter—don't say it. Just say "Goodbye Chick." Come on, we'll both say it. "Goodbye Chick."

Pearl doesn't speak. Chick looks at her.

CHICK My lord—I believe she is telling me I can kiss her now. I believe she would even give me the kiss now that it's all off that she wouldn't give me when she told me to hope, wouldn't you?

PEARL Yes, if you want me to.

CHICK No, thanks. I can say "Goodbye Chick" now but maybe after that I couldn't say "Goodbye Chick—Good—"

He turns quickly, makes a flippant gesture.

CHICK Well, so long kid. See you in the funny pictures.

He goes out. Pearl looks after him with pity. Then she begins to think about Ernie again. Her face begins to glow. DISSOLVE TO: A CALENDAR.

These are not movie characters speaking movie dialogue; these are creations of Faulkner the novelist. The dialogue is what one might expect to hear in a non-naturalistic stage production: it is the kind of thing one gets in Requiem for a Nun. The sound is characteristically Faulknerian—the rhetorical lyricism, the tonal effect of the refrain "but not any more" and other repeated phrases, the almost musical counterpoint of the interplay of words between the characters. The leitmotiv "hope" and the concomitant linking of love and grief echo The Wild Palms (which Faulkner may have been writing at this time). Although Faulkner does not directly oppose the Hollywood attitude toward the depression, he does treat life and people in a non-Hollywood fashion.

In Banjo on My Knee Faulkner has done more than ignore Hollywood. Contrary to filmic principles, he has minimized the visual; the camera has been relegated to the role of recorder, rather than participator. His scenes do not have the physical action required by the plasticity of the medium. The movement occurs beneath the surface—in the rhythm and counterpoint of the dialogue—as in the plays of Chekhov. Small wonder, then, that Nunnally Johnson, in a state of exasperation, discarded the entire screenplay and wrote his own version of the story. Even in Hollywood, sure things backfire.

These are not mere characters speaking movie dialogue; whose are creations of Faulkner's own reveries. The dialogue is what one might expect to hear in a non-naturalistic stage production. It is the kind of thing one sees in Beckett's Not I or Pinter's The Dumb Waiter. The sound is characteristically Faulkner's--the rhetorical lyricism, the tonal effect of the repeated "not not any more" and other repeated phrases, the almost musical counterpoint of the interplay of words between the characters. The leitmotiv "hope" and the counterpoint linking of love and grief echo The Wild Palms (which Faulkner may have been writing at this time). Although Faulkner does not directly oppose the Hollywood establishment, he does dramatize the deprecation, he does treat life and people in a non-Hollywood fashion.

In Pylon as in Wild Palms Faulkner has done more than ignore Hollywood. Contrary to Fitzgerald's prediction, he has minimized the visual; the camera has been relegated to the role of recorder, rather than participator. His scenes do not have the physical action required by the plasticity of the medium. The movement occurs beneath the surface--in the rhythm and counterpoint of the dialogue--as in the plays of Chekhov. Small wonder, then, that Hemingway dismissed it as a state of exasperation, discarded the entire screenplay and wrote his own version of the story. Over in Hollywood, more things happened.

Six years after the Banjo on My Knee debacle (what else was it, from the Hollywood point of view?), Faulkner turned apostate again. This time, instead of writing unwanted dramatic dialogue, he wrote what can best be called an unwanted outline for a novel. It happened at Warner Brothers, where after doing an original screenplay (The DeGaulle Story) and an original treatment (The Life and Death of a Bomber), Faulkner was assigned to adapt Bellamy Partridege's Country Lawyer[3] for the screen.

Partridge's book, part biography and part personal reminiscence, is a leisurely account of rural life in upstate New York and of the country lawyer as he existed in "the half century of comparatively peaceful times between Appomattox and Sarajevo....." The setting is Phelps, New York; the central figure is Samuel Selden Partridge, the "country lawyer" and Bellamy's father; the theme (if a reminiscence can be said to have one), is that "the period of my father's practice as a country lawyer...seems from the viewpoint of today to have been the golden age of the country town and the country lawyer";[4] the tone resembles that of Cheaper by the Dozen.

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3. (New York), 1939.

4. Ibid., p. 5.

Six years after the Depew on My Name debacle (what else was it, from the hollywood point of view?), Paulinger turned upon-the-ego. This time, instead of writing unwanted dramatic dialogue, he wrote what can best be called an unwanted outline for a novel. It happened at the Warner Brothers, where after doing an original screenplay (The Dollmaker Story) and an original treatment (The Life and Death of a Dodger), Paulinger was assigned to adapt Delaney Partridge's country Lawyer[3] for the screen.

Partridge's book, part biography and part personal reminiscence, is a leisurely account of rural life in upstate New York and of the country lawyer as he existed in "the half century of comparatively peaceful times between Appomattox and Versailles...." The setting is Phelps, New York; the central figure is Samuel Walden Partridge, the "country lawyer" and Delaney's father; the theme (if a reminiscence can be said to have one), is that "the period of my father's practice as a country lawyer...seems from the viewpoint of today to have been the golden age of the country town and the country lawyer".[4] The tone resembles that of Dodger by the Dozen.

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[3] (New York), 1938.

[4] Ibid., p. 8.

Any similarity between Partridge's book and Faulkner's treatment (fifty-two pages long, whereas the average treatment runs between fifteen and twenty pages) is "purely coincidental." Unlike his adaptation of Drums along the Mohawk, that of Country Lawyer made no attempt at fidelity to the original. After examining his adaptation, one could validly conclude that Faulkner never read Partridge.

The setting of Faulkner's story is Jefferson, Mississippi, the time, around 1890.[5] One fine day a young lawyer named Samuel Galloway arrives--like Thomas Sutpen sans Negroes and architect--in Jefferson. Penniless, of indiscernible heritage, he possesses nothing but the "old virtues." He promptly antagonizes the town by defending and exonerating a Negro accused of burning a barn (a familiar Faulkner situation) belonging to Carter Hoyt, the embodiment of the old, moneyed aristocracy, and earns Hoyt's eternal enmity. "He has vindicated justice, saved the weak." In return, the Negro, Tobe, his wife, Rachel, and his daughter, Caroline (who is about Galloway's age), decide to keep house for him, refusing pay until such time as he can afford it. "For a little while Tobe seemed to have reformed, stayed at

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5. Citations from Country Lawyer in my text are to the Warner Brothers' story file copy of the treatment.

Any similarity between Partridge's book and Faulkner's treatment (literary people love, perhaps, to arrange trans-oceanic times between Pirsig and Stacey perhaps) is "purely coincidental." Unlike his adaptation of Green Alone, the "kernel" that of Country Lawyer seems to retain its identity in the original. After examining his adaptation, one could validly conclude that Faulkner never read Partridge.

The setting of Faulkner's story is Jefferson, Mississippi, the time, around 1920.[5] One fine day a young lawyer named Gavin Stevens arrives—like Thomas Jefferson some Negroes and creditors—in Jefferson. Fearless, of indiscernible heritage, he possesses nothing but the "old virtues." In properly autocratic his town by intervening and occasioning a Negro accused of burning a barn (a familiar Faulkner situation) belonging to Carter Deal, the cantankerous of the old, wounded aristocracy, and earns Deal's overtaxed gratitude. "He has vindicated justice, proved the truth." In return, the Negro, Lucas, his wife, Nancy, and his daughter, Caroline (who is about Gallowy's age), decide to stay longer for him, relaying (by truth such that as he was filled it, "for a little while Tom agreed to leave Jefferson, stayed on

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[5] Citations from Country Lawyer in my text are to the Vintage Paperback, sixty fifth copy of the twenty-second.

home, did a little work about the house. But now he has returned to his former tramp's life, sleeping wherever dark finds him, trifling and worthless. But Rachel is a different sort, and the daughter will also be a good woman. Her mother is training her to be so. We see here a relationship established upon mutual respect between the white man and the two negro women which will endure."

Despite Carter Hoyt's persecutions, Sam sets up practice and soon captures the sympathy and respect of the town. He has the qualities of "honesty, dependability, gentleness, which his poor white and negro clients have seen and which the men of the town have seen, divined. He believes that if you are just, honest, and industrious the world, mankind, will not let you starve. We want to show a man who believes in the innate soundness of mankind, people, and in the simple verities of honor, dignity, justice, courage, etc." (Mark well Galloway's Sutpen-like innocence.)

On another fine day, shortly after he has established himself, Sam "fortuitously" meets Edith Bellamy, member of the old, moneyless aristocracy, who is engaged to Carter Hoyt, Jr. Some kind of mystical experience occurs when their eyes meet, for they instantaneously fall in love. But alas, Edith is betrothed to Carter, and Sam has his code of honor. He stoically prepares himself to accept the loss. "He makes

here, did a little work about the house. Yet now he has returned to his former tramp's life, sleeping wherever his fancy takes him, hunting and watching. Yet Bessie is a different sort, and the daughter will also be a good woman. Her mother is trying her to be so. We see here a relationship established upon mutual respect between the white man and the two negro women which will endure."

Despite Carter Lloyd's pretentiousness, he acts by precedes and soon captures the sympathy and respect of who town. He has the qualities of "honesty, dependability, cheerfulness, which his poor white and negro friends have seen and which the men of the town have seen, drinking. He believes that if you are just, honest, and industrious the world, eventual, will not let you starve. He want to show a man who believes in the innate goodness of mankind, people, and in the simple virtues of honor, dignity, justice, courage, etc." (Such will Galloway's Burpee-like time-zones.)

On another fine day, shortly after he has established himself, the "fortuitously" meets Ruth Golding, member of the old, moneyless aristocracy, who is engaged to Carter Lloyd, Jr. Some kind of spiritual experience occurs when their eyes meet, for they instantaneously fall in love. But alas, Ruth is betrothed to Carter, and she has his code of honor. He absolutely refuses to accept the love. "He makes

no effort to see her. His attitude now is almost fatalistic. He saw her, fell in love with her, he knows it is forever, yet he has no reason to hope. He will simply stay in Jefferson, where she is; he would prefer to be in the same town and not have her than to be anywhere else and not have her....He does not even know that he has got himself into her mind and thoughts. She has striven against it, but he is there.... Actually, she was ripe for love, and Sam had the qualities necessary to arouse it in her. Some female instinct might have seen in Sam's peasant blood that strength which was exhausted in her own blood." (Compare this to Faulkner's novelistic treatment of the decadent Southern aristocrats and the independent pine-hill farmers like the MacCallums.)

Rachel, however, penetrates his mask and divines the source of his perturbation. Like the good woman that she is, she cannot fail her benefactor in his time of need, nor can she permit the course of true love to run askew. Remaining within the bounds demanded by the code of the Negro, she brings the two together. "She wishes to tell him the woman is offering herself to him and that he is a blind fool without courage to do nothing about it. But she is a negro and can't say much. But she has determined what she will do." She goes to Edith on her wedding day, to Edith who spoke to Sam only once, and tells her that Sam is

as sick to see her. His existence now is almost fantastic.

He saw her, fell in love with her, he knows it is forever, yet he has no reason to hope. He will already pay in daydreams, where she may be would prefer to be in the same town and see more her than to be anywhere else and not have her. He does not even know that he has got herself into her mind and thought. She has written against it, but he is there. Actually, she was ripe for love, and had the qualities necessary to arouse it in him. Upon female instincts might have been in deep passport flows that recognize which are embedded in her own blood." (Dostoyevsky's in Faulkner's novelistic treatment of the dostoyevsk dualism of intuition and the independent physically feminine like the Snopes.)

Daphne, however, penetration has made and defines the nature of his perturbation. Like the good woman that she is, she cannot fault her benefactor in his time of need; nor can she permit the course of true love to run smooth. Remaining within the bounds dictated by the code of the Negro, she brings the two together. "She wishes to tell him the woman is offering herself to him and that he is a bitch fool without courage to do nothing about it. And she is a negro and she's my friend. Not and has doesn't what she will do." She goes to Dalton on her working day, to drink and dance to the only music, and tells her that she is

sick, "lets Edith get the idea that Sam has tried to kill himself," hustles her out the back door after pulling the hysterical little girl together, out the back door and down the back streets to Sam's house where that happens which Rachel knew would happen—they elope. But not, however, until Sam affirms his honor by facing Mrs. Bellamy (who disowns Edith) and Carter Hoyt Jr. (who slashes him across the face with a riding whip when he returns the ring).

Sam refuses to leave Jefferson. His clientele increases, "not only because of his reputation as a lawyer and an honest man, but because he deified [sic] the snobbish convention of the town's caste-system for love, and had been successful. So all that remained of any size was the hatred of Carter Hoyt for him." Sam and Edith have a son, Samuel Bellamy Galloway, Jr., and a daughter, Edith, whose birth causes her mother's death. Carter Hoyt has a daughter, Margaret. Caroline has a son, Samuel Galloway Moxey. "Rachel and Caroline have raised the two white children. Caroline fed the white baby at her breast along with her own. Thus they ate and slept together as infants and have continued to do so, while old Rachel trained them in conduct, taught them in manners, cleanliness, etc., severe and strict and yet fine, too. Rachel does this not only out of humanity and maternal feeling for the motherless children, but because

atom, "Leo Edith got the idea that Leo had tried to kill himself," Dussias her out the back door after pulling the ingenious little girl together, out the back door and down the back alleys to Leo's house where that happens which Edith knew would happen--they sleep. But not, however, until Leo affirms his honor by fixing him. Delaney (who discovers Edith) and Carter Hoyt Jr. (who climbs his across the lawn with a rifle) why then he returns the ring).

Leo refuses to leave Jefferson. His clientele increases, "not only because of his reputation as a lawyer and an honest man, but because he defied [sic] the mobbing convention of the town's cause--process for love, and had been successful. So all that remained of my arse was the hatred of Carter Hoyt for him." Leo and Edith have a son, Samuel Delaney Delaney, Jr., and a daughter, Edith, whom birth causes her mother's death. Carter Hoyt has a daughter, Margaret. Caroline has a son, Samuel Delaney Delaney. "Samuel and Caroline have raised the two white children. Caroline fed the white baby at her breast along with her own. Then they ate and slept together as infants and have continued to do so, while old Lucius trained them in conduct, taught them in manners, cleanliness, etc., nerves and stuff and yet fine, too. Samuel deep this not only out of humanity and maternal feeling for the motherless children, but because

she knows she was responsible for Edith's marrying Sam, and so Rachel feels that in a sense it is her fault that the children have no mother, that Sam in his grief might have felt this, too, though he never said so."

Time passes. It is now 1917. Margaret Hoyt, 19, is attending school in Virginia. She goes to a Yale prom, where she meets twenty-one year old Sam Jr. They react to each other as the older Sam and Edith Bellamy did—a sudden love, as if fated. "For a while Margaret, out of loyalty to her father, tries to fight against it, but in vain. Before the evening is over, she has given up. It is as if they have both accepted what they cannot help, along with a foreknowledge of the tragedy which it will bring."

They fall deeply in love. When the United States enters the war, Sam enlists, but he wants to marry Margaret before he leaves, "wants to know a little anyway of what he will be fighting for." Margaret will not marry without her father's blessing. Old Sam agrees, but Carter Hoyt refuses to make a definite commitment; he insists that old Sam ask his permission. When old Sam complies, Hoyt outrages him, "demanding one concession of his man's pride after another." Old Sam then forbids the marriage, threatens to disown his son if he acts contrary to his prohibition. Sam Jr. departs, is sent to France, and is killed. Sam Galloway Moxey (Spoot), the Negro

who knows who was responsible for Ruth's marrying Sam, and so Ruthie feels that in a sense it is her family that who children have no mother, that Sam in his grief might have left them, too, though he never said so."

Then suddenly, little now 1917, Margaret Hoyt, 19, is attending school in Virginia. She goes to a tea party, where she meets twenty-one year old Sam Ax. They recall to each other on the older Sam and Ruthie Mallory did--a modern love, as it later. "For a while Margaret, out of loyalty to her father, tries to fight against it, but in vain. Before the evening is over, she has given up. It is as if they have both accepted what they cannot help, along with a foreknowledge of the tragedy which is will bring."

They fall deeply in love. When the United States enters the war, Sam enlists, but he wants to marry Margaret before he leaves, "wants to have a little survey of what he will be fighting for." Margaret will not marry without her father's blessing. Old Sam agrees, but Carter Hoyt refuses to make a definite commitment, he tells the old man and his grandmission. When old Sam complies, Hoyt overhears him, "recounting one concession of his man's pride after another." Old Sam then favorite the marriage, intending to inform him and if he was contrary to his prejudices. Sam Ax, departing, is sent to France, and is killed. Sam Mallory Hoyt (Sport), the hero

boy with whom he grew up, is killed with him. Margaret has meanwhile married, and has had a son, Carter Hoyt Mitchell; Edith Galloway has also married and has had a daughter, Sam Galloway Coldfield (Lally). Spoot"s wife has had a son, Spoot Jr.

More time passes. It is now December, 1941. Carter has been "secretly" seeing Lally (she is a throwback, more like her grandfather than any of the others has been). He tries to make love to her. She doesn't get excited and upset. "She wants him to agree that they will marry. He says that's easy to say: any man can say that to any girl. But he doesn't mean this. He and she both know that they are serious; that if they say it, they will mean it for always. He agrees, says all right, that's what he means, too. She lets him kiss her, a long kiss." And she continues to offer him her mouth. When news of Pearl Harbor is announced, she says, waiting for Carter to kiss her, "Come on, you can't do anything about it today."

The war moves into 1942. Carter is attending the state university at Oxford. Occasionally he escapes his studies to see Lally; she meets him in her roadster between trains. Their families are unaware of the situation. Carter wishes to enlist. He is not twenty-one, and his grandfather Hoyt, who wants him to stay out of the war until he is drafted,

boy with whom he grew up, is Italian with him. Margaret has meanwhile married, and has had a son, George Gay Fitzhugh; Edith Dalloway has also married and has had a daughter, Jane Galloway Coinfield (Lady). Spoot's wife has had a son, Thomas Jr.

More time passes. It is now December, 1941. Carter has been "secretly" meeting Lady (who is a housewife, more like her grandfather than any of the others has been). He wishes to make love to her. She doesn't get excited and upset. "She wants him to agree that they will marry. He says that's easy to say; any man can say that to any girl. But he knows's mean what. He and she both know that they are serious; that if they say it, they will mean it for life. He agrees, says all right, that's what he means, too. He lets him kiss her, a long kiss." And she consents to offer his her mouth. When news of Pearl Harbor is announced, she says, waiting for Carter to kiss her, "Come on, you can't do anything about it today."

The war moves into 1942. Carter is attending the private university at Oxford. Occasionally he examines his situation to see luck; she sends him in her roadster between trains. Their families are unaware of the situation. Carter wishes to enlist. He is not twenty-one, and his grandfather Hurt, who wants him to stay out of the war until he is drafted,

refuses his permission. Lally suggests that Carter fake a birth certificate. "When Carter tells her he can't wait any longer, that he has got a faked birth certificate and is going to enlist, she is not surprised. She expected that of him. LALLY: All right. Kiss me, then."

Carter leaves for training camp. Lally discovers she is pregnant, telegraphs Carter. He comes, gets a license, but ironically they can find no one to perform a marriage ceremony. Carter returns to camp, and is shipped abroad.

When Caroline finally informs Old Sam that Lally is pregnant, "he blows his top at once. He breathes fire and brimstone. He will go first to old Carter Hoyt. Then he will take his pistol and go to the University and attend to young Carter." Old Sam storms into Hoyt's home. "This scene will be two furious and impotent old men, clinging to their old dead angers and standards. It will be in absolute and direct contrast to the later ones between the old men and the young people, with their young beliefs and their hard modern conceptions of truths which they have learned: how the old people with their outdated ideas and lack of honesty and courage have brought about the modern world which the young now have to face and solve, to save not only themselves but the old, too."

After Hoyt learns that Carter is in the army, not in school, he pursues old Sam home and overtakes him in his library, where the climactic scene occurs.

reduces his persuasion. Lally suggests that Carter face a birth certificate. "When Carter tells her he can't wait any longer, that he has got a fake birth certificate and is going to enlist, she is not surprised. She expected that of him. Lally. All right. Kiss me, then."

Carter leaves for training camp. Lally discovers she is pregnant, telegraphs Carter. He comes, gets a furlough, but ironically they can find no one to perform a marriage ceremony. Carter returns to camp, and is shipped abroad.

When Caroline finally informs Old Man that Lally is pregnant, he blows his top at once. He breathes fire and brimstone. He will go first to old Carter Cogs. Then he will take his hatchet and go to the University and "stand to young Carter." Old Man storms into Loyd's house. "This woman will be the Carters and Sparkers old man, clinging to their old dead augers and mandrels. It will be in shadows and darkness contrast to the labor ones between the old men and the young people, with their young bellies and their hard modern motions of trying which they have learned. How the old people with their outdated ideas and lack of honesty and courage have brought about the modern world which the young men love to love and live, to save not only themselves but the old, too."

After Loyd learns that Carter is in the army, not in school, he pretends old Man Ruer and overlooks his in his [illegible] where the alimonies come counts.

> Old Sam is still raging, or trying to, until Lally stops him dead in his tracks. He realizes that she is not angry, not ashamed nor even frightened. She is calm, talks to him as if he were an hysterical child almost. She tells him a few truths. He gets a new picture of young people of 1942, who have the courage of their mistakes and bottom and even pride and an ability to face truth which old Sam begins to realize that perhaps he has not. She tells him calmly how it was the old people like him, with their greed and blundering and cowardice and folly, who brought on this war, brought about this situation in which Carter and Spoot, Junior, will have to risk their lives and perhaps lose them, just like her Uncle Sam and Spoot, Junior's father did in the last war. She tells old Sam to hold his horses; she and Carter have never intended anything else but to get married, and so preserve the family's good name that old Sam seems so anxious about. They don't need anybody's consent to do that. LALLY: I like you, and Carter even likes old Mr. Hoyt, though I can't see why. But we don't need yours or his sanction, either. It's Carter and me that want to room together and love one another and have fun working and raising children—as soon as he and the rest of the young men can get done fighting Japs and Germans.

Sam takes Lally's buffeting, then turns to old Hoyt: "How can two outdated stupid old men like they [sic] are save the good name of people who are already much braver and stronger than they have ever been? What is there that such old men can do, that these young people can need? Maybe he is too old to be as brave as Lally, but Lally has enough guts for her grandfather to share, too...." On this note of acceptance, understanding, and reconciliation, the treatment ends.

old man is still weeping, or trying to, until Sally stops his head so his tremulous lip reminds that she is not angry, not embarrassed nor even frightened. She is calm, calls to him as if he were an hysterical child. She tells him a few truths. He gets a new picture of young people of 1953, who have the courage of their convictions and bottom and even pride and an ability to face truth which she, too, begins to realize that perhaps he has not. She tells him calmly how it was the old people like him, with their greed and blundering and cowardice and laziness, who brought on this war, brought about this situation in which Carter and Spock, Junior, will have to risk their lives and perhaps lose them, just like her Uncle Sam and Spock, Junior's father died in the last war. She tells old Sam to hold his tongue; she and Carter have never intended anything else but to get married, and so preserve the family's good name that old Sam seems so anxious about. They don't need anybody's consent to do that. Laddie's like you, and Carter wasn't like old Spock, though I don't see why. But we don't need votes or his sanction, either. It's Carter and me that want to run our lives together and have our children--we know we do. And the rest of the young men and girls have gone fighting long ago for that.

Sam takes Lally's hollering, then turns to old Levy. "Are one two crackled stupid old men like they [sic] are have ever good name of people who are already much braver and stronger than they have ever been? What is there that such old men can do, that these young people can not? Maybe he is too old to be as brave as Lally, but Lally has enough guts for her grandfather to share, too...." In this mere of acquiescence, understanding and reconciliation, the breakout ends.

It seems safe to assert that this treatment (if it can properly be called that) is completely the product of Faulkner the novelist. Five themes intertwine throughout the story: race, caste, war, love, and the conflict between generations. Only the last is questionable as a Faulknerian theme.

The racial theme is raised from the very beginning. Sam Galloway has no predisposed prejudices against the Negro. He treats them as human beings and they, sensing his attitude, respect him as a man, out of love, rather than as a white Southerner, out of fear. The evolution of his family over the generations closely parallels that of Rachel's family. His children are raised with her grandchildren. The relationship between Sam Jr. and Spoot resembles that which existed between Ringo and Bayard in The Unvanquished. Compare these two scenes, for example:

> From Country Lawyer: (Sam Jr. and Spoot sleep in the same room, on bed and pallet)—WHITE BOY: Come up here with me. NEGRO BOY: And have Mammy come in here and whup the tar outen both of us? Naw. WHITE BOY: Then I'm coming down there. NEGRO BOY: All right. Come on. Then see if you can't shut up and lemme go to sleep. The white boy gets onto the pallet with the negro.
>
> From The Unvanquished: It didn't take us long to get to bed. But we couldn't talk, because Louvinia was going to be on the cot in the hall. And Ringo was afraid to come up in the bed with me, so I got down on the pallet with him.[6]

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[6](New York), 1952, p. 19.

It seems safe to assert that this transport (if it can properly be called that) is essentially the product of Faulkner the novelist. Five themes dominate throughout the story: race, caste, war, love, and the conflict between generations. Only the last is questionable as a Faulknerian theme.

The reality there is rooted from the very beginning. Dan Gallagher has no physical resemblance against his father to create them as human beings and they, sensing his attitude, respect him as a man, not of love, rather than as a white southerner, out of fear. The evaluation of his family over the generations clearly parallels that of Faulkner's family. His children are raised with her grandchildren. The relationship between Dan Jr. and Spook resembles that which existed between King and Ikemotubb in The Unvanquished. Compare these two scenes, for example:

> From Country Lawyer: (Dan Jr. and Spook sitting in the same room, on bed and pallet)—WHITE BOY: Does you have pals too. SPOOK BOY: And have lunch soon in hour and stay the one ontop bed of me? Nac. WHITE BOY: Then I'm sending down there. SPOOK BOY: All right. Come on. Then see if you can't shut eyes and leave us to sleep. The white boy gets onto the pallet with the negro.
>
> From The Unvanquished: It didn't take us long to get to bed. Not so soonish's talk, because Loucinda was going to be on the out in the hall. And Ringo was already up and in the bed with me, so I got down on the pallet with him.[8]

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[8](New York), 1938, p. 18.

During the war, Sam Jr. is assigned to Spoot's company. He writes home to his father: "I was assigned to this company because I was a Southerner, and therefore I knew negroes. I told the Colonel: 'Yes, sir, I know negroes, a few of them, that I was raised among and who knew me and my fathers just as my fathers knew their fathers. I suppose, what you mean is, understand negroes.' I told him I didn't know what there was he wanted understood about them; that maybe any human being was his own enigma which he would take with him to the grave, but I didn't know how the color of his skin was going to make that any clearer or more obscure." Later on Sam and Spoot get off by themselves. "Now Spoot and Sam are alone. They are once more the two boys who fed from the same breast, who hunted the bird nest and stole the pig and were whipped for it [in The Unvanquished both Bayard and Ringo have their mouths washed with soap for cursing], who slept in the same bed after they were both so big that they would have to sleep together by stealth to keep old Rachel from catching them, who hunted together and had never been separated until Sam went to Yale. This is simply a reunion. We will play into it whatever is necessary. It shows mainly the relationship between these two men of different races, how little the difference in race means to them when they are alone." Sam and Spoot die together, the Negro sheltering the white boy with his body.

During the war, Sam Jr. is assigned to Spock's company. He writes home to his father: "I was assigned to this company because I was a Southerner, and therefore I knew negroes." I told the Colonel: 'Yes, sir, I know negroes, a few of them, that I was raised among and who helped me and my father just as my father knew their fathers. I suppose, what you mean is, understand negroes.' I told him I didn't know what there was to understand concerning them; that maybe any human being was his own enigma which he would take with him to the grave, but I didn't know how the color of his skin was going to make that any clearer or more obscure." Later on Sam and Spock get off by themselves. "Now Spock and Sam are alone. They are even more the two boys who had from the same breast, who heeded the bird song and stole the pig and were whipped for it [in Sam Lovingstaffed book Impact and Kings Men their mouths washed with soap for cursing], who slept in the same bed after they were born so big that they would have to sleep together by stealth to keep old Uncle from catching them, who learned together and had never been separated until Sam went to Yale. This is simply a reaction. We will play into it whatever is necessary. It shows mainly the relationship between these two men of different races, how little the difference in race seems to them when they are alone. Sam and Spock die together, the Negro embracing the white boy with his body.

In the following generation, Lally helps Spoot Jr. with his studies so that he can enter Tuskeegee and learn to fly and join the Negro squadron being formed there.

The Negro women—Rachel and her daughter, Caroline—become the matriarchs of both families. Caroline looks after Lally just as Rachel looked after Sam Sr. Dilsey-like, they do not become embroiled in stupid, trivial quarrels; they have the common sense, and they endure. Faulkner has here taken the moral attitude (as he did in The Unvanquished, Go Down, Moses, and Intruder in the Dust) that a relationship between Negro and white which is "established upon mutual respect...will endure."

The theme of caste enters simultaneously with the racial theme. Sam Galloway comes to Jefferson as "white trash...a man without background of breeding, land, etc.," and is thrown against the old aristocracy, rich and poor, with their biases and effete traditions. In one respect he resembles the young Ike McCaslin, who has retained the best of the "tradition"—the old verities—and in whose apprehension of reality and sense of moral obligation lies the hope of the South. In the end it is Lally who seems to represent Faulkner's attitude—the caste system is responsible for the intransigence, for the "lack of honesty and courage" of the old people. In their old age, Sam Galloway and Carter Hoyt

In the following generation, Lilly helps Byrne Jr. with his studies so that he can enter Tuskegee and learn to fly and join the Negro squadron being formed there.

The Negro woman—Lucy and her daughter, Dorothy—become the stalwarts of both families. Working among other Lilly just as Rachel looked after Ben Jr. Unlike Lilly, they do not become embroiled in stupid, trivial quarrels; they have the common sense, and they endure. Faulkner has been taken the moral attitude (as he did in The Unvanquished, Go Down, Moses, and Intruder in the Dust) that a relationship between Negro and white which is "established upon mutual respect...will endure."

The theme is made endure simultaneously with the racial theme. Sam Fathers comes to Jefferson as "white trash...a man without background or breeding, land, etc.," and is shown against the old aristocracy, rich and poor, with their biases and effete traditions. In one respect he resembles the young Ike McCaslin. He has retained the best of the "traditions"—the old verities—and is strong appreciation of reality and sense of moral obligation like the hero of the Bear. In the end it is Lilly who comes to represent Faulkner's attitude—the caste system is responsible for his intransigence, for the "lack of honesty and courage" of the old people. In their old age, Sam Fathers and Carothers Edmonds

are abruptly confronted with reality by a young modern just as Ike McCaslin is in "Delta Autumn" by the granddaughter of Tennie's Jim, who asks him: "Old man...have you lived so long and forgotten so much that you don't remember anything you ever knew or felt or even heard about love?"[7]

As in Soldier's Pay, These Thirteen, and A Fable, Faulkner here considers war senseless and inhumane, caused by the irrational machinations of irrational men—by their "greed and blundering and cowardice and folly." But he has compounded this attitude with patriotic sentiment. Carter Hoyt Mitchell, Spoot Jr. and Lally accept a situation not of their own making; they accept it courageously and honestly. Their war is not the Civil War; their motives and actions are not those of the Southern gentlemen—gallant and foolhardy—who risked their lives to uphold the status quo, to perpetuate "that whole edifice intricate and complex and founded upon injustice and erected by ruthless rapacity and carried on even yet with at times downright savagery not only to the human beings but the valuable animals too...."[8] They do not fight to make the world "safe for democracy," but to preserve the United States and thus their right to lead their lives as they see fit.

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7. Go Down, Moses (New York, 1942), p. 363.

8. Ibid., p. 298.

are abruptly confronted with reality by a young soldier dying as Ida McDaniels is in "Guile Antoine" by the [illegible] Tanguay's life, who asks him: "Did such...have you lived so long and forgotten so much that you don't remember anything you ever knew or felt or even heard about love?"[7]

As in Soldier's Pay, Three Soldiers, and A Pilgrim, familiar here are anarchism and idealism, opened by the irrational machinations of structure and—by Christ "proud and blundering and contradictory and lofty." But he has encountered this attitude with patronage nonetheless. Dorsey Lloyd Mitchell, Dodge Ir., and Lally already, in effect, are not of their own making; they accept it correspondingly and inevitably. Their war is not the Civil War; their motives and actions are not those of the Southern gentlemen—planters and fighting—who placed their lives to uphold the status quo, to perpetuate "that whole edifice intricate and complex and founded upon injustice and created by ruthless rapacity and guarded on area yet with at times downright savagery not only to the human beings but the valuable animals too...."[8] They do not fight to make the world "safe for democracy," but to preserve the United States and thus their right to lead their lives as they see fit.

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[7] Do Some Damn (New York, 1928), p. 208.

[8] Ibid., p. 209.

Faulkner's patriotism, his belief in the rightness of the American position in World War II, seems to reflect a change in his earlier attitude toward war. Since this "new" attitude is most apparent in the work he did for the motion pictures, it might conceivably be argued that his novelistic apprehension of the world has not changed, that the patriotic theme is Hollywood's, not his. But just as Intruder in the Dust substantiates in fictional terms the theme of integrative "moderation" found in some of his recent "letters to the editor" and non-fiction prose, so do such stories as "Two Soldiers" and "Shall Not Perish" give credence to the theme of patriotism.

The "sudden love, as if fated" that occurs between Samuel Galloway and Edith Bellamy and between Margaret Hoyt and Sam Jr., seems to be another of Faulkner's recurring themes. In Light in August, Byron Bunch falls in love with Lena Grove only moments after he first sees her; in Pylon, Laverne walks out of her high school during recess, sees Roger Schumann, and runs off with him; in Absalom, Absalom!, Charles Bon and Judith Sutpen participate in some kind of mystical communion; in The Hamlet, Labove is transfixed by Eula Varner. The best example of Faulkner's theme of "sudden love" appears in The Wild Palms. Harry Wilbourne meets Charlotte Rittenmeyer at a party. They talk for several hours. When he prepares to leave, she comes to him. "What to—Do they call you Harry?

Faulkner's patriotism, his belief in the existence of the American position in world war II, seems to reflect a change in his earlier attitude toward war. Where this "new" attitude is most apparent in the novel is not for the modern platoon, it might conceivably be argued that his sympathetic appreciation of the novels has not changed, that the protagonist there is Hollywood's, not his. But just as Faulkner in the _Dark_ substantiates it without using the theme of destructive "modernism" found in some of his recent "letters to the editor" and non-fiction prose, so do such stories as "Two Soldiers" and "Small Boy Carson" give evidence to the theme of patriotism.

The "modern love", as it relates to the scene between Samuel Galloway and Edith Galloway and between Margaret Boyd and Joe Mr., seems to be another of Faulkner's recurring themes, in _Light in August_, Byron Bunch falls in love with Lena Grove only immediately after he first sees her; in _Pylon_ Laverne Wells and her high school dating friend, Jack Roger Bonhomme, and Jack off with Shiny in _Absalom, Absalom!_; Corporal Ken and Judith Shipman participate in some kind of mystical communion in _The Hunter_, whose is crystallized by Hal, Lucas's the best example of Faulkner's theme of "modern love" appears in _The Wild Palms_. Harry Wilbourne meets Charlotte Rittenmeyer at a party. They talk for several hours, then he proposes to leave, she agrees to come. "What to--do then, will you tell?"

What to do about it, Harry?" "I don't know. I never was in love before." "I have been. But I don't know either."[9]

Faulkner embroidered this theme somewhat in Country Lawyer. Although in his novels he delights in the intricacies and involutions of genealogy, he has never represented family rivalries in terms of love. The "Romeo and Juliet" motif pervades Country Lawyer--it intensifies the theme of fated love, points up the Galloway-Hoyt hostility, and leads into the "basic" theme of the conflict between generations. The motif is obvious, but Faulkner articulates it through a narrator. As the second love story begins, "VOICE ON TRACK OVER DISSOLVE. VOICE: So it was Romeo and Juliet again, the old, old story of Capulet and Montague." As the third love story begins, "FADE IN. Voice on track over Fade In: ...the old, old story of Montague and Capulet. But this time...."

"But this time...." This time Romeo and Juliet are "modern young people." In contrast to their predecessors, they do not observe the feud, they do not ask permission; they have confidence in themselves and in their actions. They are the heroic ones.

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9. (New York, 1939), p. 42.

that is so about it, Harry?" "I don't know. I never was in love before." "I have been. But I don't care either."[9]

Faulkner concludes this chapter with the Country Lover, although in his novels he delights in the intricacies and the variations of "love," he has never romanticized family-rivalries in terms of love. The "Horse and Rider" motif pervades Country Lover--it dramatizes the theme of "young love," points up the deliverance-from bestiality, and leads into the "Danse" theme of the conflict between generations. The result is comic, but Faulkner articulates it through a narrator. As the second love story begins, "VOICE OF TRUTH OVER OLD-WORLD VOICE. So it was Isaac and Rider again, the old, old story of Captain and Nonagque." In the third love story begins, "VOICE IN. Voice so much over Tody Ike. ...the old, old story of Nonagque and Cecelia. But this time...."

"But this time.... This time Isaac Hood and Rider are "modern young people." In contrast to their predecessors, they do not observe the road, they do not use portmanteaus; they have confidence in themselves and in their medium. They are the horse-men.

Although in 1932 Faulkner stated that "people between 20 and 40 are not sympathetic...The world's capital is

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[9]-(New York, 1932), p. 42.

caused by people between 20 and 40...,"[10] his treatment of youth and the youth-age conflict has been characterized by contrasting attitudes. As he has aged, he has tended to find validity in the perceptions of the young and to favor them in their conflicts with the old—just as he has done in Country Lawyer.

In Soldier's Pay, Cecily Saunders and her generation are pejoratively described as "epicene." The same concept holds in Mosquitoes. In both books, the young compare poorly with those who are a generation older. In Sanctuary, Temple Drake draws no sympathy, and Gowan Stevens is mocked. As Faulkner works past the Twenties, "the day of the Boy, male and female," and into the Yoknapatawpha saga, his attitude toward youth begins to shift. The young people are treated more sympathetically and cease to be stereotypes: Candace and Quentin Compson, Darl and Jewel Bundren, Bayard Sartoris, Henry Sutpen. In the Forties, Faulkner focuses on the youth-age conflict. He resurrects an idea that was articulated by Reverend Mahon in Soldier's Pay: "It is jealousy, I think, which makes us wish to prevent young people from doing the things we had not the courage or the opportunity ourselves to accomplish once, and have not the power to do now."[11] In

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10. Jean Stein, The Paris Review, XII, p. 51.

11. (New York, 1931), p. 42.

caused by people between 20 and 40...."[10] His treatment of youth and the problem-age conflict has been characterized as controversy statistics. As he has said, he has failed to find validity in the perceptions of the young and to have them in close conflicts with the old--just as it has done in Gaudier Lagerr.

In Haldier's Day, family backgrounds and her generations are pejoratively described as "splitting." The same changes being in Mongrelgrass. In both books, the young compares poorly with those who are a generation older. In Sunshinery, people lands grows no sympathy, and there trouvon is needed. In Familiar works past has transtions, "the day of the boy, male and female," and into the Yokopatawpha saga, his attitude toward youth begins to shift. The young people are treated more sympathetically and cause be on stereotypes. Quentin and Dilsikin Compson, Ike and Lucy Mccaslin, Bayard Sartoris, Harry Wolfe. In the Trilogy, Faulkner focuses on the youth-age conflict. He recurrents on time that was [illegible], by Lawrence Nelson in Haldier's Fort: "It is reality, I think, which makes us wish to prevent young people from doing the things we had not the courage or the opportunity ourselves to accomplish once, and have not the power to do now."[11] In

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10. Jean Stein, The Paris Review, XII, p. 32.

11. (New York, 1961), p. 42.

section four of "The Bear," twenty-one year old Isaac McCaslin argues with his elder cousin and asserts the integrity of his perceptions. His are the courage and honesty, the willingness to assume the responsibility for his own actions and for those of his predecessors. But just as the young Isaac triumphs over his older cousin in "The Bear," so does the young mulatto triumph over the now old Isaac in "Delta Autumn."

The pattern in Country Lawyer is similar. The young Sam Galloway comes to town and vanquishes old Hoyt, but fifty years later he in turn is vanquished by his granddaughter, who represents the younger generation. Thus "The Bear," "Delta Autumn," Country Lawyer, Intruder in the Dust (which deviates from this pattern by uniting the young and very old against the middle-aged), Faulkner's recent speeches and interest in education, suggest that his condemnation of the old may have been the result of his initial reaction to the war, but that his respect for and belief in the young have become, unequivocally, significant Faulknerian themes.

Although written in Hollywood and supposedly for Hollywood, Country Lawyer is a fairly important piece of work. It was written at a time when Faulkner's productivity had tapered off, and since it does reveal the mind of the novelist, it provides, along with "Shingles for the Lord," "My Grandmother Millard and General Bedford Forrest and the Battle of Harrykin

novelist Tom of "The Bear," twenty-one year old Lance Rodwell argues with his older cousin and asserts the integrity of his personal values. His are the marriage and honesty, his criticism is to assume the responsibility for his own actions and not blame his predecessors. But just as the young Lance criticizes even his older cousin in "The Bear," he does the young, ambitious talking over the now old Lance in "Delta Autumn."

The pattern in Faulkner's novels is similar. The young Rae Dalloway comes to town and vanquished her old love, Sir Bill; years later he in turn is vanquished by his grandsister-in-law, who represents the younger generation. Thus "The Bear" and "Delta Autumn," Faulkner's longest, intruder in the land (which measures from this pattern by uniting the young and very old against the middle-aged), Faulkner's recent speeches and his recent novels, suggest that his communication of the old may have been the result of his initial reaction to the war, but that his respect for and belief in the young have become unequivocally, unqualifiedly shown.

Although written in Hollywood and supposedly for Hollywood, Faulkner's latest novel is a lofty improvement over his previous efforts. It was written at a time when Faulkner's productivity had tapered off; one also is seeing traces of the kind of the essayist he provides, along with "Shingles for the Lord," "If I Forget Thee Jerusalem" and General Dollard Farmer and the Costin of Marylin

Creek," "Shall Not Perish," and "An Error in Chemistry," an insight into the kind of work Faulkner was doing between Go Down, Moses (1942) and Intruder in the Dust (1948). And as was pointed out above, it also makes manifest certain changes in Faulkner's attitudes—especially those concerning the themes of youth and war.

Thus twice during his screen writing career, Faulkner repudiated Hollywood's "manual of style," his obligations to his employers, his assumed role—and wrote for himself. Aware of what was acceptable for the screen and what was not, he deliberately ignored the acceptable (deliberately, for nowhere in these writings is there a sense of the accidental). He probably knew that neither his sequence of Banjo on My Knee nor his treatment of Country Lawyer could ever be used, could ever receive studio approval. And he probably didn't care. Perhaps he wrote what he did as he did to assert or reassert his integrity as a novelist—to emphasize to his employers that screen writing was for him no more than a means to an end; perhaps what he wrote was a rebellious outburst against the Hollywood ideal of conformity and standardization. Or perhaps he was being wonderfully perverse—a delightful hypothesis which pays tribute to Faulkner's sense of humor—sort of "A Rose for Faulkner."

Creek," "Shall but Perish," and "An Error in Chemistry," he taught into the kind of work Faulkner was doing before in Sanctuary, Pylons (1935) and Intruder in the Dust (1948), and as was pointed out above. It also makes manifest patterns observed in Faulkner's attitudes--especially those concerning the sources of youth and age.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

COMPOSITE WORK

The writings discussed in this chapter are "composites"—screenplays and treatments in which the controlling conception is neither Faulknerian or Hollywoodian, in which Faulkner has given his own themes equal importance with Hollywood's, or in which he has attempted to fit his own stories to screen form. Three of these "composites"—*The DeGaulle Story*, *Battle Cry*, *The Life and Death of a Bomber*—were written during World War II, while Faulkner was with Warner Brothers; they reflect the Hollywood sense of duty to contribute to the war effort. The fourth—*War Birds*—was done for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1932, when Faulkner had just begun his career as a screen writer.

The Warner Brothers' composites are all patriotic pieces designed to convey a message (we must work together to win the war and defeat totalitarianism), to inspire dedication to the cause of democracy and resistance to the enemy, both within and without. Faulkner accepted Hollywood's propagandistic intention (heartily, it would seem, as his own patriotic attitudes and the tenor of his writing indicate) and worked within it.

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"SUPERSTITIOUS WORK"

The writings discussed in this chapter are "superstitious"—screenplays and treatments in which the conspicuous consumption in neither Faulkner's or Hollywood's, in which Faulkner has given his own theses equal importance with Hollywood's, or in which he has attempted to fit his own stories to screen form. Three of these "compositions"—*The Bedonkie Story*, *Battle Cry*, *The Life and Death of a Truck*—were written during World War II, while Faulkner was with Warner Brothers; they reflect the Hollywood means of daily to contribute to the war effort. The fourth—*The Bridge*—was done for Howard Hughes-Lauren Bacall in 1952, when Faulkner had just begun his career as a screen writer.

The Warner Brothers' compositions are all propaganda pieces designed to convey a message (as most work together to win the war and defeat totalitarianism), to inspire dedication to the cause of democracy and resistance to the enemy, both within and without. Faulkner accepted Hollywood's propagandistic intention (heartily, it would seem, as his own patriotic attitudes and the tenor of his writing indicate) and worked within it.

The DeGaulle Story is inspirational. Faulkner's screenplay —an original—depicts DeGaulle's struggle, against the German occupation forces and the Vichy government, to save France and the French underground movement. The story is developed through a Brittany family—the mother, the two sons, Georges and Jean, the servants, and Georges' wife. When France surrenders, Jean, the older brother and a naval officer, feels a moral obligation to support the "legal" government headed by Petain, and he gives his services to Vichy. Georges escapes to England, where he joins DeGaulle. He returns to France and becomes a leader in the underground movement. Jean continues to "collaborate," but he uses his position to keep his family alive by providing them with German food. The climactic scene occurs when Jean finds his brother and decides that he is duty-bound to report him to the authorities. He offers Georges twenty-four hours to escape from France. The Germans, however, have been shadowing Jean; they know that he has made contact with Georges, and they force him to choose between his brother and his mother. He chooses his mother and discloses Georges' hide-out. After Georges has been arrested and incarcerated, Jean discovers that he had earlier returned to Brittany and married his old sweetheart, who is now pregnant. This is the decisive moment. Jean sacrifices himself by taking Georges' place in prison. The story

The Dominic story is inspirational. Dominic's courageous—an original—despite Dominic's struggle, against the German occupation forces and the Vichy government, to save Jews and the French underground movement. The story is developed through a Britons family—the mother, the two boys, Georges and Jean, the servants, and Georges' wife. When Georges murders, Jean, the older brother and a naval officer, feels a moral obligation to support the "legal" government headed by Petain, and he gives his services to Vichy. Georges escapes to England, where he joins Dominic. He returns to France and becomes a leader in the underground movement. Jean continues to "collaborate," but he uses his position to help his family alive by providing them with German food. The climactic scene occurs when Jean finds his brother and decides that he is duty-bound to report him to the authorities. He gives Georges twenty-four hours to escape from France. The Germans, however, have been shadowing Jean; they know that he has made contact with Georges, and they force him to choose between his brother and his mother. He chooses his mother and betrays Georges' hide-out. After Georges has been arrested and incarcerated, Jean discovers that he has earlier returned to Britany and secured his old mechanic's, who is now pregnant. This is the decisive moment. Jean sacrifices himself by taking Georges' place in prison. The story

ends with Jean working in a factory (Faulkner does not clarify how he got there) which he has pinpointed, through the underground, for allied planes. The bombing raid begins, and the French workers, knowing that they are about to be destroyed, come to attention and sing the Marseillaise.

Thus the plot, the characters, the action, the theme are unmistakably in the Hollywood tradition. But Faulkner has taken one character—Emilie, a girl who lives with her father in Paris, who knows that Jean is in some kind of league with the Germans, who nevertheless pities him for his loneliness and tries to get him to join the underground, where she feels that his heart really belongs—and has through her developed the theme in terms of his own attitudes. She has the best lines in the screenplay. The following speech, which has been quoted in part in the fourth chapter, indicates why The DeGaulle Story has been categorized "composite."

> If you try to force someone to do as you want them to do, and they resist you and keep on resisting until the only thing left for you to do is to kill them, they have beat you forever because then they have escaped from you. It's like those little ants in the jungle that nothing can stand against—not the biggest and fiercest and the most powerful—nothing. You can kill them by the millions just by stepping on them, but they keep on coming because they are so little. That's the mistake they made. They tried to force the little people.

made with Jean working in a factory (Pauline does not clearly know he got there) which he has plundered, through the underground, for allied planes. The bombing raid begins, and the French workers, knowing that they are about to be destroyed, come to sabotage and stop the Germans.

Thus the plot, the characters, the setting, the theme are remarkably in the Hollywood tradition. But Pauline has taken one character—Marie, a girl who lives with her father in Paris, who knows that deep in in some kind of league with the Germans, who nevertheless pleads his or his lover's and tries to get him to join the underground, where she finds that his heart really belongs—and has changed her revolving the theme in terms of his own activities. She has the best lines in the screenplay. The following speech has been quoted in part in the fourth chapter, indicates why *The Duchess Story* has been categorized "comedy-drama":

> If you try to force someone to do what you want them to do, and they resent you and keep on resisting until the only thing left for you to do is to kill them, they have beat you forever because then they have cheated from you. It's like those little men in the jungle that nothing can defeat anyhow—not the biggest and fiercest and the most powerful—nothing. You can kill them by the millions just by stepping on them, but they keep on coming because they are so little. That's the reason they crush. They tried to force the little people.

And there are too many little people. There are so many of them because they are small. All they have to threaten us with is death. And little people are not afraid to die. The little people and the very great. Because there is something of the little people in the very great: as if all the little people had been trodden and crushed and condensed into one great one who knew and remembered all their suffering. And the little ones themselves are never afraid as long as they believe that the other little ants coming behind them will finally eat the elephant....Every day there are more of us who know. Because we are the little people, you see. We are neither generals nor statesmen nor politicians. We are just the little people and there are too many of us. Too much of individual grief and suffering—(she pauses an instant, looks at Jean)—and dishonor and shame, until, since we are little people, the suffering and grief and dishonor and shame belong to all of us and we can resist—We were living in a little village outside of Mechelen. We had no warning. No more warning, that is, than all of Europe should have had. But no matter. They came suddenly. Father was in Brussels then, and my brother and I were in the house alone, when suddenly they were there—three of them—three young men. It didn't matter who or which three, just as to them I was a young woman and that didn't matter who or which one; just female and of an inferior race created for the spoiling that could make war and the risk of sudden death bearable. Then it was over, and they were gone, and at least I was still alive—

JEAN: Your brother?

EMILIE: He died. Quickly. And I was still alive, and I hated it on my father's account—an old man, just a

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very great. And if all the little people
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little ones coming behind them will
finally see the elephant, ... they
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fering—like persons as instant, inches
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It didn't matter who or which three,
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created for the spoiling that could make
war and the risk of sudden death possible.
Then it was over, and they were gone,
and at least I was still alive—

JEAN: Your brother?

MILLIE: He died. Quickly. And I was
still alive, and I helped it on my
father's account—an old man, just a

> musician, too old and unimportant for them to destroy. But after we reached Paris, and they overtook us again, and it was no use to flee again, because now nothing remained that we could be despoiled of, another musician, a Frenchman, a young man who knew Father, would come to see us. And one night he brought a book, an American book written by a Mr. Hemingway. He would read it to us at night and translate it. It told about a young girl to whom that had happened also, and about an older woman who was very wise about people anyway, who said how, if you refused to accept something, it could not happen to you. And I was comforted because Jan—my brother—had died quickly beforehand, and Willem, to whom I was to be married, had been in Fort Eben Emael and he would not have to hate that, too, at least. So there was only Father, and he believes, too, that some day the ants are going to eat the elephant....[1]

Battle Cry is inspirational, and has its message, too. Faulkner was not the original author. He took sequences developed by others, reworked them thematically, and arranged them in a structurally coherent pattern.

Since this screenplay is extremely long and complex, and since, as a collaborative work, its principal interest is

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1. Quotation from the Warner Brothers' story file copy of The DeGaulle Story, pp. 120-122. The grammar, sentence structure, spelling and punctuation of the original have been retained. Here is another instance of Faulkner's use of the "ant" theme.

> masters, too old and unsuspecting for them to destroy. But after we finally fight, and they overwhelm us again, and it was so nice to live again, because now nothing remained that we could be deprived of, another magician, a Frenchman, a young man who knew Faust, would come to see us. And one night he brought a book, an illustrated book written by a Mr. Dominguez. He wanted read it to us at midnight and translate it. It told about a young girl to whom that had happened also, and about an older woman who was very wise about people anyway, who said that, if you returned to people somehow, it could not happen to you. And I was reminded [illegible] quickly beforehand, and Milica, in whom I was to be married, had been in Paris [illegible] and he would not have to bake that, but, at least, he knew [illegible] was only [illegible], and he believed too, that one day the men are going to get the elephant....[1]

Dazzle Cue is [illegible], and has its message, too.

Faulkner was not the original author. He took [illegible] developed by others, inserted them [illegible], and arranged them in a structurally coherent pattern.

Since this arrangement is extremely long and complex, and since, as a collaborative work, its [illegible] interest is

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1. Quotation from the Vintage Brothers' story [illegible] copy of *The Dominguez story*, pp. 120-122. The [illegible] mentions [illegible] and [illegible] location of the original [illegible] [illegible] in another [illegible] of Faulkner's use of the "[illegible] theme.

descriptive, rather than analytic, the official studio synopsis has been used for purposes of summary commentary. It is quoted below in full.

> There is a legend about the funeral train which carried the body of Abraham Lincoln through the states...The legend states that Lincoln's body wasn't even on it, for Lincoln is Freedom, and Freedom ain't dead... As the modern troop train speeds through, with the motto: Berlin, Tokyo or Bust painted on its side, an aged Negro remembers that other troop train; his tall son (Paul Robeson) articulates the symbol of freedom in the cantata which is the motif of the picture: "Freedom's a thing that has no ending, it needs to be cared for, it needs defending..." At the depot in Springfield, Illinois, young Fonda and his grandfather are saying a last goodbye, for Fonda is off to fight. Fonda is a gawky, country boy, reluctant to leave home, more than a little unsure about what all this fighting is about. Grandfather has no such doubts. He remembers that funeral train, and he knows that a world, as well as a nation, cannot exist half slave and half free...When next we see Fonda he is on the North African desert. He and sixteen others are all that are left of a rather large party of Americans. When the young commanding officer, Lt. Whitesides, gets hit, sturdy, rather stupid Sgt. Reagon of the regular army takes over. During the lull in the action they are joined by a British soldier, Loughton, who is leading two prisoners, one German, and one Italian. Carrying Whitesides on an improvised litter, they continue toward their objective, a deserted house where there is a well. Two Americans from another squadron are already at the house. One, a Negro who goes by the name America, has a bullet lodged in his spine which immobilizes him and causes him terrible agony, although he gives no

descriptive, rather than analytic, the official study synopsis has been used for purposes of summary commentary. I have quoted below in full.

> There is a legend about the funeral train which carried the body of Abraham Lincoln through the states. The legend says that Lincoln's body wasn't even in it, for Lincoln is freedom, and freedom can't come in the modern, troop train upside through which the mortal remains, Tokyo or Paris printed on its side, on a bed there for members that other troop train, the Civil War (Final Volume), crystallizes the spirit of freedom in the country which is the world of the pioneer. Freedom's a thing that has no ending, it needs to be moved for, it needs defending... At the depot in Springfield, Illinois, young Freda and his grandfather are saying a last goodbye, for Freda is off to fight. Freda is a gangly, country boy, reluctant to leave home, more than a little unsure about what all this fighting is about. Grandfather has no such doubts. He remembers that funeral train, and he knows that a world, as well as a nation, cannot exist half slave and half free...Now says he Freda he is on the North African desert. He and nineteen others are all that are left of a rather large party of Americans. When the young commanding officer, Lt. Whittington, gets hit, shortly, another couple men of the regular army take over. During the hail in the action they are joined by a British soldier, Longston, who is leading two prisoners, one German, and one Italian. Carrying Whittaker on an improvised litter, they continue toward their objective, a deserted house where there is a well. The Americans from another squadron are already at the house. One, a Negro who wears the name Jackson, has a bullet lodged in his spine with knowledge he had certain his terrible agony, although he [illegible]

outward sign of being in pain. His companion, who looks after him with great tenderness, is Akers, a cocky youngster from the deep South. Lt. Whitesides dies almost immediately after being brought into the house. His last words are instructions to the Sergeant. The original plan was for Whitesides' liaison party to meet an anti-tank battalion here. Together they were to hold this position, which the Germans also want. The anti-tank battalion has not arrived, so it is Whitesides' last advice that, when night falls the men get back to the Allied lines as fast as they can...Among the American soldiers is Battson, better educated than the rest, a Rhodes scholar and a student of music. He too wants to discover why men fight. He has part of the answer in the bullet-torn diary of a Russian woman flyer... Tania was her name, and in the good days before the Nazi invasion she fell in love with handsome Semyon, a brilliant aviator. On their wedding night the German blow struck. Tania's parents were killed by the invaders and she herself made her way to Moscow to learn how to fly. She avenged her parents and Semyon, who was brought down by Flak, before she herself was killed, and in addition she left a little son to carry on....Part of the answer too lies in the indomitable Chinese guerillas, in Mother Mosquito who willingly sacrificed her own granddaughter so that that many more Japanese could be killed...In the English mothers who gave their sons so proudly, and in the sons who fight so well, in the Greek and French peoples...But the answer Battson is really looking for comes from young Akers, the Southern boy, who has heard, someplace, the story of the funeral train, and knows the words of the freedom song...That night, in truly democratic fashion, a vote is taken to decide whether to stay and defend the house, or to go back to the lines. The vote is unanimous for staying. In the morning the German prisoner

> surprizes the Americans and holds them at bay with a gun—but is killed by the Italian Everyone. Even wounded and dying America prepares to fight the advancing enemy to the last bullet....[2]

Faulkner contributed the unifying idea of the funeral train and the freedom song. He is also responsible for the "American" sequence (the Negro, America, and the "cocky youngster from the deep South," Akers), which he attempted to make into an allegory. (This screenplay suggests that Faulkner, in 1943, was working with the allegorical form that he was to use later in Requiem for a Nun and A Fable.) "America's" wound, which "immobilizes him and causes him terrible agony, although he gives no outward sign of being in pain," refers to the Negro problem in the United States. Akers, "who looks after him with great tenderness," represents the answer to the problem—the new, young Southerner who will, by working and fighting side by side with the Negro for the cause of justice, learn to accept him as an equal. Akers is an older version of Charles Mallison. Toward the end of the screenplay, Faulkner weakened his allegory by universalizing "America," making him symbolic of the position of the United States in the war in early 1943—"dying," but preparing to fight to the last.

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[2]. Studio synopsis of William Faulkner's Battle Cry, written by Judith Meyers, December 13, 1943. The grammar, sentence structure, spelling, and punctuation of the original have been retained.

> surprise the Americans and hide them
> at bay with a gun--but is killed by the
> Indian everyone. Now wounded and
> dying Aberna prepares to fight the ad-
> vancing enemy to the last bullet....[5]

Faulkner contributed two outstanding idea of the Imperial Wrath and the Freedom song. He is also responsible for the "American" sequence (the Negro, America, and the "ugly gunsmoke from the deep South," Aberna), which he attempted to make into an allegory. (This somewhat suggests that Faulkner, in 1943, was working with the allegorical form that he was to use later in Requiem for a Nun and A Fable.) "America's" mount, which "humbleized him and caused his terrible agony, although he gives no outward sign of being in pain," refers to the Negro problem in the United States. Aberna, "who looks after him with great tenderness," represents the answer to the problem--the new, young Southerner who will, by words, and fighting side by side with the Negro for the cause of justice, learn to accept him as an equal. Aberna is an older version of Charlen Mallison. Toward the end of the screenplay, Faulkner weakened his allegory by universalizing "America," making his symbols of the positions of the United States in the war in early 1943--"dying," and preparing to fight to the death.

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[5]Faulk's trophies of William Faulkner's Dwelling, MS. written by Frank Mayer, December 12, 1943. The grammar, nonsense structure, spelling, and punctuation of the original have been retained.

The theme of patriotism, so evident in Country Lawyer, The DeGaulle Story, and Battle Cry, achieves a heightened intensity and a mystical quality in The Life and Death of a Bomber, an original treatment which Faulkner wrote late in 1942. The basic plot configuration concerns the "birth, life, and death" of a new type of bomber, one that is essential to the war effort. Interwoven are two sub-plots: a "triangle" and a labor dispute. A sense of fatalism permeates the story, controlling the action and leading up to the final message—the raison d'etre of the treatment.

The story is developed in three acts. The first act, which Faulkner introduces with the ominous words, "It is going to be too late. (This should not happen.)," establishes the interpersonal conflicts which supposedly determine the eventual "death" of the bomber. The action proper begins when Smith, a civilian engineer and army-trained pilot "who has become a soldier only in his country's hour of need," arrives at the bomber factory to which he has been assigned for the purpose of "observing the assembling and conducting the final testing of a new bomber."[3] With the expository sequence dispatched, Faulkner starts to develop the fatalistic

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[3]. Citations from The Life and Death of a Bomber are to the Warner Brothers' story file copy of the treatment.

The theme of particulars, as evident in Country Cousins, The Beautiful Lady, and Pretty Lies, achieves a heightened intensity and a mystical quality in the life and death of a Dancer, an original treatment which Faulkner wrote late in 1932. The basic plot configuration concerns the "life and death" of a new type of dancer, one that is essential to the war effort. Interwoven are two sub-plots: a "Italian" and a labor dispute. A cause of technical importance, controlling the action and leading up to the final scene--the raison d'être of the treatment.

The story is developed in three scenes. The first one, which Faulkner introduces with the cameos scene, fig ke going to be too late. (This should not happen.) "establishes the interpersonal conflicts which eventually determine the eventual "death" of the dancer. The action proper begins when Smith, a civilian engineer and ex-trench officer, who has become a soldier only in his country's hour of need, arrives at the dancer factory to which he has been assigned for the purpose of "observing the assembling and concerting the final dancing of a new dancer."[6] With the exception of appearance disputes, Faulkner starts to develop the "realistic

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[6] Quotations from The Life and Death of a Dancer are in the typed "treatment" copy file copy of the treatment.

pattern of action. While examining the factory, Smith meets the wife of Halliday (a foreman in the factory). In true Faulknerian fashion, "they are attracted to each other immediately." Several days later, they meet again. "When they look at each other this time, it seems to Smith that an electric shock passes between them. He believes she felt it, too. He did not know where she worked, but he realizes now that she must have known all the time where he was going and that they would meet again. She could have avoided seeing him again by quitting her job, yet she didn't. That she did not, that she should be working in the very factory to which he has been assigned by war orders, seems to him a notification from fate that they are to change each other's life [sic], and that she must know this and accept it, too."

Through some device which Faulkner does not explain, the consummation of this potential affair is delayed. Though Smith will be reassigned when his task has been completed, he does not push the issue. "He waits for her. She is not surprized. She expected it. She still resists, even though she knows there is something here she can't escape and doesn't want to. But [like Charlotte Rittenmeyer in The Wild Palms], she wants it done decently, she wants some decent solution, not only for her sake but for her husband's, who is doing an important war-job. She will not upset him, impair his

pattern of action. While examining the factory, Smith meets the wife of Gallitzy (a foreman in the factory). In true Fauchonrian fashion, "they are attracted to each other immediately." Several days later, they meet again. "Then they look at each other this time. It seems to Smith that an electric shock passes between them. He believes she felt it, too. He did not know where she worked, but he realizes now that she was here from all the time where he was going and that the meeting was again. She could have avoided seeing him again by quitting her job, yet she didn't. Thus she did not, when she should be working in the very factory to which he had been assigned by war orders, cause to him a notification from his [illegible] that they are to change each other's life [illegible], and that she could know this and accept it, too."

Through some device which Fauchonrian does not explain, the acquaintance of this potential mate is believed. Though Smith will be reassigned when his task has been completed, he does not push the issue. "He waits for her. She is not surprised. She expected it. She will resign, even though she knows there is another job here she can't escape and doesn't want to. But like Cherlotte Hitchcock in The Wild Duck, she wants it more discretely, she wants some decent solution, not only for her sake but for her husband's. This is doing an important anti-job. He will not upset the apple cart by his

efficiency at this time. Smith has no pity for the husband who can't keep his wife [compare this with the similar attitude expressed in Sartoris, Light in August, The Wild Palms, "Honor," "Artist at Home," "Golden Land," "The Brooch"] but he recognizes the husband's important present job, and he loves the woman and will do what she wants, but must not be too long away." (Notice how Faulkner has begun to build what will be the ultimate message of the story—that we all must make sacrifices for the war effort.)

Meanwhile Halliday, who though he works a shift different from his wife's is not blind, discovers that he is a potential cuckold. He confronts his wife. She tells him the truth, but adds that she is not absolutely certain of her feelings. Halliday delays action. "Nothing is settled yet. The bomber must be finished first." And the faster it is finished, the faster Smith will depart.

Faulkner now introduces the labor plot which figures so prominently in the "message." A worker in the factory has invented a time-saving process which has never been adopted.

> Labor is not refusing to speed up production, simply because they [sic] will not be paid extra for it. They are merely trying to protect themselves. They have struggled a hundred years to gain better work and play conditions. They are not being asked to discard this gain because of the national emergency. That is all right. They are willing to sacrifice them, produce more and so increase the profits of what they

efficiency at this time. Smith has no pity for the husband and can't keep his wife [compare this with the ambivalent attitude expressed in Sweetness, Light in August, The Hill Dwellers, "Homer," "Artist at Work," "Golden Land," "The Brown"] but he recognizes the husband's important present job, and he loves the women and will do what she wants, but that not be too long away."

(Notice how Faulkner has begun to build what will be the ultimate message of the story--that we all must make sacrifices for the war effort.)

Meanwhile Halliday, who though he works a shift different from his wife's is not blind, discovers what he is a cuckolded cuckold. He confronts his wife. She tells him he, too, but adds that she is not absolutely certain of her feelings. Halliday delays action. "Nothing is settled yet. The lumber must be finished first." And the lumber is finished, the lumber men will depart.

Faulkner now introduces the labor plot which figures so prominently in the "sequence." A worker in the factory has invented a time-saving process which has never been adopted.

> Labor is not relenting to speed up production, simply because they [sic] will not be paid extra for it. They are merely trying to protect themselves. They have attained a hundred years to gain better work and pay conditions. They are not being asked to discard this gain because of the national emergency. That is all right. They are willing to sacrifice them, produce more and so increase the profits of their firm

> produce. But the stockholders shall not keep these extra profits to add to the profits which they already draw from the production without doing any of the work. Labor is willing to increase production without extra pay, provided the stockholders will give the extra profits from it to the government. This the stockholders will not agree to do. Thus the stockholders spread the rumors that labor is holding up the war for selfish reasons. Smith learns that the working men who do the work and the white collar men who superintend it could get together without trouble, but are stymied from one another by the representatives of the two factions, labor and capital, who are concerned first with protecting the establishments which they represent.

In reply to Smith's comment that while this quibbling is going on soldiers are dying, a workman says: "Yes. But at least our sons die so that their kin and descendants will have a better world to work and earn their bread in: not just to increase and preserve the cash which their parents did not even work to earn."

Although Halliday wants to finish the job quickly, he does not use the time-saving plan. Instead, he speeds up production on the one bomber which Smith will test. When the plane is almost completed, Halliday detects a slight construction error. "He decides swiftly. To correct it now would lose a certain amount of time. The error may not be serious, can be corrected later, may not show at all during the test. After that it can be removed, no harm done and nobody the wiser. He

lets it pass, the bomber is finished and rolled out for test a day ahead of schedule." To prove to himself that he didn't pass the error to "dispose of" Smith, Halliday accompanies him during the test flight. All goes well, until Smith attempts to land. The landing gear malfunctions; it will not lock into position. On Smith's orders the crew parachute to safety; Halliday refuses. He tries to wedge and hold the gear locked. "Smith makes the landing. The gear collapses, crushes Halliday's hand off. The bomber stops finally as, for all practical purposes, a crack-up."

At this point, Faulkner begins to emphasize time. Time assumes the role of the dramatic antagonist—absolute, implacable, indifferent to the human protagonists who struggle against it. The love story and the labor conflict lose their centrality and become part of the total causative pattern.

The day after the crash, "Smith and the wife meet in Halliday's hospital room. Instead of gaining a day, the bomber has lost three. Halliday has lost his hand, is maimed for life as far as war production is concerned, all because of the mistakes which the three of them brought about. They are all to blame. Smith and the wife feel the same attraction for one another, but it is as if the bomber wrecked on the field has come between them forever; a warning, a silent demand that they forget themselves for its sake so that it

less 11 years, the bomber in Fletcher and relied over the "any a day ahead of schedule." To prove to Bassett that he didn't pass the error to "dingers of" Smith, Halliday accompanies him during the test flight. All goes well, until Smith attempts to land. The landing gear malfunctions; it will not lock into position. On Smith's return the crew parachutes to safety; Halliday returns. He tries to wedge and hold the gear locked. "Smith enters the landing. The gear collapses, crushes Halliday's head off. The bomber stops finally as, for all practical purposes, a crack-up."

At this point, Faulkner begins to emphasize time. Time assumes the role of the dramatic antagonist--absolute, implacable, indifferent to the human protagonists who struggle against it. The love story and the labor conflict lose their importance and become pawns of the total dramatic pattern.

The day after the crash, "Smith and the wife meet in Halliday's hospital room. Instead of taking a day, the bomber has lost three. Halliday has lost his hand, is marked for life as far as war production is concerned, all because of the mistaken which the times of them brought about. They are all to blame. Smith and the wife feel the same attraction for one another, but it is as if the bomber crashed on the field has come between them forever; a vanishing a silent demand that they forget themselves for the sake of what is

and the bombers to follow can get on with the war, can sacrifice themselves for something worth while [the first indication of the coming anthropomorphization of the bomber]....Halliday tells the superintendent about the workman's idea to shorten production time. It is to be put into effect at once."

In Act Two, the focus shifts from the factory and the interpersonal conflicts of the civilian characters to the bomber and its crew. Again Faulkner prefaces the action with a narrative statement—less ominous than that which preceded Act One, but more urgent. "'IT IS TOO LATE' (This is happening)."

The act opens with the bomber ready to depart. It has been repaired, but is a day and a half late. On the field it seems to move of its own volition, even though the brakes are on, and once in the air, seems to be striving to overtake the convoy that left it behind (the patriotic now compounded with the mystical). The bomber gets caught in a storm (which it would have avoided had it been on time), runs out of gas, and "lands" itself in a small clearing on a strange island. Faulkner now interpolates some Hollywood "business"—savages, poison darts, sharks—and reduces the crew of the bomber by three. When the scene has been played for all its possible excitement and suspense, "a cargo plane finds the island and the landing field, brings food and fuel, and the bomber gets away

and the bombers so failing can get on with the war, can sacrifice time unnecessary for something worth while [the first anniversary of the coming anthropomorphosis of the bomber]...Skilling tells the experimentalists about the veteran's idea to shorten production time. It is to be put into effect at once."

In act two, the issue shifts from the factory and the inexperienced conflicts of the civilian characters to the bomber and its crew. Again Faulkner presents the action with a narrative statement--less pedantic than this quick preamble but dense, but more urgent. "'IT IS TOO LATE' Frank is saying."

The act opens with the bomber ready to depart. It has been repaired, but is a day and a half late. On the field it seems to have of its own volition, even though the engines are on, and once in the air, seems to be striving to overtake the energy that left it behind (the pilot-to-crew communication with the symbol). The bomber goes nought in a stress (which it would have avoided had it been on time), runs out of gas, and "Jonah" travels in a small clearing on a strange island. Faulkner now introduces some Hollywood "business"--one gets, pelican duty, alarms--and reduces the crew of the bomber by three. When the scene has been played for all its possible ex-citement and suspense, "a cargo plane flies the island and the landing field, brings food and fuel, and the bomber gets away

at last. It has now cost the lives of three men, as well as the foreman's hand."

Act Three resolves some of the conflicts in the story. The bomber "dies," but not in vain. Phoenix-like, it is reborn in the minds and hearts of the people who were in any way involved with it. It becomes a universal symbol of the sacrifice required for the war effort. Faulkner's prefatory statement—"It was too late. (This must never happen again)"—prepares for the final message of the story.

The Third Act curtain rises on our retreating forces in the South Pacific. The lone bomber "is the only aircraft we have at this point to intervene and slow up the approaching enemy force. It is being sent out to delay the enemy as much as possible, so we can escape. The attempt will be suicidal. A volunteer crew has been got together to take the bomber out.... One member of it is the son of a workman of the factory which made the bomber. Another is the son of a wealthy stockholder in the factory." The plane takes off. It has all the fuel there was at the base, which is not enough to allow it "to escape." Dozens of enemy planes attack it. "CLOSE SHOT from pilot's window of the onwing, two engines, enemy bullets going into the wing, oil from the engines begins to flow backward across the wing like the bomber's blood...." End of bomber and crew.

at last. It has now sent the lives of human men, as well as the foreman's mind."

Act Three requires some of the qualities in the story. The bomber "Lisa," has not in vain. Phoenix-like, it is reborn in the minds and hearts of the people who were in any way involved with it. It becomes a universal symbol of the sacrifice required for the war effort. Faulkner's prefatory admonition, "It was too late. (This must never happen again)"—prepares for the final meanings of the story.

The Third Act culminates when we our instructing forces in the South Pacific. The lone bomber "is the only aircraft to have at this point to intervene and slow up the approaching army force. It is being sent out to delay the enemy as much as possible, so we can escape. The attempt will be suicidal. A volunteer crew has been got together to take the bomber out.... One member of it is the son of a workman of the factory which made the bomber. Another is the son of a wealthy stockholder in the factory." The plane takes off. It has all the final where was at the beep, which is now enough to allow it "to escape." Dozens of enemy planes attack it. "GLOW shot from pilot's window of the engine, the engines, many bullets going into the wing, all from the engines begins to flow backward across the wing like the bomber's blood...." And of bomber and crew.

The fatalistic pattern has been completed. The scene now shifts back to the United States so that the moral of the story can be made manifest, the message presented. The pilot who ferried the bomber across the Pacific is home on leave. He visits the mother of his former co-pilot (the one who sacrificed himself by walking into the island jungle and offering himself to the savages) and tells her that "he has been ordered to report to the factory which built the bomber, to tell the people who created it that it had done its job and they had done the best they could to help it, so that the men at the factory would know that the airmen themselves could not let them down, were ready to take all the risks they could to use to advantage the tools which the factories were working to produce." The mother, of course, understands, is proud.

The treatment ends at the factory, where it began. Labor and management, with their representatives, are gathered together, listening solemnly while Halliday makes a speech. "He tells the story of the bomber that arrived too late, because the people who made it let their private selfish motives intervene; they failed where the young men who died to fly the bomber had no opportunity or choice to let their private wishes intervene between them and the risk of death and the job to be done. This must never happen again.

The tabulatile pattern has been completed. The crew may entire back to the United States so that the moral of the story can be made manifest, the message presented. The pilot who ferried the bomber across the Pacific is here to tell it. He wants the member of his former co-pilot (the one who committed himself by walking into the island jungle and offering himself to the natives) and tells her that he has been ordered to report to the factory which built the bomber, to tell the people who worked it what it had done for them and what had done the best they could to help it. As the men of the factory would hear that the airmen themselves could not let them down, were ready to take all the risks they could to use to advantage the tools which the Russians were working to produce." The mother, of course, understands, is proud.

The broadcast ends at the factory, where the bosses, labor and management, who their representatives, are assembled together, listening silently while Mallory tells a story. He tells the story of the bomber that arrived too late, because the people who made it had their private quarrels, motives interested; they failed where the young men who had to fly the bomber had no opportunity or cause to let their private alone interfere between them and the risk of death and the job to be done. This must never happen again.

HALLIDAY: I'm not speaking just to us, here. I'm talking to all America, to all the men who are building the guns and planes and ships." Then the ferry pilot, as agent of the fighting men, delivers his message: "The airmen who risk death don't have to ask the men who make the planes to forego everything but the building of planes, because the young airmen never for a moment believe that the builders will do anything else but give everything to production."

The inconsistencies in the treatment are rather obvious: the fatalistic pattern which often becomes more illusory than real (the jungle scene, the volunteer crew); the tragic sense of "lateness" which vanishes when the bomber, because it is late, aids the escape of "our" troops; the irreconcilability of the message and the preceding action; the historically intense labor-managemomt conflict and its naïvely facile resolution, etc. Yet these inconsistencies are of a kind to be expected in a "composite" work. They result from the absence of organic conception. Faulkner's motif—"It is going to be too late....IT IS TOO LATE....It was too late"—which is potentially tragic, is ennervated by the Hollywood necessity for the heroic, and thus emotionally uplifting, demise of the bomber and its crew. The composition of the volunteer crew is determined by the <u>a priori</u> message. The jungle scene satisfies the Hollywood requirement for physical action. <u>The</u>

MALLORY: I'm not speaking just to say, here. I'm talking to all America, to all the men who are building the guns and planes and ships." When the ferry pilot, an agent of the fighting men, delivers his message: "The airmen who wish death don't have to ask the men who make the planes to forgive everything but the building of planes, because the young airmen never for a moment believe that the builders will do anything else but give everything to production."

The idealistic passions in the document are rather obvious; the idealistic patterns which often become more illusory than real (the jungle scene, the volunteer army) are simply the single scene of "idealness" which vanishes when the bomber, because it is late, aids the escape of "one" (recall the irresponsibility of the message and its preceding action) the hysterically jealous labor-management conflict and its naively fascistic resolution, etc. Yet these idealistic patterns are at a hand to be expected in a "democratic" work. They result from the dramas of organic connection. Faulkner's motif--"It is going to be too late....IT IS TOO LATE....It was too late--which is potentially tragic, is conserved by the Hollywood community for the bomb, and thus unwholesomely splitting, denies of the bomber and its crew. The conversation of the volunteer crew is determined by the a priori message. The jungle scene satisfies the Hollywood requirement for physical action. The

Life and Death of a Bomber, therefore, serves as an excellent contrast to both *Drums along the Mohawk* and *Country Lawyer*: Faulkner has neither subordinated himself to Hollywood nor has he subordinated Hollywood to himself. He has formulated a compromise and has written accordingly.

War Birds, written in 1932, ten years before Country Lawyer, differs from the three writings discussed above in that its "compositeness" derives from a conflict between form and content. Instead of developing his material in the most effective manner —that predicated by the nature of the material itself—Faulkner told his story in the manner required by Hollywood.

Faulkner's screenplay, an original which was never produced and probably never will be, is the story of John and Bayard Sartoris with the Royal Air Force in France during World War I. It is composed of parts of Sartoris, "All the Dead Pilots," and "Ad Astra," and is perhaps the best thing Faulkner wrote for Hollywood. The basic action—the hostility between John Sartoris and Spoomer over a French woman, which eventually leads to Sartoris's death—follows "All the Dead Pilots," as do other elements in the screenplay: Spoomer's dog, Sartoris's method of transferring his hatred of Spoomer to the uniform, the marvellous incongruity of the "revenge" scene during the evacuation by the French of Amiens, the fatal dogfight, and especially the grotesque comic irony which prevents melodramatic sentimentality. Added to this are the tone and theme of "Ad Astra" ("Only our water was drunkenness: that isolation of alcoholism which drives men to shout and laugh and fight, not with one another

New Black, written in 1934, ten years before *Sanctuary Lawn*, differs from the three writings discussed above in that the "sequelizness" derives from a conflict between form and content. Instead of developing his material in the usual structural manner—that predicated by the nature of the medium—Faulkner tells his story in the manner required by Hollywood.

Faulkner's screenplay, an original which has never produced and probably never will be, is the story of John and Bayard Sartoris with the Royal Air Force in France during World War I. It is composed of parts of *Sartoris*, "All the Dead Pilots," and "Ad Astra," and is perhaps the best taking Faulkner wrote for Hollywood. The basic antagonism—the hostility between John Sartoris and Bayonne over a French woman, which eventually leads to Sartoris's death—follows "All the Dead Pilots," as do other episodes in the screenplay. Bayonne's dog, Bayard's method of transferring his hatred of Bayonne to the soldiers, the marvellous behavior of the "vamoose" scene during the evacuation of the French of Lorraine, the fatal dogfight, and especially the protagonist's ironic which provides motivation and complexity added to this and the tone and theme of "Ad Astra" (only our water and dramatmosphere, that isolation of aloneness which drives man to about and fangs and fights, not with one another

but with their unbearable selves which, drunk, they are even more fain and still less fell to escape")[4] and Bayard Sartoris as he was before "Ad Astra" and Sartoris.

In combining this previously written material, Faulkner shifted the focus from the conflict between John Sartoris and Spoomer to the relationship between John and his twin brother, Bayard. John is reckless, a "merry wild spirit" whose attitude toward life is one of childlike innocence. Bayard, on the other hand, is more sober; he takes it upon himself to look after John, to keep him out of trouble. This he does, until a series of events leads him to condemn John's irresponsibility and to refuse to play the role of "brother's keeper" any longer. When John is killed, Bayard blames himself. And although he avenges John's death, he cannot rid himself of his guilt feelings.

The screenplay is devoid of the usual Hollywood conventions. There is no standard romance; John Sartoris does not love the French woman for whom he competes, he simply has a compulsive desire to sleep with her. There are no heroes; John Sartoris is as foolhardy as his great great uncle who got himself killed because Jeb Stuart liked anchovies.[5] There

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4. These Thirteen (London, 1958), p. 131.

5. William Faulkner, Sartoris (New York, 1951), p. 17. Future citations from Sartoris are to this edition.

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The arrangement is devoid of the usual Hollywood [illegible] tions. There is no standard romance; John Gerard's love for the French woman for whom he composes, he simply has a compulsive desire to sleep with her. There are no heroes; John Gerard is as foolhardy as his great great uncle who was himself killed because his desert [illegible] [illegible].[5] There

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[4] "Three Thirteen" (London, 1888), p. 101.

[5] William Faulkner, Sartoris (New York, 1927), p. 17. Future allusions from Sartoris are to this edition.

is no Hollywood plot; the story proceeds in terms of John Sartoris's point-of-view and the incidents reveal his furious and unbelieving "outrage" which eventually develops into a death-wish syndrome. There are no Hollywood types: no good-bad girl, no red-blooded young men fighting for their country, no villain. The ending, though not tragic, does not effect a final, uplifting resolution; Bayard's air victory over the man who killed his brother is eclipsed by his sense of loss and his inability to reestablish his mental equilibrium. Yet the story is filmically drawn. John Sartoris does not think and ponder, he does. His actions reveal his state of mind. The conflicts between the characters are at once simple and dramatically intense. The ironically grotesque mood is one readily captured by the camera. Thus Faulkner's screenplay has potentialities as a good motion picture, but not a Hollywood motion picture—despite the fact that its form, as a screenplay, is typical of Hollywood.

Country Lawyer has been considered a significant piece of work because it supplied an insight into Faulkner's mind during the war and because it revealed certain changes in Faulkner's attitudes. War Birds is, perhaps, even more significant, for it bears a direct relation to Faulkner's literary work. By all rights it should have been a novel. Written several years after Sartoris, it suggests that Faulkner felt

in an Hollywood plot; the story presented in terms of John Barrett's point-of-view and the incidents reveal his jealous and unbelieving "marriage" which eventually develops into a death-wish syndrome. There are no Hollywood types: no good-bad girl, no rich-educated young-man fighting for their country, no villain. The ending, though sad tragic, does not afford a final, uplifting resolution; Lyonel's all-society over-the man who killed his brother, is confronted by his abuse of land and his inability to reestablish his moral equilibrium.

Yet the story is intensely dramatic. John Barrett does not think and wonder, he does. His actions reveal his state of mind. The conflicts between the characters are as sharp simple and dramatically intense. The dramatic tragedy mood is one readily captured by the camera. Thus Faulkner's screenplay has potentialities as a good motion picture, but not a Hollywood motion picture--especially the last that is, as a screenplay, is typical of Hollywood.

Country Lawyer has been considered a significant piece of work because it supplied us insights into Faulkner's mind during the war and because it revealed certain changes in Faulkner's attitudes. The Hills is, perhaps, even more significant, for it bears a direct relation to Faulkner's literary work. By all rights it should have been a novel. Written several years after Intruder, it suggests that Faulkner felt

he had more to say about Bayard Sartoris (just as he used Absalom, Absalom! to say more about Quentin Compson). At least one critic has agreed that more was needed; in The Tangled Fire of William Faulkner, William Van O'Connor described Bayard as "one of Faulkner's compulsive and violently driven heroes, but the reasons for his violence, although suggested, are not very clear."[6] War Birds makes the reasons unmistakably clear, and at the same time lends plausibility to the idea that Sartoris is not essentially a novel about the South and the Southern tradition.

Critics have tended to ignore Sartoris. The "bibliography breakdown" in the Winter, 1954, issue of Faulkner Studies listed no critical articles and only six reviews of the book.[7] The full-length critical studies devote little time and space to it. The accepted interpretations are variations of the idea that Sartoris is to be read as part of the Yoknapatawpha cycle, that "Bayard's blood is apparently atavistic; to it he owes his blind, headlong courage,"[8] that the novel represents the dissociation of the Southern individual from his heritage.

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6. (Minneapolis, 1954), p. 33.

7. Vol. II, p. 63.

8. O'Connor, pp. 33-34.

he had more to say about Sayers Perverts (just as he made Dorothy Sayers, Mansfield to say more about Jocelyn Campbell). At least one critic has argued that more was needed in The Taming Fire of Philippa Carlisle. Philippa Ma O'Connor described Bayard as "one of Faulkner's compulsive and violently active heroes, but the reasons for his violence, although suggested, are not very clear."[6] Yet Wright makes the reasons reasonably clear, and at the same time lends plausibility to the idea that Perverts is not essentially a novel about the South, but the Southern Problem.

Critics have tended to ignore Perverts. The "bibliography breakdown" in the Winter, 1964, issue of Faulkner Studies listed no critical articles and only six reviews of his book.[7] Six full-length critical studies devote little time and space to it. The accepted interpretations are variations of the idea that Perverts is to be read as part of the Yoknapatawpha cycle, that "Bayard's place in sequence is essentially, to it as does his blind, isolated courage,"[8] that the novel represents the disassociation of the Southern Individual from his heritage.

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[6] (Minneapolis, 1964), p. 32.

[7] Vol. 11, p. 40.

[8] O'Connor, pp. 32-33.

William Van O'Connor is the only critic who shows an awareness that such an interpretation does not resolve the discrepancy between Bayard's character and actions, and the meaning attributed to the "dying fall of horns along the road to Roncevaux" passage.

> If Bayard is a spirit left over from a heroic past, he seems to know little of that past or what it meant. He seems bent on destroying himself more out of an unmotivated "lost generation" world-weariness than out of the rejection of a world that has no interest in the grand manner and headlong heroics. The last-page explanation of Bayard has the air of being an appeal to a costume world.[9]

If motivation other than "the search for the Southern past" is found, and if this motivation results directly from Bayard's war experiences, the discrepancy disappears and a reading which sees Sartoris as a "lost generation" novel assumes plausibility.

In Sartoris, reference to Bayard, to his brother, John, to John's death, and to the nature of the relationship between John and Bayard, is made twenty-two times. Bayard's first words, to his grandfather, refer to John. "'I tried to keep him from going up there on that goddam little popgun,' he said

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[9]. Ibid., p. 34.

William Van O'Connor is the only critic who claims an awareness even on their part of the relationship between Bayard's character and destiny, and the meaning which lies in the "dying fall of horse and rider to incurvature" passage.

> If Bayard is a quixotic left over from a heroic past, he seems to have little of that past or what it means. He seems bent on destroying himself more out of an unexplained "lost generation" world-weariness than out of the higher plan of a world that has no interest in his grand manner and headlong bravery. The land-grab exploitation of Bayard has the air of being an appeal to a [illegible] morality.[9]

If exploitation other than "sex" appears for the southern people in Sartoris, then it this exploitation results directly from Bayard's war experiences, the discrepancy disappears and a reading which sees Bayard as a "lost generation" hero becomes plausible.

In Sartoris, reference to Bayard, in his lameness, blame to John's death, and to the nature of the relationship between John and Bayard, is made twenty-two times. Bayard's first words, to his grandfather, refer to John. "I have to know his true going up there on that godless little island." He said

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[9] Ibid., p. 84.

with breeding savageness."[10] As the story progresses, Faulkner, through his technique of delayed revelation, gives a definite pattern to Bayard's thoughts and actions: most of them relate in one way or another to John.[11]

As Bayard thinks about his dead wife, he is sitting "in the room which he and John had shared in the young masculine violence of their twinship, on the bed where he and his wife had lain the last night of his leave, the night before he went back to England and out to the Front again, where John already was....But he had not been thinking of her then....He was thinking of his dead brother; the spirit of their violent complementing days lay like dust everywhere in the room, obliterating that other presence, stopping his breathing, and he went to the window and flung the sash crashing upward and leaned there, gulping air into his lungs <u>like a man who has been submerged and who still cannot believe that he has reached the surface again</u>." (pp. 47-48)[Italics mine.] Bayard cannot escape John—can neither repress his memories of him nor avoid people and places that evoke him. Notice also the similarity between the above image and one from "Ad Astra":

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10. <u>Sartoris</u>, p. 43. The entire scene between Bayard and his grandfather concerns John's death.

11. The pattern begins with the scene between Bayard and his grandfather and ends with John's epitaph. Significant revelations occur on the following pages: 43-46, 47-48, 54-56, 71-74, 93, 125-127, 213-215, 250-253, 297-298, 311, 321-322, 353ff., 360-362, 373-375.

> But after twelve years I think of us
> as bugs in the surface of the water,
> isolant and aimless and unflagging.
> Not on the surface; in it, within that
> line of demarcation not air and not
> water, sometimes submerged, sometimes
> not.[12]

When Bayard meets MacCallum in town, MacCallum reminisces about John, about how "John would have enjoyed that fox," about John's youthful pranks, etc. Jenny keeps talking about John.

Gradually Bayard reveals a full account of the circumstances of John's death. To MacCallum he says: "He never could fly, anyway. I kept trying to keep him from going up there on that goddam popgun." His cracked ribs cause him to think of pain, and then of John: "Not like Johnny. They were all going right into his thighs. Damn butcher wouldn't even raise his sights a little." During his recuperation, he has a nightmare, after which he tells Narcissa about John. "He consumed the cigarette in deep swift draughts, and still holding her wrist he began to talk of his dead brother, without preamble, brutally. It was a brutal tale, without beginning, and <u>crassly and uselessly violent</u> and at times profane and gross, though its very wildness robbed it of offensiveness, just as its grossness kept it from obscenity. And beneath it all, <u>the bitter struggling of his false and stubborn pride</u>...." (p.251)[Italics mine.]

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12. p. 126.

Thousands below, people I think of as
no more in the service of the water,
[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible].
But on the surface, in the middle that
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]
water, [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible].[14]

Mrs. Tagard wrote [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
John, about how John would have enjoyed that [illegible] about [illegible]'s
[illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Gradually [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible]
of John's death. In the [illegible] he [illegible] "The water [illegible]
[illegible]. I kept [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] poppies." The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible],
and then at [illegible] "All like John." They were all [illegible]
right into his [illegible]. Some [illegible] [illegible] over [illegible] his
[illegible] a little. During his [illegible], he [illegible] a [illegible],
after which he [illegible] [illegible] John. He [illegible] the
[illegible] in [illegible] with [illegible], and still holding her [illegible]
he began to talk of his [illegible] [illegible], without [illegible], [illegible],
it was a [illegible] [illegible], without [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] it of [illegible], just as [illegible]
[illegible] it from [illegible]. And [illegible] it all, the [illegible]
of his [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]..." (p.[illegible] [illegible] [illegible].)

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[14] p. 120.

It is at the MacCallum place, to which he flees after causing his grandfather's death, that his attempt to escape John ends. In the pastoral place of refuge, Bayard's repressed thoughts break loose, and he condemns "the Player" for John's death, and then himself for not being dead too.

> He stared into the fire for a time, rubbing his hands slowly on his knees, and for an instant he saw the recent months of his life coldly in their headlong and heedless wastefulness; saw its entirety like the swift unrolling of a film, culminating in that which he had been warned against, and that any fool might have foreseen. Well, damn it, suppose it had: was he to blame? Had he given the old fellow a bum heart? and then, coldly: You were afraid to go home. You made a nigger sneak your horse out to you. You, who deliberately do things your judgment tells you may not be successful, even possible, are afraid to face the consequences of your own acts. Then again something bitter and deep and sleepless in him blazed out in vindication and justification and accusation; what, he knew not, blazing out at what, whom he did not know: You did it! You caused it all; you killed Johnny. (p.311)

> Meanwhile the greater thing breathed deeply and steadily and unawares, asleep, remote; ay, perhaps dead. Perhaps he was dead, and he recalled that morning, relived it with strained attention from the time he had seen the first tracer-smoke until, from

> his steep bank, he watched the flame burst like the gay flapping of an orange pennon from the nose of John's Camel and saw his brother's familiar gesture and the sudden sprawl of his plunging body as it lost equilibrium in midair; relived it again as you might run over a printed, oft-read tale, trying to remember, feel, a bullet going into his own body or head that might have slain him at the same instant. That would account for it, explain so much; that he too was dead and this was hell, through which he moved for ever and ever with an illusion of quickness, seeking his brother who in turn was somewhere seeking him, never the two to meet. (pp.321-322)[Italics mine.]

John and the war, not the South and Sartoris blood, are responsible for Bayard's actions. John had been the only thing of value in Bayard's life, the only thing he ever loved; when John was killed, his life lost meaning, and his actions were attempts to find meaning elsewhere. He even married Narcissa, whom he did not love, but as they lay in bed together, it was "with a ghost between them." As long as John remained in Bayard's memory, John was alive and Bayard was dead. Thus the subadar's paradox: "All this generation which fought in the war are dead tonight. But we do not yet know it."[13] The living remember what they have lost, but they do not know why they lost it, cannot explain. The living are dead to

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13. Ibid., p. 130.

themselves and to those who did not fight, who cannot understand. Hence the basic irony in Sartoris. Jenny DuPré, who knows so much about the Sartorises, knows nothing about Bayard. To her, he is just another of "those" Sartorises. But Bayard killed himself not because he was a Sartoris; he killed himself because the memory of his dead brother and his awareness of his "living death" would not let him live, because he finally realized, as did Harry Wilbourne in The Wild Palms, that "if I become not then all of remembering will cease to be."[14]

War Birds, then, depicts in detail the relationship which existed between John (the atavistic one) and Bayard. It supplies Bayard's actions in Sartoris with a concrete motivation. Bayard's compulsive behavior, his obsession with John's death, his need to put an end to his remembering, stem from his assumption of responsibility for John's death. Unable either to repress his sense of guilt by purging his memory (note the symbolic act of burning John's belongings in Sartoris), which he did not want to do, since John, if only as a memory, still represented that which had given meaning to his life; or to reconcile himself to John's death by shifting the responsibility to "the Player," which would also have placed him in an irrational and

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14. (New York, 1939), p. 324.

[illegible]

Shakespeare and he knew, and did not flinch, who cannot understand. Pierre was brainstorm in Centurion. Young Lucifer, who knows as much about [illegible] [illegible] about Heaven. He knows he is just another of "Adam's descendants." But always he [illegible] himself and [illegible] to [illegible] behind himself [illegible] the memory of his dead brother and his overcome of his "[illegible] death" could not let him [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] did during childhood in The Wild Duckling, when [illegible] and when all of [illegible] vital [illegible] to [illegible].[14]

In Pierre, then, Melville is dated his relationship with related between John (the alexandrin cast and [illegible]). In [illegible] Hagarty's [illegible] in Centurion with a [illegible] [illegible]. Pierre's conjugative behavior, his obsession with John's death, his [illegible] to get in and to his [illegible], when from his [illegible] of responsibility for John's death. Pierre [illegible] to [illegible] his sense of guilt by [illegible] his [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] John's [illegible] in Centurion, which he did not want to do, alone John. If only he [illegible], still [illegible] that [illegible] and [illegible] to his life or to [illegible] [illegible] well to John's death by [illegible] the responsibility [illegible] Lucifer," which would also have [illegible] his in an [illegible] and

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[14] (New York, 1930), p. 324.

meaningless world, Bayard destroyed himself. But he was dead anyway. He died on "the eleventh of November, 1918."

Thus War Birds throws a new light on Sartoris, and reveals Faulkner trying to synthesize his "lost generation" attitude and his sense of the Southern past.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE NATURE OF THE ACHIEVEMENT

Was Faulkner a good screen writer? As the conclusion to the second chapter stated, the two Hollywood producer-directors most familiar with Faulkner's work differ somewhat in their judgments. According to Howard Hawks, Faulkner had "inventiveness, taste, and great ability to characterize and the visual imagination to translate those qualities into the medium of the screen." According to Nunnally Johnson, "he couldn't write dramatic material. He was honest in that he tried and did the best he could. He didn't contribute anything to screen writing in terms of mood, coloration, etc." In 1956, Faulkner said of himself: "I know now that I will never be a good motion picture writer; so that work will never have the urgency for me which my own medium has."[1] Two years later he stated what appears to be his criterion for this self-judgment: "I've never had much confidence in my capacity as a scenarist. It ain't my racket. I can't see things....I can only hear."[2] [Italics mine.]

1. Jean Stein, The Paris Review, XII, p. 35.

2. Howard Thompson, New York Times, March 16, 1958, p. 7.

Howard Hawks is, of course, correct. Faulkner's novels reveal his "inventiveness," his "taste" (though to some readers this is likely to be suspect), his "great ability to characterize," and his "visual imagination." But Hawks has not said that Faulkner ever succeeded in translating "those qualities into the medium of the screen." Nunnally Johnson is, in his fashion, also correct. There is no indication in Faulkner's Hollywood work that he contributed anything of significance to the art of screen writing, or that he could write "dramatic material"—<u>for the screen</u>. Note well: for the screen. For Faulkner's best novels are essentially dramatic; in his own medium, Faulkner was able to fuse form, theme, and the narrative technique into an intensely dramatic whole.

Faulkner's own "I can't see things....I can only hear" fails to be convincing, and should probably be taken as just another of those enigmatic remarks which he seems to be so fond of making about his own work. The imagery in all of his novels is predominantly visual, often kinesthetic, but seldom aural. His conceptualization and presentation of scenes is usually in terms of their visual qualities. His acute social commentary derives from his ability to see. Faulkner's artistic purpose, like Conrad's, is "by the power

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of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you see. That—and no more, and it is everything."[3]

Thus Faulkner, as novelist, possessed those qualities which Hawks attributed to him, which Johnson did not recognize, and which he himself denied. He possessed those very qualities essential to the good screen writer. And yet, in terms of cinematographic criteria, he was not a good screen writer.

V. I. Pudovkin, the Russian director and film theorist, has written what is probably the best analysis of the function of the screenplay and the obligations of the screen writer. "The novelist," according to Pudovkin, "expresses his keystones in written descriptions, the dramatist by rough dialogue, but the scenarist must think in plastic (externally expressive) images. He must train his imagination, he must develop the habit of representing to himself whatever comes into his head in the form of a sequence of images upon the screen....A scenario will only be good if its writer shall have mastered a knowledge of specific methods, if he know how to use them as weapons for the winning of effect; otherwise, the scenario will be but raw material that must, to

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3. Preface to Nigger of the Narcissus (New York, 1914), p. 3.

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[6]Preface to Nigger of the Narcissus (New York, 1914), p. 8.

an extent of ninety per cent, be subordinated to the treatment of a specialist."[4] Pudovkin then develops the idea of "externally expressive images" into an aesthetic concept.

> The scenario-writer must bear always in mind the fact that every sentence that he writes will have to appear plastically upon the screen in some visible form. Consequently, it is not the words he writes that are important, but the externally expressed plastic images that he describes in these words. As a matter of fact, it is not so easy to find such plastic images. They must, before anything else, be clear and expressive. Anyone familiar with literary work can well represent to himself what is an expressive word, or an expressive style; he knows that there are such things as telling, expressive words, as vividly expressive word-constructions—sentences. Similarly, he knows that the involved, obscure style of an inexperienced writer, with a multitude of superfluous words, is the consequence of his inability to select and control them. What is here said of literary work is entirely applicable to the work of the scenarist, only the word is replaced by the plastic image. The scenarist must know how to find and to use plastic (visually expressive) material: that is to say, he must know how to discover and how to select, from the limitless mass of material provided by life and its observation, those forms and movements that shall most clearly and vividly express in images the <u>whole content</u> of his idea.[5]

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4. <u>Film Technique and Film Acting</u>, trans. Ivor Montague (New York, 1949), pp. 14, 26.

5. <u>Ibid.</u>, pp. 26-27. For Pudovkin, even dialogue had to have a quality of plasticity. Above all it had to be contributory to the "whole content" of the screen writer's basic idea, and could not be used in such a way as to usurp the function of the camera.

an extent of clarity, or even, be subordinated to the requirement of a specialist."[4] Such will then describe the idea of "actually expressive images" into an aesthetic context.

> The economic-writer must then always be mind the fact that every sentence he writes will have to appear physically upon the screen in some visible form. Consequently, it is not the words as writing that are important, but the externally experienced physical images that he describes in these words. In a matter of fact, it is useless sort to find such physical images. They exist, before anything else, be clear and expressive. Anyone familiar with literary work can well remember to have said that is an expressive word, or an expressive style; he knows that there are such things as clifing, expressive words, or vividly expressive sentences. Similarly, he knows that the involved, obscure style of an inexperienced writer, with a sense of superfluous words, is the consequence of his inability to select and control them. What is here said of literary work is entirely applicable to the work of the economist, only the word is replaced by the physical image. The economist must know how to find and use physical (visually expressive) materials that is to say, he must know how to discover and how to select, from the limitless mass of material provided by life and its observation, those forms and movements that shall most clearly and vividly express in images the whole content of his idea.[5]

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[4] Julius Christian and Alfred Kuhlmann, Eigenes. Ivor Montagne (New York, 1929), pp. 14, 30.

[5] Ibid., pp. 29-30. For Christian, even dialogue had to have a reality of physicality. Here all is lost in the contributory to the "whole content" of its common writer's basic idea, and should not be used in such a way as to crowd the function of the camera.

None of Faulkner's screen writings "express in images the whole content of his idea," nor do they develop his story in plastic images. Faulkner relied primarily on written descriptions to present character, motivation, attitude, and point-of-view. Only occasionally did he use images translatable into visible form, and these were not always good; rarely did an idea or theme inform his writings in a consistent manner.

Faulkner may not have been a good screen writer, but he was a potentially good one. For in his novels can be found what Pudovkin has called the "specific methods" of cinematographic art. Richard Chase refers to the "symbolic texture" of Light in August as "very much a matter of mechanics and dynamics—a poetry of physics. Repeatedly Faulkner presents appearance, event, and even character in the images of stasis, motion, velocity, weight, lightness, mass, line, relative position, circle, sphere, emptiness, fullness, light, and dark."[6] These images appear in other novels besides Light in August; their function is not only "symbolic," but methodological. They are part of Faulkner's narrative technique, and they are, if anything, "plastically" expressive.

Faulkner has also made use of the "montage"—which both Eisenstein and Pudovkin regard as the basic principle of

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6. "The Stone and the Crucifixion," Kenyon Review, X (August, 1948), p. 539.

None of Faulkner's novels written "against the image of the whole analogy of his time," nor is they develop his story in phenomenic images. Faulkner relies primarily on written descriptions to present character, motivation, attitude, and point-of-view. Only occasionally did he use images independently into visible form, and these were not always good; rarely did an idea or theme inform his creation in a nonaesthetic manner.

Faulkner may not have been a "good narrative writer," but he was a potentially good one. For in his novels can be found what Frohock has called the "specific residue" of phenomenography. Hashmat Ghaem refers to the "phenomenologist" of Light in August as "very much a matter of movements and dynamics—a poetry of physics. Happenings, whether processes, appearances, events, and even character is the image of motion, velocity, weight, lightness, mass, time, relative position, circle, sphere, emptiness, fullness, light, and dark."[6] These images appear in other novels besides Light in August; their function is not only "phenomenic," but metaphorical. They are parts of Faulkner's narrative technique, and they are, if anything, "phenomenally" expressive.

Faulkner has also made use of the "analogy"—which both Flaubert and Dostoevsky relied on the basic principle of

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[6] "The Ghaem and the Confrontation," Sewanee Review, 2 (August, 1966), p. 428.

the film. Although montage is not peculiar to the film, but is an old literary device (Eisenstein traced montage back from David Wark Griffith, whom he considered the founder of cinematographic art, to Dickens),[7] Joseph Warren Beach has suggested that modern writers using the stream of consciousness technique were strongly influenced by film technique—especially montage.[8] There is quite a difference between montage as it appears in Dickens and Flaubert (the agricultural fair scene in Madame Bovary, for example), and the way in which Faulkner uses it in The Sound and the Fury and As I Lay Dying. Whereas Flaubert's purpose was the "expressive sharpening of an idea,"[9] Faulkner's purpose was the "infinite expansion of the moment."[10] In his later work—Light in August, Absalom,

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7. "Dickens, Griffith, and the Film Today," Film Form, ed. and trans. Jay Leyda (New York, 1957), pp. 195-255. Eisenstein defines montage (p. 49) as "an idea that arises from the collision of independent shots—shots even opposite to one another: the 'Dramatic' principle." For further definition and analysis of montage, see Raymond Spottiswoode, A Grammar of the Film (Berkeley, 1950), pp. 51-53, 193-206; Rudolph Arnheim, Film as Art (Berkeley, 1957), pp. 87-102; Pudovkin, pp. 26-92.

8. The Twentieth Century Novel: Studies in Technique (New York, 1932), pp. 524-525.

9. Eisenstein, p. 12.

10. A term which Joseph Warren Beach uses in discussing the techniques of post-impressionist novelists.

the film; Antonioni usually is not specific on the film, but is an old Hollywood device (Hemingway brought montage back from David Griffith, who as satirized the formula of cinematographic art, so Malraux).[7] Jorge Farias Bravo has suggested that modern writers using the kinds of montage techniques were strongly influenced by film technique--especially montage.[8] There is quite a difference between montage as it appears in Dickens and Flaubert (the epistolary form seems to Madame Bovary, for example), and the way in which Faulkner uses it in The Sound and the Fury and As I Lay Dying. Sherman Ellworth's purpose was the "expressive arrangement of an idea,"[9] Faulkner's purpose was the "intuitive organization of the moment."[10] In his later work--Light in August, Absalom,

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[7] "Montage, Griffith, and the Film Today," Film Form, ed. and trans. Jay Leyda (New York, 1949), pp. 59-60. Alexandrian montage (q. v.) as "an idea born out of the collision of independent shots--shots equal in its monotony to the 'primitive' principle." Von Faulkner definition and analysis of montage, see Leopold Spitzer, A Grammar of the Film (Berkeley, 1950), pp. 81-84, 108-109; Rudolph Arnheim, Film as Art (Berkeley, 1957), pp. 87-108; Kracauer, pp. 4-108.

[8] The Technique Cortázar Novels: Studies in Technique (New York, 1966), pp. 44-50.

[9] Ellworth, p. 18.

[10] A Gary Wilder Charge Letter Based Here in Mississippi: The Relationship of Post-Impressionist Novelists.

Absalom!, The Wild Palms, The Hamlet, Go Down, Moses—Faulkner used montage to build his scenes dramatically, to create suspense and tension between scenes, and to give the work structural unity. The technique of the shifting point of view (stream of consciousness shifts from person to person, and is consequently internally consistent for each person) which is found in Light in August and Absalom, Absalom! can be compared with Eisenstein's concept of "the embodied viewpoint on phenomena."[11]

The longer Faulkner worked for Hollywood, the more his montage came to resemble cinematographic montage. In the "spotted horses" sequence of The Hamlet, for example, he, in effect, uses such filmic devices as the "close up," and the "cut" (from the Texan to Miss Littlejohn to the crowd to the trading to the Texan to Miss Littlejohn, etc.).[12] This pattern, which is responsible for much of the humor and irony, is not present in the original story, "Spotted Horses," which Faulkner wrote before he went to Hollywood.[13]

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11. Eisenstein, p. 233. He traces the aesthetic growth of cinematographic technique from the early use of the camera as a recording instrument to the use of the camera as a participant. Eisenstein used the camera "subjectively"—achieving an "embodied viewpoint" through the perceptions of various characters. He believed that from a study of literary techniques, film theorists and artists learned how to use the camera "properly."

12. (New York, 1940), pp. 284-308.

13. "Spotted Horses" was first published in Scribner's, LXXXIX (June, 1931), pp. 585-597.

Ibsen's, The Wild Duck, Le Prince, Jr. Jean, Gaston-Gaston used montage to build his scenes dramatically, to create sequence and emotion between objects, and to give the work structural unity. The sensitive of the shifting points of view (shown of monologues with the fish bowls in photos, and in sensationally tabernacly complicated for each person) which is found in Ibsen's Ibsen in Danger and Ibsen's Daughter can be compared with Eisenstein's concept of "his conflicted viewpoints on phenomena."[11]

The longer Faulkner worked for Hollywood, the more his montage came to resemble cinematographic montage. In the "spotted horses" sequence of The Hamlet, for example, he offers, each each fluid devices as the "close up" and the "cut" (from the Fonzo to Mink Snopes's shotgun to the crowd to the trading to the Fonzo to Mink Snopes's shotgun, etc.).[12] This pattern, which is responsible for much of the humor and irony, is not present in the original story, "Spotted Horses," which Faulkner wrote before he went to Hollywood.[13]

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[11] Eisenstein, p. 238. He traces the cinematic growth of film montage technique from the early use of the camera as a recording instrument to the use of the camera as a participant. Eisenstein used the camera "subjectively -- exhibiting an 'embodied viewpoint' through the perception of various characters." He believed that from a study of literary techniques, film directors and critics learned how to use the camera "properly."

[12] (New York, 1940), pp. 206-207.

[13] "Spotted Horses" was first published in Harper's, LXXXIX (June, 1931), pp. 806-817.

Robert Penn Warren has observed that in Faulkner's novels "there is the device of what we might call the frozen moment...."[14] Light in August supplies excellent illustrations of the "frozen moment" on an "imagistic" level. Lena Grove stands beside the road, waiting for Henry Armstid's wagon to pick her up. "Though the mules pled in a steady and unflagging hypnosis, the vehicle does not seem to progress. It seems to hang suspended in the middle distance forever and forever...."[15] Later, she is in another wagon, on her way to Jefferson. "The wagon moves slowly, steadily, as if here within the sunny loneliness of the enormous land it were outside of, beyond all time and haste....The wagon creaks on. Fields and woods seem to hang in some inescapable middle distance, at once static and fluid, quick, like mirages. Yet the wagon passes them."[16]

In Absalom, Absalom! the "frozen moment" occurs most frequently (and splendidly) on the "scenic" level. Faulkner's scenes are composed of "tableaux"—graphic pictures. There is no movement within a tableau; motion derives from the rhetorical juxtaposition of tableaux. Thus what Warren refers to as the "frozen moment" is Faulkner's successful transcendence

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14. "Cowley's Faulkner," The New Republic, LXV (August 26, 1946), p. 237.

15. (New York, 1950), p. 7.

16. Ibid., p. 24.

Robert Penn Warren has observed that in Faulkner's novels "there is the desire of man to sight well the frozen moment..."[14] Light in August supplies numerous illustrations of the "frozen moment" on an "imaginative" level. When Doctor Hawke hands Lena the road, waiting for Hardy Christmas's wagon to pick her up. "Though the noise died in a strange and unfamiliar hypocenia, the vehicle does not seem to progress. It seems to hang suspended in the middle distance forever and forever..."[15] Later, she is in another wagon, on her way to Jefferson. "The wagon moves slowly, steadily, as if it were within the grey loneliness of the enormous land it were cruising off, beyond all ages and travel...The wagon creaks on. Fields and woods seem to hang in some inexplicable middle distance, at once static and fluid, quiet, like strangers. Not the wagon moves them."[16]

In Absalom, Absalom! the "frozen moment" occurs more frequently (and effectively) on the "mimetic" level. Faulkner's scenes are composed of "kaleidoscopic-photographic pictures. There is no movement within a tableau; motion derives from the rhythmical juxtaposition of tableaux. This very literal method is as the "frozen moment" in Faulkner's chronological transcendence

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[14] "Quentin's Continuum," The New Republic, LXV (August 29, 1934), p. 92.

[15] (New York, 1947), p. 5.

[16] Ibid., p. 24.

of the discursive limitations of language—his achievement of "terrific immobility," spatially as well as temporally. In Light in August, Faulkner made this aesthetic principle manifest when he described Lena Grove as "something moving forever and without progress across an urn."[17] The reference to Keats is unmistakable, and in his "Ode" Keats also succeeded in creating motion within stasis.

This same principle is basic to the film. Each exposed piece of celluloid—each "shot"—is equivalent to an image or a tableau. The composition of the shot gives it whatever tension between movement and stillness it might possess. Like the image and the tableau, the "shot" contains no internal movement. Eisenstein's proposition—"The concept of the moving (time-consuming) image arises from the superimposition—or counterpoint—of two differing immobile images"[18]—can be taken as a description of Faulkner's compositional technique.

Faulkner's story-telling technique incorporates the plastic image, the use of montage, and the concept of the "frozen moment"—which "clearly and vividly [express] in images the whole content of his idea." It is his total art which most noticeably resembles the art of the film. It was

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17. Ibid., p. 6.

18. "A Dialectic Approach to Film Form," Film Form, p. 55.

of the discovery that light is of immense—the maintenance of "terrific immobility," specially as well as temporally. In light is energy, another way in which aesthetic principle manifest also be described here from as "controlling energy forever and without progress around on work."[17] The reference to Yeats is unmistakable, and in the "Cat" poem also succeeded in creating action within stasis.

This same principle is found in the film. Upon reviewing pieces of evaluation—each "about"—in equivalent to an image or a sculpture. The composition of the film gives its "unity" tension between movement and stillness is might perceive. Like the lamp and the tableau, the "plot" contains no internal movement. Discontinuity prevails—"the strength of the moving (time-consuming) image arises from the superimposition or juxtaposition—of two differing immobile images"[18]—can be taken as a description of Faulkner's complicated construction.

Realistic story-telling, conducted descriptive the plastic image, the use of montage, and the presence of the "frozen moment—that vitality and vividly [illegible] in images the whole content of his time." It is his focus art which most [illegible] resembles the art of the film. If the

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[17] Ibid., p. [illegible]

[18] "A Dialectic Approach to Film Form," Film Form, p. [illegible]

observed above that Faulkner's best novels are essentially dramatic, that his imagery is predominantly visual and kinesthetic, and that his scenes possess an intensely visual quality. Whether Faulkner develops his novels in some variation of a "circular" form (Light in August, Absalom, Absalom!, The Wild Palms, A Fable), or in "linear" fashion (Sartoris, Sanctuary, Pylon, The Hamlet, Intruder in the Dust), his scenes, his characters, his themes are so vividly presented that they give the impression of being experienced directly—through the senses—rather than indirectly by way of the "mind." The scene, from Light in August, in which Gail Hightower—one of Faulkner's great characters—attempts to make his wife experience a past incident just as he himself has experienced it, is a microcosmic example of the way in which Faulkner tries to make his readers experience his novels.

> I know the very street that they rode into town upon and then out again. I have never seen it but I know exactly how it will look. I know exactly how the house that we will some day own and live in upon the street will look. It won't be at first, for a while.... But soon, as soon as we can, where we can look out the window and see the street, maybe even the hoofmarks or their shapes in the air, because the same air will be there even if the dust, the mud, is gone—Hungry, gaunt, yelling, setting fire to the store depots of a whole carefully planned campaign and riding out again. No looting at all: no stopping for even

observed above that Faulkner's best novels are essentially dramatic, that his language is predominantly visual (a blend of words, and that his scenes possess an intensely visual quality. Whether Faulkner developed his novels in some variation of "stream-of-consciousness" form (Light in August, Absalom, Absalom!, The Wild Palms, & Pylon), or in "linear" fashion (Sartoris, Sanctuary, Pylon, The Mansion, Intruder in the Dust), his scenes, his characters, his theme can be visibly presented that they give the impression of being experienced directly—through the senses—rather than indirectly by way of his "voice." The scene, from Light in August, in which Gail Hightower—one of Faulkner's great characters—attempts to make his wife experience a pure incident just as he himself has experienced it, is a microcosmic example of the way in which Faulkner tries to make his readers experience his novels.

> I know the very street that they rode into town upon and then one again. I have never been it but I know exactly how it will look. I know exactly how the house that we will move day from and into in upon the street will look. It may be on fire, for a while, the smoke and even as we ride away we can look back out the window and see the street, maybe even the buildings or their shape in the city, because the moon will still be there even in the dark, the end, in pre-dawn, ground, yielding, reeling free to the alien cupola of a world curtainly pivoting changing and rising and again falling as it, we with the city

> shoes, tobacco. I tell you, they were not men after spoils and glory; they were boys riding the sheer tremendous tidal wave of desperate living. Boys. Because this. This is beautiful. Listen. Try to see it.... Mind you, they were hungry. They had been hungry for three years. Perhaps they were used to that. Anyway, they had just set fire to tons of food and clothing and tobacco and liquors, taking nothing though there had not been issued any order against looting, and they turn now [notice the shift to the present tense], with all that for background, backdrop: the consternation, the conflagration; the sky itself must have been on fire. You can see it, hear it: the shouts, the shots, the shouting of triumph and terror, the drumming hooves, the trees uprearing against that red glare as though fixed too in terror, the sharp gables of houses like the jagged edge of the exploding and ultimate earth. Now it is a close place: you can feel, hear in the darkness horses pulled short up, plunging; clashes of arms; whispers overloud, hard breathing, the voices still triumphant; behind them the rest of the troops galloping past toward the rallying bugles. That you must hear, feel: then you see. You see before the crash, in the abrupt red glare the horses with wide eyes and nostrils in tossing heads, sweatstained; the gleam of metal, the white gaunt faces of living scarecrows who have not eaten all they wanted at one time since they could remember; perhaps some of them had already dismounted, perhaps one or two had already entered the henhouse. All this you see before the crash of the shotgun comes; then blackness again. [Italics mine.][19]

Like Hightower, Faulkner is both camera and projector.[20] Like such film artists and theoreticians as Eisenstein, Pudovkin,

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19. Pp. 423-424.

20. Compare Hightower's "You must hear, feel: then you see" with Conrad's "by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel--it is, before all, to make you see."

Rudolph Arnheim, he is not attempting to reproduce reality; his art is recreative, not mimetic. His story-telling technique tries to make the historical, objective "was" the subjective "now." That Thomas Sutpen may have happened is not as important as that he is happening. He is happening because of Faulkner's ability to capture the moment, in all its aspects, visually, plastically, dynamically. Thus Faulkner's techniques bear enough resemblance to Pudovkin's "specific methods" to be legitimately termed "cinematographic."[21]

Thus also, some of Faulkner's novels—Sanctuary (which Paramount produced in 1933), Light in August (which Jerry Wald of Twentieth Century-Fox plans to produce), Pylon (which Universal produced in 1957), The Wild Palms, and Absalom, Absalom! (which Faulkner, in 1936, suggested be made into a film)—seem almost constructed for cinematographic treatment. Such a suggestion may at first appear ludicrous. But one must consider that, whereas Faulkner's rhetoric is necessary to the novels because, with it, Faulkner has been able to "freeze"

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21. Conrad Aiken has said of Faulkner's technique: "What Mr. Faulkner is after, in a sense, is a continuum. He wants a medium without stops or pauses, a medium which is always of the moment, and of which the passage from moment to moment is as fluid and detectable as in the life itself which he is purporting to give. It is all inside and underneath, or as seen from within and below; the reader must therefore be steadily drawn in; he must be powerfully and unremittingly hypnotized inward and downward to the image stream...." "William Faulkner: The Novel as Form," Harvard Advocate, CXXXV (November, 1951), p. 24.

Rudolph Arnheim, he is not attempting to reproduce reality; his art is venerative, not mimetic. His story-telling techniques to make the literature, objective "see" the underlying "use." That Thomas Edison may have happened on both of these as just by *in* happenings. In his beginning because of Faulkner's ability to capture the sound, in all the aspects, sensuality, physicality, dynamicity. When Faulkner's technique bear enough resemblance to Eisenstein's "montage method" to be legitimately termed "cinematography."[21]

Thus also, none of Faulkner's novels—*Sanctuary* (which Paramount produced in 1933), *Light in August* (which Jerry Wald of Twentieth Century-Fox plans to produce), *Pylon* (which Universal produced in 1937), *The Wild Palms*, and *Absalom, Absalom!* (which Faulkner, in 1936, suggested be made into a film)—were almost constructed for cinematographic treatment. Such a suggestion may at first appear indicrous. But one must consider that, whereas Faulkner's rhetoric is necessary to the novels because, with it, Faulkner has been able to "create"

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[21] Conrad Aiken has said of Faulkner's novelistic "that Mr. Faulkner is either, in a sense, is a cinematographer. He works a moving camera over or passes a moving scene in sight of the reader and of which the passage from moment to moment is as vivid and observable as the life itself which he is purporting to give. It is all inside and underneath, or we see from the eyes and hearts the reader must therefore be [illegible] he must be personally and [illegible] interest and attention to the image [illegible]." "William Faulkner: The Novel as Form," *The Atlantic Advocate*, XXXV (November, 1954), p. [illegible]

the moment—to create presentational images in a discursive medium—in the film, which is essentially a presentational medium, his rhetoric can be "translated" to visual form almost directly. As novelist, Faulkner wrote stories more suitable for the screen than those he wrote as screen writer.

How, then, explain why, given his visual imagination, his sense of story, his "experience" with cinematographic methods—Faulkner wrote no outstanding screenplays or treatments, wrote not even good ones? The answer seems to lie partly in Faulkner's technique and partly in the Hollywood system.

What Nunnally Johnson probably meant when he said that Faulkner could not write dramatic material was that Faulkner could not create in terms of the dramatic form. For Faulkner is not a dramatist; Requiem for a Nun—a "play in three acts"—is perhaps his poorest extended piece of writing (even though it did receive acclaim when staged).[22] The play proper comes as an anti-climax after the narrative brilliance of the passages relating the founding of the Jefferson courthouse and jail. Requiem for a Nun was Faulkner's first, and last, attempt to use the dramatic form. Like Howells and

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22. See, for example, the review of the play by Walter Kerr, New York Herald Tribune, February 2, 1959, p. 10.

ter moment—to create representational images in a dramatic medium—in the film, which is essentially a representational medium, his rhetoric can be "translated" to visual form almost directly. As novelists, Faulkner wrote stories more suitable for the screen than those he wrote as novelist-stylist.

Now, then, explain why, given his visual imagination, his sense of story, his "experience" with cinematographic methods—Faulkner wrote no outstanding screenplays or treatments, wrote not even good ones? The answer comes to lie partly in Faulkner's temperament and partly in the Hollywood system.

What immediately indicates probably most strongly he said that Faulkner could not write dramatic material was that Faulkner could not create in terms of the dramatic form. For Faulkner is not a dramatist: Dangles for a Man—a "play in three acts"—is perhaps his nearest extended piece of writing (even though it did receive modest when staged).[22] The play proper comes as an anti-climax after the narrative brilliance of the passages relating the founding of the Jefferson aristocracy and jail. Dangles for a Man was Faulkner's first, and last, attempt to use the dramatic form. Like Dorothy and

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[22]Cook, for example, has review of the play by Walter Kerr, New York Herald Tribune, February 4, 1959, p. 19.

James, who also failed when they pursued "the embodied drama rather than the dramatic effect,"[23] Faulkner is primarily a novelist, has had a "continuous preoccupation with the novel as form."[24] Deprive him of his narrative technique and his rhetoric and he loses his creative power.

Therefore, when Faulkner went to Hollywood and was required to write "plays" for the screen (which, because they are for the screen, do not admit of the rhetorical kind of dialogue that may be found in the stage play), he was doubly handicapped: he not only had to write "embodied drama," but embodied drama for a non-literary medium.

Certain aspects of the Hollywood system (whose general effect on the screen writer was discussed in the first chapter) were particularly responsible for the quality of Faulkner's work. The assembly-line method of production deprived him of control over his own writings once he had finished them. His reaction, according to producer David Hempstead, was one of indifference.[25] If the word, which in his novels was inviolate, could be tampered with by other writers, by the director, the producer, the actors, the editor, the censorship office, etc.--if the word had almost no chance of appearing

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23. F. W. Dupee, Henry James (New York, 1956), p. 143.

24. Conrad Aiken, p. 25.

25. Information from a conversation with David Hempstead, August 28, 1958.

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[63] T. S. Eliot, Dante (New York, 1929), p. 143.

[64] Conrad Aiken, p. 82.

[65] Information from a conversation with David Hempstead, August 22, 1958.

on the screen, why exert oneself? By the time Faulkner went to work for Twentieth Century-Fox, he considered screen writing a job, not a medium for artistic expression.

Even if Faulkner had not assumed this attitude and had tried to say something worthwhile, the Hollywood fear of experimentation and its standardization of the product would have thwarted him. The motion picture industry has never encouraged departure from the commercially successful formula picture. It is more than likely that, given Faulkner's novelistic techniques, any contribution he could have made to the art of the screenplay would have entailed formal and thematic innovations. For example, if he had been permitted to use the technique of "photogenic narration"[26] (passages written into the screenplay that in the film are narrated) which Jean Cocteau employed with success in such pictures as Sang d'un Poète and Les Enfants Terribles, and which Raymond Williams believes would enable the film to "equal the capacity of the novel in comment, analysis, description of submerged feeling,"[27] Faulkner might conceivably have written good screenplays, especially if he had been permitted to develop his own themes in terms of this form. He would

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26. Term used by Rudolph Arnheim, Film as Art (Berkeley, 1957), p. 139.

27. Raymond Williams and Michael Orrom, Preface to Film (London, 1954), p. 53.

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[26] Term used by Pudovkin Arnheim, Film as Art (Berkeley, 1957), p. 120.

[27] Raymond Williams and Michael Orrom, Preface to Film (London, 1954), p. 69.

then have been able to create organically, and his novelistic techniques would have become assets, rather than liabilities. He could have transcended non-literary "embodied drama" and fused novel and film.

All this is conjecture. Yet it is interesting to note that in War Birds and Country Lawyer, the most successful pieces Faulkner wrote for the screen, he was dealing with his own characters, his own themes and attitudes, his own region. That he wrote War Birds at the beginning of his Hollywood career, and Country Lawyer towards the end of it, suggests that the quality of his work was not a matter of experience; that he used cinematographic elements in his novels, but not in his screenplays, suggests that the quality of his work was not a matter of perception, imagination, or ability. The implication seems to be that Faulkner's total production in Hollywood must be seen as the result of an irreconciliable conflict between business and art. Thus the film remained an alien medium to Faulkner. He was like those other writers who "accepted work in Hollywood as a cynical, albeit craftsman-like way of subsidizing the things they really wanted to do," who accumulated their pay checks and "went back...to 'their own work,' the word that conveyed them most intimately."[28]

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28. Budd Schulberg, A Face in the Crowd, p. 20.

that have been able to create originality, and his novelistic techniques would have become assets, rather than liabilities. He could have synthesized non-literary "realistic drama" and famed novel and film.

All this is conjecture. Yet it is interesting to note that in *The River* and *Lonely Voyage*, the most successful pieces Faulkner wrote for the screen, he was dealing with his own characters, his own themes and obsessions, his own region. That he wrote *Sky Pilot* at the beginning of his Hollywood career, and *Country Lawyer* towards the end of it, suggests that the quality of his work was not a matter of opportunity, that he used dramatic elements in his novels, not as his accomplice, suggests that the quality of his work was not a matter of perception, imagination, or ability. The implication seems to be that Faulkner's total production in Hollywood was as much as the result of an irreconcilable conflict between creatures and art. Then the film remained an alien medium to Faulkner. He was like those other writers who "accepted work in Hollywood as a cynical, albeit practical, way of subsidizing the things they really wanted to do," who accumulated their pay checks and "went home...to 'their own world,' the world that survived that last inflationary."[38]

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[38] Maud Gershberg, "A Pain in the Crotch," p. 50.

One final thought. Hollywood did not give Faulkner the opportunity to adapt his own work. Hollywood continued to hire Faulkner although he did not "produce." Hollywood was not really interested in Faulkner's work as a screen writer. Hollywood wanted Faulkner's name.

Something should be said, in passing, about the motion pictures that have been made from Faulkner's novels and short stories. For Faulkner is currently experiencing a Hollywood revival. Within the past two years, three of his novels have been "adapted" for the screen; three more are scheduled to appear shortly. Hollywood is tearing away the curtain of obscurity and unintelligibility that has estranged Faulkner from the general public; Hollywood is raising him from the depths of the esoteric to the level of the common man. Could the Nobel Prize claim so much?

Faulkner first appeared on the screen in 1933. Paramount capitalized on the popularity of Sanctuary and cast Miriam Hopkins (as Temple) and Jack LaRue (as Popeye-Trigger) in The Story of Temple Drake.[29] The picture, which

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[29]. Credits for The Story of Temple Drake are: Director: Stephen Roberts; Author: William Faulkner; Screenplay: Oliver H. P. Garrett; Cameraman: Karl Struss; Cast: Miriam Hopkins, Jack LaRue, William Gargan, William Collier Jr., Irving Pichel, Sir Guy Standing, Elizabeth Patterson, Florence Eldridge, James Eagles.

One final example. Hollywood did not give Faulkner the opportunity to adapt his own work. Hollywood continued to hire Faulkner although he did not "produce." Hollywood was not really interested in Faulkner's work as a novelist. Hollywood wanted Faulkner's name.

Something should be said, in passing, about the motion pictures that have been made from Faulkner's novels and short stories. For Faulkner is currently experiencing a Hollywood revival. Within the past ten years, three of his novels have been "adapted" for the screen; three more are scheduled to appear shortly. Hollywood is leaving over the outlook of obscurity and unintelligibility that has contained Faulkner from the general public; Hollywood is raising him from the depths of the nonreader to the level of the common man. Could the Nobel Prize claim as much?

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[29] Credits for The Story of Temple Drake are: Director: Stephen Roberts; Cast: Miriam Hopkins, William Gargan, Jack Oakie, Oliver H. P. Garrett; Cameramen: Karl Struss, Harry Fischbeck, Miriam Hopkins, Jack Oakie, William Gargan, William Collier Jr., Irving Pichel, Sir Guy Standing, Elizabeth Patterson, Florence Ridlehoe, James Eagles.

was partially faithful to the novel, was a censorial scandal and a commercial failure—despite its acceptance by the New York critics. As was mentioned in the Introduction, Paramount never forgave Mr. Faulkner.

Although The Story of Temple Drake was the first picture to be made from a Faulkner work, it was delayed by the Hays Office and was not released officially until two months after Today We Live, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's competitive enterprise in the good name of Faulkner.[30] Unlike The Story of Temple Drake, Today We Live (adapted from "Turnabout") did not remain as faithful to its original, did earn money.

Two pictures in one year—followed by a sixteen-year interlude, during which not only Hollywood but the public, general as well as critical, seemed to have forgotten Faulkner. Then on September 27, 1948, Intruder in the Dust was published. Less than three months later, Ben Maddow had completed his screenplay of the novel for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Clarence Brown took his camera, crew, and cast to Oxford, Mississippi, shot his picture (supposedly with some technical advice from Faulkner), and won critical acclaim—but no awards. The film Intruder in the Dust did not even appear among the

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30. Today We Live was released on March 3, 1933; The Story of Temple Drake, on May 6, 1933.

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[30] *Today We Live* was released on March 3, 1936; *The Story of Temple Drake*, on May 9, 1936.

fifty-four films which comprised the 1949 Film Daily Honor List.[31]

In 1950, Faulkner was awarded the Nobel Prize. Given the Hollywood practice of exploiting names and issues, Faulkner's novels should have been prime material for the screen. But for inexplicable reasons, Hollywood was not interested. Seven years passed. In 1957, Universal bought Pylon. Producer Albert Zugsmith and director Douglas Sirk made The Tarnished Angels from it.[32] The picture was not well-received critically. Then suddenly, and again inexplicably, what might be called a Faulkner "boom" swept Hollywood. In 1958, Jerry Wald, of Twentieth-Century Fox, released The Long Hot Summer[33] (adapted from Book Three of

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31. The editors of The Film Daily, the "Journal of Record" of the motion picture industry, include in the Film Daily Yearbook a list of what they consider to be the year's outstanding pictures. This honor roll reflects, as that of the New York critics does not, the attitudes of the industry.

32. Credits for The Tarnished Angels are: Producer: Albert Zugsmith; Director: Douglas Sirk; Screenplay: George Zuckerman; Author: William Faulkner; Photography: Irving Glassberg; Music: Frank Skinner; Sound: Leslie Carey and Carson Jewett; Film Editor: Russell Schoengarth; Cast: Rock Hudson, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, Jack Carson, Robert Middleton, Alan Reed, Alexander Lockwood, Chris Olsen, Robert J. Wilke, Troy Donahue, William Schallert.

33. Credits for The Long Hot Summer are: Producer: Jerry Wald; Director: Martin Ritt; Screenplay: Irving Ravetch and Harriett Frank Jr.; Author: William Faulkner; Photography: Joseph LaShelle; Music: Alex North;

forty-four films which comprised the 1949 *Film Daily* Poll of stars.[91]

In 1949, Faulkner was awarded the Oscar twice, once for Hollywood practice of exploiting women and horses; Faulkner's novels always have been popular material for the screen. Not for intelligent reasons, Hollywood has always admired. Seven years passed. In 1957, Universal bought *Pylon*. Producer Albert Zugsmith had intended for Jane Fonda made *The Tarnished Angels* from it.[92] The picture's was not well-received critically. Then suddenly, and quite almost, what might be called a Faulkner "boom" among Hollywood. In 1958, Jerry Wald, of Twentieth-Century Fox, released *The Long Hot Summer*[93] (adapted from Faulkner's

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[91] The editors of *The Film Daily*, the "Journal of Record" of the motion picture industry, included in the *Film Daily Yearbook* a list of what they considered to be the year's outstanding pictures. This honor roll embraces, in fact, if the film trade critics were any, the attitudes of the industry.

[92] Credits for *The Tarnished Angels* are: Producer Albert Zugsmith; Director: Douglas Sirk; Screenplay: George Zuckerman; Cinematography: Russell Metty; Film Editor: Frank Gravatte; Music: Frank Skinner; Cast: Rock Hudson, Dorothy Malone, Robert Middleton, Jeff Chandler, Robert Loggia, Alexander Lockwood, Gloria Olsen, Robert L. Miller, Jerry Hausner, Miller Tabakoff.

[93] Credits for *The Long Hot Summer* are: Producer: Jerry Wald; Director: Martin Ritt; Screenplay: Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr.; Author: William Faulkner; Cinematography: Joseph LaShelle; Music: Alex North;

The Hamlet and from "Barn Burning"); in 1959 he released The Sound and the Fury.[34] At the same time, he purchased the screen rights to Light in August, and is currently thinking of producing it. Albert Zugsmith bought The Unvanquished, and Dick Zanuck bought Requiem for a Nun. The pictures that will be made from these books are still in the planning stage.

Of the six pictures made from Faulkner's work, Clarence Brown's Intruder in the Dust[35] is not only the best as a work of film art, but it remains the most faithful to the intention of the original. Bosley Crowther proclaimed it as "probably this year's pre-eminent picture and one of the

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33.(cont.) Sound: E. Clayton Ward and Harry M. Leonard; Film Editor: Louis R. Loeffler; Cast: Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, Orson Welles, Lee Remick, Angela Lansbury, Richard Anderson, Sarah Marshall, Mabel Albertson, J. Pat O'Malley, William Walker.

34. Credits for The Sound and the Fury are: Producer: Jerry Wald; Director: Martin Ritt; Screenplay: Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr.; Author: William Faulkner; Cast: Yul Brynner, Joanne Woodward, Margaret Leighton, Stuart Whitman, Ethel Waters, Jack Warden, Francoise Rosay, John Beal, Albert Dekker, Stephen Perry, William Gunn, Roy Glenn.

35. Credits for Intruder in the Dust are: Producer: Clarence Brown; Director: Clarence Brown; Screenplay: Ben Maddow; Author: William Faulkner; Camera: Robert Surtees; Music: Adolph Deutsch; Editor: Robert J. Kern; Cast: David Brian, Claude Jarman Jr., Juano Hernandez, Porter Hall, Elizabeth Patterson, Charles Patterson, Charles Kemper, Will Geer.

great cinema dramas of our times,"[36] and he praised Ben Maddow for his "expert" adaptation. Brown seems to have felt an obligation to the novel, and to have wished to have the film "say" what the novel "said."

This attitude has not been characteristic of the other producers of Faulkner. The Story of Temple Drake transfers the violence of Sanctuary to the screen, but little else. Popeye-Trigger, "instead of being a pathological degenerate, composed in equal parts of savagery and impotence...is a cold and evil gunman, planning his course with a sure and confident knowledge of his prowess."[37] Horace-Stephen Benbow is a young lawyer who is in love with Temple. Temple saves his life by assuring him that she ran off with Popeye-Trigger willingly--a noble sacrifice of her good name. "In the end Temple shoots her betrayer--chiefly in horror at the fascination he still possesses for her--and in the climactic episode finds a sort of salvation by admitting her shame in court and saving the life of the man on trial for a murder Trigger had committed."[38] Not quite the intention of Sanctuary!

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36. New York Times, November 23, 1949, p. 17.

37. Richard Watts, Jr., New York Herald Tribune, May 6, 1933, p. 10.

38. Ibid.

Today We Live was discussed in the fourth chapter of this dissertation. The only similarity between The Tarnished Angels and Pylon is in the names and occupations of the characters, and in the flying scenes. The theme of the picture is sex. Every male character ardently desires to sleep with Laverne Schumann (played by Dorothy Malone); every one, that is, except the newspaperman (Rock Hudson), who in the novel is the sole ardent desirer, but who in the picture is determined to make a good woman of her. He succeeds. The picture is an accurate representation of Albert Zugsmith's attitude toward adapting Faulkner. "In doing Faulkner," he remarked, "I readily depart from the story line. I read the book once, then never look at it again. I work with a kernel idea, allowing it to ramify regardless of whether the ramifications are Faulkner or not. However, I do try to retain Faulkner's tone, concepts, motifs, etc."[39]

Both The Long Hot Summer and The Sound and the Fury were written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (a husband-wife team). (See Appendix A for their statement of screen-writing principles.) Jerry Wald produced both pictures. (His rationale also appears in Appendix A.) Contrary to the convictions of Wald and the Ravetches, neither picture remotely

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[39]. Information from a conversation with Albert Zugsmith, September 10, 1958.

conveys "much of the substance and all, we hope, of the essence of the original work";[40] neither picture is "faithful to Faulkner's conception of things."[41] The Long Hot Summer is nothing more than a titillating mating game with a happy ending. The Sound and the Fury is the story of the heroic efforts of Jason Compson to save his family's name. However, Jason Compson is not really a Compson, as Mr. Wald explains:

> We felt ourselves very fortunate to acquire the services of Yul Brynner to play the role of "Jason." Temperamentally, he fit the role perfectly. Yet he has an undisguisable accent and a touch of exoticism about him that at first glance seemed out of place in the locale of our story. We made this acceptable by changing the nationality of Jason and his aging mother to French --from the Bayou country in Louisiana. In terms of the family relationships portrayed in Faulkner's novel, this was not only entirely logical but it added contrast and flavor to the story.
>
> Jason also is portrayed as having finer motivations behind his actions than in the book. In the process of dramatization, this positive note seemed essential. The rest of the characters are left virtually intact, and we trust that this one change has not prevented us from rendering the tone and quality of Faulkner's book.[42]

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40. Jerry Wald, "From Faulkner to Film," Saturday Review, XLII (March 7, 1959), p. 42.

41. Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., "On Putting Faulkner on the Screen," Twentieth Century-Fox studio memo, p. 4.

42. Jerry Wald, p. 42.

As for the characters who are left "virtually intact," Quentin Compson does not commit suicide: he becomes "an aging, gentle alcoholic"; Benjy attempts to strangle his niece, Quentin (in the novel, Benjy is completely non-violent); Dilsey is the stereotyped Negro servant (in the novel, she is the heroic figure—she "endures"); Candace is relatively insignificant—the Hollywood stereotype of the once-aristocratic Southern woman who has ruined herself morally; her daughter, Quentin, is the heroine of the story: she is "saved" by Jason, falls in love with him, and will marry him. Thus has Hollywood fulfilled what it considers its "obligation to bring our leading American novelist to the picture-goer."[43] Faulkner has been made palatable, and will continue to be made palatable. Light in August, The Unvanquished, and Requiem for a Nun also hold the promise of good entertainment.

What has been Faulkner's reaction to the treatment his work has received in Hollywood? Of Intruder in the Dust, he said: "I thought it was a fine job. That Juano Hernandez [who played the part of Lucas Beauchamp] is a fine actor—and man, too."[44] His comment about The Tarnished Angels—"Thought

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[43]. Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., p. 2.

[44]. Howard Thompson, p. 7.

it was pretty good, quite honest. But I'll have to admit I didn't recognize anything I put into it."[45]—is equally noncommittal and reflects his attitude toward being "misrepresented" on the screen. He is unconcerned, has waived all responsibility to what appears on the screen in his name. Albert Zugsmith and Jerry Wald, leading current producers of his work, do not consult him about the merits of their adaptations, nor do they request his opinion of the finished product. Faulkner does not wish to be bothered, by Hollywood producers or publicity men. He considers this aspect of his relations with Hollywood as purely financial. According to Curtis Harrington of Twentieth Century-Fox, "Faulkner is not interested in what is done with his novels once they have been bought."[46] Faulkner's attitude is economically realistic. Why not take advantage of the situation and earn welcome dividends? And even if he wished to be consulted about the adaptation, once he had sold the screen rights to a book or story, his approval or disapproval would be meaningless. In 1931, Theodore Dreiser brought suit for an injunction of the Paramount production of An American

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45. Ibid.

46. Information from a conversation with Curtis Harrington, August 26, 1958. Unfortunately, the complete economic facts of Faulkner's transactions with Hollywood are unobtainable.

American Tragedy on the grounds that it was a distortion of his work. His suit was unsuccessful.[47]

Faulkner's attitude is also aesthetically perceptive and moral. He realizes that the Hollywood motion picture is made for an audience conditioned, by Hollywood, to a certain level of reality. He does not expect Hollywood to produce intelligent, artistic films. "Some good pictures come from out there," he has said. "God knows how, but they do."[48] No fine expectations, no fine disappointments. The moral obligation is Hollywood's, not his. Faulkner summarized his attitude toward screen adaptations of his books—and perhaps toward his career as a screen writer—when he remarked to Nunnally Johnson: "I said what I wanted to say in my books. The film can never in any way alter what I have said."[49]

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[47] New York Times, August 2, 1931, p. 18. See also Matthew Josephson, "Dreiser, Reluctant, in the Films," The New Republic, LXVIII (August 19, 1931), pp. 21-22.

[48] Howard Thompson, p. 7.

[49] Information from a conversation with Nunnally Johnson, August 27, 1958.

APPENDIX A

Literary works have been, and continue to be, a prime source of material for Hollywood. Not only do they supply Hollywood with story ideas (which are difficult to come by in a system which suppresses artistic originality), but they often have the economic virtue of being "pre-sold." A "best-seller" will attract readers to see the film version (Peyton Place, Gone with the Wind, Duel in the Sun, The Ten Commandments, etc.); famous names and titles will give a picture prestige and a degree of intellectual "snob" appeal (Tolstoy's War and Peace, Dostoevsky's The Brothers Karamazov, Hemingway's The Old Man and the Sea, Faulkner's The Sound and the Fury, etc.). In adapting books and stories for the screen, Hollywood has been confronted with the problem of the interrelatedness of artistic media. Rather than work out a critical approach to this problem, or develop a general theory of film form which would establish aesthetic principles of adaptation, Hollywood has attempted to justify the license it takes with literary originals by glibly asserting that the film is an independent

art form with its own artistic requirements. Three examples of this rationale—all pertaining to Faulkner—are quoted below. They reveal some of the implicit assumptions of the "movie-makers."

ON PUTTING FAULKNER ON THE SCREEN

by

Irving Ravetch

and

Harriet Frank, Jr.

Writers of forthcoming Fox picture The Long Hot Summer. Studio Memo.

The problem involved in the making of films from notable and distinguished books places a certain responsibility on the screen writer who undertakes to translate the spirit and the intention of the novelist. Yet nothing inflexible in the way of procedure has been finally imposed on him; custom continues to allow the adapter a wide area in which to practice. We may well ask, then, if absolute fidelity to the original work is the highest virtue. Operating in a commercial field, under the inexorable necessity of touching a vast and miscellaneous audience, can he be permitted the shocking violence of a Celine, let us say, or a Hardy? Can he be forgiven for over-simplifying the complexities of a Proust? If he attempts to bring to the enormous movie audience the pure expression of a Tolstoy, and he has only ninety minutes of playing time at his disposal, dare he lift a mere fragment out of a book and represent it as being the book itself? And is there any extenuation for our man if he allows himself to be stimulated out of all proportion by the novel he has set out to transcribe, and comes up with something virtually original in itself?

The work of William Faulkner is appropriate to talk about in this respect for it is difficult and fantastic in its brilliance. The author himself acknowledges the difficulty: to a bewildered reader who said she tried reading one of the novels four times without success he simply suggested that she read it a fifth.

It is clearly impossible to bring Faulkner to the screen by just writing camera angles into the body of his scenes and then going out to shoot them. The problem is infinitely more complex than that. What can be done with his work, then, since there is an obligation to bring our leading American novelist to the picture goer? Shall it be modernized? Can the Greek tragedy of Absalom, Absalom! be updated to take place as a power fight on Madison Avenue? Does it help to relocate the story, lifting it from Yoknapatawpha County and depositing it in the Salinas Valley? Would it do to film

only a fragment, say the long section which opens The Sound and The Fury and takes place inside the mind of the idiot Benjy?

The foregoing is intended to suggest a few of the ways and means by which the adaptor's problems have been solved in the past. With The Long Hot Summer, however, we believe that a new footnote has been provided to the endless question of the screenwriter's task.

The picture is ostensibly an adaptation of Faulkner's masterpiece The Hamlet - ostensibly, we say, because a few changes have been made.

The book itself is only one chapter in Faulkner's indictment of all the Snopses of this world, the rapacious ones who come from under God-knows-what rocks, breeding and spreading and multiplying, overturning old and cherished values, despoiling what they touch. Connivance, thievery and murder are their means. Readers will remember some of Faulkner's most vivid symbols.[sic] Jack Houston's body, moldering up in the branches of a tree, limbs coming apart when the corpse is tugged. Ike Snopes and his cow. Wink Snopes with his red-eyed violence. The naive and the good-hearted never have a chance against the Snopses. Only the wicked proceed from strength to strength.

Yet out of such materials has come a picture with a cheery title, The Long Hot Summer, designed by its producer, Jerry Wald, its director, Martin Ritt, and all its collaborators as a romp! It is a film which was fun to do, in both the writing and the making, and it carries with it an air of delightful improvisation and spontaneity.

The how and the why of this considerable change is that under the dark pattern of Faulkner's story runs something else, an irresistible current of humor - shrewd, salty, broad, bizarre. Faulkner himself dictated the departure, for at every turn of tragedy in his work you find a sudden twist of comedy, like a compensation. Sometimes it is in the form of grotesquerie, a kind of humor that can only be called appalling, as when Henry Armstid digs up a lawn, looking for gold he will never see, raises his shovel to an interloper to cry, "Get out of my hole...get outen it." Or it becomes something more classic, grass roots, an extension of Mark Twain, as when a Texas pony runs wild into Mrs. Littlejohn's boarding house,

clatters from bedroom to bedroom and up and down the hall, springing tenderly and harmlessly over the head of the little boy who desires the horse so ardently, and finally gallops to the end of the veranda and takes the railing and soars outward, "hobgoblin and floating, in the moon."

The book is crammed with this vitality and joy and, when it came to preparing a screenplay, we had no defense against these sudden glimpses of robust health and zest for life. As a result, the picture is no longer the book — not exactly. The various love stories and family entanglements of The Long Hot Summer will not be found in The Hamlet. Plot has been freely juggled.

But we do not think it too much to say that what eventually emerges is faithful to Faulkner's conception of things. When one looks at the whole shelf of his fiction, when his entire lifetime as an artist is considered, his devotion to men, his pity and compassion for them, his respect for their worth, can clearly be seen. The Long Hot Summer is a comedy about appetites, about love and sex, courtship and mating, ebullient young men and brainy young ladies, the yearning of parents for their children. It departs in fact, but not in faith, from William Faulkner's attitudes.

FROM FAULKNER TO FILM

By Jerry Wald

It is in terms of bringing something strong and vital to the screen that the complex work of William Faulkner particularly appeals to the film maker. The very fact that his work does not easily lend itself to adaptation makes it an intriguing challenge. Although good films have sometimes been based on second-rate literary sources, the richness and depth of an excellent book cannot help but "rub off," as it were, in its transferal to the screen. The basis of every good film is a good story; even the cleverest acting and direction can only disguise—but never transform—poor material. You can gild lead, but you can't turn it into gold. However, if you start with gold, you're liable to end up with it, too.

Mining the rich ore of Faulkner's work for a film is an exciting experience, as our writers, our directors and I can attest. Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., a husband-and-wife team, wrote the screenplays of both "The Long Hot Summer" and "The Sound and the Fury." The former was based very freely on Faulkner's novel, "The Hamlet," and his short story, "Barn Burner."*

"The Long Hot Summer" was a film of a very different texture and feeling than "The Sound and the Fury." It emphasized the current of humor that can be found in Faulkner's work: a grass roots kind of humor—shrewd, salty, broad, and sometimes bizarre. The Ravetches did not attempt to follow the plot or even retain all the characters of "The Hamlet." What they did attempt to do was to put into their screenplay the flavor and spirit of an aspect of Faulkner's work.

This brings me very quickly to the question that is always asked in relation to the adaptation of a literary work to the screen. How "faithful" to the original must you be? I think the answer to this lies primarily in recognizing the peculiar requirements of the motion picture as a creative medium. Both the novel as a literary form and the theatre as a dramatic form

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*The correct title of the story is "Barn Burning."

have certain requirements and limitations. So does the motion picture. There is some flexibility between these media—an area of overlapping functions and effects—but you cannot directly transfer one into another.

Perhaps the most individual characteristic of the motion picture is its ability to guide the eye of the spectator. More than just a succession of scenes, in a theatrical sense, a film is a series of images. The director, through his choice of camera angles, closeups and long shots, is constantly emphasizing this or that detail. As a story-telling medium, the motion picture has (far more than the theatre) a strong visual impact. Settings, atmosphere and situations, which in prose writing would require many pages of description, can be conveyed on the screen in a few seconds. Hence, in the broadest terms, adapting a literary work to the screen involves an attempt to capture in dramatic and visual terms the spirit and essence of the original. To try to film the contents of a novel virtually word for word, as Erich Von Stroheim once did with Frank Norris's "McTeague," would be to end up with—as he did—a film of grotesquely gargantuan and unwieldy proportions.

With "The Sound and the Fury," the Ravetches used as a clue for their screenplay William Faulkner's own statement, made in his celebrated Paris Review interview, that the story "is set in motion by a young girl in a Mississippi family, without love or affection or understanding, who climbs down a rainpipe to flee from the only home she ever knew."** This episode is most clearly related in the novel in its fourth, objectively recounted section. While Faulkner explores in the

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** The exact quotation from the Paris Review is as follows: [The Sound and the Fury] began with a mental picture. I didn't realize at the time it was symbolical. The picture was of the muddy seat of a little girl's drawers in a pear tree where she could see through a window where her grandmother's funeral was taking place and report what was happening to her brothers on the ground below. By the time I explained who they were and what they were doing and how her pants got muddy, I realized it would be impossible to get all of it into a short story and that it would have to be a book. And then I realized the symbolism of the soiled pants, and that image was replaced by the one of the fatherless and motherless girl climbing down the rainpipe to escape the only home she had, where she had never been offered love or affection or understanding.... (p. 40)

first three parts of his novel various subjective viewpoints, including the mind of an idiot, and in so doing proceeds toward a final, objective tale of events, in our film it seemed most expedient to begin with the objective narrative and gradually reveal the weight of the past through this. For instance, although we do not hear Benjy's disconnected thoughts in our film, some of the information provided in that first section of the novel has been worked into the warp and woof of our drama.

Again, an element of the second part of the novel, which deals with the suicide of Quentin Compson, and which takes place eighteen years earlier than the other three parts, has been preserved by keeping Quentin alive and allowing him to enter into the action of our story. We see him as he would surely have become if he had failed in his attempt to take his own life: an aging, gentle alcoholic living dimly in his memory of the past. In this way the return of Caddy Compson, his sister, precipitates a situation that dredges up the conflicts that existed between them in the past.

Jean-Paul Sartre has commented about the novel of "The Sound and the Fury" that in it "the past takes on a sort of super-reality. Its contours are hard and clear—unchangeable. The present, nameless and fleeting, is helpless before it...full of gaps, and, through these gaps, things of the past—fixed, motionless and as silent as judges or glancies—come to invade it." We have, I feel, managed to convey this sense of the "invasion of the past" in many scenes of our film.

Extracting the essentials from as complex a work as "The Sound and the Fury" was not an easy task. The Ravetches's first step in preparing the adaptation was to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the novel. They each read the book several times before starting to discuss it. Then they analyzed its story, its setting, its characters, and their motivations. The clues that Faulkner provides to all these things are sometimes elliptical, often scattered. They had to assemble, to sort—and finally to select. Gradually a form for the screenplay, a dramatic continuity, emerged. It was a new form, certainly different than the novel, but in terms of the screen it allowed us to convey much of the substance and all, we hope, of the essence of the original work.

Since the very word, "adaptation" implies, as well, "interpretation," we recognize that we may not have produced a film that will wholly please those purists who find any sort of

"tampering" with a literary "masterpiece" a kind of sacrilege. We also are aware that a motion picture that must necessarily appeal to a much larger segment of the public than the work upon which it is based will inevitably, in the process of transference, lose some of the subtleties of the original. And since a film, by the nature of its execution, cannot be the distilled essence of a single mind, but is a collaborative venture, involving the participation of many disparate talents, changes may be required that do not stem only from the work of the adaptor.

As an example, we felt ourselves very fortunate to acquire the services of Yul Brynner to play the role of "Jason." Temperamentally, he fit the role perfectly. Yet he has an undisguisable accent and a touch of exoticism about him that at first glance seemed out of place in the locale of our story. We made this acceptable by changing the nationality of Jason and his aging mother to French--from the Bayou country in Louisiana. In terms of the family relationships portrayed in Faulkner's novel, this was not only entirely logical but it added contrast and flavor to the story.

Jason also is portrayed as having finer motivations behind his actions than in the book. In the process of dramatization this positive note seemed essential. The rest of the characters are left virtually intact, and we trust that this one change has not prevented us from rendering the tone and quality of Faulkner's book.

I am often asked what Mr. Faulkner thinks about all this. In selling the motion-picture rights to a book, he puts no restrictions on the purchaser other than that he, Faulkner, <u>not</u> be required to read the scripts or see the picture!

His attitude is that his <u>book</u> is his work, and as such will remain intact regardless of what other mediums it may be adapted to. I'm sure he must feel that his task on "The Sound and the Fury" was finished in 1929 when the last corrected proof went off to the publishers. If, he seems to say, thirty years later an admirer of the book wants to make a movie based on it, let them. It cannot alter what has been done. I only hope that, if by any chance Mr. Faulkner <u>does</u> wander into his local theatre in Oxford, Mississippi, while "The Sound and the Fury" is playing, he will recognize the good faith of our effort.

(<u>Saturday Review</u>, XLII, March 7, 1959)

FAULKNER & HOLLYWOOD

By Jerry Wald

....The first picture that could lay serious claim to capturing the quality of Faulkner's work was made in 1949--Clarence Brown's production of Intruder in the Dust, with a screenplay by Ben Maddow. Bosley Crowther hailed it as a "triumphantly honest, adult film," and praised it for its "sharpness of realistic detail that has staggering fidelity." Brown shot most of it on location in Oxford, Mississippi, the real life model for Faulkner's fictional "Jefferson," the locale of so many of his novels and stories.

Of Faulkner's approximately fifteen novels, three others have recently been filmed: Pylon, The Hamlet, and The Sound and the Fury. The first two got to the screen under the titles The Tarnished Angels, and The Long, Hot Summer. Considered by critics to be one of his minor novels, Pylon tells the story of a group of barnstorming stunt fliers in the '30s. Bosley Crowther said "precious little" of the atmosphere of Faulkner's novel remained in that film.

Which brings us to the question that the adapter inevitably faces: what degree of fidelity to the original should be maintained in transferring a novel to the screen?

The best answer to this problem comes from recognizing the requirements of the motion picture form, which has its own inner laws, as do the novel and the theatre. These laws are flexible in certain ways, but you cannot transfer one into another directly.

The motion picture is much more of a visual medium than the theatre. Settings, atmosphere and situations that would require pages of prose in a novel or dialogue on the stage can be conveyed in a few seconds in a film. A film's most singular characteristic is its ability to guide the eye of the spectator. More than just a succession of scenes, in a dramatic sense, a film is a series of images that emphasize.

Adapting a literary work to the screen, therefore, is primarily an attempt to capture in visual and dramatic terms the spirit, rather than the letter, of a work.

Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., who wrote the screenplays of both The Long, Hot Summer and The Sound and the Fury, faced different problems in adapting those two Faulkner books. They used The Hamlet for a very free interpretation. Plot was freely juggled, and the current of the author's humor consciously emphasized. As Ravetch and Frank commented: "The Long, Hot Summer was a comedy about appetites, about love and sex, courtship and mating, ebullient young men and brainy young ladies, the yearning of parents for their children. It departs in fact, but not in faith, from William Faulkner's attitudes."

Their adaptation of The Sound and the Fury hews more closely to Faulkner's story line. The novel itself is in four parts, three of which are subjectively narrated by three different characters and cover about 30 years of time. The fourth part objectively recounts the events of a single day. In recasting this story in motion picture terms Ravetch and Frank took their cue from Faulkner's own statement, made in his well known "Paris Review" interview: "The Sound and the Fury is set in motion by a young girl in a Mississippi family without love or affection or understanding, who climbs down a rainpipe to flee from the only home she ever knew."

If it was to be effective, their screenplay could not be so leisurely as the book, could not so slowly depict the progress of the years and the piecemeal erosion of the characters. In addition to being succinct, it had to tell the story in the present. And it had to find another method of narration. All of which resulted in a kind of texture different from the novel's. Instead of preserving the 30-year time span, the screenplay heightens all the essential facts of the novel and compresses them into a few days. The past of the Compson family is thrown into the pressure cooker of the present.

In his essay on The Sound and the Fury, Jean-Paul Sartre comments on the past taking on "a sort of superreality. It's [sic] contours are hard and clear—unchangeable. The present, nameless and fleeting, is helpless before it—full of gaps, through which things of the past—fixed, motionless and as silent as judges or glances—come to invade it." Ravetch and Frank managed in many scenes to convey this Faulknerian sense of the past—i.e., that a human being is the embodiment of his total past.

To make the past function in the present, as we watch, required some changes. For example, instead of killing himself at

Harvard in his youth, Quentin Compson lives on--but as a man self-destroyed, making his painful way before our eyes as an alcoholic. The spirit of the novel is not changed thereby. Again, though we are given only a fleeting glimpse of the pitchman in the novel--the independent attitude of the man-on-his-own who intends to stay that way (also his youth and irresponsibility)--in the film this minor character becomes more clearly defined, and plays a significant role in the resolution of the drama.

Also, the major character of Jason has been modified. His motivations are more altruistic than in the novel, a positive note that seemed essential, since Jason's basic drive, to keep his family together, remains intact.

About a year ago, I inquired of various libraries throughout the world what books of the last fifty years are most often read. I discovered a large number of titles of important books which have not yet been filmed. Producers looking for what in the trade are called "pre-sold" story properties, would do well to turn to these "long sellers." The Sound and the Fury, written in 1929, is one of them.

Some other Faulkner books--Sartoris, Light in August, The Wild Palms and Absalom! Absalom! [sic]--offer difficult but stimulating challenges to screen adaptors. Faulkner's Requiem for a Nun, which relates the further adventures of Temple Drake, is now being prepared for the screen.

Since television is giving the public all the tiresome formula entertainment it can possibly absorb, the producers of motion pictures have a chance to do something exceptional and special.

If they don't they won't have an audience.

The highly original and complex work of William Faulkner is well suited to the movies' new needs.

(Films in Review, X, March, 1959)

That "each medium must treat the subject in its own way, and the resulting differences must be in accordance with those that exist between the media"[1]—is a valid critical principle. Because of the differences which exist between literature and the film, The Sound and the Fury—or any other novel, story, play, etc.—could not be translated directly to the screen. Nor would an attempt to translate directly be desirable, since it would entail the subordination of one art form to another. However, as Eisenstein has illustrated, it is possible to achieve, in filmic terms, the same total effect as of a piece of literature; it is possible to translate the author's point of view, his themes, his intentions, to the screen.[2]

Wald and the Ravetches, representative Hollywood apologists, have used the "difference between media" principle for economic, rather than aesthetic, purposes. As the material quoted above indicates, the changes made in Faulkner's The Hamlet and The Sound and the Fury were not predicated by the requirements of film form. It was not aesthetically necessary, for example, to turn The Hamlet into "a comedy about appetites," or to make Jason Compson of The Sound and the Fury a sterling hero in the Horatio Alger tradition; it was financially expedient.

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[1]. Rudolph Arnheim, Film As Art, p. 216.

[2]. "A Course in Treatment," Film Form, pp. 84-107.

The Hollywood treatment of The Hamlet and The Sound and the Fury, coupled with the Hollywood justification of this treatment, provides concrete evidence of the attitude of American film makers toward art. Contrary to such explicit statements as "adapting a literary work to the screen involves an attempt to capture in dramatic and visual terms the spirit and essence of the original," Hollywood does not consider itself in any way obligated to the original work. It does not perceive that it has a moral obligation to at least try to put the intention of the original on the screen. For Hollywood, moral obligation begins and ends with the filling of the studio coffers.

APPENDIX B

The reviews quoted below—of pictures for which Faulkner received screen credit, and of those which were made from his novels and short stories—have been selected from a collection of reviews in Hollywood trade journals (The Film Daily, The Hollywood Reporter, Harrison's Reports, Daily Variety), the New York Variety, Los Angeles newspapers (Examiner, Times, Evening News and Express), the Chicago Daily Tribune, various New York newspapers (Times, Herald Tribune, Daily News, Daily Mirror, Sun, Post), and such periodicals as Time, Newsweek, The New Yorker, The New Republic, The Nation. These reviews present a cross-section of different levels of American motion picture criticism and popular taste. They also reflect the past, and present, attitudes of various segments of the American public toward Faulkner. They have not been edited or commented upon. They speak for themselves.

TODAY WE LIVE

New York Variety, April 18, 1933.

One of those overly long features which would serve the purpose better in 2,000 or more less feet. It's an air-marine war picture with the action dominating the British story, in which Joan Crawford's interpretation of an English girl is the weakest link. But because Miss Crawford is in it, plus Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone, and the recent publicity the chatter writers have been giving the Crawford-Tone association, the picture belongs.

Howard Hawks directed and is in the air again by proxy. That is to say the public is going to get another look at the flying in 'Hell's Angels.' His recourse to this Howard Hughes file takes in much of the sequence of the big bomber expedition in 'Angels' while also cutting into that film for the main 'dog fight' and the head-on collision of two planes.

There having never been any better air stuff than 'Angels,' taking another peek at it is no hardship, besides which the idea for the studio is economically in line. There'll be no pouting from the public on this score. However, it's on the naval end that Hawks has here made his main bid, and it will suffice to see the picture through, safely backed as it is by the performance of Tone, Robert Young and Cooper in that order. Tone is splendid, Young not much less so, and Cooper adequate. A secondary but comedy part in the hands of Roscoe Karns is also most valuable.

Hawks' naval twist is that branch of the British service concerned with high speed motor boats which carry a single torpedo on the after deck and mounted to point toward the bow. Discharge is to the stern with the pilot then forced to get his craft out of the way in a hurry, to permit the torpedo to take its course or be annihilated by his own missile. In other words, he aims with his boat when signaling to fire.

This particular water stuff is new, picturesque, exciting and excellently cameraed. There are two such forays on ships at the German naval base, presumably Kiel, with the

climax of Tone and Young running their boat wide open into the side of a German cruiser when their torpedo mechanism refuses to discharge. The heroic self-destruction ties to the story in clearing for the marriage of Miss Crawford and Cooper.

Treatment of the script will catch attention in that the effort has been to keep the dialog staccato in the cases of Miss Crawford, Tone and Young to help make them the acme of British repression. It's doubtful if the reaction will be entirely favorable as a worthy intent has been allowed to go overboard via a surplus. Had one character, logically Tone's, been restricted to the one and two-word admonitions of 'Stout fella,' 'Steady,' 'Good girl,' 'Glad,' etc., the effect could have been enlightening. But with all three intermittently in on it the barrage is apt to provoke too many undesired snickers. Hence, for the States it may be that in trying to be smart the writers have outsmarted themselves, but the true assay of the motive will come in the reaction abroad when the film is released in England.

Miss Crawford's weakness is that while Tone and Young are sufficiently British to fit, she is still Miss Crawford. And the bizarre clothes this star has taken to wearing has two strikes on her before the picture is into its third reel. An opening costume here is so extreme as to be annoying, while no matter how intense the emotion, she now never forgets to pull these hats down over the Crawford right eye. In toto it's an artificial performance in a superficial story which is not the usual summation for this girl. The lack of authenticity in the portrayal is flagrant despite that she is the only woman of prominence in the cast. Were there a capable feminine player against her the personal result might have been sorry, indeed.

As to the superficial story, it is a conglomeration of four or five tales the screen has known. Reminiscent or slightly disguised items of story structure and bits of business come to the surface and will be recognized by the consistent picture-goer. Script tells of Diana (Miss Crawford), her brother Ronnie (Tone) and Claude (Young) as a "Beau Geste" triumvirate into whose lives at maturity come the war the Richard (Cooper). Richard, the wealthy American, has purchased the estate of Diana and Ronnie while the continuity develops the love affair between the English girl and the Yankee as an awakening that's come about while you were watching some other picture, no doubt.

In any case, when Ronnie and Claude depart for duty Diana joins the ambulance as an escape from Richard, inasmuch as she has a childhood promise to wait for Claude. An erroneous report of Richard's death as an R.F.C. student opens the way for Claude to move in without benefit of clergy, and while that's no shock to brother Ronnie, it is a sock for Richard when he suddenly shows up in person. Laboring under the belief that the laughingly imprudent Claude is but playing at war with his toy boat, and having a grouch over where his rival is boarding, anyway, Richard induces him to fly on a bombing expedition to demonstrate that something more than firecrackers is making all the noise. How Claude on his first flight can become a front gunner for the bomber and be so adept as to knock off three German planes the picture doesn't bother to explain. However, Claude has proven his right to be one of the Rover boys even to Richard's satisfaction. And Ronnie, knowing the situation between the two lads and his sister, invites Richard for a jaunt on the boat to reveal that the navy isn't kidding either. This is the ride which blinds Claude but opens Richard's eyes as to the relationship between Claude and Diana not being without excuse. That Claude is sightless deadlocks the situation for Richard, so he volunteers for the perilous bombing of a German cruiser. But Claude, suddenly realizing Diana's bridled trend toward the American, talks it over with Ronnie and the pair hop their boat to beat Richard to the battleship, not any of the three expecting to come back. All of which is the build-up to the two Britons catapulting their boat into the warship and the finish of Diana once more in her home, but with Richard.

In its prolonged length it is evident that someone has beamed upon the picture with much affection. It doesn't merit that much solicitude. That there is much which can come out is obvious upon the viewing. With 20 minutes less it would still be long, though a more entertaining feature. The film's present footage is throwing at least one performance a day away, and that ignored show ought to be valuable. For, despite the flicker's deficiencies, the action, its men and the Crawford name should translate into satisfying figures.

Sid.

Los Angeles Examiner, June 2, 1933.

NEW CRAWFORD PICTURE MAKES BOW AT LOEW'S

by Louella O. Parsons

Winchell in his most terse comment isn't half so staccato as the conversation in "Today We Live," now playing at Loew's State Theater. No sentence is finished. Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone and Robert Young spit out their words like red hot coals. Maybe that's English. Gary Cooper, who plays an American, has more leeway and is privileged to use more phrases.

"Today We Live" is essentially a man's picture. A story of war, fighting and rivalry for a woman's affections. The airplane scenes are effective and the scenes in the motorboat are unusual and well done. First time, to my knowledge, a motorboat has been used as an accoutrement of battle in any of the many fighting pictures.

The very fact that war is the background and the principal scenes are played by men, is cause for surprise. Joan Crawford, the star, is as popular as any woman on the screen. The crowded theater will testify to her place in the affections of the theatergoing public. The women who filled the theater were certainly Joan Crawford fans. She is excellent, too, in a part that gives her very little to do.

Gary Cooper is always likeable, and in "Today We Live" his personality is delightful and unusually warm and responsive, perhaps because Franchot Tone and Robert Young are so extremely "British." This is no reflection on either actor.

I am a great admirer of Mr. Tone and he is even better than the role given him to play. Robert Young as the boyish, playful member of the Navy, is also one of the most promising of the new generation of players. Others in the cast are Louise Closser Hale, Roscoe Karns and Hilda Vaughn.

William Faulkner is the author of "Today We Live," so we can expect a little wink at conventions. Howard Hawks, who is at his best in spectacular dramas, offers some thrilling air stuff, but the picture, for the most part, lacks continuity--and if I must say it--conviction.

A Hearst Metrotone Newsreel and a Walter Disney "Mickey Mouse" complete the program.

Los Angeles Times, June 2, 1933.

CUPID GOES TO WAR AGAIN

Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper Discover Romance as Guns Boom in "Today We Live" at Loew's

by Philip K. Scheuer

Because the films are usually more concerned with substance than with form, any departure from the latter is news. A half-successful departure is made currently at Loew's State Theater, where "Today We Live," second of the William Faulkner stories to reach the screen in one day, is nominally serving Joan Crawford as a starring feature. In it an interesting attempt to reduce the dialogue content--principally by dropping such personal pronouns as "I" and "he," and parts of compound verbs--may be duly noted. For the rest, the picture is another melodrama of love and war, exciting in its visual climaxes and carrying the "death-with-honor" motif to a possible new high. But it may disappoint the rank and file of Miss Crawford's clientele.

Like "A Farewell to Arms" and "Hell Below," to both of which it bears superficial resemblances, "Today We Live" sets out to show the deleterious effects of war on sex relationships. Instead, as might be expected, it surrounds war with the glamour of devil-may-care. Sullen Miss Crawford is an English girl who falls sullenly in love with Gary Cooper, an American sojourning in England in 1916. But she is promised to Robert Young, who, with her brother (Franchot Tone) has been her most constant companion since childhood. The plot, after two or three reels of diffuse dialogue, moves to the (North Sea?) front, where it manages to work toward a thrilling and even somewhat affecting conclusion.

Two branches of the service are prominently involved --flying and as a really novel variation, the boats of the "mosquito fleet." These swift little vessels, skittering along at a mile-a-minute speed, carry one torpedo apiece. The torpedo, when released, continues in the direction the boat is going, so it behooves the discharger to veer sharply out of its path--or take the consequences. Thus the film graphically depicts death-dealing at sea

and in the air; but exactly how I will not reveal. For these are easily its best sequences.

The staccato method employed by Faulkner in his dialogue serves to distract from the conventional realism of the scenes. Here is an example:

"Make a hit?"
"Yes."
"Glad. Been waiting."

Not only because we are unaccustomed to it, but also because the clipped tones employed by the players make them sometimes difficult to understand, this method may be seen to have its disadvantages—at least in so "literal" a drama. Roscoe Karns, as McGinnis, a pilot's observer, is the sole character who is permitted informal speech and so emerges as the most believable of the lot.

The others, mostly Britishers suffering from Faulkner neuroses (and there's a contradiction in terms for you!) are slower to engage our sympathies. Cooper, Tone and Young, the three young men in Miss Crawford's life, play well enough and each is distinctively likable. Miss Crawford is satisfactorily, if routinely, emotional—but this decidedly is not her war. Her make-up causes her face to shine, suggesting, incidentally, that the war may have been fought not in Europe but in tropical Pago-Pago.

Howard Hawks directed, from Faulkner's adaptation of his own story.

"Ye Olden Days," a delightful Mickey Mouse, and the newsreel are supplementary.

Chicago Daily Tribune, April 17, 1933.

JOAN CRAWFORD DOES SINCERE JOB OF ACTING

"Today We Live" is Hard Movie to Rate.

By Mae Tinée

Good Morning!

"Today We Live" is a strange picture—and hard to rate.

It has a wealth of excellent acting, a gloomy story, and, until the last several reels moves so slowly as to give you

the fidgets. BUT—the final episodes are intensely exciting. SO, while for a time you've been bored by the movie—it is too long—you leave the theater feeling that, after all, you've seen a satisfactory show.

(Do you see now why the film is difficult to review?)

The story harks back to war days and the opening scenes are in England.

Here you find the heroine, whose adored father has just been killed in the war, compelled to let her home to a young American. She and her chaperon maid move to the gardener's cottage on the grounds.

Diana has a brother, Ronny, and a childhood playmate, Claude—with whom she and her brother have grown up—who are with the royal navy. It has always been tacitly understood that she will say "Yes" to Claude—if he asks her.

Ronny and Claude come home. The question is asked and answered as per expectations.

At that time the girl is fancy free. Soon she is to fall in love with her quiet, rangy tenant, Richard Bogard.

Richard goes to war and joins the flying corps. Diana unites with the ambulance forces. The trails of the four converge again at a French seaport.

And now you go up in the air with the aces and down to the sea in ships with navy men whose duty it is to propel at devil-may-care speed, torpedo boats through surrounding waters, in search of enemy craft.

Diana, told that the man she loves has been killed, gives herself to the boy who cares for her.

A "ghost" walks—and what follows is tragic indeed. But cheerup, there's a quietly happy ending for Diana and, well, perhaps you'd like to guess whom?

Miss Crawford gives a sincere, restrained and artistic performance. She has stayed away from the jam jar and there

are no wet, black lips in this picture. The men's rôles are all ably portrayed with my laurels going to Franchot Tone--so unhandsome, so quiet and with the nicest smile!--and Roscoe Karns. The latter furnishes much needed comedy interest as a happy go lucky airplane mechanic. Louise Closser Hale contributes a nice bit as the old chaperon.

The picture is effectively staged and photographed and has some of the wettest rain that ever gave one a synthetic chill.

TEMPLE DRAKE

New York Variety, May 9, 1933.

A sordid tale. It was dubious fodder for the Hollywood celluloid chefs in the first place. No amount of seasoning to camouflage the basic rancidness of the theme can square it. It's hazy, befogged and replete with loose ends which, for obvious censorial reasons, can't be made to jell. Likelihood is against any outstanding b.o. attention for it, despite the whispering campaign which the basic Faulkner novel may bring forth.

Miriam Hopkins as the titular character acts as befogged as is the story, an exigency that is obviously not of her own desire. As a southern belle she has a rep as a "teaser" with the boys, gets mixed up with a hunky rum-running crew, is attacked by the sinister Jack LaRue, and it all culminates in a courtroom confession.

Conflicting dramatic elements are crass and crude. Almost all of the male characters show the whites of their eyes to register lust. Through it all there isn't an iota of sympathy for anybody, including the forthright prosecuting attorney (William Gargan), whose makeup even looks bad at times, but who basically registers as a sappadillo for the flighty, unprincipled Temple Drake.

Of the sub-featured principals LaRue makes himself hated, but for that matter there's little or no sympathy for any of the other people. Even the benign Judge Drake (Sir Guy Standing) shapes up as a fall guy for his flighty niece. Buster Collier is just a stooge. Irving Pichel and Florence Eldridge make the 'legger and his white woman trash parts mean something.

Abel.

Los Angeles Examiner, June 2, 1933.

'TEMPLE DRAKE STORY' OPENS AT PARAMOUNT

By Jerry Hoffman

"Please," pleads the Paramount Theater this week, "do not bring your children to see this picture." The picture is "The Story of Temple Drake." Having seen it, I'll add to the theater's request. Please do not bring any one else's children to see it.

Credit the Paramount Theater with better taste and more conscience than the Paramount Studio officials. Being compelled to play the movie, the theater at least displays some regard for the general public. There is no excuse for a film executive who would purchase and cause to be made so nasty and filthy a mess as "The Story of Temple Drake." The fact that "Sanctuary," its basis, was supposedly on a banned list, shows how other producers felt about it. Changing its title hasn't made the story or the picture any the less disgusting.

It's unfortunate in many ways. Because the cast gives such exceptionally fine performances; because the director has shown some very clever touches; and because none of them will be given credit nor understanding by fans who will resent the picture in general. The fault is not Stephen Roberts', who secures powerfully dramatic moments with his direction. Neither is it in Jack LaRue, who portrays the vicious character turned down so wisely by George Raft. Miriam Hopkins, William Gargan, William Collier Jr., Irving Pichel, Sir Guy Standing, Florence Eldridge and an unprogramed boy are all very good.

It so happens that the surrounding program happens to be one of the best the Paramount has played. There's a very funny comedy by Mack Sennett, "Knock Out Kisses," with an idea clever enough to have been made into a feature

instead of a short. The stage show is headed by Art Jarrett from the Cocoanut Grove and Nina Olivette, musical comedy star from New York.

That "musical comedy star" happens to be true, as regards Olivette. She is one of Broadway's best comediennes. She has a grand sense of humor, combined with ability to do anything in the dance line. I doubt whether local theaters will get many opportunities to play her in person for long. Hollywood is beginning to look close to home again, you know. Franklin D'Amore & Co., once famous on the big time as Franklin-Charles, Ann Roberts, Esther Campbell and Rube Wolfe's Band make it a show worth the price of admission even if you don't see the feature.

Los Angeles Times, June 2, 1933.

TEMPLE DRAKE'S STORY RELATED

Coquette's Downfall Theme of Paramount Film

Miriam Hopkins, Jack LaRue and Gargan Featured

Singer Nelson Eddy Signed for Two Pictures

By Edwin Schallert

The fact that crowds showed acute interest in the arrival of "The Story of Temple Drake" yesterday at the Paramount Theater will probably be taken as evidence of the "descendancy" of the talking picture. They flocked for the evening show especially--line-up outside, and the house more than packed, as tribute to the adaptation of William Faulkner's sensationally sordid "Sanctuary," to which is added the customary Fanchon and Marco stage show.

With Miriam Hopkins, Jack LaRue and William Gargan as primary members of its cast, "The Story of Temple Drake" has almost come to be known as the "dog with a bad name" in Hollywood. And like most "canines" of that ilk it has been ignominiously kicked around censorially, emerging as sufficiently abject to get by most official deleters of what sexily offends. That it still succeeds in being a pretty dark and noisome tale of the downfall of a wily southern coquette, nymphomania-inclined [sic] is proof, perhaps, of the ingenuity displayed by its makers in keeping as much as they did of the original on the screen. Which much is, by the bye, quite sufficient.

"Temple Drake"—that's incidentally the heroine's name—sketchily tells the semi-tragedy of an amourettish girl of aristocratic family, who falls prey to the ruthless and vindictive "slicker" member of an aggregation of "pore white trash" and is wilfully and brutally seduced by him.

Our villain, the film's most positive character, known as "Trigger" because he uses an automatic with great celerity, is vaguely identified as coming from the "city." You meet him, however, in the woods surrounding a ruined house where dwell his kin. His first important act after this is to shoot a demijohn out of the hands of an aged man who is blind and deaf, at the moment when that worthy is in the midst of drinking. He does this with the comment that he has imbibed sufficiently, though using no such fancy word to describe the condition.

Later—because he happens to stand between him and the girl—Trigger also disposes of a half-wit boy. Immediately after this, the crucial incident of the attack on the heroine is suggested, and we follow the story of their mutual association to the point where Temple Drake finally kills Trigger, and escapes for a time any penalty for a deed which can, according to the best of ancient Southern tradition, be duly exonerated.

It's all pretty deliberately sordid, unsympathetic, and nearly offensive, and in its way, if you will, crudely realistic. There's no light or lift to the happenings, except for the dull devotion of the lawyer Benbow to our nominal heroine. Out of sense of obligation to a client he brings Temple into court to testify concerning the death of the half-wit boy, but eventually foregoes asking her the questions which would have convicted her of the murder of Trigger. The scene when she herself confesses is the climax of the picture.

"Temple Drake" moves along evasively most of the way, conveying plenty by implication, and much in a straightforward enough manner. What it does convey can't be regarded as enticing from any particular viewpoint, but I presume people will be drawn to it. It is "The Cheat" of today—thriller of the moment, and for those as likes 'em that way, this is it.

LaRue is pictorially effective as Trigger. His face spells enough hard cruelty in its icy stare to impress the memory. Miss Hopkins puts a certain whimsy and elfin charm

into her impersonation of Temple but is really at her best in the emotional moments. Irving Pichel is a striking figure, and little fault can be found with Gargan. Buster Collier and Sir Guy Standing appear importantly. Two of the best character bits are those of Florence Eldridge and James Eagels. Some of the acting is forced.

Stephen Roberts is doubtless responsible for imbuing the picture with a surprising amount of atmosphere, and Maurine Watkins and Oliver H. P. Garret did the screen play.

The Fanchon and Marco show lifts the gloom with its presentation of Arthur Jarrett, Nina Olivette, Franklin D'Amore and company, Ann Roberts, Esther Campbell and the Sunkist Beauties, captained by Rube Wolf aboard a ship setting. Al Pearce and his gang broadcast. Special numbers are well applauded.

New York Herald Tribune, May 6, 1933.

By Richard Watts Jr.

It is a fairly open secret that "The Case of Temple Drake" [sic] is the screen version of William Faulkner's whimsical tale of Southern hospitality, "Sanctuary." Although the picture is carefully described as having been based merely on "a story" by Mr. Faulkner, and the name of its most diabolical character has been changed from Popeye to Trigger, it seems that these minor and nominal efforts to confuse the origin of the work are intended only to keep the facts of life and letters from the sensitive reach of Mr. Hays, whose fine sensibilities must be protected in such matters.

You and I, however, know that the film at the Paramount is intended as the closest approach that the cinema, considering everything, can make to Faulkner's perverted and sinister narrative. Leaving aside for the moment, therefore, the matter of whether or not such stories are advisable for the films in these bewildered days, it can be said that "The Case of Temple Drake" [sic] is a daring and fascinating motion picture, which says many things and hints at others that are not ordinarily regarded as convenient in the cinema, and manages to be a repellently exciting melodrama.

In outline the picture is as faithful to the original as censorship and a fair regard for the delicate sensibilities of the film-going public would permit. The Trigger of the screen is, however, in no way the Popeye of the book. Instead of being a pathological degenerate, composed in equal parts of savagery and impotence, he is a cold and evil gunman, planning his course with a sure and confident knowledge of his prowess. The other characters are remarkably true to what Mr. Faulkner apparently had in mind. Temple Drake, the Southern flapper who could not resist the fascination of her disgrace, is portrayed with complete fidelity, and the poor half-wit, who is killed in his helpless defense of the bewildered girl, is entirely in the proper mood. So, too, is the setting of the broken-down mansion, which was the scene of the heroine's tragedy. The story also, until it goes into his necessarily sentimental conclusion, is amazingly true to the novel.

Here, as in the novel, the frivolous Temple Drake, daughter of the Southern aristocracy, goes with her drunken friend to the home of the bootleggers on the outskirts of her native town. Deserted by her companion, she is pursued throughout the night by various unpleasant members of the gang until in the morning she is the victim of the vicious Trigger (ex-Popeye). Then, driven into a despairing daze by her horror at her plight, combined with the terrible knowledge that she is irresistibly attracted to her assailant, she goes off with him to a distant bordello. From here on, the story has been understandably softened. In the end Temple shoots her betrayer—chiefly in horror at the fascination that he still possesses for her—and in the climactic episode finds a sort of salvation by admitting her shame in court and saving the life of the man on trial for a murder Trigger had committed. The ending is the one bow that a particularly daring film makes to the genteel tradition of the cinema.

Despite its efforts "The Case of Temple Drake" [sic] is not Faulkner's "Sanctuary." It would not even be a particularly striking motion picture so far as its esthetic qualities went. But it is so daring a film, so frank and unabashed in its narrative and so maturely sinister in its implications that it possesses an undeniable fascination. It is not a pleasant or a lofty fascination, but it most certainly exists. The photoplay at the Paramount has something of the quality of a hypnotic serpent. In the leading role Miss Miriam Hopkins, perfectly cast, is admirable,

and as the hideous Trigger Jack LaRue is enormously effective. The work is perverse melodrama rather than a cruel social study of a decadent people, but it is pretty powerful stuff.

The New Republic, June 14, 1933.

About the last novel one would have thought possible to adapt to the screen was Faulkner's "Sanctuary." Aside from the perverted horror of the main theme, aside from the lynching, the method of the book itself, which accounts for much of its strange quality, would be impossible to translate in a film. Reading "Sanctuary" is like watching indistinct objects swim up toward the surface of the water, only to sink before they become quite clear, to sink and swim up again and again to sink. But here is "Sanctuary"—minus the two chief horrors—under the name of "The Story of Temple Drake" and filmed, so I am told, with the collaboration of Faulkner himself. It is a curious attempt at something that does not come off. Instead of the lynching and the queerly effective story of Popeye's early life at the end of the book, we have no end of plot and counterplot winding up in a juicy and dreadful courtroom scene. Only the first half of the film tries to keep pace with the book. And the sinister is less sinister when spread before one's eyes than when half-told, then half-retold and guessed at with difficulty. There are moments and shots in "The Story of Temple Drake" which try honestly to reproduce the shiftless, blear-eyed tragedy of the opening chapters, but the film is painfully explicit, and as the book is the exact opposite, dreariness is the result.

Robert Littell.

The Nation, May 24, 1933.

FAULKNER IN HOLLYWOOD

So far the talkies, in their search for material, have not overcome their preference for stage plays over novels and stories specially prepared for the screen. The reason for this preference has been obvious enough: dialogue, when it was first introduced, was a novelty that had to be exploited for all it was worth. Producers and directors forgot overnight the great refinements in acting and photographic effects that had been developed under the

limitations of the silent medium. The first American talkies, like "Bulldog Drummond" and "The Letter," were almost literal reproductions of original stage plays; they usually turned out to be as successful as these plays and for the same reasons; and there seemed little reason why producers should not continue their raid on the Broadway theater indefinitely. The second stage did not occur until it became apparent that not all plays were equally suitable for screen adaptation. The effort was then to choose only such plays as would permit of a certain elaboration of setting and action, as would give at least an illusion of the motion that had characterized the old silent pictures. At the moment this stage seems to have passed into a third, in which the depletion by Hollywood of suitable plays produced in New York during the last ten or twelve seasons has created a rather desperate situation. The time has come when Hollywood is reduced to filming plays like "Our Betters" and "The Silver Cord," which, if they seemed static on the stage, seem considerably more so on the screen.

The only alternative—since Hollywood refuses to exert enough imagination to work out stories which have not already been worked out in some other medium—is a sortie into the contemporary novel. We have had Ernest Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms"; his "The Sun Also Rises," published in 1926, has at last found its way to the studios. And now Paramount offers us a truly extraordinary version of William Faulkner's "Sanctuary." "The Story of Temple Drake" (Paramount) is extraordinary because it departs a great deal from that book without sacrificing any of its essential quality. One may or may not like that quality, one may feel that the fascination of evil is among the least legitimate appeals that a work of art may make, but one cannot deny its presence in this picture. For the sustained moral horror throughout, the script-writer is primarily responsible; the adaptation is one of the most skilful in some time. A dramatic story is made from Faulkner's highly subjective narrative by the initial shifting of the center from Popeye to the girl Temple. It is Temple's story, as the title indicates; and her struggle with the destructive power of evil within and around her provides the objective structure. The result is very much more satisfactory than would be any attempted concentration on Popeye's psychopathic vagaries—even if that were possible on the screen. For some mysterious reason Popeye is rebaptized Trigger; he resembles the conventional movie gangster

more closely than the vicious degenerate of the book. But as played by Jack LaRue he is hardly less sinister. The director, Stephen Roberts, deserves much credit for extracting the last ounce of horror out of certain scenes--those in the abandoned mansion, for example, particularly the one in which Popeye's movements in the dark are traced out by the course of his glowing cigarette end.

On the screen as on the stage, Sidney Howard's "The Silver Cord" (Radio City Music Hall) owes its persuasiveness pretty largely to the heavily underlined acting of Laura Hope Crews. As a talkie "The Silver Cord" suffers from most of the defects of the play: it is talky, repetitious, and by no means as striking in these as it would have been fifteen or twenty years ago.

William Troy

ROAD TO GLORY

The Hollywood Reporter, May 29, 1936.

'ROAD TO GLORY' MAGNIFICENT; TIMELY INDICTMENT OF WAR

Another 20th-Fox Boxoffice Smash; Superbly Written and Directed, with Five Notably Great Performances

Here is a really great motion picture, a grim slice of the horrible reality that is war. It will take its deserved place alongside "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Journey's End," and other immortal film indictments of war madness. It will become another document in the brief of those who hold the motion picture to be the finest of artistic mediums.

At the same time, "The Road to Glory" is a magnificent piece of showmanship, reflecting the highest credit to the vision of Darryl F. Zanuck and to the craftsmanship of everyone having a hand in its making. It is courageously produced, written and directed and boasts a collection of some of the most superb performances ever seen in a single picture. A very large factor, too, is the timeliness of the subject of war. The headlines of every newspaper these days are filled by war talk.

The powerful screenplay by Joel Sayre and William Faulkner smartly avoids propaganda. There is no hint of a preachment against war. Rather is it a job of expert reporting, dramatic incident following dramatic incident without pause. The writing does not concern itself with motivations of war. It gains power by confining itself to the conditions of warfare and eliminating the attendant hatreds.

Plot Basically Simple

The plot remains basically simple, as are most actual slices of life. We meet the captain of a company of French troops engaged in holding the sector of front-line trenches these veterans have held for two long years. A young lieutenant of replacements arrives and becomes interested in a nurse he does not know is the captain's girl. This is not built for a Flagg-Quirt rivalry, but rather as a contributing incident to later heroism.

We learn to know these men through their contacts with the enlisted soldiers. We go with them to the trenches which they must continue to occupy despite their knowledge that the enemy is mining their position. This entire first sequence is filled with memorable character studies of men facing certain death. It could not be more fearsome.

Father, Son Conflict

Other incidents follow--the arrival of the captain's elderly father as a common private and the conflict between soldier-father and soldier-son; the amusing sequence in which the father tricks a sergeant into allowing him to remain with the company, and finally the zero hour of the big drive and the necessity of stringing wire for telephonic communication. War becomes a truly personal matter as the absorbing drama is unfolded, so personal that last night a preview audience forgot to interrupt and saved its thunderous applause until the end.

Masterful is the word for the direction by Howard Hawks. He builds steadily, playing relentlessly upon your emotions, to reach a stirring climax. It is not a creampuff, but strong red meat he serves. There is not a false moment in the picture. Mass movement and spectacle are equally well handled.

Performance honors are well divided by the five principals. It is best to consider them in the order of their billing.

Fredric March plays the young lieutenant to add another portrait to his large gallery of sterling characterizations. The fellow is a dashing romantic and a reckless officer. March plays him with superb eclan [sic].

Admirable Restraint

Warner Baxter realizes fully the strength of the captain. His performance is marked with admirable restraint and it is another great stride forward in the new career Baxter is making for himself as a character star.

Lionel Barrymore contributes a deeply moving portrayal of the captain's father. His moments of quiet pride of patriotic service, his hysteria under fire and his final gallant sacrifice make this one of Barrymore's finest screen performances.

June Lang emerges as a sincere and beautiful actress. She rises to her assignment of the French girl to play with poignant tenderness. She will unquestionably be heard from further.

Gregory Ratoff delivers the picture's only comedy relief to cover himself with glory as a veteran sergeant. It is a thoroughly delightful piece of work. Outstanding in supporting roles are Victor Kilian, playing a second sergeant, John Qualen, Paul Fix, Paul Stanton, and Leonid Kinskey.

As associate producer, Nunnally Johnson must take his bow for the complete intelligence of proceedings. The technical contributions are uniformly excellent. Gregg Toland's photography is really notable in every respect. Hans Peters is credited with the highly realistic war sets and Louis Silvers for the fine accompanying musical score.

The Los Angeles Examiner, August 27, 1936.

'ROAD TO GLORY' GRIPPING FILM

By Herb Cruikshank

Following the blood-blazed trail of such all-time cinematic classics as "All Quiet," "Big Parade" and "What Price Glory," this latest martial epic, emanating proudly from the Zanuck Studios, stands shoulder to shoulder with its illustrious predecessors. Possibly it lacks a fractional cubit of their stature, but it emerges from the shadows of their greatness a memorable annal of grim, gory warfare. Its stark, essential drama gains power in the simple, direct, repertorial style used so effectively by the authors. And Howard Hawks' direction maintains a nerve-tautening suspense that keeps his audience tense through the play's phases.

We've encountered before the desperate, soul-deadened, front line commandant, awaiting ultimate murder in the mud and muck of the trenches, drugging himself to semi-sanity with dope and drink. But never more realistically than in the person of Warner Baxter, the aspirin-eating captain of a doomed battalion. Between rendezvous with death are those with June Lang, a nurse vaguely grateful rather than enamoured. Upon the scene comes Fredric March, a gayer, but no less brave a warrior, and rivalry for the girl fills those factions of the film devoted to personal conflict rather than that with the enemy.

For sheer drama, no picture has presented a more gripping scene than that portraying the men in dugouts listening to sappers in the ground beneath them laying mines that mean momentary destruction. And an incident that will remain in memory with other mighty moments in the theater is Baxter's chilling humanity in the mercy murder of a poilu helplessly, hopelessly crucified on the wire in "No Man's Land." There has been no attempt to arouse audience sympathy for the characters, and the emotion engendered seems one of all-embracing pity, plus the horror that such things were.

Mr. Baxter's creation of the human sacrifice, "Capt. Paul La Roche," dominates the screen. But he must share honors with Gregory Ratoff for a truly superb realization of the philosophical sergeant. Fredric March is scarcely less impressive; Lionel Barrymore plays a pathetic old nuisance to the hilt; Victor Killian contributes a characterization that ranks well with the rest, and a skilled supporting cast stands staunch.

Mr. Zanuck appears to have selected June Lang for stardom, and here she is skillfully introduced to her potential public. Vastly appealing in appearance, the girl is given plenty center screen and close-ups. But not all the subtlety of cameraman and director can disguise the fact that actually she has small histrionic opportunity. The part, for all its prominence, is negative. However, the girl does well with the material at hand, and I, for one, will string along with Darryl regarding June's future.

The height of something silly is attained in showing a picture of the impressive caliber demonstrated in "The Road to Glory" on a double bill. Its companion-piece at the State

and Chinese is "Kelly the Second," which is a comedy--indeed, Patsy Kelly's first for Hal Roach. In it are Charlie Chase, Pert Kelton and Guinn Williams. The film is funny enough, I suspect, but after seeing men blown to bits along "The Road to Glory," I didn't feel too full of giggles.

Chicago Daily Tribune, August 17, 1936.

BITTER REALITY, GOOD ACTING IN 'ROAD TO GLORY'

Lionel Barrymore, March, and Baxter in Cast.

By Anna Nangle.

What with foreign correspondents labeling Spain a "tinder box" and telling tales of dictators and sassing diplomats, the horrors of wholesale warfare as practiced in the last war [a mere game of tiddlediwinks as compared to our next, so they say] may give you, as it did me, an uncomfortable feeling when you see them vividly depicted in "The Road to Glory."

Skillful photography and excellent work by the men in the cast serve to give the film a strength and bitter reality the lengthy, complicated plot fails to provide. In contrast the romantic interest seems entirely irrelevant and calculated, although such sugarcoating is unquestionably necessary for box office reasons.

Hard bitten, cynical Capt. La Roche lives on cognac and aspirin while doing a tremendously [sic] but bloody job as head of one of France's finest regiments--the 39th. The film opens at his parting with Monique, a nurse whom he loves and who, in return, gives him affection and appreciation. He's headed back to the front after a brief respite while his ranks, cut in half by losses, are augmented by replacements. In the new group is young Lieut. Denet, who has had an intriguing but unsatisfactory meeting with Monique, when he played Chopin and attempted to make love to her when both took shelter in a cellar during an air raid. His new superior strikes him as a tough customer, but after serving with him under fire, he agrees with his men--"the finest officer in the entire army."

Denet's second encounter with Monique proves more successful. The girl falls in love with him, but fails to tell him that she is more or less obligated to his superior officer, until a later and much more difficult moment.

Undoubtedly such things have happened in wars, but after driving his men in terrific battle, seeing them maimed and killed, watching a comrade take a fresh batch of troops into the position he formerly occupied, which is immediately blown to bits, losing his girl to another man--it seemed just too much when the captain's garrulous, brave, but awfully unhandy father appeared as one of the men under his command, talking of the fighting days of his youth and stubbornly determined to fight for France. LaRoche's efforts to send him back to safety are frustrated by Sergt. Bouffious, delightfully portrayed by Gregory Ratoff, who provides the rare comic touches with an expert handling of his rôle. The captain's difficulties proceed throughout the film, to a pointed but frightfully melodramatic end.

Warner Baxter is a convincing LaRoche, weary eyed and stern, and Fredric March is an excellent foil as the softer, more human subordinate. Lionel Barrymore, with a skillful makeup, manages to be surprisingly old and quavery as Papa LaRoche. June Lang, making her initial appearance on the screen, is very pretty, but seemed to me badly miscast.

The war scenes are so grimly realistic as to make parts of the story seem superfluous, and I think a good bit of slashing would have produced a more effective film.

There are many memorable shots, the most grewsome [sic] of which shows sickened men watching the agonies of a wounded comrade, caught in a veritable rack of barbed wire. After numerous futile attempts at rescue, one is deeply grateful when the brusque captain quietly draws his pistol and mercifully ends the victim's torment.

New York Post, August 5, 1936.

"ROAD TO GLORY" STIRRING WAR FILM AT THE RIVOLI

March, Baxter, Barrymore Share Honors in Gory Drama--

By Irene Thirer
["Movie Meter" rating between good and excellent]

A stirring and vital brief for pacifism is "The Road to Glory," grim, gripping and gory film recording of the devastating battle activities of a gallant French regiment during World War time.

Although there's a suggestion of romance (indeed, the two-men-and-a-girl entanglement), and a wealth of hysterical,

well-timed comedy in this 20th Century-Fox production which packed the Rivoli yesterday, the picture never treats its stark story lightly. The spoils of war are horrible, indeed. And Director Howard Hawks--using a powerful, caustic script by Joel Sayre and William Faulkner--presents his arguments forcefully, with the aid of expert performance and superphotography. The battle scenes easily equal any the screen has yet known. They are tremendous in scope, tense in treatment and completely depressing. "The Road to Glory" is not glorified. It should stir no urge for guns and knapsacks in the younger generation.

Warner Baxter gives an admirable account of Captain Paul La Roche, the battalion's brave leader--a great soldier despite the fact that he fights the war on daily rations of rum and aspirin. Frederic March, restrained, romantic and appealing, is the young Lieutenant Michel Denet, second in command to La Roche, milder-mannered, but not warmer-hearted. Lionel Barrymore's interpretation of La Roche's aged father--once a soldier of Napoleon, now returned to the battlefield in spite of his son's objections--is magnificent. There is a touching comic role offered by Gregory Ratoff. And there are various other able characterizations supplied by Victor Kilian, Paul Stanton, John Qualen, Paul Fix, Leonid Kinskey and others.

June Lang, who reminds one of Janet Gaynor and Loretta Young combined, is Monique, the fragile little Red Cross nurse, beloved of both La Roche and Denet--reciprocating the regard of Denet, who goes forth to another battle as the picture fades out--the leader and more than half the men of the regiment having already met their doom at the enemy's ammunition.

It is a penetrating and poignant climax to a spirited film of flesh and blood and disaster. Mr. Darryl Zanuck's company has turned out a cinema achievement!

New York <u>World Telegram</u>, August 5, 1936.

WAR STILL A PARADE IN "ROAD TO GLORY

Film is Well-Acted Variation of "Journey's End" and British Play, "Suspense."

By William Boehnel.

This, as even those who only glance at newspaper headlines must realize, would be an ideal time for a motion picture to remind the world, which has a faulty memory, of what a

harrowing pastime war is. Not that any time wouldn't be the right time to arraign war, but with all Europe facing the possibility of a new armed conflict the present moment seems propitious, if ever one did.

Just such an opportunity was had by "The Road to Glory" —this is not, under any circumstance, to be confused with Humphrey Cobb's famous novel, "Paths of Glory," which left readers limp and sick with its brutality—which opened yesterday at the Rivoli Theater.

But with characteristic lack of courage the producers of "The Road to Glory" have failed to take advantage of the opportunity that was within their reach. True, there are moments when the film stresses the futility of war as an instrument of civilization, but these moments are very few indeed.

In fact, unless my memory fails me, the only time it openly attacks armed conflict is when the film's lovely heroine rather amateurishly asks why men must always die. For the most part it leans on the side of those who still can think that war is a pageant of waving flags, brass buttons, and martial music. My own patience with "The Road to Glory" ended there.

Realistic War Film

However, if you can forgive the film's lack of courage and middle-of-the-road point of view, you'll have to admit that it is a realistic, well-acted variation of "Journey's End" and a British play called "Suspense." It begins with Captain Paul LaRoche, a sort of French Captain Stanhope, filling himself with brandy and aspirin to keep his nerves from breaking and reminding each new company of replacements of the glory of the 39th Regiment which was founded by Napoleon, and it ends with Lieutenant Michel Denet, now commander of the 39th Regiment—LaRoche has died gloriously on the field of battle—doing the same thing.

In between, it tells of the antagonism that springs up between Denet and LaRoche over a pretty nurse named Monique and how LaRoche's father, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, enlists under an assumed name, loses his courage at a critical moment which almost results in disaster for the French, and how, in the end, he and his son, now blind from wounds, gallantly die directing the fire of French artillery.

Most Thrilling Scene.

The film is at its best when it sketches swiftly and sharply the characters of the enlisted men and their valiant services in the front line trenches and is at its most thrilling when the men hear the Germans digging a mine under their trenches and are powerless to avert the disaster they know will soon overtake them.

Here, as it was in the play, "Suspense," this sequence is, must inevitably be, thrilling and heartsick. The battle scenes, too, are realistic and gory enough to make one limp and perhaps realize just how monstrous war is.

The acting, at any rate, reveals an admirable integrity. Fredric March as Denet, Warner Baxter as LaRoche, and Lionel Barrymore as his father, bring a force and validity to their characterizations and fine work is done by the ever reliable Gregory Ratoff, Victor Kilian and John Qualen. June Lang, a strikingly beautiful blonde, plays the nurse with considerable sincerity if not an overabundance of skill.

New York Times, August 5, 1936.

AN OBJECTIVE WAR FILM IS 'THE ROAD TO GLORY,' AT THE RIVOLI

By Frank S. Nugent

After Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," Humphrey Cobb's "Paths of Glory" and Irwin Shaw's "Bury the Dead" we cannot but be impatient with any such objective, yet romanticized, treatment of war as the Rivoli's "The Road to Glory." All the more impatient because, much against our personal convictions, we find our interest caught up emotionally, our attention pinioned, our imagination captured by the photoplay. Even though it is a stirring, dramatic and vivid picture, that should not defend it; war should not be considered dispassionately; we should not be beguiled into liking a film that regards it so. And yet, resentfully or not, we must confess that we did.

Joel Sayre and William Faulkner have written their screen play with the impersonality of a veteran newspaper man's account of a fire; Fredric March, Warner Baxter, Lionel Barrymore, June Lang, Gregory Ratoff and the others have

not so much attempted to interpret their characters as to delineate them; Howard Hawks has accepted his material eagerly if unquestioningly, has filmed it graphically and with no waste effort. The result is a detached, uneditorialized and inconclusive report on certain dramatic incidents which, for the film's purposes, are presumed to have occurred on the western front.

To describe any one of these episodes as being the central theme would be to give it a significance out of all proportion. Dramatically there is little to choose between the triangular romance of Captain La Roche, Lieutenant Denet and Monique, the pretty war nurse; or the enlistment of Captain La Roche's father as a private, his cowardice and fatal blunder in action, his act of redemption in an ultimate scene; or the company's discovery that the German sappers are mining their trench and that they must hold their position until replacements arrive; or the horrifying advance across No Man's Land to capture a ruin which shortly is to be blasted into nothingness by an allied barrage.

There is, during the swift chronicling of these disassociated events, an underlying theme: the glory of service, of regimental tradition, selfless discipline and sacrifice. War pictures have sanctified this concept before and here again we are persuaded that heroes die gloriously, with trumpets blowing a charge and with time for a pathetic last word. At this stage of social enlightenment we have a right to expect something more, a word or two, perhaps, on the significance and the ultimate value of their sacrifice.

Monique, the nurse, does raise the question. "What sense does it make just to be brave?" she asks Denet. "Why do you all have to die?" And Denet ("comforting her," in the words of the script) replies, "That question has been asked as many times as men have died—but the answer hasn't satisfied anybody or stopped men from killing each other." That is the only conclusion "The Road to Glory" reaches. It is one of the things we resent, even though the picture, considered objectively, is a grim, taut and absorbing war film.

The work of the cast is faultless. Warner Baxter as the sleepless, death-burdened company commander; Fredric March as the lieutenant, June Lang as Monique, Gregory Ratoff as the comic poilu, Victor Kilian as a sergeant, Lionel Barrymore as the captain's father—these and many others have aided beyond measure in giving the picture a quality which compels our resentful admiration.

New York Herald Tribune, August 5, 1936.

It is perhaps natural that a war picture called "The Road to Glory" which couldn't have been planned without a producer's memory that there was a distinguished novel known as "Paths of Glory," should have a certain synthetic quality. It is not that the new film at the Rivoli Theater is by any means a direct imitation of the impressive Humphrey Cobb book about military bureaucracy. Instead, the photoplay has a certain suggestion of almost every war drama from "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory?" to "Journey's End" and "All Quiet on the Western Front." Nevertheless, granted that the work has its reminiscent qualities and its share of other frailties, it is a powerful and effective motion picture that seldom fails to be direct and moving. Thanks to some shrewd writing by Joel Sayre and William Faulkner, the direction of Howard Hawks, the acting of several skillful performers and the careful supervision of Nunnally Johnson, "The Road to Glory" is much more than a casual imitation of celebrated predecessors in the field.

Eighteen years after the close of the first World War, there is bound to be an interesting and significant indication of popular feeling when you note the audience reaction to a photoplay that brings the days of 1914-'18 back to us with some reality. Perhaps, therefore, it is worth observing that the audiences at the Rivoli Theater yesterday found some pretty tragic drama vastly amusing and then proceeded to laugh at a sentimental scene of an old soldier and the bugle he had blown at Sedan. It is not that the assembled public found the picture anything to make fun of. On the contrary, the film was obviously approved with great enthusiasm. The trouble is that an observer who wanted to find out the popular sentiment about war would have been puzzled a bit by the way in which the horror and the sentimentality of that institution seemed equally scorned. I can't tell you whether it was a reaction indicating that war was regarded as a lark or that its pseudo-emotionalism was scorned, but certainly it proved that belligerency represents a timely and impressive topic.

The new film is a matter of episodes, rather than of carefully plotted story. Its two central figures are, of course, a dashing, amorous young officer and a stern company commander who must have his share of brandy to keep up his precarious morale. Naturally, there is an ingenue nurse who causes a feud between the two officers, and who supplies the

weakest scenes of the work. To tell you of these things, though, is to be unfair to a superior screen play.

I should say that the chief virtue of "The Road to Glory" was that it made war something dirty and uncomfortable, rather than merely romantic; that it indicated that the screams of the dying were as much to be heard as the sound of exciting martial music. It is amazingly difficult for the screen to make battle anything else than glamorous and the new film doesn't escape that handicap completely, but there is blood and horror and fear in it, too. After all, the heroic old father of the embittered company commander does break down in complete terror and cause the death of two of his comrades when he is faced by a military crisis. Thank heaven, too, the picture doesn't deal with aviators, the aristocrats of fighting, this time. Its people are the embattled infantrymen, who did most of the work and have achieved the least of the cinema's customary glorification. I suppose, too, that this is the first American war picture in which a sergeant has been a gentle, somewhat wistful fellow, rather than a hard-boiled terror. The most interesting episode, by the way, deals with the emotions of a platoon, living in a trench that is being mined by the Germans; an event which I think I once saw in a play somewhere.

Fredric March, an increasingly effective actor, is excellent as the dashing lieutenant, and Warner Baxter is equally as good as the company commander. Perhaps most memorable of all, though, are the portrayals in minor roles by Gregory Ratoff and Victor Kilian as amiable, humorous and kindly sergeants. Both of them, I think, are nothing short of brilliant. Lionel Barrymore gives his usual sideshow as the ancient recruit whose morale collapses at the crucial moment. The heroine is played by Miss June Lang, who has received publicity as the possessor of the first "modernistic" figure. I can see why the producers didn't give her too much publicity as an actress.

By Richard Watts Jr.

<u>The Nation</u>, September 26, 1936.

STATIONARY WAR

"The Road to Glory" (Twentieth Century) illustrates once more a defect in the Western Front as material for fiction in any form. Once more a war is going on in which there are no battles. Millions of men are in a deadlock the monotony of which may best be expressed by saying that both the noise and

danger are constant. The story can neither rise nor fall to a climax, just as it can have no hero and just as it can have no end. Movement, the life blood of story, can be only illusory here, where to be sure trenches are occupied and reoccupied and individuals go once in a while to incidental death, but where there can be no movement in the large sense necessary to drama. This is why "The Road to Glory," like "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Journey's End," is ultimately depressing in spite of the fact that for an hour and a half it seems to be and is exciting. The excitement of the spectator is never healthy. It feeds his claustrophobia and is fed by it, the result being in fact a sort of madness in the mind which corresponds to the madness of the theme and which if prolonged would grow intolerable. The emotions involved are the last thing from liberating; the soul goes on no journey.

If this is true it is most true where motion pictures are concerned. The capacity of the sound film for reproducing the pandemonium of a European war is fatally great; we are no sooner convinced that we have never heard so authentic a barrage as this one in "The Road to Glory" than we are reminded in a new degree of the meaninglessness of all such things. So too with the other properties which Mr. Sherriff has made traditional: the neurotic captain, the enlisted man who reads irrelevant letters from home, and the dugout which for everybody is a living grave. T. S. Eliot recently dismissed the kind of war we have today as "degrading." It was both an aesthetic and a moral judgment, and hence applicable here. The story of a war without movement is a story without morality, which is to say without meaning.

Mr. Eliot presumably prefers an older kind of war; and, leaving aside the question whether any kind is desirable in art. "The Last of the Mohicans" (Rivoli) makes the difference felt at once. It is a relatively inept film, with a great many incredible Indians in it and with a bulky fable which it is not always careful to keep clear. But Cooper's very noble narrative instinct drove him to occupy a large area with figures and forces the significance of whose coming and goings cannot be questioned; and the American forest which he bequeathed to all romancers after him is undeniably here. The British army, the French army, the self-interested settlers, and of course the Indians compose a moving background against which Hawkeye (Randolph Scott) can serve freely and spaciously as the hero that fiction was created to have; and the death of the Colonel at Fort William Henry is a human event, as nobody's death is in "The Road to Glory." "The Road to Glory" is a better picture of its kind, and for the moment tells a more exciting story;

but the kind is not so good, nor, since it is incapable of development, can it be said to have so much future.

"The General Died at Dawn" (Paramount) is set in contemporary China, where the war lord Yang (Akim Tamiroff) and the young American champion of oppressed provinces (Gary Cooper) fight it out over a wide field of intrigue. Clifford Odets, who wrote the scenario, has therefore not been trenchbound; and the result of his collaboration with the camera is a superior film, continuously interesting and often quite genuinely terrible. He has, however, made a number of minor mistakes; as when he puts into the wry mouth of his American hero pious words that do not belong there, and as when he lets his love story lapse into the commonplace. He may very well have lacked a free hand with the love story, but it is doubtful that anyone in Hollywood directed him to write the set speeches. They are right, but this charming and modest fellow would not have said them. Fortunately the war lord does not understand himself so well; it is he who merely by continuing to be himself carries the excellent moral with which Mr. Odets has been concerned.

Mark Van Doren

SLAVE SHIP

The Film Daily, June 19, 1937.

STRONG WELL DIRECTED MELODRAMA LIGHTENED BY ROMANCE AND COMEDY.

This is strong melodrama lightened by a romance and comedy. Tay Garnett has directed well and kept the action lively. Warner Baxter is very effective as a courageous slave ship operator, who reforms and successfully downs a rebellious crew. Wallace Beery, as a rowdy seaman, turns in his usual convincing performance. One of the highlights is Mickey Rooney's work as a cabin boy, always ready to fight and prove his manhood. Elizabeth Allan is fine as the girl with whom Baxter falls in love. Joseph Schildkraut, Jane Darwell, George Sanders and Francis Ford do well in their roles. William Faulkner wrote the original story and Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti and Gladys Lehman the screenplay. For years Baxter has braved the English laws by operating a ship that got slaves in Africa and took

them to the United States for sale. On one of his trips to Virginia he meets and falls in love with Elizabeth Allan. He orders Beery to discharge their old crew and hire a new one for merchant marine service. When Baxter and his bride, Miss Allan, board the ship they find that Beery has kept the old crew of ruffians. A new cargo of slaves is placed aboard the ship in Africa, but Baxter, with the aid of Mickey Rooney, fights off Beery and his men, and sails the ship to St. Helena. There Miss Allan's appeal to the court martial wins freedom for Baxter. The picture closes with Baxter, Miss Allan, Mickey and Ford on Baxter's plantation in Jamaica.

Cast: Warner Baxter, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Allan, Mickey Rooney, George Sanders, Jane Darwell, Joseph Schildkraut, Arthur Hohl, Minna Gombell, Billy Bevan, Francis Ford, J. Farrell MacDonald, Paul Hurst, Holmes Herbert, Edwin Maxwell, Miles Mander, Douglas Scott, Jane Jones, J. P. McGowan, DeWitt Jennings, Dorothy Christy, Charles Middleton, Dewey Robinson, Herbert Heywood, Winter Hall, Marilyn Knowlden, Arthur Aylesworth.

Producer, Darryl Zanuck; Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson; Director, Tay Garnett; Author, William Faulkner; Based on a novel by George S. King; Screenplay, Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti, Gladys Lehman; Cameraman, Ernest Palmer, ASC; Art Director, Hans Peters; Editor, Lloyd Nosler; Recording Engineer, Alfred Bruzlin, Roger Heman; Musical Score by Alfred Newman.

Direction, Expert Photography, Splendid

Los Angeles Evening News and Express, June 24, 1937.

'SLAVE SHIP' BLOODSTAINED MELODRAMA OF HIGH SEAS

By W. E. Oliver

Baited with the names of Warner Baxter and Wallace Beery, "Slave Ship" yesterday drew to Loew's State and Grauman's Chinese audiences probably interested in adventure and humanity implied in its title.

Adventure they got. Whole sadistic gobs of it. Shootings by the score, knivings, mutiny, corpses of men, black and white, a fire at sea, in fact almost the whole selection of reliable story devices to shock is used in telling this story of a slaver captain who reformed and who is doublecrossed by his revolting crew when he takes his bride on a honeymoon trip to the African coasts.

A romantic contrast is fabricated in the early part of the story by showing the courtship by Warner Baxter of Elizabeth Allan. But once aboard the luggar the thrills are on.

INSERT COMEDY

Comedy is inserted into the brooding deeds by giving Wallace Beery, as the leader of the mutineers one of those "lovable" rascal characters that are his stock in trade. He tenderly tends a canary and also ties slaves to anchor chains, dumps them into the ocean to escape conviction by the international patrol against slavery.

There are some amusing touches in the waterfront scenes at the beginning of the film (the best part of the picture), but the temper of the production is dominated by a welter of skullduggery in which legitimate motivation and characterizations are stopped for only occasionally.

CYNICAL CRUELTY

Joseph Schildkraut, as a Portuguese slave trader, balances his comedy touches against the cynical brutality in the film.

Much closer to the normal taste is the other film, "Marriage Before Breakfast," pairing Robert Young and Florence Rice in a gay little romance that is amusing as well as human.

You'll like this film, due to the spirited story, the new natural acting of Bere Young and the aid of such capables as "Gangster" Warren Hymer and "Valet" Barnett Parker.

Chicago Daily Tribune, July 17, 1937.

MOVIE DEPICTS A FIERCE STORY OF SLAVE TRADE

By Mae Tinée

Good Morning!

"She was launched in blood—she will end in blood!"

So prophesies truly an old man to the small boy clinging in terror to him. For both have just witnessed a dreadful sight! The brave new barque "Wanderer" has crushed a man as, freshly christened, she glided down her ways to the sea and her maiden voyage.

First "The Wanderer," then "The Silver Queen," then "The Albatross"—but an evil ship under any name is just as dangerous, according to superstition, and so, "The Albatross" which has brought every owner and every crew bad luck, at last is bought for a song—and the sea jinx becomes a "blackbirder" engaged in unlawfully transporting slaves from Africa to America.

Reared as a slaver Capt. Jim Lovett thinks nothing of his calling till he meets—and marries—a gentle southern Nancy Marlowe who is ignorant of the manner in which he makes a living.

He decides to become the respectable planter she believes him to be, but his mate and crew, all of whom are shareholders in the ship, won't let him.

Made prisoners, husband and wife have a strange terrifying honeymoon....The picture's final scenes are bloody and tempestuous, but, with this ray of sunshine beaming brightly—the ending is all the most romantic could desire.

The story is located about 1847. Sets and costumes are effective and direction was intelligent.

Warner Baxter turns out a fine, believable performance as Lovett. Mickey Rooney and Joseph Schildkraut give shining portrayals. Elizabeth Allan is charming as Nancy. Mr. Beery is Beeryish, but I didn't care for him this trip. The rest of the cast was well chosen.

If you enjoy this brutal type of entertainment, "Slave Ship" will be to your liking. Otherwise—nix.

New York Daily News, June 17, 1937.

The slave running business that flourished during one of the darker periods of American history forms the background of the exciting adventure that is being told on the Rivoli screen in Darryl Zanuck's latest production, "Slave Ship."

The story, based on a novel by George S. King and fashioned to the screen by William Faulkner, Sam Hellman and couple of other scenarists, is a bold, unvarnished tale of human degradation. It isn't a pretty picture. It is, rather, a powerful

and almost sickening exposition of the slave traffic and, in spite of the romance which plays a prominent and a natural part in the tale, it is recommended only to those who relish their screen fare raw.

The story gets under way after the sailing vessel, The Wanderer, is christened at Salem and gets off to a bloody start. The boat kills one of the workmen as she slides down the runway to the sea. She runs into a series of misadventures and is sold as The Silver Queen. The bad omen follows her and she is finally knocked off on the auction block, rechristened The Albatross and turns up as a slave ship under Capt. Jim Lovett.

With a crew of tough, piratical sailors, the ill-fated schooner has a prosperous career until Lovett falls in love on one of his trips home and tries to get away from the unlawful traffic in humans. Taking his bride aboard The Albatross after instructing his mate, Jack Thompson, to pay off the old crew and hire a new one, Lovett sets his course for Jamaica where he intends to start life anew on a sugar plantation. He reckons, however, without his crew, who refuse to give up their exclusive and profitable business. Secreted aboard, the villainous crew take command under the treacherous Thompson and set sail for Africa on their last, wild adventure. During the voyage, command of the ship passes from Lovett to the men and back to the captain again through a series of hair-raising incidents.

The cast is first rate. Warner Baxter gives as fine a performance as the intrepid skipper of "Slave Ship" as he gave in "The Prisoner of Shark Island." Wallace Beery's sly, sloppy, stupid interpretation of Thompson is an impressive portrait. Mickey Rooney is great as a bold, brave youngster and Elizabeth Allan, George Sanders, Joseph Schildkraut, Arthur Hohl, Billy Bevan and Francis Ford all add color and force to the production.

Tay Garnett has handled his spectacular material expertly. The adventure is swiftly paced and effectively dramatized. The photography is excellent. But, as I mentioned above, one has to be pretty strong to stand the scenes in the slave quarters of the ship and to bear watching man's brutality to man.

By Kate Cameron

New York Herald Tribune, June 17, 1937.

The new offering at the Rivoli, "Slave Ship," follows a well-tested formula. Like "Mutiny on the Bounty" or "Captain Blood," it spins a tale of high adventure on the high seas. The final sequences have a certain sustained excitement, but the exposition as a whole is faltering. In spite of Tay Garnett's frequently brilliant direction, the show sags under its own weight of implausible melodrama. "Slave Ship" has a handsome front, nicely accentuated last evening by the fanfare of a belated opening. It has very little substance.

The quirk that sets the plot apart from other nautical screen narrations is the slave running that took an ill-fortuned barque from Salem to the coast of Africa and back to Virginia in 1860. It does not shirk its theme. The black savages are shown herded into the hold of the boat where they are lashed almost continuously for no apparent reason and a slue [sic] of them are tossed overboard chained to an anchor when the ship is about to be boarded. The test of the photo-play's compulsion is that these frankly sadistic interludes leave one singularly cold.

The scenarists, for one reason or another, have concentrated on as silly a romance as ever was framed by bloody doings. They would have you believe that the owner of the slave ship was distracted from his nefarious traffic by the love of a sweet young thing and tried to go straight. His realistic mate and crew have no part of this regeneration. They mutiny, get a new cargo of blacks and throw a lot knives [sic] at him before they get what is coming to them. It all makes for some slap-dash scenes of violence, but very little suspence [sic] and even less cogent drama.

The players are definitely beset by the plot. Warner Baxter makes a dashing enough hero and Elizabeth Allan is remarkably unruffled as the lady hemmed in by mutineers. Wallace Beery plays the double-crossing mate with an emphasis that leaves no question as to his villainy. Better than all of these, to my mind, is Mickey Rooney as a cabin boy who makes you believe, at intervals, that he really is a cabin boy. The script does not help the cast. It practically baffles Mr. Garnett. He has arranged stunning sequences and his staging is always straightforward, in keeping with the background, but smart direction can't overcome slipshod material.

Time, June 28, 1937.

Last known U. S. Slave ship was The Wanderer, built as a yacht, the fastest craft flying the burgee of the New York Yacht Club. In 1857 her owner, John D. Johnson, sold her to a fellow clubmember, W. C. Corrie. New York yachtsmen did

not know much about Corrie. He was a mysterious but affable gentleman, amply provided with funds, who professed an interest in the finer points of yachting and declared himself in the market for a speedy boat. After buying The Wanderer he was no longer seen around the club. Refitted and renamed, the tall bark, unmistakable for her clipper bow and sleek racing lines, was recognized by British and U. S. naval officers of the International Slave Patrol, insouciantly ferrying from the west coast of Africa to lonely U. S. inlets.

Slave Ship does not touch upon the sporting background of the bark that plays its title role, but records some of the more sombre legends which sailormen repeated about The Wanderer. She had been launched in blood, killing a workman who was pinioned on the ways as she slid down into the water. Fire and plague beset her voyages. Slaving, outlawed by international agreement in 1814, was practiced in the middle of the century by a few renegade skippers who risked hanging for the $600 to $1,000 per head they could obtain.

Skipper Jim Lovett (Warner Baxter) decided to quit slaving after the Sunday morning when, on his way to get drunk, he met Nancy (Elizabeth Allan) on her way to church. Failing to share his reformation, the Slave Ship crew shanghaied him and his bride, obtained the keys to the gun locker, pointed the bark's nose for the Congo. Thompson (Wallace Beery), the wily mate, planned to leave Captain Lovett on the beach after the cargo was aboard, but Lovett climbed aboard from a native prea. Annexing the arsenal, Lovett and Nancy, helped by the cabin boy (Mickey Rooney), held the wheel against the ruffian mutineers. At St. Helena, Mate Thompson, with the gallows in his mind, planned to destroy evidence by linking the slaves' fetters to the anchor chain and dropping anchor. In a free-for-all, Skipper Lovett freed most of the blackbirds, shot Thompson in the belly. Put on trial for slaving, Lovett admitted his guilt. Nancy's testimony, in the picture's best dramatic scene, saves his life.

Slave Ship is not for the squeamish. Its eight reels contain an incredible amount of knifing, jaw-punching, conking on the head, lashing in chains, shooting, slapping and assorted casual brutalities. Sometimes its violence is shrewdly planned and powerful; sometimes, particularly when Director Tay Garnett uses for comedy the same form of physical surprise which a moment earlier he was using for horror, it is inept. But the action is generally lusty and well-integrated. Best minor role: Mickey Rooney as the resolute, bewildered cabin boy whose loyalty veers hazardously between the brutal mate and the romantic skipper.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

Daily Variety, October 5, 1944.

"To Have and Have Not," adapted from Ernest Hemingway's novel, fails to materialize as any more than average, somewhat measuredly-paced melodrama where exciting action was rightfully anticipated. Humphrey Bogart in star role is pictured as an ordinary skipper of a small cabin cruiser who hires his boat out to wealthy sportsmen in the Martinique in days directly following fall of France, and even when he finally renounces his middle-of-the-path politics and becomes involved actively in struggle between Vichy officials who govern island, and the Free French, there is not the fire nor the movement and color expected in the Bogart character.

Howard Hawks, as producer-director, occasionally gives evidence of his usual gusty approach, but was handicapped by meandering screenplay which did not allow for any forthright melodramatic story unfoldment. Too much effort was expended in trying to play up character of a rummy, played by Walter Brennan, who has no particular bearing to story, and giving a newcomer by name of Lauren Bacall, who plays opposite star, an opportunity to display her acting talent, with result action generally slows to a walk. Some snappy dialog was written for interchange between Bogart and Miss Bacall, a young lady of presence but vast inexperience, and this is brightest portion of picture.

Plot follows Bogart's endeavors to earn an honest living in Fort de France, capital of Martinique, and keep out of politics entirely by refusing to side with either Vichy Loyalists or Free French. He is successful in this until an American girl flies in from Trinidad, en route back to the States, and because she hasn't any more money and he's broke himself, undertakes a dangerous mission for some DeGaullists, so that he may get money for her passage home.

Brightly interspersed through picture is piano playing and performance of Hoagy Carmichael, the song writer, who makes his screen bow as an able entertainer. Marcel Dalio, Walter Sande and Dan Seymour likewise make favorable impressions. Bogart tries hard, but there simply isn't the material for him.

Jules Furthman and William Faulkner wrote script from Hemingway book with too leisurely an outlook, being entirely undistinctive. Art direction by Charles Novi and set decorations by Casey Roberts were atmospherically executed, and Sid Hickox did excellent camera work.

New York Variety, October 14, 1944.

With an eye to the lucrative box-office of its "Casablanca," the brothers Warner have turned out another epic of similar genre in a none-too-literal adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not." There are enough similarities in both films to warrant more than cursory attention, even to the fact that Humphrey Bogart is starred in each, but the b.o. prospects of the new pic are unlikely to approach those of "Casablanca." It should do well enough though this story of Vichy France collaborationism is not up to Warner's melodramatic story standards.

Though "Have Not" was one of Hemingway's inferior novels—whose theme of rum-running was certainly antithetical to the film's story of French collaboration—it affords considerable picture interest because of some neat characterizations. And it introduces a newcomer, Lauren Bacall, in her first picture. She's an arresting personality in whom Warners has what the scouts would call a find. She can slink, brother, and no fooling!

Yarn deals with the intrigue centering around the Caribbean island of Martinique, owned by France, and the plotting that ensued there prior to its ultimate capitulation to Allied pressure. Bogart is an American skipper there who hires out his boat to anyone who has the price. When he becomes involved in the local Free French movement, the story's pattern becomes woven around him, at times in cops-and-robbers fashion.

Warners has given the pic its usually nifty productional accoutrements, and that includes casting, musical scoring and Howard Hawks' direction, but the basic story is too unsteady.

Bogart is, of course, in his usual metier, a tough guy who, no less, has the facility of making a dame go for him, instead of he for her. That's where Miss Bacall comes in.

Walter Brennan, as Bogart's drunken sidekick; Dolores Moran, as the film's second looker; and songwriter Hoagy Carmichael have lesser roles that they handle to advantage.

Carmichael as an actor is somewhat of a surprise; he's actually playing himself, a pianist-songwriter in the Martinique cafe that affords the story's background. He and Johnny Mercer have collabbed on one tune that merits more than passing attention, "How Little We Know."

Kahn.

Los Angeles Examiner, January 20, 1945.

BOGART SCORES IN NEW FILM

By Louella O. Parsons

"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT" may not be the most original movie Humphrey Bogart has ever made--but it is certainly the most eagerly awaited. The big bait, next to Bogey, of course, is leading lady Lauren Bacall, who has been so widely publicized she has the whole town waiting to see her.

Lauren is no raring, raving tearing beauty, but she is endowed with a sultry, intense personality, topped by one of the most fascinating speaking voices ever heard on the screen. She's definitely a personality you will want to see again.

I'm sure when Ernest Hemingway wrote his best seller novel he didn't have any idea how important it would be in Bogey's career, but you can definitely put it down as a picture that has had much to do with his life both on and off the screen.

The picture is best described as a cross between "Casablanca" and "Across the Pacific." The story deals with the intrigue between the Free French and the Vichyites. The action takes place in Fort de France, capital of Martinique where Bogart, an American, operates a fishing launch. His only wish is to earn a living and mind his own business, but he gets involved in the political tempest, which is hot and heavy with bullets, escapes and all the general excitement of a melodrama.

While I say this isn't Bogart's top picture, it's definitely swell entertainment and I'd like to have just a few of the pennies that will roll in at the box office.

Everybody has been waiting to see Bogart and Bacall, particularly after those "hot" exploitation posters. The movie is certainly no disappointment as a followup, for the love scenes are torrid plus.

Bogey is always to me one of our most interesting actors and he is at his cryptic best as Captain Morgan, the owner of the small boat in Martinique. I've already spoken my piece about Lauren—and the rest of the supporting cast is equally excellent.

Walter Brennan, as the lovable old drunken companion of Captain Morgan, does another one of his fine character portrayals. Dolores Moran, such a pretty girl, is very good as the wife of a French patriot. One of the really surprising and outstanding performances is given by Hoagy Carmichael, the piano player who composes his own tunes just as Hoagy does in real life. He's darned good and any time he gets tired of pounding the ivories, he can change to acting.

Howard Hawks is a director who perfectly understands the Bogart temperament and he's given the picture plenty of intestinal fortitude by his deft direction and able production.

You can bank on it that Ernest Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not" will be one of the most discussed movies of the season even though Hemingway might not recognize his brain child when he sees it—so many changes have been made. The picture opened yesterday at Warners Hollywood, Downtown and Wiltern Theaters.

Chicago Daily Tribune, March 1, 1945.

HOAGY, BOGEY, BACALL: CRITIC PREFERS HOAGY

By Mae Tinée

Three guesses as to my favorite in this film. If you think it was either of the stars, you're mistaken—it was Hoagy Carmichael, sitting at the piano in his shirtsleeves and chewing on a match, charming some delightful stuff from the keys, and occasionally chanting crazy lyrics by Johnny Mercer. Will somebody please put some more of him in a picture, soon?

Don't get me wrong. There's nothing amiss with Mr. Bogart, who's quite a handy fellow this trip, running a boat, removing bullets, outwitting the Gestapo, and knocking the girls dead with his treat 'em rough technique, but if you saw him in "Casablanca" one [sic] of his behavior in this film will be any novelty to you.

Miss Bacall does all right for herself, too, altho her habit of portraying sexiness by lowering her chin and staring silently upward at every one while uttering an occasional hoarse monosyllable seems a bit ridiculous at first. She warms up to her role later and is quite attractive in the rare moments in which she permits herself to smile.

Her voice is deliberately husky, as seems to be appropriate in portraying a siren, but I thought she was going to strangle a couple of times when she gave out with a song--"How Little We Know," a good number, by the way. As Marie, who stopped to pick a few pockets to finance a return to the United States, she sees Boggey, decides she likes him, and goes after him like a man eating tigress. Her methods are direct, to say the least.

I have only a vague recollection of Mr. Hemingway's novel, but it seems to me that only the title has been retained in the film version. Don't ask me its significance in relation to the picture--I couldn't say. Martinique is the setting, and the principals are drawn unwillingly into the intrigue between the Vichy and the Free French at the beginning of the war. There's a bit of shooting here and there, some sophisticated dialog, picturesque photography, and, as I said before, some darn good music.

If you liked "Casablanca," you'll probably like this, because the two are quite similar, and altho I thought this lacked the punch of the earlier film, I haven't the slightest doubt that it will keep the box offices busy. Mr. Bogart probably could go on forever in such roles, Miss Bacall undoubtedly will improve with experience, and Walter Brennan does an excellent job as a drunk, but as an entertainer I'll trade Hoagy for any of 'em.

New York Times, October 12, 1944.

Having once cornered Humphrey Bogart in a Casablanca café and beheld his tremendous potential in that sultry and

colorful spot, it was logical that Warners should have wanted to get him there again—or in some place of similar nature, where the currents would flow much the same. A fellow like Mr. Bogart needs a well-coupled circuit, you know. Well, the desire has been accomplished with surprisingly comparable effect in Howard Hawks' production for the studio, "To Have and Have Not," which came to the Hollywood yesterday.

Maybe they say that the story is based on Ernest Hemingway's tale of the same name, or maybe the locale is visually French Martinique four years ago. But there's no use dodging around it: "To Have and Have Not" is "Casablanca" moved west into the somewhat less hectic Caribbean but along the same basic parallel. And, although there are surface alterations in some of the characters, you will meet substantially the same people as in that other geo-political romance.

For what Mr. Hawks and his script-writers have done to Mr. Hemingway's tale is to shape it out of all recognition into a pattern of worldly intrigue. Now the professional sports fisherman, who was a brute in the original, is a much more tractable fellow where human destinies are involved, and especially is he open to persuasion when a fascinating female waves in. And thus, while pursuing his profession in the region of Martinique, he is coerced to fish in the deep waters of pro and anti-Vichy lawlessness by the push of his own moral suasion and the lure of a very fetching girl.

There is much more character than story in the telling of this tough and tight-lipped tale—and much more atmosphere, than action of the usual muscular sort. And that—as was true with "Casablanca"—is generally just as well. For Mr. Bogart is best when his nature is permitted to smoulder in the gloom and his impulse to movement is restricted by a caution bred of cynical doubt. And those are his dispositions which Mr. Hawks has chiefly worked on in this film. As the hard-boiled professional fisherman who gives him ample ingenuity to a cause, Mr. Bogart is almost as impressive as he was as Rick, the Casablanca host.

And as the wistful bird of passage who moves dauntlessly into his life, Lauren Bacall, a blondish newcomer, is plainly a girl with whom to cope. Slumberous of eye and softly reedy along the lines of Veronica Lake, she acts in the quiet way

of catnip and sings a song from deep down in her throat. Accompanied by Hoagy Carmichael, who plays a sweetly sleazy pianist, in this film, she mumbles a song of his composing, "How Little We Know," in perfect low-down barroom style. Mr. Carmichael himself also does grandly by a sort of calypso song, which is strictly in keeping with the rambling and melancholy atmosphere.

Dan Seymour is powerfully sinister as a hyper-thyroid gunman for Vichy, and Walter Brennan gives an affecting performance (albeit pointless) as a drunk. A good many other ratty characters move in and out of the film—apparently the ones who kept on going when they passed through Casablanca some time back.

Bosley Crowther.

Time, October 23, 1944.

To Have and Have Not (Warner), having jettisoned a solid 90% of the Ernest Hemingway novel, for which Warner Bros. paid plenty, may make devotees of Hemingway the sourest boycotters since Carrie Nation.* But the sea change which Producer-Director Howard Hawks supervised—for the benefit of Humphrey Bogart, Hoagy (Star Dust) Carmichael, and a sensational newcomer named Lauren Bacall (rhymes with McCall)—results in the kind of tinny romantic melodrama which millions of cinemaddicts have been waiting for ever since Casablanca.

The screen story of To Have and Have Not is still about a couple of low characters named Harry Morgan and Marie, and Harry is still a rugged individualist who takes rich men out fishing and earns side money in whatever nefarious ways turn up. But Harry's beat is no longer the axis between bourgeois Key West and revolutionary Havana; he now works out of wartime Martinique, and the villains are Vichyites. Marie is no longer an idealized image of happy marriage; she is a tall, hoarse, egregious 22-year-old tramp, so worldly-wise that when a policeman all but slaps her jaw out of joint she hardly bats an eye.

Harry Morgan's adventures are also considerably altered. He smuggles Gaulists, slams pistols against Vichyites. Harry Morgan becomes, in fact, one of Humphrey Bogart's most edged

*The jettisoning was largely due to censor trouble, caused by the Hays office and by Government worries over Latin American relations.

portrayals of Nietzsche in dungarees, without whose hard resourcefulness one is forced to infer that the rest of the effete world would quickly fall apart.

But To Have and Have Not is neither an action picture nor a Bogart picture. Its story is, in fact, just a loosely painted background for a kind of romance which the movies have all but forgotten about—the kind in which the derelict sweethearts are superficially aloof but essentially hot as blazes, and seem to do even their kissing out of the corners of their mouths. This particular romance is decorated by some sinister yet friendly bits of low-life café atmosphere. Hoagy Carmichael's performance as a cokey-looking ivory-prowler is especially useful for some spidery Caribbean jazz, and for two wryly elegant Carmichael songs. But the most valuable fixture in the show is 20-year-old Lauren Bacall.

Lauren Bacall has cinema personality to burn, and she burns both ends against an unusually little middle. Her personality is compounded partly of percolated Davis, Garbo, West, Dietrich, Harlow and Glenda Farrell, but more than enough of it is completely new to the screen. She has a javelinlike vitality, a born dancer's eloquence in movement, a fierce female shrewdness and a special sweet-sourness. With these faculties, plus a stone-crushing self-confidence and a trombone voice, she manages to get across the toughest girl a piously regenerate Hollywood has dreamed of in a long, long while.

Her lines have been neatly tailored to her talents. They include such easy lines of cryptic folk poetry as "Was ya ever bit by a dead bee?" An even easier line, sure to bring down any decently vulgar house, is her comment on Bogart's second, emboldened kiss: "It's even better when you help." Besides good lines, there are good situations and songs for Newcomer Bacall. She does a wickedly good job of sizing up male prospects in a low bar, growls a louche song more suggestively than anyone in cinema has dared since Mae West in She Done Him Wrong (1933).

Lauren (real name, Betty) Bacall was born on 103rd Street in New York City in September 1924. According to her employers, "she is the daughters of parents who trace their American ancestry back several generations." According to herself, she is part Rumanian, part French, part Russian (she thinks). Her father sold medical instruments. She is an only child. By

the time she got out of Julia Richman High, Bette Davis was her idol, and she had seen enough Davis pictures to realize that it takes training to be an actress.

She got a certain amount of training at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, more as a walk-on, more as an ingénue (directed by George Kaufman). She also worked as an usherette, and got a job modeling for Harper's Bazaar.

In April 1943 Mrs. Howard Hawks, leafing through the Bazaar, caught on her face the way a skirt catches on barbed wire. She showed it to her husband; Producer Howard Hawks was caught too. He wired the magazine, asking whether she was available. The answer came fast, on the Hawks's doorstep, in person. In May 1943 Miss Bacall signed a contract with Hawks; this was shared by Jack Warner as soon as he saw her screen test, a bit of Claudia. The test alone is proof of her abilities; for Lauren Bacall (as seen in To Have and Have Not) to make even a mediocre stab at such a role is like Tom Dewey's successfully impersonating Lincoln.

For the better part of a year Hawks worked her out mainly in a vacant lot, bellowing anything from Shakespeare to odd copies of shopping news. In the fullness of time Hawks had achieved his purpose: he had developed her voice from "a high nasal pipe to a low guttural wheeze." He instructed her now to speak softly and naturally, paying no attention to the traditional voice-culture style which he surrealistically compares with "digging post-holes."

Hawks carried his shrewdly contrived campaign of artificialized naturalness still further. Time and again he left it up to Lauren to decide for herself about how to play a scene, basing her decision on how she would handle the situation in real life. One of the most successful scenes in the picture is her own invention. After a highly charged few minutes with Bogart, late at night in a cheap hotel room, Marie reluctantly retires to her own quarters. At this point in the shooting, Miss Bacall complained: "God, I'm dumb." "Why?" asked Hawks. "Well, if I had any sense, I'd go back in after that guy." She did.

Lauren Bacall may or may not become a star. Yet only last fortnight, Hawks turned down a rival producer's $75,000 bid for her services. He understands her pretty well, and he has plans.

The New Republic, October 23, 1944.

MARIE THE MAGICIAN

"To Have and Have Not" is a rather spiritless Bogart movie that shows him as a man named Harry Morgan whose love for minding his own business and having the fewest possible connections with society is overthrown first by a woman named Marie (Lauren Bacall) and then by the cause for which the de Gaullists are fighting. His turnabout in both cases isn't very convincing or exciting, though his love affair, which has been advertised as the sex bout to top all sex bouts, has some moments of likable slapstick humor. It consists mainly of verbal grappling that sounds as if the participants—Harry, who understandably calls Marie "Slim," and Marie, who not understandably calls Harry "Steve"—were competing for the chance to fill Oscar Levant's place on Information Please. The love-making is taken further out of the realm of love by Miss Bacall's exaggerated idea of what seductiveness should look like and by her unsure grounding in the art of Katherine Hepburn. The love affair does present the uncommon movie fact of a woman wooing the man, doing it very bawdily, and not getting her knuckles wrapped for it later. But the virtue of this honesty is then more than counterbalanced by the fact that situation and characters are pulled all out of shape, and the writing cheapened, not to illuminate the relationship but to throw the audience some speck-sized erotic thrills. This all takes place on Martinique, just after the fall of France, where Morgan runs a For Hire cabin cruiser, and the film ends with his setting out to rescue a famous de Gaullist from Devil's Island.

I think, though, that the picture has some worthwhile things in it and much entertainment that is easy to take, largely because it presents Humphrey Bogart and his ability to fill a role with a richer response, effect and conviction than a movie role usually warrants. Some of its belligerent dialogue (Bogart's, and that of a character named Johnson, who appears only at the beginning of the picture and is well played, in the Bogart manner, by Walter Sande) is good in a realistic way, and sounds as if it could have been thought up by the characters. Incidents like the first meeting between Morgan and Johnson realize the small animosities and aggressions that ride on every word of some casual conversations. A Howard Hawks film is apt to be very jittery, and this can shine as an unquestionable vitality by not remaining [illegible] takes place, as do many Bogart films, in a night club, around a piano player who sings and plays tunes from Lucky

Strike's All Time Hit Parade with what is supposed to be a genuine jazz quality. Hoagy Carmichael is this piano player, and though both his singing and the atmosphere are over-designed, he is one of the best popular-song writers and generally worth watching in this picture.

"To Have and Have Not" is nevertheless half-hearted and slight movie-making, even though one of its screen authors is William Faulkner, its director, Hawks, one of the best for contriving to avoid dull movies, its original novel by Hemingway, and its chief actor, Humphrey Bogart, who seems to me to make a better Hemingway hero than Gary Cooper ever has. It has, for one thing, too many dominant concerns to handle. One of them, which shows the fight on Martinique between the de Gaullists and the Vichyites and the hero's part in that fight, seems completely tacked on. Another, and its most adequately realized one, is its very professional portrait of the traditional Bogart personality. The character is one of the more complicated ones that the movies have tackled, and this picture notes, in an academic, careful way, its main aspects: that he is never weak, affectionate, non-combustible, ineffective, deceitful, cowardly, in need of help, advice or anything else, that he is a man of strong feeling which he rigorously subdues out of his great sense of how to get along in the world. But another thing this film attempts to do is wholly unbelievable and irritating: it tries to change this character from the most determined kind of asocial man into a French patriot. "To Have and Have Not" also has its love bout to exploit, along with all kinds of odds and ends that proved popular in earlier Bogart films, and the result is a picture that has no more structure or unified effect than a string of familiar but unrelated beads.

Manny Farber.

The Nation, November 4, 1944.

To anyone who has noticed, except with relief, the recent absence of this column, I want to apologize. I am sorry, too, that it will take me a couple of weeks to catch up. There ought to be some special tense for this warmed-over sort of reviewing; I can think, instead, only of a rough emotional equivalent: how much I wish I could have made a screen biography of Thomas E. Dewey, with Raymond Walburn in the title role.

Well, let me, like the Young Pretender, seize opportunity by the crupper. Of the movies I have seen lately the one I like best was To Have and Have Not. It has so little to do with Ernest Hemingway's novel that I see no point in discussing its "faithfulness"; it is, rather, a sort of call-house version of Going My Way. It is not, I scuttle to explain, an upstairs story about priests. But like the better film it gets along on a mere thin excuse for a story, takes its time without trying to brag about its budget or to reel up footage for footage's sake, is an unusually happy exhibition of teamwork, and concentrates on character and atmosphere rather than plot. The best of the picture has no plot at all, but is a leisurely series of mating duels between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and the very entertaining, nervy, adolescent new blonde, Lauren Bacall. Whether or not you like the film will depend I believe almost entirely on whether you like Miss Bacall. I am no judge. I can hardly look at her, much less listen to her—she has a voice like a chorus by Kid Ory—without getting caught in a dilemma between a low whistle and a bellylaugh. It has been years since I have seen such amusing pseudo-toughness on the screen. About all that Howard Hawks and his writers (William Faulkner and Jules Furthman) and Bogart try to do is to set this arrogant neophyte off to the best possible advantage, to cover up her weaknesses—or turn them into assets—and to toss campstools under her whenever she wobbles. This in itself is a pleasure to watch; so is the way she rewards them; still more, I enjoyed watching something that obviously involved relaxed, improvising fun for those who worked on it, instead of the customary tight-lipped and hammer-hearted professional anxiety. I also enjoyed Hoagy Carmichael and his tunes, and the picture's general romantic, kidding appreciation of honky-tonk. The best of it had for me at least a little of the nostalgia of highballs that taste like rotten mahogany, defective mechanical pianos at implacable fortissimo, or gents-rooms strangled with the fragrance of mentholated raspberries. This sort of slumgullion is, I must grant, fully as specious as stuff like The White Cliffs of Dover and perhaps even more reprehensible, since—I flatter myself—it seduces a better class of people. I still have a weakness for it, and cannot recommend To Have and Have Not to anyone who hasn't.

James Agee.

THE BIG SLEEP

Hollywood Reporter, August 9, 1946.

Humphrey Bogart, who started the cycle of hard-bitten, detective characters, is back playing another one in "The Big Sleep." The movie-going public didn't know what a "shamus" was until Bogie came along to enact the private eye, Sam Spade, in Dashiell Hammett's rough and tough "Maltese Falcon." Now he is doing Philip Marlowe in Raymond Chandler's "The Big Sleep," and he is one of four actors to appear as Marlowe, the others being Dick Powell, George Montgomery and soon Robert Montgomery. But nobody socks over these guys better than Bogart. His presence as star, coupled with the keen and knowing direction by Howard Hawks, will take "The Big Sleep" to the pinnacle of boxoffice attractions. It can't miss with what it has to offer a discriminating whodunit public.

The Hawks production plunges into its story when Philip Marlowe is summoned to take a case involving the Sternwood family, comprising an elderly General and his two willful daughters, Vivian and Carmen. It seems that they are being blackmailed by a gambler-book dealer, and the General would like it stopped. Before he gets to the crux of the matter, Marlowe runs across two murders and takes part in another four killings. But this is the sort of script that never quiets down.

Actually the picture is not worthy of the skill Hawks always demonstrates. He could only have regarded it as an amusing exercise, and his personal pleasure is contagious, although at close to two hours his work is over-length. It was Hawks who engineered the screen debut of Lauren Bacall. Her second appearance under his direction does much to erase the unfortunate impression she made in "Confidential Agent." But her film future is still to be decided. She plays the older Sternwood daughter, Vivian, and she is the one who captures Marlowe romantically.

Speaking of romance, an absurdity of the story must be mentioned. It appears that every woman, save one, whom Bogart meets in the course of this drama literally throws herself at him. Now no man can be that attractive, unless the full definition of "shamus" escapes us.

It is really remarkable what Hawks makes Martha Vickers mean in the story. He presents her role of the sister, Carmen, as a duplicate of Bacall, which is no small trick though this is what she should be. Miss Vickers cleverly capitalizes upon her opportunity.

It is a sound job that John Ridgely does as the gambler, Eddie Mars, and Peggy Knudsen is good as his wife. Dorothy Malone distinguishes a bit as the girl in the bookstore opposite the blackmailer's establishment. Regis Toomey is impressive as a police detective, Charles Waldron as General Sternwood, and Charles D. Brown as his butler. Real standouts are scored by Bob Steele as an unforgettably menacing gunman, Elisha Cook, Jr. as a kindly racketeer, and Louis Jean Heydt as a finger man. The others have their moments.

Photography by Sid Hickox is of first water, and the art direction by Carl Jules Weyl beyond criticism. The music by Max Steiner is masterful, and the editing by Christian Nyby terse except for the length.

Jack D. Grant.

Los Angeles Examiner, August 14, 1946.

'BIG SLEEP' REAL THRILLER
By Sara Hamilton

That cool-as-a-banana-in-an-icebox detective, one Humphrey Bogart, who startled customers with his particular brand of sleuthing in "The Maltese Falcon," again becomes the hard-to-scare private eye in Raymond Chandler's story, "The Big Sleep."

With him is his wife, Lauren Bacall, and while the film is far from another "To Have and Have Not," their first together, or another "Falcon" as far as that goes, it is one of the best detective thrillers of its kind. Or it seems to be, which is almost as good.

The dialogue is crisp and even racy at times, the action fast, the atmosphere, electric, the production big time, the direction elegant, and the acting tops. These attributes keep it the swell mystery it is, but it never advances beyond being a murder mystery none the less. It doesn't pretend to, therefore, it achieves its exact purpose with an A-plus all the way.

Even when an element of confusion arises as to which character is who, or which name belongs to whom, one is conscious of a tenseness that overrides such details. By golly, it's gripping even with some character confusion, and that's good movie making every time.

There's nobody, just nobody, to equal Bogart as a private dick. He emanates cold deadliness that's frightening enough without the murders and the mysteries to add to one's collection of goosepimples. But, of course, we all know that, so we'll let it rest there and say a word or two about Miss Bacall, protege of Howard Hawks, who directed this one with his unusually fine craftsmanship.

This reviewer for one is sick and tired of repeated allusions that Miss Bacall is a one picture actress, that she fails to fulfill her promise in "To Have and Have Not," that she flopped miserably in "Confidential Agent." If, in that film, Miss Bacall failed to live up to expectations, so for that matter did veteran Charles Boyer, and so did the picture itself. Why, then, single out Bacall? Her work here proves she has all the makings of the fine actress she gave evidence of being in her first film, and when a raw unmoviewise young woman can startle movie audiences in her initial appearance as Lauren did, she's got something that can't be lost overnight. P.S.: We never met Miss B. We don't know her personally. This is merely our unbiased opinion.)

In this instance, the young lady plays a self-sacrificing older sister who becomes involved with gamblers, murderers, and blackmailers, in order to protect her younger sister--an irresponsible lush played very well by Martha Vickers.

The picture is excellently peopled with John Ridgely, Dorothy Malone, Peggy Knudsen, Elisha Cook Jr., and Louis Jean Heydt, each contributing generously to the fracas. The film is now showing at Warners Hollywood, Downtown and Wiltern Theaters, so happy teeth chattering, folks!

Chicago Daily Tribune, October 18, 1946.

BOGART-BACALL MOVIE FAILS TO HOLD ITS PACE

By Mae Tinée

The title of this film has even less obvious relation to the story than usual. No one gets much sleep, as far as

I could see, and if the phrase is used anywhere in the dialog I missed it. But in case you're interested, I learned from the press sheet that "The Big Sleep" refers to death--and of that there is plenty.

As I remember, at least four persons meet it violently, and I may have missed a few. But like Mr. Marlowe, the detective, you may become quite callous about such things after you see enough gore.

The film gets off to a smooth, fast start, with Mr. Bogart, as Marlowe, taking over what promises to be an interesting job from a very interesting old man, and it is the film's loss that the charmingly cynical Gen. Sternwood, ably portrayed by Charles Waldron, is son [sic] displaced by his sullen daughter, Vivian. As the daughter, Lauren Bacall handles all business dealings with the detective after he is hired, and you never see her father again, even tho he is far more believable and much less tiresom [sic] than his offspring. Miss Bacal, [sic] as usual, is hoarsly [sic] quarrelsome and equipped with only two expressions--a defiant glare and a rare smile.

She is a divorcee and a gambler, and her best friends are blackmailers and other unpredictable characters. Her younger sister, Carmen, obviously belongs in an institution, for several reasons. She's not very bright, is addicted to drugs or drink, and is man crazy and bad tempered to boot.

The detective is hired to stop the demands of the blackmailers, and what happens after that is much too involved even to attempt to explain in less than two full columns of space.

Unfortunately, the film does not live up to the promise of its beginning, which is arresting and entertaining. Instead it becomes increasingly confused and confusing, and if you have a clear picture of who X murdered Z, and Z killed Y, and who fronted for whom--you are way ahead of me.

Mr. Bogart is excellent as a tough, terse man who has his soft moments. Miss Bacall is very similar to what she was in her first film, with no visible signs of improvement. Others in the cast are well suited to their roles, but there are just too many of them.

I could see, and if the parts is used anywhere in the drama I missed it. Not in case you're curious, I learned from the press about that "the big sleep" factory in Vernon—and of that there is plenty.

As I remember, we lost four persons here, it vaguely, and I may have missed a few. But as for Mr. Marlowe, his intuition, you may bet he gets omitted about such things after you get through here.

The film ran off to a muddy, dead ending, with Mr. Bogart as Marlowe, smiling over what—presumably he has an explanation for. A very interesting end, and it leaves Film's idea that the unknowingly evicted Gen. Sternwood, ably portrayed by Charles Waldron, is now [sic] entertained by film motion pictures. As the daughter, Carmen Sternwood brazenly all that—using dealing with the detective after he is hired, and you never can be further sure, even he is at for more half-witty and much less sinuous [sic] than his sister, Miss Lauren [sic] as usual. As usually [sic] overplayed and equipped with only two expressions—a twitch, glare and a wide smile.

She is a divorcee and a cow-biter, and her most friends are blackmailers and other superfluitable characters. For younger sister, Carmen, originally tortured in an institution, for several reasons. She's not very lovely, is addicted to drugs or drink, and is mad crazy and not tempered to boot.

The detective is hired to stop the blackmail of the blackmailers, and what happens after that is much too involved even to attempt to explain in less than ten full columns of print.

Unfortunately, the film does not live up to the promise of its beginning, which is arresting and entertaining, instead it becomes increasingly confused and confusing, and if you have a clear picture of who I murdered N, and I killed T, and who frames for whom—you are my, whom, of me.

Mr. Bogart is excellent as a tough, tender man who has his soft moments. Mary Astor is very similar to what she was in her first film, with an visible signs of improvement. Others in the cast are well suited to their roles, but there are just too many of them.

New York Times, August 24, 1946.

'THE BIG SLEEP,' WARNER FILM IN WHICH BOGART AND BACALL ARE PAIRED AGAIN, OPENS AT STRAND

By Bosley Crowther.

If somebody had only told us--the script-writers preferably--just what it is that happens in the Warners' and Howard Hawks' "The Big Sleep," we might be able to give you a more explicit and favorable report on this over-age melodrama which came yesterday to the Strand. But with only the foggiest notion of who does what to whom--and we watched it with closest attention--we must be frankly disappointing about it.

For "TheBig Sleep" is one of those pictures in which so many cryptic things occur amid so much involved and devious plotting that the mind becomes utterly confused. And, to make it more aggravating, the brilliant detective in the case is continuously making shrewd deductions which he stubbornly keeps to himself. What with two interlocking mysteries and a great many characters involved, the complex of blackmail and and murder soon becomes a web of utter bafflement. Unfortunately, the cunning script-writers have done little to clear it at the end.

This is a frequent failing in films made from Raymond Chandler's books, as this one is; and if you haven't read the original, as we haven't, you are stuck. It is something about a detective who undertakes a job of private and perilous sleuthing for a decadent millionaire, mainly to save the old man's daughters from some blackmailers and bums. And since quite obviously the daughters are bums, too, it has a not very lofty moral tone.

Much of the terseness and toughness of Mr. Chandler's style has been caught in the movement and dialogue of William Faulkner's and Leigh Brackett's script. And Mr. Hawks, who produced and directed, has kept the action racy and raw. Everyone in the story, except the old father, seem to carry guns, which they use at one time or another with a great deal of flourish and éclat. And fists are frequently unlimbered, just to vary the violence. Students of underworld minutiae will find plenty of it here.

Through it all, Humphrey Bogart stalks his cold and laconic way as the resolute private detective who has a mind--and a body--made of steel. And Lauren Bacall (Mrs. Bogart) plays the older of the daughters languidly. (Miss Bacall is a dangerous looking female, but she still hasn't learned to act.) A dozen or so other actors play various tramps and tough guys acidly, and the whole thing comes off a poisonous picture lasting a few minutes shy of two hours.

But, for all that, it's likely to leave you confused and dissatisfied. And, by the way, would somebody also tell us the meaning of that title, "The Big Sleep."

The New Republic, September 23, 1946.

JOURNEY INTO THE NIGHT

"The Big Sleep" is an unsentimental, surrealistic excitement in which most of the men in Hollywood's underworld are murdered and most of the women go for an honest but not unwilling private sleuth (Humphrey Bogart). Coinciding with the special prominence of the private detective in Hollywood movies, he has been tagged with the special name of "shamus." Lest there be friction between thieves and shamuses, scriptwriters have been equally thoughtful about holdup artists, so that their black deeds have been Disneyfied with the name "caper." The plot of "The Big Sleep" which winds as crazily as a Greenwich Village street and involves so many secondary crimes and criminals that figuring it out makes you faint, starts with the underpaid shamus signing up to stop the blackmailing of a tough millionaire's depraved, thumb-sucking daughter (Ann Vickers) by a dealer in pornographic books. That night two people you and the detective haven't seen before are murdered before they get a chance to show their faces on the screen and a six-year-old unsolved disappearance of an Irish patriot is brought to your already hysterical attention. The rest of the movie puts Bogart through some dozen more exotic and brutal situations until at the end, with unusually refreshing self-effacement, he admits he can tell the police just about all that happened.

There is a fantastic quality about all this excitement due to the apparent lack of integration between crimes, the sudden appearances of bizarre underworld figures and their more sudden, startling disappearances into the murky environment. It all has the feeling of an opium smoker's fantasy, and, incidentally, there's some of that in the film, too. With six murders in the plot, this nightmarish affair becomes less vital as you try to decide what motivates the people,

whose chauffeur kills the inept blackmailer, who is having "the big sleep," who the perverted bookseller is--a foppish man with a mustache or a florid old man with a glass eye--what the exact relationship is between the widowed heiress and a classy gambler who operates a crime world by remote control. "The Big Sleep," though, is witty and sinister, and in an odd way is a realistic portrayal of big-city life with "Arabian Nights" overtones.

The detective's job takes him through Hollywood's underworld, which is made up of a classy crook whose cruelty is limitless, and a down-at-the-heel lot with comic faces and angelic souls. The chief impression you get of their world is that the pay is rotten, the people--especially the women--are uninhibited and no one lives to middle age. The locale is particularly seedy and pressed in on all sides by drab concrete. Gangster movies are increasingly coming to be stereotypes. Although the drab, blurred city streets are good, they are too familiar to be arresting. But far more than the usual skill is shown in the way the director (Howard Hawks) handles the human element. He is particularly adept in graphically suggesting voyeurism and other forms of sexuality without running afoul of the Johnston office.

The more inspired work occurs where the exotic subject matter is woven with straight naturalism--one of the best scenes has to do with the hiring of the detective by a tough millionaire. He is an aged individual who looks like a Southern general (writer William Faulkner may have been responsible for this) and who, after a life passionately devoted to pleasure, is living in a hothouse where he grows orchids. The scene is set up in such a super-realistic way it reminds you of an old-fashioned photograph.

"The Big Sleep" would have been a more effective study of nightmarish existence had the detective been more complicated and had more curiosity been shown about his sweetheart's relation to the crime. Lauren Bacall, performing phlegmatically, creates a large empty space in the movie. Though Bogart turns in another jolting performance as well as some good comedy, his detective is a limited, dull person, who seems to have little sympathy with the sub-rosa world with which he must always be associated. A fine bit performance is turned in by Louis Jean Heydt as an incompetent crook who is fully aware of his shortcomings.

Other movies that are worth seeing are "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," "The Killers" and "The Stranger."

Manny Farber.

The Nation, August 31, 1946.

The Big Sleep is a violent, smoky cocktail shaken together from most of the printable misdemeanors and some that aren't--one of those Raymond Chandler Specials which puts you, along with the cast, into a state of semi-amnesia through which tough action and reaction drum with something of the nonsensical solace of hard rain on a tin roof. Humphrey Bogart and several proficient minor players keep anchoring it to some sufficient kind of reality. The picture is often brutal and sometimes sinister, and PM is probably correct in rating it as a new high in viciousness; but I can't bring myself to mind this sort of viciousness, far less to feel that it shouldn't be shown. I know it's a dream world, and doubtless it stimulates socially undesirable appetites in me and in others, but beside the really bottomless vileness of films like, for instance, To Each His Own, which walk the streets unchallenged and never even pass a serious medical inspection, it seems to me about as toxic as a package of Tums.

James Agee.

INTRUDER IN THE DUST

Film Daily, October 11, 1949.

SUPERB EXAMPLE OF PENETRATING, REALISTIC FILMMAKING CRAFTSMANSHIP ILLUMINATING DOCUMENT OF AMERICAN LIFE HONEST, POINTED ANALYSIS OF PEOPLE AND PLACES STANDS TO ATTRACT A STRONG PATRONAGE OF SHOCKED PERHAPS BUT NONETHELESS STIRRED SPECTATORS

Direction Brilliant Photography Fine

With an almost overpowering tension in story construction and brilliant rendering into cinematic terms by Clarence Brown, "Intruder in the Dust" is a superb example of realistic film craftsmanship that points a penetrating shaft of light to illuminate a segment of the American scene sharply and embarrassingly, at the same time giving individuals pause to examine themselves, their conscience.

With unrelenting attention to contributory detail and the minutest inspection of a small town in the South and its inhabitants the power of racial prejudice to sway them and the headlong whirl of their simmering passions which could only lead to a savage lynching the William Faulkner novel

which is the story basis of this film is brilliantly translated and, importantly, nobody is conditioned to the powerful document offered up here.

A keen analysis of characters and individuals is essayed in "Intruder in the Dust." It delves into the mental makeup of Negro and white alike, dissecting cruelly and finally arriving at a powerful dramatic conclusion which generates inward shame in a populace that turned out for a Roman holiday when a Negro is accused of having killed a white man by shooting him in the back.

Skillfully rendered by veteran performers who turn in vivid performances the film also has a keen basic honesty and sustains a highly charged evolvement never once hitting a false note.

On the basis of its prime brilliance in storytelling "Intruder in the Dust" stands to attract a heavy patronage of shocked perhaps but nonetheless stirred and impressed spectators.

Sunday morning in this small Mississippi town is upset from routine Sabbath attentions when Sheriff Will Geer comes driving in with his siren on a rear wheel flat. He brings in Juano Hernandez, a Negro who has been arrested for the murder of a "Gowric." Claude Jarman Jr., who has had more contact with Hernandez than other townsfolk, feels he understands the man, knows his dignity and assumptions of equality. But lynching is in store for Hernandez. He engages David Brian as his lawyer, tells him all he feels he should know. After an initial meeting in the local jail with Brian, his uncle, Jarman returns and the Negro gives him a few hints as to where he can find pertinent information. That night, aided by Elizabeth Patterson and a Negro boy, Jarman opens the grave of the murdered man, finds the coffin empty. At once the sheriff Will Geer is informed and next day, with Miss Patterson sitting guard at the jail, they go to verify the night's findings. On the point of opening the grave a second time the law parity [sic] is interrupted by Porter Hall, father of the dead man. He is shocked to find the cadaver gone but Jarman finds tracks nearby and eventually the corpse is recovered from quick sand in a nearby creek. Later a bullet is dug from the body. It proves to have been fired from a rifle, not the pistol which Hernandez was in the custom of carrying every Saturday like the white man from whom he bought it.

The town meanwhile has become the scene of great expectancy with Charles Kemper waiting for an opportune moment to lynch Hernandez. A sly bit of trickery by Will Geer results in the arrest of the real killer. It obviously was not Hernandez. The crowd moves off to go home more than a little shamefaced.

New York Variety, October 12, 1949.

"Intruder in the Dust" breaks Metro into the cycle of films dealing with controversial subjects. Picture, essentially a murder-mystery melodrama, is threaded with the racial and lynch problems of the south but touches the pros and cons of the subject only lightly. However, there is enough of the controversial to heighten exploitation possibilities and considerably brighten film's chances. Strong playdates are indicated where ballyhoo is pushed.

Producer-director Clarence Brown took his troupe to Oxford, Miss., to film the William Faulkner novel. Deep South locale lessens impact of the social issues, but strengthens the story telling as picture goes about its principal business of developing a thriller yarn. The term "nigger" is used a number of times, but in the mouths of the poor white trash characters who use it, it has the effect of increasing the stature of the Negro while reducing the standing of the bigoted white. Ben Maddow's script shies away from any probing of the racial problem. It's falteringly recognized but unresolved.

Hanging over the story is the threat of mob violence as an old Negro, charged with murdering a white man, awaits his fate in a miserable southern jail. Because of the line drawn between dark and light in the south, he refuses to speak out in his own defense to the white lawyer who has taken what he believes to be a hopeless case. A young white boy, because of an uneasy, prejudice-tinged friendship with the Negro, goes against custom to discover evidence to prove his colored friend's innocence.

Washup of the murder mystery is rather anti-climactic because events leading up to the denouement indicate a surprise twist with thriller backing. However, guidance of the story keeps it alive with anticipation up to the climax. The Oxford location provides an authentic setting for the melodramatics and the townspeople used to dress the scenes aid in carrying out the realistic presentation.

David Brian tries no southern accent to put over his role of the lawyer; Claude Jarman, Jr., the lad who aids his dark friend, matches Brian's good work, and there is a standout job of a proud Negro, just as bigoted in his way as the white folks, by Juano Hernandez. Porter Hall does a fine chore in portraying the one-armed father of the prejudiced southern farmers who cause all the trouble. Elizabeth Patterson is remarkably accurate in depicting a southern gentlewoman whose courage is greater than custom. Charles Kemper gets across his character of the small-minded white trash of which the south has too many. Will Geer's southern sheriff is another faithful performance. David Clarke, Elzie Emanuel and the others add to realistic values.

Robert Surtees has done a strong job of lensing the southern locale, and helping mood of the picture is Adolph Deutsch's score. Footage has been held to a concise length by Robert J. Kern's tight editing.

Brog.

Los Angeles Examiner, November 12, 1949.

INTRUDERS [sic] HOLDS SUSPENSE

By Louella O. Parsons

I was completely unprepared for "Intruders [sic] in the Dust," because I had no idea it would be such a dynamic, exciting and really amazing translation of William Faulkner's novel. The picture is superior to the original story, which, however, holds suspenseful interest.

It's gratifying that Clarence Brown, veteran of many successes, should have directed and produced this story of an attempted lynching with such brilliance. The very simplicity of the dramatic happenings makes you feel the relentless hates and often injustice that sometimes exists in the South even today.

No attempt is made to gloss over the stark reality; that is one reason "Intruders [sic] in the Dust" is such a satisfying motion picture. It is told with an absence of unnecessary frills and movie artificiality.

The people who live in Oxford, Mississippi, are just the ordinary people of any town of that size in the South. They feel the old Negro, a quiet gentle soul whose only

sin is owning his own plantation, has murdered one of the townsmen, so the community plans a lynching. The evidence seems too overwhelming to doubt.

The dignified old Negro accused of the murder is played by Juano Hernandez. He is new to me, but you will never forget his impressive performance.

There are several other outstanding performances, not the least of which is that of Claude Jarman Jr., grown so tall, who remembers how the colored man once saved his life and steps in to try and repay that debt. He gets a lawyer (his own uncle), ably played by David Brian, to aid in the case which seems so hopeless at first.

Claude has come through "The Yearling" stage to adolescence with the advantage of experience. His acting technique has improved, and he is very good.

But it is not a man who saves the life of the old Negro, it is a woman—and to Elizabeth Patterson must go an accolade for a great performance as the elderly woman who is determined to see justice done, even at the risk of harm to herself.

I don't want to tell the story, because it would take away some of your enjoyment, but I do want to emphasize not only how deftly Clarence Brown has directed this absorbing story, but how well chosen is each member of the cast.

The real killer, played by Charles Kemper, is outstanding. Will Geer, as the sheriff; Porter Hall as the father of the murdered man—each and every one deserves special mention.

Credit must also go to Ben Maddow, whose fine scripting of the Faulkner novel is also responsible for this really great motion picture. And I use the word "great" advisedly, for it is really, to my way of thinking, one of the few real classics made in Hollywood.

Los Angeles Times, November 12, 1949.

'INTRUDER IN DUST' GRIMLY COURAGEOUS

By Edwin Schallert

Whether or not "Intruder in the Dust," showing at the Four Star Theater, inspires box-office huzzahs—and there may well be some doubt about that—it is a grimly courageous picture about the threatened lynching of a southern Negro for a crime he did not commit.

The screen story from a William Faulkner novel, written by Ben Maddow, has been painstakingly produced by Clarence Brown for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with a cast that is off-beat in "names." As is by now well known, the feature was made in setting native to the Deep South.

Here again is the racial issue exploited in "Home of the Brave," "Lost Boundaries," and "Pinky."

"Intruder in the Dust"--perhaps most like "Lost Boundaries" --valiantly essays to tell its basic story straight. More than any other it keeps emotional values low-keyed.

Direct Message

Only once does the film attempt to sound a significant message note, and that is in the final dialogue. This colloquy between two characters on "conscience" almost amounts to a literary conceit.

"Intruder in the Dust" starts with the arrest of the Negro played by Juano Hernandez, accused of shooting a white man in the back. He is placed behind iron doors and bars for security. It is not expected these will prevent relatives of the deceased man from invoking their own form of punishment.

Hernandez plays a proud and stubborn Negro--also described as "insufferable" in the final dialogue--who guards land he has inherited from a white forbear. He asks Claude Jarman, a boy in the mob that watches him enter jail, to have his uncle, a lawyer, defend him.

Once he had helped to rescue Jarman from an icy river, clothed and sheltered him. In his lordly way he had refused compensation.

Jarman gets his uncle to undertake the case. Elizabeth Patterson, sympathetic to the Negro's cause, also lends aid. The Sheriff, Will Geer, is not unresponsive.

Negro Own Sleuth

The Negro in his prison cell helps to plot the course leading to the culprit. It involves digging into the dead man's grave to find out the caliber of the bullet that killed him, later the discovery of the body (which had been removed) in quicksand, and finally the decoying of the murderer to the Negro's house, because he also aimed at his (the Negro's) death.

This is but half the story, because it also deals relentlessly with mob psychology. In anticipation of the arrival of the lynchers the crowd foregathers from all points of the compass to create a veritable carnival atmosphere, with blaring loud speakers, amusements for the children, and festive circus-day air.

The scenes are perhaps among the cruelest and bitterest that have ever reached the screen. The stolid faces, especially of the men, that watch for what might be a crucial event, are a strange study of human inhumanism. It is a horrible total effect.

"If they kill him they'll probably give money to his next in kin," is one of the thoughts projected into this vortex. The other is that once the Negro is disposed of, life will again proceed undisturbed.

Rebel Result

All of this is as literal as it perhaps dared to be. But for all its values, which are very high indeed, the picture leaves something wanting in retrospect. We still don't want to concede that any large segment of our population in this country is that ruthless. We feel that it is undermining to our general spirit in the eyes of the world in general. And we feel also that what the picture had to say does not quite come off, and that it isn't helped one whit by pretty final speeches about conscience.

To the studio, its producer-director and those who play in the film there still belongs ample praise. Any picture that explores other fields than the conventional must be welcomed.

There will nevertheless be a day in the exploitation of racial issues in pictures when these too will become too familiar, and even now they invoke a certain sense of discomfort.

Hernandez is a fine actor, without question, though this role is not perhaps the most illuminative he will ever play. But he sustains the impression he is supposed to make, and whatever self-consciousness there is in the portrayal, belongs.

David Brian and Claude Jarman are both first-rate. Brian should go far.

Miss Patterson is a thorough trouper, Porter Hall and Will Geer ace performers. David Clarke, Elzie Emanuel, Harry Hayden, Harry Antrim and Lela Bliss qualify. Charles Kemper is fine. Robert Surtees did the photography.

New York Times, November 23, 1949.

'INTRUDER IN THE DUST,' M-G-M'S DRAMA OF LYNCHING IN THE SOUTH, AT THE MAYFAIR

By Bosley Crowther

Out of the mordant material of William Faulkner's "Intruder in the Dust," which told a savage story of an averted lynching in a sleepy Southern town, Producer-Director Clarence Brown has made a brilliant stirring film. Under the title of the novel, it opened at the Mayfair yesterday. And without one moment's hesitation, this corner, still shaking, proclaims that it is probably this year's pre-eminent picture and one of the great cinema dramas of our times.

For here, at last, is a picture that slashes right down to the core of the complex of racial resentments and social divisions in the South--which cosmically mocks the hollow pretense of "white supremacy" and does it in terms of visual action and realistic drama at its best. As a matter of fact, the deeper meanings might be utterly missed by some who should still find this film a creeping "thriller" that will turn them, temporarily, to stone.

And this is because the story Ben Maddow has expertly derived from Mr. Faulkner's novel and which Mr. Brown has put upon the screen is as solemn and spooky a mystery as you'll ever want to see, powerfully pieced together out of incidents of the most electric sort. On the surface, it is a story of a desperate and courageous attempt to save an innocent Negro from lynching at the hands of a mob--a story of how three people, an old lady and two frightened boys, open a grave at midnight and find the evidence that helps to save the man. And it is also, strictly on the surface, a story of shrewd detective work by a young Southern lawyer and a Sheriff in tracing a callous murderer.

But, essentially, this is a drama of the merciless wrench and strain of attitudes and emotions in a handful of people in a Southern town who react to the terrible dilemma that the crisis of the Negro presents. It is a drama of the torturing tensions within a 16-year-old white boy who hates, yet admires, the doughty Negro whose innocent life is at stake. It is a

drama of fateful decisions by a young lawyer in the town, a drama of the quiet determination of an old lady who believes in doing "right." And particularly, it is the drama of a proud, noble, arrogant Negro man who would rather be lynched in fiery torture than surrender his stolid dignity.

If these sound like large illuminations to be accomplished upon the screen in the course of a ninety-minute picture that is also action-crammed, you may find the attesting explanation in Mr. Brown's brilliant techniques. Taking his cast and his cameras down to Oxford, Miss., itself—the town frankly acknowledged as the "Jefferson" of Mr. Faulkner's book—he has photographed most of his picture right there in that genuine locale with a sharpness of realistic detail that has staggering fidelity. He has placed his principal characters in stunning relation to crowds, and he has searched their expressive faces in striking close-ups for key effects. Most conspicuously, the director has shunned "mood music" throughout his films. The sounds, which are full of minor drama, are intrinsic to the action and the place.

The effect in such eerie moments as the opening of the grave or the passage of whispered conversation between the boy and the Negro in the jail cannot be expressed in mere language. There is a virtue in the realism of sound to which this remarkable picture will stand as a monument. And the shocking explosion of tinny music from loudspeakers in the crowded square when the mob is gathering for the lynching is as vivid as the vulgar scene itself.

With his cast, Mr. Brown has also accomplished some real creative art, especially with Juano Hernandez, who plays the condemned Negro. The stanch and magnificent integrity that Mr. Hernandez displays in his carriage, his manner and expression, with never a flinch in his great self-command, is the bulwark of all the deep compassion and ironic comment in this film.

Excellent, too, are David Brian as the lawyer who involves himself and Claude Jarman Jr. as the youngster who first inspires a defense of the innocent man. Likewise, Elizabeth Patterson is a moving symbol of Southern delicacy and strength as the elderly, insignificant lady who coolly defies a lynch mob. Charles Kemper is porcine and brutal as the stubborn leader of the mob, Porter Hall is stark as his old father and Will Geer plays the sheriff manfully.

The crowds and flavor of this picture are as Southern as sidemeat and greens. Mr. Brown has truly created for M-G-M a triumphantly honest, adult film.

Newsweek, December 5, 1949.

To William Faulkner, whose unabashed talent for calling a spade a spade has made him an idol of America's younger literary realists, Oxford, Miss., is more than a mere home. It has served as a small-town (population, 6,000) background for at least portions of eleven of his novels that deal both lovingly and mercilessly with the manners and mores of the Deep South.

One of the eleven novels was "Intruder in the Dust," a study of lynch-mob psychology in relation to the otherwise healthy and ordinary existence of a little Mississippi town. The story concerns a proud, elderly Negro landholder named Lucas (Juano Hernandez), who is arrested on suspicion of shooting a white man in the back. Lucas is innocent but too scornful of mixing in "white folks' business" to reveal the name of the man who really did the shooting—even when a stony-faced crowd begins to gather ominously outside the jail.

But, insufferably haughty though he is, Lucas has friends. One of them is 16-year-old Chick Mallison (Claude Jarman Jr.), a boy Lucas fished out of a frozen river two years before after a hunting accident. Another is a local spinster (Elizabeth Patterson), whose motives are somewhat more obscure. After digging up the murdered man's grave in the dead of night, both spinster and boy are convinced of Lucas's innocence.

With the help of a lawyer (David Brian) whose sense of justice barely outweighs his regional prejudices and a county sheriff (Will Geer) who has a strong sense of duty, they finally catch up with the culprit—one of the leaders of the mob that set out to lynch Lucas.

In filming this grim but powerful story, producer-director Clarence Brown has wisely avoided romanticizing a problem Southern communities have all too often been faced with. He accomplished this by photographing 90 per cent of the film within a 20-mile radius of the town of Oxford. Another asset was the support given the fourteen professional members of the cast by 500 enthusiastic amateurs whose only screen qualifications were that they were typical residents of a town which still claims Faulkner as a taxpayer and Jim Crow as an inescapable tradition.

By contrast with such epic studies of American racial prejudice as "Home of the Brave" and "Lost Boundaries," "Dust" compensates in bitingly accurate portraiture for its occasional shortcomings in the way of motivation. Jarman does not always make quite clear Chick's complex relationship with the magnificently intractable Lucas. And Miss Patterson suffers from being introduced to the plot with virtually no explanation of why she should concern herself with Lucas, let alone risk her life and reputation for him. But as a regional rather than ideological approach to its subject, the film is as intelligently conceived as it is dramatically powerful.

Time, December 12, 1949.

Intruder in the Dust (M-G-M) is a too-earnest treatment of a wildly imaginative novel. The story, derived from William Faulkner's most polemic work, was shot almost entirely in Faulkner's home town (Oxford, Miss., pop. 3,500) with the author acting as a sidewalk superintendent during the filming. Nonetheless the movie, stripped of Faulkner's peripheral probings into mind, heart and scene is not only dead serious but dead on its feet; its cautious approach to its material results in a film that is more like an arty still photograph than a motion picture.

The plot focuses on two days in a Southern town where "an arrogant, hard-headed...independent Negro" named Lucas Beauchamp (Juano Hernandez) is accused of shooting a white man in the back. While Lucas rests tranquilly in the jail-house and most of the county stands outside trying to decide when to lynch him, a few conscience-stricken citizens (including Claude Jarman Jr. and David Brian as a lawyer) set out to prove his innocence. The path they take to clear him leads to such Tom Sawyerish hocus-pocus as grave-robbing and fishing in quicksand for a vanished corpse.

Movies produced or directed by Clarence Brown (Flesh and the Devil, National Velvet) are not likely to be commonplace. Intruder is an honest attempt to picture the South as it actually is, but Brown's efforts to underplay the sensational and the macabre material lead to an impression of stiffness. The menacing events are pictured with such a reaching for poetic blandness that, by contrast, an energetic shot of the sheriff whipping up some scrambled eggs becomes a hard-hitting, action-filled image.

Faulkner's book suggested that the North, East and West should leave Southerners alone to work out their own redemption for mistreating the Negro. The Faulknerian message is left out of a movie that could have stood almost any sort of clear social comment.

The New Yorker, November 26, 1949.

THAT PROBLEM AGAIN

"Intruder in the Dust" takes us down to the Faulkner country, in the Deep South, to have still another go at the problem of interracial relations. The film has its moments of suspense, and the reality of its setting is impressive—as well it might be, since the picture was photographed almost entirely in Faulkner's home town of Oxford, Mississippi—but the piece as a whole is nowhere near as interesting as the Faulkner novel from which it was adapted. In its examination of the mores of the Southern peasantry, it frequently borders on the ludicrous, attempting to invest with dramatic dignity characters who seem as superficial as comic-strip types. If we regard the picture as an elementary melodrama, though, and forget the hoopla of the advance men, who have been booming it as the greatest thing since "The Birth of a Nation," it is fairly satisfactory.

"Intruder in the Dust" has to do with the plight of an independent Negro who is falsely arrested for the murder of a white man. While a mob gathers outside the jailhouse, waiting for the relatives of the deceased to proceed with the traditional dispatch of the prisoner, a white adolescent the Negro once rescued from drowning interests his uncle, a lawyer, in the case. The lawyer doesn't make much headway with the accused, but the boy does. Presently, accompanied by a noble old Southern lady, whose accent sounds pretty much like that of a noble old Northern lady, and a colored lad, the adolescent is headed for a graveyard to dig up the murdered man in order to prove that the bullet that killed him was not from the Negro's gun. The film is properly spooky at this point, particularly when it develops that a grave-robber has beaten the youth and his pals to the body. But only at times thereafter does it rise above the average, and in its climactic scenes it presses a bit too hard to indicate that a lynching is as festive an occasion for rural Southern sports as the anniversary of the firing on Fort Sumter.

In demonstrating that a Negro can be just as upstanding a citizen as anybody else, "Intruder in the Dust" heavily belabors the obvious, and it never does get hold of the emotional intricacies involved in the dealings between whites and blacks in the South. The actors didn't strike me as the sort of people who might step out of the pages of a Faulkner

novel, but maybe no people on earth could accurately represent the creations of the Oxford Master. At any rate, all of them work hard at their roles. Claude Jarman, Jr., as the adolescent, is quite likable, and Juano Hernández, as the badgered Negro, is a proud figure of a man. The photography is often imaginative, and, all in all, I guess the picture is worth your while.

John McCarten

New Republic, December 12, 1949.

FAULKNER PROBLEM PLAY

Few of William Faulkner's readers can have been happy about his last novel, Intruder in the Dust. It was an awkward book written to demonstrate an awkward point of view. Faulkner, a man of highly developed moral awareness, is sincere in his belief that the South has an inalienable mandate to make its peace with the Negro in its own time and with no interference or persuasion from outlanders; he does not recognize, certainly, the killing sterility of his credo that "we alone in the United States are a homogeneous people....that only from homogeneity comes anything...of desirable and lasting value." Nevertheless, his novel betrays him.

The plot is implausibly melodramatic even for a writer who customarily employs garish incident with an easy persuasiveness (a fresh grave is violated, not once but three times, in the span of a day). One principal character is a Negro, Lucas Beauchamp, whom an illegitimate but aristocratic heritage has endowed with both the appearance and the personality of an eagle. For decades, Beauchamp has been permitted—improbably, or at least most atypically—to display a royal contempt for white men in a community where Negroes are not permitted to lift their eyes. Only by being caught with a gun in his hand and a body at his feet is he finally brought to bay.

The other main figure is Chick, a high-school boy, through whose mind—as he desperately digs up corpses in an attempt to save Beauchamp from a lynch mob—passes a twisted panorama of Southern guilt and glory. The boy is haunted, but the ghosts are not his, they are Faulkner's. A third personality, Chick's uncle, is merely the author, walking by the boy's side and confusing him with a lecture that mixes civil rights and due process of law with a mystique of the blood that will never produce either. The book has beauty of detail —in insights and images—as has almost all of Faulkner's work, but in the whole it makes one wonder if his genius has been nourished by the long years of isolation in Oxford, Mississippi.

This novel M-G-M has brought to the screen with partial fidelity and an almost excessive reverence. The plot has been simplified (one murder and one midnight exhumation have been eliminated), and it is a reflection on Faulkner's craftsmanship that the tailoring has done his narrative no harm. On the other hand, the implications of the novel are made to fade. What remains are the statements that a small group of honorable Southerners, given luck and a most unusual set of circumstances, can frustrate the hunger of a lynch mob, and that as long as lynching remains even a possibility, the conscience of the South cannot be clean. That, to be fair, is quite a lot for a picture to say, but it only begins to carry out Faulkner's argument.

The film is admirably staged (in and around Oxford) by director Clarence Brown, but it was made by people who knew they were walking on eggs. Awe for Faulkner and a regard for the sensitivity of both North and South to the kind of discussion in hand produce a movie in which the characters move stiffly between guide ropes and recite lines that are placed in their mouths. The only actors who carry out their roles with relaxed conviction are Juano Hernandez, as Beauchamp, and Claude Jarman Jr., as the boy, Chick. The others, among them David Brian, Elizabeth Patterson and Will Geer, seem time after time to be catching themselves up, anxiously watching for signals as they go about their work.

It is yet true that "Intruder in the Dust" is a skillful, baleful thriller with overtones of the South's moldering conscience. It is a picture so well-intentioned that one is astonished by the inexcusable detail of mongrelizing Chick's Negro chum into a comic type whose eyes roll in the presence of tombstones. Faulkner does not make that kind of vulgar mistake.

LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

Hollywood Reporter, June 22, 1955.

PRODUCTION, MUSIC STARS OF GIGANTIC HOWARD HAWKS FILM

In "Land of the Pharaohs" Howard Hawks has created a magnificent spectacle almost awesome in its overwhelming grandeur. It is a massively impressive production that must have used tens of thousands of extras in a film that is truly

gigantic. But "Land of the Pharaohs" doesn't depend on mere bigness to get by. It is also gripping entertainment with an absorbing story, splendid acting and a Dimitri Tiomkin score that must certainly be counted among the stars of the picture. In fact, it is doubtful if this Warner Bros. CinemaScope epic would be nearly as exciting without the tremendous symphonic background created by Tiomkin. As in "Lost Horizons," it is almost impossible to separate the story from the music. For proper mood, one is essential to the other.

William Faulkner, Harry Kurnitz and Harold Jack Bloom wrote the screenplay, skilfully blending the broad sweep of history revolving around the building of the Great Pyramid, with a personal story that keeps one engrossed. The opening is one of pure pageantry, at least five minutes being devoted to the triumphant return of the Pharaoh from his victorious wars against the Kushites. There is a parade of thousands of soldiers stretching endlessly back until lost over the horizon. In this first scene alone Tiomkin shows he has made an important addition to our musical literature. Using just horns and a chorus of human voices, the music blares its paean to the might of Egypt. Yet, the bombastic brassiness of the horns also effectively reflects the emptiness that lies underneath the gaudy, pompous trappings representing what was then the strongest nation on earth. It is a tone poem that undoubtedly will be made into an album.

From this point the story takes over, with the Pharaoh, brilliantly played by English star Jack Hawkins, graphically presented as a man with an obsession for gold. It is not just greed that possesses him. It is his consuming ambition for a seal-proof tomb to be the largest and most impenetrable structure in the world so that his riches, to be buried with him, and his power will forever sustain him in his second, eternal life. For this task he engages Vashtar, head of the Kushites and a master architect, promising his people freedom if Vashtar's design pleases him.

Vashtar designs the pyramid, demonstrating with his model how all the labyrinth passages to the burial chamber will be completely sealed by the use of sand. The work starts, the resources and people of Egypt being bled as the years go by. Vassal countries also are stripped of supplies and manpower. Cyprus, unable to meet the tributory demands, instead sends its princess Nellifer, who soon charms Pharaoh into making her his second wife.

Greedy for wealth and power, she seduces the captain of the guards into conspiring to murder the first wife so that she can be queen. A plot is ingeniously worked out, the murder, involving the use of a cobra, guaranteed to draw gasps from the audience. But Hamar, the high priest and close friend of the Pharaoh, suspects Nellifer, so she sends her slave to assassinate Pharaoh, figuring she would then be sole ruler and Hamar wouldn't matter.

From then on the tale is violent and suspenseful, Pharaoh being killed and Nellifer becoming queen. But the pyramid has been completed in time to receive Pharaoh's body and Hamar, wanting to die with his kind, also traps Nellifer into being entombed with him.

The scene where the pyramid is sealed tight is a masterpiece of engineering ingenuity, tremendously impressive in itself and a real accomplishment for the special effects work by Don Steward.

Hawks does a wonderful job of directing. Although his picture never loses its aura of history in the making, the characters emerge vividly, the personal elements always dominating. The action is excitingly staged, the pace never faltering throughout the 103 minutes.

Hawkins, who made such a hit in "The Cruel Sea," contributes another masterful performance as the Pharaoh. He is impersonally majestic, yet commands sympathy as a human being, his apparent greed and selfishness being understandable against his background of a religion where to himself and his people he is a living god on earth.

Joan Collins plays Nellifer in a broodingly sultry fashion, that stamps her as a star in the making. She registers fiery passion and strong sex appeal, demonstrating convincingly that she has the potential, with proper handling, to become one of the biggest boxoffice draws for 20th-Fox which now has her under contract.

James R. Justice also is outstanding as Vashtar, skillfully combining warmth and dignity. Another impressive performance is contributed by Alex Minotis as Hamar. Others who are effective include Dewey Martin as Vashtar's son, Sydney Chaplin as the conspiring captain, James Hayter as Vashtar's servant and Kerima as the murdered queen.

Lee Garmes and Russell Harlan share the credit for the truly beautiful CinemaScope-WarnerColor photography, with the art direction by Alexandre Trauner contributing to the splendor of the production. An equally potent factor in the absorbing quality of the film is the editing supervision by Rudi Fehr which helps keep every moment a compelling one.

Milton Luban.

New York Variety, June 22, 1955.

Egypt of 5,000 years ago comes to life in "Land of the Pharaohs," a tremendous film spectacle in CinemaScope and WarnerColor that is concocted of the chimerical stuff that promises sturdy boxoffice. While shy of proven draw value in cast names, the Howard Hawks production for Warners makes up for the lack with romance, adventure and intrigue played against a grandioso backdrop of actual story locales populated with teeming masses of thousands upon thousands of extras. Exploitation angles abound, so it's a show that should go at the wickets.

It's a relatively simple plot line with which the screen story by William Faulkner, Harry Kurnitz and Harold Jack Bloom is concerned, but there is nothing simple about the trappings bestowed on it by Hawks in the Continental Company Ltd. Presentation through Warners. From the opening shot of a great Pharaoh and his thousands of soldiers returning from successful battle laden with vast treasure, an audience is constantly overwhelmed with spectacle, either in the use of cast thousands, tremendously sized settings or the surging background score by Dimitri Tiomkin, which almost gives the picture the quality of being an operatic drama with spoken lyrics.

The story tells of a great Pharaoh, ably played by Jack Hawkins, English actor, who for 30 years drives his people to build a pyramid in which his body and treasure shall rest secure for evermore, and of a woman, portrayed by Joan Collins, a captivating bundle of s.a., who conspires to win his kingdom and riches for herself but, by a twist of superior cunning, shares only the Pharaoh's tomb.

When the viewing senses begin to dull from the tremendous load of spectacle, the script and Hawks' direction wisely

switch to sex and intrigue, and one plays off against the other at a dramatic pace that, while never fast, is well-balanced for interest. Probably only in Egypt, where the exteriors were actually lensed, could Hawks have obtained such a horde of extras to enact the Pharaoh subjects who toil and die in the quarries and on the pyramid to build the memorial to their leader. A program note states that 9,787 people appear in one quarry scene and it's easy to believe when scanned through the sweeping eye of the CinemaScope camera, outstandingly manned by Lee Garmes and Russell Harlan.

Alexis Minotis, Greek actor, lends the picture a fine performance as Hamar, the high priest who, faithful to the Pharaoh, tricks the wicked Princess Nellifer into joining the one-way funeral procession to the pyramid's burial chamber. Another who stands out is James Robertson Justice as Vashtar, bearded architect and leader of the captive Kushites, who designs the pyramid so that when the Pharaoh's remains are sealed in their crypt the entire pyramid becomes an impregnable and unescapable tomb. Dewey Martin is seen as his adopted son who marries the slave, Kyra, played by Louisa Boni, during the long stay in royal city. Sydney Chaplin shows up well as the captain of the treasure guards who succumbs to Princess Nellifer's wiles in the plot against the Pharaoh, James Hayter and Kerima, the latter as the queen, are among others in the capable feature cast.

Picture, on which Arthur Siteman was associate producer, has been given colorful trappings in the art direction by Alexandre Trauner, in the costumes designed by Mayo, in the special effects and other technical contributions. The massive editing chore was handled effectively by V. Sagovsky under the supervision of Rudi Fehr.

Brog.

Los Angeles Examiner, June 23, 1955.

'PHARAOHS' A BRILLIANT AND EXCITING MOVIE

By Kay Proctor

This time the movie-ad writers are right.

Magnitude...sweep...brilliant pageantry...excitement... historic realism and background...

"Land of the Pharaohs" does have all this in stunning abundance, plus a dramatic story of human passions and intrigue as personal and compelling today as it was 5000 years ago!

10,000 in Scene

In one scene alone, for example, close to 10,000 people of ancient nations are shown quarrying the 2,000,000 blocks of stone, each weighing around three tons, which went into the 30-year construction of the burial monument to a despotic ruler of great might and an obsession about his future life.

That scene will make you gasp in sheer amazement, I guarantee, as another scene of diabolic murder (through the deadly venom of a cobra's fangs) will make you gasp in sheer suspense and terror!

First of the four characters who dominate the story of "Land of the Pharaohs" naturally is the Pharaoh himself, played with consummate skill by Jack Hawkins, the British actor best known to American audiences for his portrayal of the captain in "The Cruel Sea." Having conquered all earthly realms, Pharaoh orders the building of an impenetrable tomb wherein his vast riches can be interred with him in preparation for the next life his religion promises.

Second character is the architect Vashtar (James Robertson Justice) the captive Kushite who designs the pyramidal tomb on Pharaoh's order and promise to free his fellow vassal tribesmen in payment.

Third is the Cyprian princess, Nellifer (convincingly played by Joan Collins) sent to Pharaoh as a slave in lieu of monetary tribute. She becomes his second wife and then, ambitious to become his queen, engineers the murder of the reigning Nailla. Finally she plots to gain Pharaoh's vast empire and vaster riches for her own.

Fourth of the main characters is Hamar (Alexis Minotis), the pharaoh's high priest and close friend who finally chooses his own deliberate death in order to thwart Nellifer's evil ambitions.

Similarly in the production itself, Producer-Director Howard Hawks had many invaluable assists in various fields. Notable among them was the brilliant musical score composed and conducted by Dimitri Tiomkin; the WarnerColor photography by Lee Garmes and Russell Harlan; the screenplay by William Faulkner, Harry Kurnitz, and Harold Jack Bloom; and most especially, the special effects (and what effects) devised by Don Steward.

Two years ago I half-crawled up the long passageway excavated in the Cheops pyramid outside Cairo to view the now-empty 5000-year-old burial chamber of a pharaoh of Egypt. It was a steep, narrow, dangerous path and I wondered afterwards if my aching back and leg muscles had been worth the effort.

Today, having seen "The Land of the Pharaoh," [sic] I know they were. Worth that, and much, much more.

New York Times, July 27, 1955.

ANCIENT STORY

'Land of the Pharaohs' is Standard Saga

by A. H. Weiler

The grandeur, imperial power and glory of the ancient Egypt that has entranced historians and novelists from Herodotus to Mika Waltari seems to have captivated Producer-Director Howard Hawks' fertile imagination. His "Land of the Pharaohs," revealed yesterday on the Mayfair's screen in vivid hues and the logically vast dimensions of CinemaScope, has scenes as spectacularly panoramic as any since Cecil B. DeMille began fashioning variations on the Old Testament.

But while it is impressively sweeping in its eye-filling pageantry, this saga of the building of a colossal pyramid 5,000 years ago is staged on the creaky foundation of a tale of palace intrigue that must have been banal even in the First Dynasty.

Mr. Hawks, in short, is more passionate about the archaeological aspects of the "Land of the Pharaohs" than stirring, inventive drama. Although his scenarist—Nobel Prize-Winner William Faulkner, Harry Kurnitz and Harold Jack Bloom—have put literal dialogue into the mouths of the cast and added helpings of standard sex and romance—their script does not appear destined for laurels.

It does, however, have the attribute of stating its case directly in a reasonable hour and forty-six minutes as it spins a legend of Khufu (Cheops), mightiest conqueror of his day and a living god to his people, who is anxious to build a pyramid to house his remains and his tremendous treasure.

It is also the story of a Kushite slave architect who designs the monument (with an ingenious device to seal it automatically against thieves and time) on the condition that Pharaoh will free his people. And it is the commonplace fiction of a sultry princess who conspires to wrest this wealth and rule Egypt but is entombed, instead, with her royal spouse.

It is clear from the outset, however, that this excursion into the past will be overpoweringly visual. From the opening sequences, when the proud king returns to the capital after a victory over the Kushites, the screen is filled to capacity with hordes of soldiers and camels and teeming vistas of slaves at work.

Warner Brothers proudly relay the statistic that Mr. Hawkes [sic] who filmed his exteriors on authentic Egyptian locales, used 9,787 persons in one scene. This is almost overwhelmingly obvious in such shots as those featuring thousands of natives digging the thousands of massive stones from quarries and dragging these blocks on sledges to the artfully designed ramps on the slowly rising pyramid.

The maze of passages in the tomb's interior, complete in most details including replicas of the royal solar boats, recently unearthed, as well as the brassy, reverberating background score by Dimitri Tiomkin, point up the lush, exotic nature of the crowded settings. But there is little distinction in the performances of the principals. Jack Hawkins is merely a grim autocrat driven by selfishness and anxiety to force his minions to work for more than two decades on a stupendous project.

As the conniving, ill-fated princess who becomes his second wife, Joan Collins is a torrid baggage in filmy costumes who obviously is equipped to turn a potentate's head. Her acting never does.

Alexis Minotis contributes an able turn as the Pharaoh's devoted, cunning high priest. James Robertson Justice, as the massive, bearded architect, has few opportunities to develop the characterization. And Kerima as the ruler's self-sacrificing queen, Dewey Martin as the architect's sturdy son and Sydney Chaplin as the officer who is Miss Collins' dupe are only comparatively brief and surface portrayals.

In journeying to Egypt, Howard Hawks has managed to recreate in fascinating style a part of the large picture of antiquity. His story is merely ancient.

The New Yorker, August 6, 1955.

"Land of the Pharaohs" is one of those billion-dollar spectacles that Hollywood comes up with every now and then to show people that movie producers are no pikers. This one was made by Howard Hawks, who went all the way to Egypt to get authentic locales. He got them, all right, but he didn't get much of a story from his screen writers—William Faulkner, Harry Kurnitz, and Harry Jack Bloom. The tale this trio tells has to do with Cheops, a captive architect, and a wicked princess. Cheops wants to build the Pyramids, the architect wants to have his people freed in exchange for his blueprints, and the princess wants to take over everything in sight. Jack Hawkins is Cheops, Joan Collins is the princess, and James Robertson Justice is the architect. There are also 9,785 others in the cast. There usually are when Egypt gets into the act.

John McCarten.

TARNISHED ANGELS

Film Daily, November 15, 1957.

DRAMA OF HAUNTING MOODS AND EMOTIONS SET AGAINST THE SPECTACLE OF AN AIR CIRCUS, BASED ON A WILLIAM FAULKNER NOVEL. CAST OF STRONG DRAWING POWER.

Direction: Excellent Photography: Effective

As a drama of a barnstorming air circus group set in the 30's, "The Tarnished Angels" covers a wide range of moods and atmosphere as it sharply illumines the strange and powerful emotional drives of its leading figures. Based on the novel "Pylon" by the outstanding author, William Faulkner, the picture is a compelling entertainment that is wry, dramatic and profound. It has a richness of insight and emotion and a narrative substance strong and original enough to supply the needs of several pictures. The drawing strength of the cast is self-evident, Included are Rock Hudson, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone and Jack Carson. Commercially it offers the showman the best of both worlds. In its surface angle of sex and emotional bondage set against spectacular air exploits, it will appeal to large masses of theatre goers. In its more subtle delineations, it will appeal to the movie-goers who shop discriminatingly for their film fare.

In a picture like this, it is the skilfully developed mood and study of human relations that counts heavily and can not be conveyed successfully in a story synopsis. Nonetheless the story centers around Stack, an aviator hero of World War I, who is married to Miss Malone, but neglects and rejects her and their son, Chris Olsen, in his mad dedication to aviation. Indeed, flying to him is like whisky to an alcoholic. As a New Orleans newspaper man Hudson is assigned to do a story about the troupe, which also includes Carson, a mechanic. Hudson becomes captivated and devotes himself to the story and Miss Malone beyond the call of repertorial duty.

The screenplay by George Zuckerman has Stack wreck his plane in a mishap and then have his wife bid for another plane from a business man at a very sordid personal price. Douglas Sirk has directed these scenes with thorough-going realism. There is the son caught up in the hapless, neurotic complications of his parents. Then there is Carson who once loved and probably still loves Miss Malone. Hudson acts as a morally cleansing influence. When Stack finally is killed in a crash it is Hudson who reorients Miss Malone and sets her and her child on a trail to a better life.

The photography direction by Irving Glassberg catches the mood brilliantly and the music by Frank Skinner is sensitive to the story's needs. This Albert Zugsmith production may demand a little more attention than the routine picture, but its entertainment rewards are much deeper.

The Hollywood Reporter, November 15, 1957.

ZUGSMITH-SIRK FILM HAS EXCELLENT CAST

"The Tarnished Angels," based on an early William Faulkner novel, "Pylon," is one of the year's most curious items. It has a high-powered starring cast, including three of the stars from last year's U-I hit, "Written on the Wind," Rock Hudson, Robert Stack and Dorothy Malone plus Jack Carson. It also has the same producer, Albert Zugsmith; director, Douglas Sirk, and screenwriter, George Zuckerman. "Tarnished Angels," dealing with the aerial circuses of the post-World War I period, is not the success the earlier picture was although it contains some moving moments.

The basic flaw in the picture seems to have come from Faulkner, who apparently saw the men and women making up his story as identical to the ones who later peopled his novels about Mississippi. Rock Hudson is a young reporter for a

In a picture like this, it is the atmosphere, envelopment mood and study of human relationships that counts; hardly any one not be conveyed successfully in a story synopsis. Briefly, the story centers around Rudy, an aviator long on Jerry May I, who is married to Ann Dalton, but neglects her for her and their son, Chris-Allen, in his and dedication to aviation. Indeed, flying to him is like wholly to be alone. As a New Orleans newspaper man Hudson is assigned to do a story about the troops, which is Jackson Jones, a mechanic. Hudson becomes associated and drawn deeply in the story and Miss Jones begins the soil of romantic duty.

The correspondy by Joseph Anderson has taken wide Ann place in a mining and then has his wife bid for another place from a business man as a very mighty personal price. Douglas Sirk has directed these scenes with tremendous-pulse realism. There is the son caught up in the bombing, numerous complications of his parents. Then there is Carson who was loved and probably still loves Ann before. Hudson acts as a morally cleansing influence. Also Jerry finally is killed in a crash if is Hudson who restores Ann Dalton and her and her child on a trail to a better life.

The photography directed by Irving Glassberg matches the mood brilliantly and the music by Frank Skinner is sensitive to the story's needs. This Albert Lewerth production may demand a little more attention than the routine picture, but its entertainment rewards are much deeper.

The Hollywood Reporter, November 14, 1952.

RUSSMITH-SIRK FILM HAS INCIDENT CAST

"The Lavender Hughes," based on an partly satiric Frederic novel, "Tylon," is one of the year's most serious films. It has a high-powered starring cast, including stars of the stage from last year's Del Ria, "Arrivals on the Wind." Rock Hudson, Robert Stack and Dorothy Malone play Jack Ewing. It also has the same producer, Albert Lewerth; director, Douglas Sirk, and screenwriter, George Zuckerman. "Lavender Hughes," dealing with the social structure of the post-World War I period, is not the average the similar pictures are although it contains some moving moments.

The basic flaw in the picture seems to have come from Faulkner, who apparently saw the story as a vehicle for a story as identical to the one he later produced like novels about Mississippi. Jack Hudson is a young reporter for a

New Orleans newspaper (as Faulkner was) who meets Robert Stack and his wife, Dorothy Malone, when they bring their rickety planes to a local carnival. Jack Carson is the third member of the circus and the point is suggested that he, as well as Stack, has been Miss Malone's lover. There is a sordidness about their whole relationship, as well as about their little boy—who may have been Carson's child?—that is not relieved by Hudson's fresh and idealistic viewpoint.

As noted above, these people, with their interwoven relationships, their world-weariness and deep conviction of fatalism, these people are more indigenous to Faulkner's own background. Like most young writers, Faulkner was interpreting everyone in the light of his own background. The characters in "The Fallen Angels" [sic] are not that important and even Faulkner cannot make them important.

The stars do what they can to generate conviction and they are aided by a strong supporting cast, including Robert Middleton, Alan Reed, Alexander Lockwood, young Chris Olsen, Robert J. Wilke, Troy Donahue and William Schallert.

Despite its limitations and its faults, "The Tarnished Angels" might get a good response abroad and from some critics who may find in it artistic values. A lot of able people have been sandbagged by a basically unsound story.

James Powers.

Los Angeles Times, January 23, 1958.

'TARNISHED ANGELS' GRIM STORY OF FLIERS

By Philip K. Scheuer

Like Hemingway, William Faulkner has his own "lost generation." Universal-International's attempt to depict it, in "The Tarnished Angels," is also an effort to repeat with the screenwriter (George Zuckerman), the director (Douglas Sirk), the producer (Albert Zugsmith) and three of the stars (Rock Hudson, Robert Stack and Dorothy Malone) of last year's sensational "Written on the Wind."

The new film has its sensational moments, certainly, but it is not so successful as melodrama and is, if anything, even less edifying morally. Although it is about a small group

of decadent, disenchanted people, "The Tarnished Angels" (from Faulkner's "Pylon") seems to be saying toward the last that folks have some decent instincts.

Contradictory Cast

Trouble is that the players, even--and especially--the seedy, in-need-of-a-shave Hudson, never quite suggest the depths of degradation to which they are supposed to have fallen; and also that, by the time we were supposed to be persuaded of their inherent good, they seem merely dreary and we don't much care.

Director Sirk has stressed the general drabness well enough. He has not, however, been able to resist a certain artiness in his camera angles--the carnival atmosphere of a barnstorming air circus being obviously a natural for it. From one cause or another, at any rate, the picture comes close to laughter in the wrong places.

On Toss of Dice

The first shock bursts upon us early in the proceedings. We are introduced to an inseparable trio--Stack, a daredevil flier of 1932; Dorothy Malone, his wife and star parachute-jumper, and Jack Carson, his mechanic--only to learn that Miss Malone is married to Stack because, when she had informed both gents that she was pregnant, the pair tossed dice for her and Stack won--or lost.

Hudson enters the scene as the New Orleans reporter assigned to do an article on the barnstorming team. An amiable fellow, he takes them into his flat when he realizes they are broke. It is plain that he is taken--in a nice way--with the sexy Miss Malone; and for the rest of the film, in spite of a conspicuous lack of enthusiasm from the men and even the girl herself, he hews away at making an honest woman of her.

The players do their best to look and sound "tarnished," Stack carrying his obligation to the point of psychosis. Robert Middleton and Alan Reed score in support and Chris Olsen is sympathetic as the couple's young son.

Some of the air stuff is thrilling. There are two crashes, the first of which, with a thrown-clear body looping to within inches of the camera, being terrifically effective. The period of these flying crates has been realistically recaptured.

New York Daily News, January 7, 1958.

'TARNISHED ANGELS' AT PARAMOUNT

By Kate Cameron

The advance notices on "The Tarnished Angels," which opened at the Paramount Theatre, failed to arouse my interest. In the first place, the film is in CinemaScope but not in color.

It is based on a story published by William Faulkner 23 years ago, and it had the same top players that made "Written on the Wind" a success last year.

The fact that Rock Hudson, Dorothy Malone and Robert Stack were assigned to play together again only seemed to indicate that "The Tarnished Angels" was to be a repetition of last year's film.

The powers that be at Universal-International fooled me however, as the Faulkner story about a group of stunt fliers and a newspaper man who covered their engagement in New Orleans during a Mardi Gras celebration, is a fascinating one and bears no resemblance to the one about the spoiled children of a Texas oil millionaire.

In "The Tarnished Angels," the three principals give finished performances, under Douglas Sirk's fine direction, and they are substantially aided by Jack Carson, Robert Middleton, Chris Olsen and Alan Reed. Carson, known hitherto as a comedian, is impressive in a straight dramatic role.

Miss Malone is excellent as the wife of a famous stunt pilot and flying hero of World War I, and Stack is fine as the man whose absorbing passion is his plane. Rock Hudson gives a finely tempered characterization of the reporter, who becomes sympathetically interested in the flying group, including the flier's son, and ends by falling in love with the girl.

While everyone else in town, including his editor and fellow reporters, are inclined to treat the flying trio like clowns, reporter Devlin gets to the bottom of their story, discovers what makes each of them tick and writes a brilliant and moving epitaph for Roger Schumann, who goes down with his plane in flames, but manages to steer it over the lake and away from the crowds at the airport in that last agonizing second before the crash.

Albert Zugsmith produced the picture for U-I from a script by George Zuckerman Based on Faulkner's book "Pylon."

New York Daily News, January 7, 1958.

'TARNISHED ANGELS' IS [illegible]

By Kate Cameron

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In "The Tarnished Angels," the three principals give finished performances, under Douglas Sirk's fine direction, and they are ably and kindly aided by Jack Carson, Robert Middleton, Troy Dixon and Alan Reed. Carson, usually cast as a comedian, is impressive in a straight dramatic role.

Miss Malone is excellent as the wife of a racing plane pilot and flying hero of World War I, and Stack is fine as the man whose obsessing passion is the plane. Hudson gives a finely tempered characterization of the reporter, who becomes sympathetically interested in the flying group, including the flier's son, and ends by falling in love with the girl.

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New York Times, January 7, 1958.

SCREEN: FAULKNER TALE

'The Tarnished Angels' at the Paramount

By Bosley Crowther

The holiday rock 'n' rollers are through with the Paramount, and it was returned yesterday to the business of exhibiting nothing but films. There is no conspicuous improvement, except in the availability of chairs. The feature picture, "The Tarnished Angels," is also full of noises and hot air.

Based on William Faulkner's novel, "Pylon," it tells a fairly incongruous tale of life among the air-circus fliers back in the 1930 days. There's this World War I veteran who is passionate about zooming those little crates around a course—so passionate that he is willing to barter his own wife (or a few hours of her time) to get a plane. And there's this newspaper man, a part-time drunkard, who is outraged by such depravity. He makes a less shameful deal for the flier. But the plane is no good, and that's the end.

Mr. Faulkner's faded story does have some flavor of the old barnstorming tours of the early air-circus fliers, but there is precious little of it in this film, which was badly, cheaply written by George Zuckerman and is abominably played by a hand-picked cast. The sentiments are inflated—blown out of all proportions to the values involved. And the acting, under Douglas Sirk's direction, is elaborate and absurd.

Robert Stack is like a death's-head as the flier, Dorothy Malone performs his wife as if she were haunting a Greenwich Village rent-party, and Rock Hudson makes a mad newspaper man. When the latter returns to the office (from which he has been fired) in New Orleans and tells his editor what has happened —what an awful, tragic thing has occurred to some beautiful, poetic people—the bulging picture bursts at the seams. The hot air pours from it in loud hisses, and it collapses like the empty thing it is.

Jack Oakie [sic], Alan Reed and Robert Middleton are among the lesser poetic figures in this film, which was made by Universal-International in CinemaScope black-and-white.

The New Yorker, January 18, 1958.

If, in some access of romanticism, you've thought of yourself as a stunt pilot, a destroyer commander, or the captain of a submarine, you might take a look at "The Tarnished Angels"and "The Enemy Below," just to get new material for your daydreams. The former is an adaptation by George Zuckerman of William Faulkner's novel called "Pylon," and it describes the antics of one of the aerial troupes that barnstormed the country during the depression, the chief figures being an aviator from the First World War (Robert Stack); his wife, who is a parachute jumper (Dorothy Malone); a mechanic (Jack Carson); and a reporter (Rock Hudson). It is Mr. Hudson's conviction that the flying-machine trio is somehow socially significant, and he keeps bothering his editor about doing a story on them. In this he is misguided; all hands are a dull lot. Mr. Stack is obsessed with flying upside down and such, Miss Malone is singularly available, and Mr. Carson isn't very rousing as he goes about waving his oil cans. For that matter, the reporter himself isn't a very entertaining type. His dialogue is hopelessly stilted, his drinking habits are deplorable, and his attempts to keep Miss Malone from surrendering herself to this cad and that are uniformly boring. However, the picture does include some exciting sequences of aerial circuses at work, and I suppose we should be grateful for that.

John McCarten

THE LONG HOT SUMMER

The Hollywood Reporter, March 5, 1958.

WALD, RITT MERGE 3 FAULKNER YARNS

A big name cast and a lot of laughs should get "The Long, Hot Summer" high boxoffice ratings.

The story is by William Faulkner and, like many of his works, it deals with what happens when it's back-bitin' time down South and sex gets to screamin' and hollerin' in cornpone accents, and when lonely maiden ladies leave their beaten biscuits and start beating their chests. Once the country was inundated with stories of Pure Southern Womanhood. In recent years such exports, like bananas, have shown a tendency to get overripe by the time they reach the northern markets.

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If, in some scenes of romantic[illegible], you've thought of yourself as a crack pilot, a daredevil commander, or the captain of a submarine, you might care to look at "The Tarnished Angels" and "The Enemy Below," just to get new material for your daydreams. The former is an adaptation by George Tuckerman of William Faulkner's novel called "Pylon," and it describes the antics of one of the aerial circuses that barnstormed the country during the depression, the chief figures being an aviator from the flying World War (Robert Stack); his wife, who is a parachute jumper (Dorothy Malone); a mechanic (Jack Carson); and a reporter (Rock Hudson). It is Mr. Hudson's conviction that the flying-exhibition biz is somehow morally significant, and he keeps bothering his shipmates about doing a story on them. In this he is matched; all hands are a dull lot. Mr. Stack is obsessed with flying upside down and much, Miss Malone is sluggishly available, and Mr. Carson has a very rough, [illegible] about having his oil cans. For that matter, the movie itself isn't a very entertaining type. Film adaptations is horlessly stilted, the dialogue bakes are [illegible], and the attempts to keep Miss Malone from surrendering herself to this cad and that are uniformly boring. However, the picture does include some exciting sequences of aerial circuses at work, and I suppose we should be grateful for that.

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The story is by William Faulkner and, like many of his works, it deals with what happens when it's back-biting time down South and our gals go screwin' and bellyachin' in corrupone accents, and when lonely middle ladies leave their boudoirs bicycle and start bedding their chauffeurs. Once the country was inundated with stories of Pure Southern Womanhood. In recent years such exports, like bourbon, have shown a tendency to get overtaxed by the time they reach the northern markets.

The amazing thing is that producer Jerry Wald, a city boy who is becoming increasingly at home in the RFD districts, has been able to tell this yarn with rich regional humor without regional indictment and that (as in "Peyton Place") he's been able to get a lot of fun and drama out of sexy situations without lapsing into smut. Here, he's helped by the witty dialogue of the screenplay by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr. Martin Ritt's direction, utilizing Joseph La Shelle's photography, achieves a pictorial tone equivalent to Faulkner's literary style.

The story tells of Ben Quick (Paul Newman), a boll-weevil kind of man, very nervous-making to the ladies. Accused of being a barnburner, he drifts into the domain of Old Man Varner (Orson Welles), a loud-mouthed, successful Mississippi redneck. The Varner household is about as twitchy as a razorback hog in spring time, for the old man's son, Jody, has married a pretty little thing, Eula (Lee Remick) and the way they carry on is enough to make the magnolias blossom in mid-winter. All of this has the old man's daughter Clara (Joanne Woodward) and her fellow spinster (Sarah Marshall) as full of buzzing as a bee tree. Then Ben Quick, with his knowing eye and lazy self-confidence, barges in. Miss Clara is plenty uneasy about him.

Clara is in love with Alan Stewart (Richard Anderson), of charm, dignity, good breeding. Recognizing Quick's ruthlessness as similar to his own, Old Varner picks him to marry Clara and replace Jody as his heir. When she protests, he bellows he's determined to have grandchildren.

Jody tries to kill Ben, but Ben's too slick for him. Then Jody tries to lock his poppa in a burning barn, but he doesn't go through with that either. Clara saves Ben from the mob which thinks he started the fire. At last, she understands what has made him so tough. The son of a malicious white-trash barnburner, he, undeservedly inherited his father's reputation, so he developed an armor of truculent arrogance.

As Ben, Paul Newman is a walking focus of suspense. Yet when the time comes, he deftly wins your sympathy and convinces you that he'll make the girl happy.

Miss Woodward does more than make her character plausible. With intelligence, spunk and humor, she avoids cliches and shows us a woman who is man-hungry but not man-crazy.

Anthony Franciosa's Jody character is a weakling. But without Franciosa's gifts for comedy and his masculinity, the early part of the film would not have come off. His was

an extremely important and successful casting and the good taste with which he and Miss Remick got over a hilarious marital lust was very important in getting the plot off the ground.

Welles really hams it up as the redneck but, since there are occasionally such larger-than-life characters in the backwoods, he seems exactly right. Angela Lansbury is very amusing in finally maneuvering the balky old rascal to the altar.

In the supporting cast, Herbert Marshall's daughter, Sarah, is a pretty and talented standout and Richard Anderson gives the aristocrat stature.

Marguerite Lamkin, dialogue coach, scores a technical triumph in giving Newman, Franciosa and Lansbury not only regional but character inflections. The art direction of Lyle R. Wheeler and Maurice Ransford and the set decorations by Walter Scott and Eli Benneche avoid the obvious by successfully melding touches of the old and new South. Alex North's score, conducted by Lionel Newman, sustains the mood, as does the theme song by Sammy Cahn and Alex North.

In taking elements of three separate Faulkner stories and welding them into a harmonious piece of entertainment, Wald has exhibited an ingenious piece of production know-how that should be as impressive to his colleagues as it seems bound to be amusing to the public.

Jack Moffitt.

New York Variety, March 5, 1958.

"The Long Hot Summer" is a simmering story of life in the Deep South, steamy with sex and laced with violence and bawdy humor. Although the setting of Jerry Wald's production is Mississippi, race relations play no part in this 20th-Fox release; it is instead a kind of "Peyton Place" with the locale shifted from New England to the warmer climate and—apparently—hotter-blooded citizens.

Four of the newest and most popular young stars, Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa and Lee Remick are teamed with two veterans, Orson Welles and Angela Lansbury, to give "Summer" exceptionally broad marquee value. This picture, strikingly directed by Martin Ritt, will be—despite its flaws—a conversation piece.

The screenplay, by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr., is based on two stories, "Barn Burning" and "The Spotted Horses" and a part of the novel "The Hamlet," all by William Faulkner. It is about a young Mississippi redneck, Paul Newman, who has a reputation for settling his grudges by setting fire to the property of those he opposes. This notoriety follows him when he drifts into the town owned and operated by Orson Welles, a gargantuan character who has reduced the town to snivelling peonage; his one son, Anthony Franciosa, to the point where he seeks perpetual escape in the love of his pretty wife, Lee Remick; and, by his factics, frozen his daughter, Joanne Woodward, into a premature old maid.

Welles senses immediately in Newman a fellow predator and they set to trying to outdo each other in villainy and connivance. Before the diverse polt [sic] elements have straightened themselves out Franciosa has attempted to kill his father and put the blame on Newman; Newman is almost lynched; the Franciosa-Remick marriage is shaken and almost shattered; and Welles is tricked or teased into marriage with his longtime mistress, Angela Lansbury.

Ravetch and Miss Frank have done a phenomenal job of putting together elements of stories that are actually connected only by their core of atmosphere, Faulkner's preoccupation with the rising redneck moneyed class and their dominance of the former aristocracy. There are still holes in the screenplay, as it is shown, but director Ritt slams over them so fast that you are not aware of any vacancies until you are past them. What makes the picture are the full-bodied, full-blown characters and their twice-as-big-as-life actions. It is melodrama frank and unashamed. It may be preposterous but it is never dull.

Newman slips into a cracker slouch with professional ease, never allowing a cornpone and molasses accent to completely disguise his latent energy and native intelligence. Miss Woodward is convincingly icy but you sense that the cold reserve can be melted and it is. Franciosa is pitiful and broken for much of the story, his scene with his father near the end is a memorable one.

Orson Welles plays high and handsome although he has a tendency to hit some of his lines so hard that they are completely lost, the words smashed in projecting the intent. Miss Remick is a cuddlesome object, full of meaningful squeals and wiggles. Angela Lansbury was inspired casting for Welles' romantic vis-a-vis; she gives it humor and tenderness.

Richard Anderson as the washed-out aristocrat give [sic] an appealing performance; Sarah Marshall makes her few scenes vivid, and among the others in the large cast, Mabel Albertson, J. Pat O'Malley and William Walker make helpful contributions.

Most of "Long Hot Summer" was shot in Louisiana and the locations pay off in the authentic flavor well captured by cameraman Joseph LaShelle. Highlighting the diverse and contrasting moods is the fine score by Alex North, conducted by Lionel Newman. North has also contributed a good title song, with lyrics by Sammy Cahn, that is sung behind the main titles by Jimmie Rodgers, that will be a plugger for the picture.

Art direction by Lyle R. Wheeler and Maurice Ransford, with set decoration by Walter M. Scott and Eli Benneche, carries through on the interiors with the rich and ornate beauty of the authentic exteriors. Sound by E. Clayton Ward and Harry M. Leonard, and editing by Louis R. Loeffler, are both first-rate.

Pove.

Los Angeles Examiner, March 15, 1958.

'SUMMER' SEXY WITHOUT SMUT

By Kay Proctor

It is raw, hot sex that dominates "The Long, Hot Summer." Sex, but NOT smut, because—

Nowhere is that sex theme offensive to the eye. And nowhere is it offensive to the ear unless the use of blunt and sometimes crude words in dialogue offends your personal sensibilities.

This, too, must be said about "The Long, Hot Summer:"

It is rich in broad, often bawdy, humor....

It is an absorbing, if off-beat, story of normal human emotions under the goad of an egomaniac's obsession.

And there's no pussyfooting, evasion or innuendo in the dramatic telling of the story; all the meaning is spelled out plain as A, B, C, with no need for a Child's Guide to the Analyst's Couch to explain what all the rarin' and a-tearin' is about!

Most fortunately, fine performances back up the story itself. Two of them, to my mind, are exceptional--Paul Newman as Ben Quick, and Anthony Franciosa as Jody Varner.

Quick is the virile young stranger whose arrival in the Mississippi country town sets off the ensuing commotion. Jody is the weak--but not weakling--son of a tyrannical bull of a man.

Jody, in fact, has one of the film's two quiet but unforgettable (to me) scenes. With sweating palms he faces his huge and domineering father, just returned from a three-week absence.

"Look at my hands, Papa," Jody says in anguish. "And all the time you were away they didn't sweat, not once!"

The other scene is equally poignant: the desperate lounging [sic] for a normal life as wife and mother as expressed by Agnes (Sarah Marshall), the spinster daughter of a son-possessive mother.

In a sense the performance of Orson Welles as Varner, the loud-mouthed, roistering father, might be classed as exceptional, too. Welles is a man of many varied talents, but when he gets in front of a camera, he becomes a scenery chewer without peer. In this instance, and with evident relish, he outdoes even himself. And this despite Martin Ritt's fine direction as evidenced with other players and situations.

On the feminine side of the cast Joanne Woodward shines with great clarity of delineation and sly humor in the role of Clara, Varner's spinster daughter who is desperately hungry for a man's love, but whose integrity keeps her from gaining that love at any cost.

Pert little Lee Remick is effective as the uninhibited Eula, romp-ready wife of Jody and his match in marital amour. Likewise Angela Lansbury is notable as Varner's long-time mistress, bent on maneuvering him to the altar.

Since "The Long, Hot Summer" was based on the always frank writings of William Faulkner, an expert in matters Southern, the candid treatment of the sex theme is not unexpected. For this screenplay Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr. combined parts and characters from three Faulkner stories.

The resultant narrative concerns what happens to the rugged and handsome Ben Quick after he is run out of another town for barn-burning, a regional and detested form of personal revenge.

Along his hitchhiking route Ben is picked up by Clara and Eula, and before long comes to the personal and calculated attention of Varner himself. Varner promptly pegs him as a possible marriage prospect for Clara and the breeder of future Varner progeny. Progeny to carry on the family bloodline is Varner's consuming obsession. But--

In Quick Varner meets his match in selfish rascality, and their personal conflict, with Clara as the indignant and unwilling pawn, winds up in the fiery finish of another barn-burning.

Astute Jerry Wald, who also produced "Peyton Place" for the same 20th Century-Fox studios, steered the making of "The Long Hot Summer" in CinemaScope and DeLuxe color.

Obviously and deliberately he aimed it at popular appeal as a sort of "Peyton Place Down South."

And once again the Wald aim has hit the mark!

New York Daily Mirror, April 4, 1958.

'LONG, HOT SUMMER' SMOLDERS

Justin Gilbert

They have kept quite a fire smoldering throughout much of "The Long, Hot Summer"--a steady, licking flame burning and charring the lives of some tinder-dry Mississippians, warped and gnarled by oppressive small town existence.

In the new movie showing simultaneously at the Mayfair and Fine Arts Theatres, director Martin Ritt ("No Down Payment") has fanned the sparks of hate, suspicion, contempt and greed almost continuously.

Thus we have Paul Newman, as Ben Quick, a hard-luck farm worker, up against Ben Varner (Orsen [sic] Welles), who practically owns and runs a dry-rot depot called Frenchman's Bend. Varner is a bully and braggart, who holds the town in his massively pudgy fist--but who cannot palm off his plain-looking daughter, Clare (Joanne Woodward) on any eligible male.

So even though he at first despises Quick, a suspected firebug, he sees him as a determined and shrewd prospective son-in-law.

Son Jody is an uxorious weakling, more attentive to his luscious young wife than to the Varner interests. And the old man wants heirs--grandchildren--to perpetuate his name.

What's more simple than pairing off Quick with Clara?

But the daughter has enjoyed the benefits of advanced education (she's a school teacher) and some independent thought. She is enamored of a sickly young intellectual, who shows no inclination to marry her.

If Varner can control the town's commerce, why not the lives of those in his household?

The story pits the obstacles against him slowly but surely. Can this massive man, Varner, overcome them?

Though the screen credits read "Jerry Wald's Production of William Faulkner's 'The Long, Hot Summer,'" the famed novelist's work is not used on the screen.

Instead, screenwriters Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr. have come up with an original screenplay that holds the viewer in a sort of humid thrall. It is intense and intriguing.

The last five minutes, however, see a turnabout that somewhat vitiates the preceding footage.

Newman is splendid as Quick; an astoundingly beefy Welles plays Varner, the Mississippi redneck, with great skill; Miss Woodward against [sic] displays her versatility as Clara; Anthony Franciosa is noteworthy as Jody, and Richard Anderson quite good as Alan Stewart, the debilitated intellectual.

Lee Remick as Franciosa's wife and Angela Lansbury as Welles' paramour provide enough sinuous woman flesh to keep the sex interest high.

New York Daily News, April 4, 1958.

'LONG, HOT SUMMER' HONEY OF A PICTURE

By Kate Cameron

After being neglected by Hollywood for years, William Faulkner, novelist and Nobel Prize winner, is being rediscovered in a big way. Last year, Universal made a picture called "Tarnished Angels," based on Faulkner's novel, "Pylon," written 25 years before.

Yesterday, 20th Century-Fox released "The Long, Hot Summer" simultaneously at the Mayfair and Fine Arts Theatres. The film is based on three of Faulkner's stories and in coordinating "The Hamlet" with "Barn Burning" and "The Spotted Horses," the husband and wife writing team of Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr., contrived a fascinating saga of a southern family. The Varners have come up in the world through the physical energy, cunning and industriousness of the father of the flock who is not long on ancestors but is bent on producing progeny.

The story is shot with humor and earthy touches that make the Varner family an engaging lot that captures the interest of the audience and holds it throughout the telling on the screen.

Photographed in CinemaScope and Deluxe color, the film was made on location in Louisiana, although the action is supposed to have happened in Mississippi.

The setting is attractive and the cast is first rate, each player taking direction smoothly and convincingly. Director Martin Ritt has held a tight rein on Orson Welles and, as a result, has brought the actor over the course in championship style. Welles is marvelous as the elder Varner, but one must get accustomed to his manner of speaking, as he is inclined to run his words together, making them at times unintelligible. However, he gives a delightful impersonation of a self-made man who insists on his daughter producing grandchildren to carry on the Varner tradition.

Joanne Woodward, Academy award winner as the best actress of 1957, gives a subtle, clever performance of the girl who is being pushed by her overbearing parent into marriage against her will. Paul Newman, Miss Woodward's

husband in real life, is fine as the so-called barn burner, Ben Quick, a foot-loose, clever fellow who worms his way into the confidence of Varner. Both Newman and Miss Woodward are destined to shine on the screen for some time to come.

Anthony Franciosa has the unenviable role of the idle son, despised by his father and whose place is usurped in the family business by Quick. Franciosa's performance is good, Lee Remick is sensational as the gay, sexy, silly wife of young Varner. Sarah Marshall has one good scene and then disappears from the screen.

Angela Lansbury is excellent in the role of Pa Varner's girl-friend and Richard Anderson, Mabel Albertson, J. Pat O'Malley and William Walker contribute their share toward the success of the picture, which was produced by Jerry Wald for 20th.

The title song by Sammy Cahn and Alex North is sung by Jimmie Rodgers.

New York Herald Tribune, April 4, 1958.

Jerry Wald's production of "The Long, Hot Summer," based on several short stories by William Faulkner, is a beautifully written, well directed, very tense but yet humorous film with some strong, hard-bitten characterizations and, flashing through it like heat lightning, a sexiness that is not tasteless but has almost the dry lightness of the French style.

It is the story of a quick-tempered, domineering old Southern landowner, played by Orson Welles, who owns everything worth owning from the cotton gin to the trading store but is becoming restive in his Rabelaisian savoring of life by the nagging realization that unless his grown children step matters up somewhat he will be left without descendents [sic] to mourn him and carry on his name and possessions.

The children are Jody, his son (Anthony Franciosa), and Clara, his daughter (Joanne Woodward). Although Franciosa is already married and living in the big house with his spritely wife (Lee Remick), the old man isn't getting the results he wants in that quarter and, aside from ragging Franciosa about business matters, concentrates on Miss Woodward, his sensitive, intellectual daughter who in his eyes has been dawdling too long over a punctilious but reluctant beau (Richard Anderson), a scion of one of the old antebellum families in the county.

When a bold-eyed lad (Paul Newman), with a penchant for cocking his hat over his brow, thumbs his way into town under a cloud (he is suspected of barn burning, which in these parts is about the meanest thing that can be said of a man), old Varner looks him in the eyes, recognizes potentialities which neither Newman nor Miss Woodward is quite ready to face, and sets out to harness them into a matched team.

The old man is off at a hospital when Newman first appears, but when he roars back into town in the seat next to the ambulance driver, siren screeching, he discovers his son has naively taken the barn burner on as a share cropper. He climbs into his jeep, his favorite means of transportation, and wheels up to Newman, who is gouging out postholes. He sees immediately that Newman is the kind of a man, as one of the townsmen says of him later, "You go see him on business, go naked; that way you won't feel cold coming back." He takes him away from his posthole digger and puts him in charge of his store.

It isn't long before he asks Newman to move into the big house, and when next morning the interloper looks in on the startled Franciosa in the bathroom to tell him he'll shave at night and shower mornings, Franciosa runs out in his pajamas to where the old man is eating breakfast at an umbrella-covered lawn table to ask him what's up. When the old man puts it to him cold that from now on he'll have to fend for himself against the stranger, Franciosa is overwhelmed and not long after resorts to violence, bringing this taut situation to its unforeseen conclusion.

Welles has turned in one of the impressive, whole-hearted performances you expect from him as the shrewd, blustering old man. He rages gigantically, he bargains like a Machiavelli, and in his softer moments he is capable of big tenderness. Miss Woodward (the young actress who won an Oscar this year for her performance in "Three Faces of Eve") is immaculate as the wise but not too wise daughter, agonized by the frustration of her will by this old tyrant of a father, scornful of the presumptions of the young stranger, and finally softened by the revelations which in the end bring this drama to its surprisingly pleasant finish.

Mainly, though, the credit here goes to a remarkably deft screenplay by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank jr., and Martin Ritt's direction. The prolonged balance between an ominous undertone of threatened violence and the continuous

overtones of humor (not merely wit, though that is present, but true humor, growing out of the situation and the characters) is a masterpiece of directorial legerdemain. The very pleasantness of the conclusion, although it might have been expected to wash out the long tension, seems to flow back and charge the memory of the whole proceedings with recollected warmth.

Shot in CinemaScope and color, most of this $4,000,000 picture was filmed, not in Mississippi, where the story takes place, but in the vicinity of Baton Rouge, La., because, for the big CinemaScope cameras, Mississippi did not look enough like Mississippi.

Paul V. Beckley

New York Post, April 4, 1958.

"The Long, Hot Summer," at the Mayfair and Fine Arts Theatres, is one of those pictures that asks a reviewer to make a special critical point of the title. There's no getting away from the fact, asseverated in reference to all six major characters, that it's a hot, southern summer in the matter of sex. And long, too, for you have this powerful sense of tension, frustration, the storm clouds of unfulfilled desire hovering as only Faulkner can maintain them in his favored Mississippi.

From the time Paul Newman, itinerant barn-burner, is picked up on the roads by those two luscious blonds, Joanne Woodward and Lee Remick, the atmosphere is electric with the pointing of the male towards the female and responsive maneuvers, of one sort or another, of the female. Both Woodward and Remick are part of the baronial fief of that Varner (Orson Welles) who owns everything in town. The former is his unmarried daughter, part-time school teacher, who has not been able to bring the aristocrat, Richard Anderson, to the altar in all these years of delicate companionship. It's not quite clear whether he's really an invalid or merely under the ruling thumb of his mother. The latter, Remick, is the wife of Varner's only son, Anthony Franciosa, another disappointment. He lacks the beef, gusto, and guts of his father by a large margin.

But Franciosa and Remick do giggle uproariously in their upstairs bedroom.

And Orson Welles makes no bones about his continuing interest in the town blond, Angela Lansbury, now engaged in landing her powerful friend in the more definitive net of matrimony.

Exploding Emotions

This leaves our proud, dangerous stud, Paul Newman, as heir apparent of the vicinity. Welles decides that he's the one to marry his daughter, the one to manage his store instead of the weaker son, the one to provide the grandchildren that have not yet gladdened his heart. The various conflicts continue, Franciosa hating both Newman, his successor, and his father, and Joanne Woodward stoutly resisting the notion of accepting a new, raw, rough suitor.

Now, it seems to you that a novelist of Faulkner's distinction would not stoop to familiar movie gambits or be caught in psychologically questionable plots. But when they come around to the finale, there is one of those everyone settled in a happy ending things that are standard equipment of trifling shows.

Just before that there is a situation that may be Faulknerian or not. Whichever, it suggests a shocking method for sons to win the affection of disillusioned fathers. Franciosa locks his father in the barn and sets fire to it, horses and all. This will not only revenge himself upon the old man, but also put the blame on his other enemy, Newman. But he just can't do it. When Welles has been nicely blackened on both sides, his son lets him out. This is where the weird reasoning goes wild. Welles embraces his son, feeling that the attempt shows a stronger nature than he had mistakenly supposed. The boy really has force! And the fact that he eventually opened the barn door proved that he also possessed an even more powerful love for the stern father.

These events, mercifully masked by the hullaballoo of a lynching bee, a fine, fat fire, and exploding emotions all around, pass immediate muster in a film that is noteworthy for flamboyant, good performances, lively local color, and a good run on the dramatic pace. A little later, viewed in second thought, the picture seems meretricious basically, and open to ridicule. Only the good directing of Martin Ritt and scene-filling performances cover the weaknesses better than usual in such cases.

Archer Winsten

New York Times, April 4, 1958.

THE SCREEN: 'THE LONG, HOT SUMMER'

New Feature at Fine Arts and Mayfair

Story of the South Is Based on Faulkner

by Bosley Crowther

For the first several reels of "The Long, Hot Summer," which opened at the Fine Arts last night and, beginning today, continues there and at the Mayfair, it looks as if they've got themselves a film that will do for the screen what Tennessee Williams did for the stage with "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."

It begins with a hard young roughneck being run out of a Mississippi town on heavy suspicion of barn-burning and taking himself to a larger place called Frenchman's Bend. (This place has the true look, incidentally, of Oxford, Miss., the home town of William Faulkner, whose novel "The Hamlet" and several short stories are the basis for this film.)

And, in no time at all, this young roughneck is working himself into the favor and the home of a local tyrant whose greed is gargantuan and who has a sensitive, scornful daughter and a weakling son. He is riling the blood of the unwed daughter and breathing hard on the neck of the futile son, while the old man encourages this aggression. It is a "hot tin roof" set-up, for sure.

What's more, the whole show, in natural settings shot in color and CinemaScope, has the look and the atmospheric feeling of an afternoon storm making up above the still trees and sun-cracked buildings of a quiet Southern town on a hot day.

Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr. have developed a tight, word-crackling script that lines up the bitter situation in quick scenes and slashing dialogue. Martin Ritt has directed for tension—for scornful, sarcastic attitudes on the part of the principal contenders. And those roles are effectively played.

Paul Newman is best as the roughneck who moves in with a thinly veiled sneer to knock down the younger generation and make himself the inheritor of the old man. He has within his plowhand figure and behind his hard blue eyes the deep and ugly deceptions of a neo-Huey Long. He could, if the script would let him, develop a classic character.

Joanne Woodward is also excellent as the independent daughter who snarls not only at the arrogant intruder but likewise at her bluff, uncouth old man. And Orson Welles, so help us, does a pretty good hard-hitting job making a shrewd, fierce and bloated vulgarian of this small-town tycoon. He even puts on a Southern accent that you can hardly understand.

Anthony Franciosa is somewhat miscast as a weakling son of the South and so is Richard Anderson as a puny Mississippi mama's-boy. But Lee Remick fills the bill precisely as a beautiful but dumb young wife (to Mr. Franciosa's giggling husband) and Angela Lansbury makes a good fleshy old doll.

They're all clicking nicely, as we've noted, when suddenly the script takes a plunge from its level of hard, ruthless logic into sheer story-telling make-believe. The writers, who have kept their characters ice-cold in the midst of the summer heat, turn around in the flutter of an eyelash and make them melodramatic, magnanimous and warm. Before you know it, this pack of little foxes becomes as romantic as doves. It all ends with them all settling down to raise babies and love their homes.

There are those who would like to rate this picture, produced by Jerry Wald for Twentieth Century-Fox, alongside that same producer's (and studio's) "Peyton Place." Both of them tell stories of tensions in American towns. There is one noticeable difference. "Peyton Place" started weakly and got strong. "The Long, Hot Summer" starts superbly and ends in a senseless, flabby heap.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

New York Times, March 25, 1959.

The content—or lack of content—in the film that Jerry Wald has produced from William Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury" inevitably calls for a quote, said quote being the lines in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" from which that title is evidently derived.

"It is," says Macbeth, soliloquizing on the emptiness of life, "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." And that, we'd say, is a reasonably accurate description of Mr. Wald's talkative film.

For this most recent Hollywood look-in on a decadent family in the South, boiling in sullen sex urges and stewing in alcohol, is a lengthy and loose observation of a passel of babbling characters who holler and snarl at one another and never get anywhere.

Correction, please. One of these characters, a full-grown simpleton whom all of the others treat affectionately as he clomps about the old manse, is taken off to an asylum before the picture is done. He has furiously attacked his teen-age niece, who is the most disturbing element in the mongrel home. As he is driven away by the man of the family (Yul Brynner plays this role), the others stand around sniffling. This is the one concrete accomplishment in the whole film.

Otherwise, Mr. Brynner as a rasping tyrant spends a great deal of valuable time merely shouting and slapping at Joanne Woodward, who plays the restless and sassy teen-age girl. (His relation to her, incidentally, appears to be that of a stepuncle, though we are not absolutely certain of this, because the relationships are generally vague.)

Miss Woodward, in turn, spends her spare time—and she seems to have plenty of it—quarreling with the cook, Ethel Waters, and hanging around a carnival where a roustabout, played by Stuart Whitman, has caught her roving eye. Eventually he makes passes at her and she pretty nearly succumbs, until the stepuncle catches them together and slaps the roustabout for a change. This tends to break up the budding romance. Definitely no progress here.

And what of the others in this picture, which came to the Paramount yesterday? Well, there's an alcoholic uncle, played drearily by John Beal. He sits around the house guzzling vodka and mumbling about the good old days when the Compsons were really somebodies in their mail-ordered Mississippi town.

Then there's the mother of the young girl—a role Margaret Leighton plays as if she were the Blanche DuBois right out of a stranded road company of Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire." What's eating on her is the same thing that was eating on Miss DuBois. But she isn't hauled off to an asylum. She just hangs around and rots.

For this most recent Hollywood Lord-do on a mechanical family in the south, boldly, in which two nurses and a cousing is abducted, in a country and have abandoned with a panel of indulging observers who Bollinger's sound of one another and never get anywhere.

Correction, please. One of these characters, Hilly-Jean Alderton (who all of the others treat intentionally as he elegant whom (Joyce Ashton), is taken off the scene before the picture is done. He has barelessly attached the teen-age niece, who is the most distinguishing character in the company here. So is the crime committed by one of the family (Ann Sargent plays this role), the whole sound matting. This is one character unsympathetic in the whole film.

Otherwise, Mr. Tremper on a tragedy struck morning a great deal of valuable time merely showing the disorder of James Woodward, who plays the problem and rescue-seeking girl. (His relations to Jane, incidentally, appears to be that of a stepmother, although we not obviously mentioned of this, because the relationships are generally vague.)

Miss Woodward, in turn, spends her quite time—and she seems to have plenty of it—quarreling with the cook, Ethel Waters, who hanging around a cardboard shack a pseudonym played by Stanley Clements, has caught her voting. Those family in motion bonds as her and are pretty nearly accurate, until the elongated meanders from Jackson and close the revelations are strange. This tends to drain up the making romance. Unlikely to progress here.

And what of the scenery in this picture, which was to the treatment yesterday? Well, there's an electric radio played directly by John Saal. We sitting around the house practicing voice and wondering about the good old days when the companies were really worthwhile in their mark-ordered Massachusetts town.

Then there's the mother of the young girl—a role Margaret Leighton plays as if she were the Blanche DuBois right out of a Memphis road company of Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire." There's another on her in the same thing that was analog on Miss Waters. But she isn't helped off to an anyhow. The just hangs around and rotes.

That's about it. Francoise Rosay is tucked away somewhere upstairs as a bitter and quarrelsome old lady who manifests signs of being French. But it's just as well we don't see much of her, because she is almost as incongruous as the charlishly Slavic Mr. Brynner, who is the most incongruous Southern rotter we've ever seen.

Miss Woodward is also incongruous as a teen-age high school girl. Her general deportment and mannerisms are those of an accomplished woman of the world. Mr. Faulkner would hardly recognize her as the callow girl of his book. But then, we feel he would find very little of his 30-year-old novel in this Hollywood film.

Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr. have written a formless, spongy script and Martin Ritt has directed with an eye to the dazzle in the scenes (such as the one of the departure of the simpleton) and little feel for the texture of the whole. Indeed, the production lacks texture. It's like Alex North's jazzy musical score--sentiment-dappled and synthetic. Big-screened and colored, but no content, that's all.

Bosley Crowther.

Time, March 16, 1959.

The Sound and the Fury (20th Century-Fox) is the most interesting operation Hollywood has ever performed on a William Faulkner book. Scriptwriters Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr., in their shrewd but ruthless resection of the story, have revised almost every episode out of all resemblance to the novel, and have tidied up almost every character so as not to offend the mass public. Nevertheless, the result of this figuring and jiggering is a picture that is both merchantable and unexpectedly moving.

The story, as the film tells it, is a sort of magnolia-strewn Jane Eyre. The hero (Yul Brynner) is a gloomy and passionate young man. The heroine (Joanne Woodward) is his ward, a gay young sprig on a rotten family tree. The Compsons have been drunk for a couple of generations, and have long since sold their birthright for a mess of corn liquor. The only thing left is the peeling old plantation house, and there the last of the Compsons live on the charity of the hero, who has become a Caompson by adoption and is determined to redeem the family name.

The principal object of his salvage operation is the heroine. But he is so worried about the bad in her that he fails to appreciate the good, and she hates him for it. Sick of his tyranny, desperate for affection, she goes off on pathetic tangents of rebelliousness—threatens to undress in public, pawns her schoolbooks to pay for a permanent wave, takes clandestine bus trips to Memphis. "I gotta get chances in this life," she rages, and before long she gets one with a roustabout (Stuart Whitman) in a traveling carnival. He is not a bad young fellow, but he is not good, either, and before he is through he almost takes the girl for everything she has—including $3,000 her guardian has been hoarding. Just in time for a happy ending, the heroine realizes that her guardian has been cruel only to be kind, and that what she feels for him is not really hate.

It is a conventional destination, but the film makes some fascinating stops along the way. There are some barracking good family quarrels and a couple of memorably steamy scenes of decadence. The direction, by Martin (The Long, Hot Summer) Ritt, is sure and vigorous. The acting is excellent. Actor Brynner, once the mind stops boggling at his henna-rinsed toupee, tugs powerfully at the sympathies. Actress Woodward, despite her tendency to develop mannerisms instead of a style, gives a winning and intelligent impression of an ugly duckling at the moment when she becomes a swan.

But it is Britain's Margaret Leighton, known to U.S. audiences as the star of Broadway's Separate Tables (TIME, Nov. 5, 1956), who is able to take the onlooker by the scruff of his emotions and lift him out of his seat. She plays the heroine's prodigal mother, a poor, silly, flirty, middle-aged Southern charmer who has lost her looks and finds she has nothing left to live on but her relatives, her whisky and a vanity case full of messy little memories. She comes home to discover that the daughter she abandoned at birth is a half-grown woman who needs her desperately. She longs to help her; for the first time in her miserable, selfish life she longs to do something for someone else. She finds that she cannot; she is not woman enough, is not human enough. The moment when mother and daughter must at last confront each other—when the mother must confront her whole life and understand that it has been wholly wasted and is now really and truly finished—is a scene of tragic force.

Films in Review, April 1959.

Jerry Wald's productions of Peyton Place and The Long, Hot Summer were so full of filmaking flair, and were so inestimably better than the books on which they were based, that intelligent people have been awaiting Wald's The Sound and the Fury with pleasant anticipation. And intelligent people will find its 115 minutes engrossing for a variety of reasons--cinematic, sociological, esthetic and intellectual.

The intellectual and esthetic reasons largely have to do with the phenomenon of Faulkner's books getting to the screen. Their exaggeration of Southern decadence, always in the guise of probing for the ultimate truth, has had an appeal, however adventitious, for those in the North who want the South denigrated, and an appeal for those in all parts of the US, and the world, who want to read about the miserable, the degenerate and the lost.

Two decades ago it was impossible to put Faulkner's books on the screen. It is still impossible to put them on the screen as Faulkner wrote them and Wald did not try to do so. Most of the incest, nymphomania and other degeneracy Faulkner wrote into "The Sound and the Fury" has been removed. The focus has been shifted to Caddy's illegitimate daughter, who makes a dull protagonist. Her 18-year-old rebellious confusion, her taking up with a carnival handyman, and her awakening to Jason, her mother's half brother, who has been holding the family together single-handed, and has been her salvation, furnish the dramatic force. And there's a happy ending with Quentin telling the audience that she's grown up now and if Jason thinks he's through with her, she's not through with him by a long shot.

The sociological interest in this film derives from the way Hollywood disparages the South. Also, Martin Ritt, the director, alters ever so slightly, but definitely, the ways the Negroes actually are in the South. He refrained from this in The Long Hot Summer. But in The Sound and the Fury he subtly falsifies the relationships of white and black.

The most interesting cinematic facets of this film are in the casting. Joanne Woodward, herself a Southern girl, plays the part of Quentin with complete acceptance of Director Ritt's conception of Faulkner's conception of what such a girl would be like. Miss Woodward is always interesting, for she does have integrity, however clouded with intellectual immaturity it may occasionally be. One evidence of her artistic integrity: she is not afraid to let herself be unattractive when the role requires it.

Yul Brynner was a curious choice for the role of Jason, the son of the decayed Southern gentleman and a French woman, a cajun, from the Louisiana bayou country. Wearing a wig, Brynner projects, as usual, the self-confident male. As such he is believable, but never as a Southerner, and especially not when he tries to integrate a little Southern langour into his speech.

Margaret Leighton, who played Caddy, also had to alter her normal speech, and of course did not always succeed. She is, however, so good an actress that one didn't mind. How deftly she informs us, without any need for specifics, of her immoral and wasted life, and of her loss of the will to live (Ritt had the wit to keep her in close-up and her facial movements are flawless). When she puts her arms around her two brothers--one a drunk and the other a mute imbecile--and says, "Home in a safe harbor at last," she makes what could have been lurid melodrama a moment of pathos that is real artistry.

Jack Warden contributed to this film one of the great supporting performances of the year. He plays Ben, the imbecile son, and without ever speaking a word, and usually without moving a muscle, he conveys the tides and tempers of the sub-human mind. As he stands in the buggy with the sign about his neck that advertises the carnival freaks, and is driven about the streets of the town, he makes manifest not only his own imbecilic innocence but also the idiotic follies of mankind.

And Ethel Waters is a great natural actress who has only to open her mouth to be believed.

The other cinematic values in this film are not out of the ordinary. Ritt's direction is spotty, and I think he messed up the part of Charlie Busch, the carnival handyman, which is well played by Stuart Whitman until the script obliges him to switch his characterization (he should have been the unself-conscious happy-go-lucky here-today-gone-tomorrow male animal to the end). The part of Howard, the alcoholic brother with a yen for his sister, was so inadequately written it baffled such a fine actor as John Beal. So was the bit part of Mrs. Compson, played by Francoise Rosaye.

An even graver fault in the script is the failure to make the family relationships in this film crystal clear. Many of the lines planted to do this are equivocal, and

moreover are spoken before the audience becomes accustomed to the odd "Southern" accents of most of the actors, and hence are missed.

The color photography of Charles G. Clarke is good, but a Faulkner story is suited only to black-and-white. Alex North's music was careless and inappropriate, save perhaps for the jazz caterwauling he put under the credits, which, incidentally, are superimposed over swirls of dark color a la the madder daubs of Vincent Van Gogh. Maurice Ranford's art direction was not so skillful as his art direction in The Long, Hot Summer, and he allowed the Compson home to contain paintings and furnishings which would scarcely have survived if decay and degeneration had been going on for as long as Faulkner would like us to think.

Prudence Ashton

The New Yorker, April 4, 1959.

"The Sound and the Fury," adapted from William Faulkner's novel, offers Yul Brynner as a Cajun who is stepbrother to a crew of old Mississippi aristocrats. These include a nymphomaniac, a drunk, and a moron, and also a young lady who is reaching womanhood with a loud report. There's a good deal of unsettling bickering as Mr. Brynner tries to get things organized at the run-down mansion in which this crew resides, and he and the other actors (Joanne Woodward, Margaret Leighton, Stuart Whitman, Ethel Waters, Jack Warden, and Francoise Rosay) sawed hell out of my nerves as they went through their "we-uns" and "you-all" paces. I suppose Kinsey might have been interested in the love play among the higher mammals as demonstrated by Miss Woodward and Mr. Whitman—great bronchial moans followed by high-pitched giggles—but now that Kinsey's gone, I don't know where "The Sound and the Fury" is going to find an audience.

John McCarten

Saturday Review, March 7, 1959.

OLD TIMES THERE ARE NOT FORGOTTEN

Such excellent acting people as Joanne Woodward, Margaret Leighton, Yul Brynner, Ethel Waters, and Jack Warden find themselves deep in Faulkner country in "The Sound and the Fury," and all manage to seem relatively at home in their decaying mansion, with the possible exception of Yul Brynner who, while not noticeably bothered by a full head of hair, has an

accent that conflicts with the movie's general speech pattern. This accent is explained away as being of Cajun (Louisiana) origin. As Jason, he was brought to Jefferson by his mother, who married a Compson, and he was given the Compson name by her husband before he died. The movie, while excellently done as a whole, fails to explain this fact for a couple of reels (or perhaps it did, and I missed it) and there is a bit of surprise and puzzlement while one watches a disturbing amount of feeling growing between Jason and the girl who is presumably his niece. She isn't. She was only his niece in the novel; and to such a degree have the circumstances of Faulkner's study of degeneracy, decay, incest, and suicide been changed or eliminated that it might be best to say at once that we have here not an adaptation of the novel, but a movie suggested by it.

Therefore, Faulkner's original hangs over the movie only in ghostly fashion. Most of the plot material, as a matter of fact, appears to be taken from an appendix Faulkner wrote for the Viking Portable edition of his work, explaining who the Compsons were, and what happened to them subsequent to the events of the novel. All this does not mean that Martin Ritt, who directed the movie, Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, who wrote the screenplay, and Jerry Wald, who produced it, have made a travesty out of the book. Not at all. They have made something that is very good on its level. They have taken suggestions for a story by Faulkner, and then gone ahead to create their own Compson family. Benjy, the thirty-three-year-old with the mind of a small child, is still the soundless idiot he was in the book, and Jack Warden's playing of him is in the nature of a tour de force. But we now have Candace's illegitimate daughter, Quentin, usurping the largest part of the story, and what Mr. Ravetch and Miss Frank have done with their screenplay is to make her problems paramount. Since it would seem to me that the novel is all but irreducible into movie form this arrangement is, on the whole, fairly satisfactory to me, mainly because it allows the cameras to focus on Joanne Woodward, who gives us an expert study of a rebellious, moody, Southern seventeen-year-old, at odds with her family, such as it is, and ready to run off with the first virile itinerant to make a pass at her.

The same producing, writing, and directing team mentioned above were responsible last year for "The Long, Hot Summer," in which several equally drastic changes were made with another Faulkner work ("The Hamlet"). But it was not that they were necessarily successful in getting Faulkner on the screen that

got some serious attention for the movie, as the fact that the performances were vivid, and the characters alive and arresting. I am not sure that "The Sound and the Fury" is as colorful a movie, but it is better made, and its dramatic pattern is a little more certain. I can't claim to know what Jerry Wald and his employees are up to, but it strikes me that with these movies they are creating a kind of hybrid made up of part Faulkner and part Hollywood, with a dash of Actor's Studio and some Tennessee Williams flavoring tossed in. The mixture is not unpalatable. Mr. Ritt is an uncommonly good director; he makes his individual scenes mean something and gets them to deliver their wallop of emotion.

Take the scene in which the aging Candace (Margaret Leighton) has her first moments alone with the seventeen-year-old daughter she abandoned at birth. Miss Woodward and Miss Leighton engage in a tête-à-tête heavy with tension and emotional possibilities. But it soon becomes clear that the emotion is at least part spurious: what these two have are needs that neither will ever be able to fulfill. The mother gives her daughter a grotesque, phony smile, and the girl goes off knowing that whatever she is searching for, understanding if not love, she won't find there. Mr. Ritt sees to it that reality is given to the scene, that we are perfectly aware of the dilemma of each, and lets it all emerge through the uncommonly good acting.

He is equally good with Benjy, building up pity for the benighted, hulking man as he is attacked by stupid boys, made to carry a signboard for a cheap carnival that has come to town, and eventually hustled off to an asylum. In fact, there is a good deal more life to the family portrayals than there is to the story itself. John Beal is the brother of Candace, slowly drinking away his life, while he attempts to hide his incestuous feelings for his sister. Jason, the only Compson with a sense of responsibility, attempts to hold the dreary family together and explains his stubborn efforts on their behalf by saying: "You're the only family I've got." But Miss Woodward's Quentin is the most vivid of the lot. Lovingly, Mr. Ritt lets her get across the detail she needs to establish the girl. She gropes towards a carnival hand (Stuart Whitman), then comes back to the strange bosom provided by Jason. It is at this point that the motion picture seems to lose its meaning, as the implication is that eventually she will fall in love with and marry Jason. Why this hollowly romantic and quite incredible ending struck them is hard to know. It is the one cheap note in an otherwise soundly made film.

The town of Jefferson, Mississippi, was created for the movie mainly on the 20th Century-Fox back lots, and it is done well enough to wonder why so much location shooting is necessary these days. The mansion is appropriately falling apart, the town square is much like one you might find at a dozen bus stops in that part of the country, the ice cream parlor and the Snopes's store look as though they've been there a long time. But with all the intelligent, careful work done on the movie it still leaves the impression of a certain slowness, an occasional dullness, and most of all of familiarity.

If "The Sound and the Fury" had come before "A Streetcar Named Desire,""Baby Doll," and "The Long, Hot Summer," we would probably be hailing it as a significant achievement. But the failure who drinks away his love for his sister, the mother who becomes a tramp rather than look after her daughter, the girl groping for her identity--they somehow don't seem to justify this ponderous a treatment. The details are fine, but the message we have had before.

Hollis Alpert.

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Flying the Mail. Treatment. Completed by June 3, 1932.

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Man Servant. Original Screenplay. Completed ca. May, 1932.

Today We Live. Collaborative Screenplay. Completed by November 28, 1932. Based on the story "Turn About," by William Faulkner. Saturday Evening Post, CCIV (March 5, 1932), 6-7,75,76,81,83.

Turn to the Right. Treatment. Completed ca. June, 1932.

War Birds. Original Screenplay. Completed by January 12, 1933.

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1. Only thirty-one of the thirty-four pieces of work done by Faulkner in Hollywood are listed below. Legal reasons prevent Warner Brothers from disclosing the titles of the three other works. Faulkner may also have collaborated on Sutter's Gold, a screenplay, and Bride of the Bayou, a treatment. The record is not clear.

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